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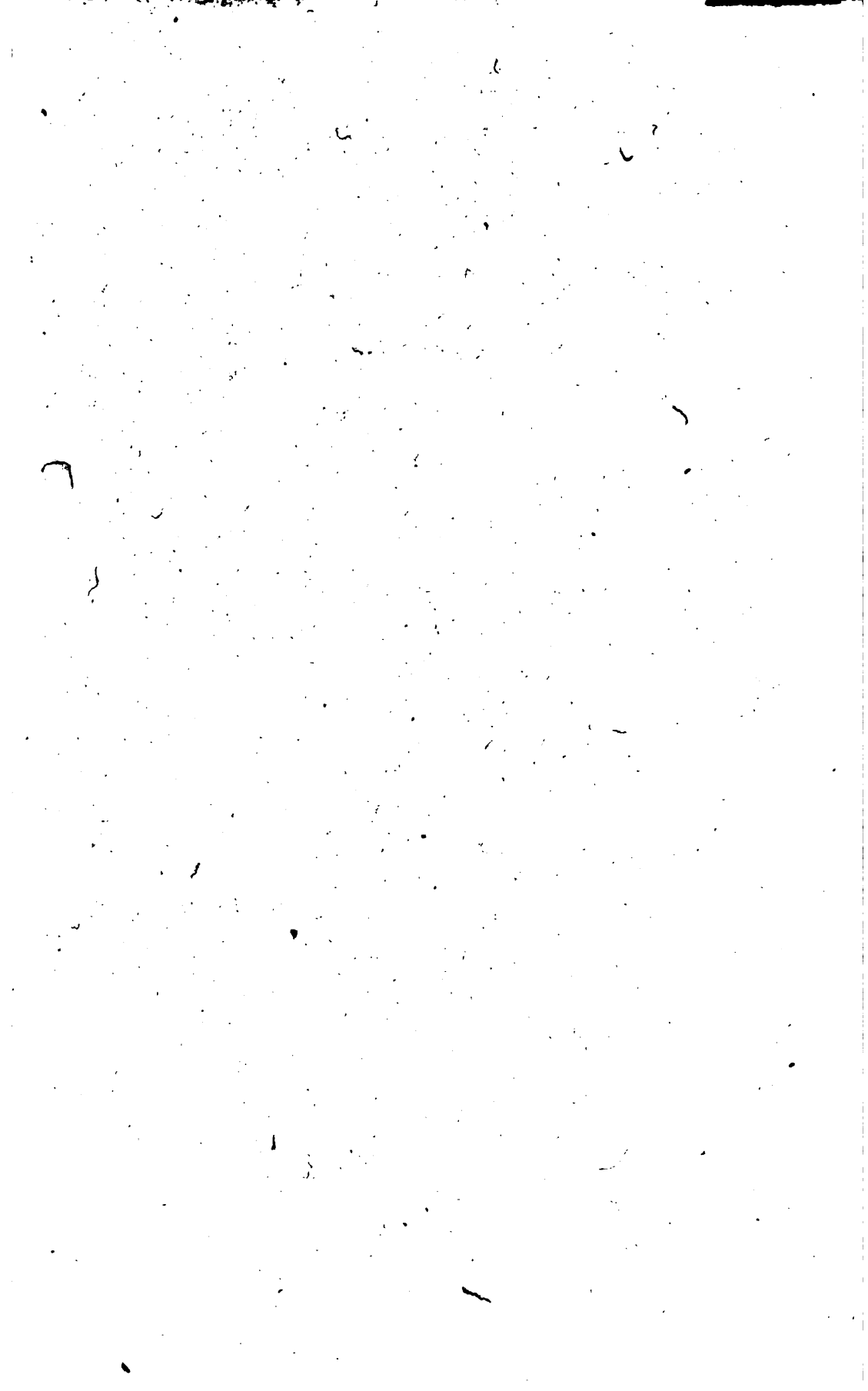
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THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER:

DEVOTED TO

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.

Crestillon's Electre.

As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. IV.

RICHMOND:

THOS. W. WHITE, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

1838.



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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. IV.

RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1838.

No. I.

T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE NEW YEAR.

IN commencing the fourth volume and fourth year of the *Messenger*, we have somewhat to say beyond a mere holiday salutation to subscribers, readers, and contributors.

While we cannot look back upon the past with unmingled satisfaction, we yet derive from it some pleasing thoughts; and much cheering hope for the future. Some useful and elegant talent has been called into exercise, nay, it may be said, has been created; since such is the power of exercise over the faculties, that to afford an attractive field for their exertion is in a great degree to create them. Some new and valuable truths have been promulgated through our columns; and a yet larger number of truths not new, has doubtless been presented in forms more engaging or impressive than before, and has thus been stamped beneficially upon many a mind. Some books, worthy to be read, have been pointed out to the reader's notice; and some unworthy ones have been marked, so that he might not misspend his money and time upon them. And if no other good had been done,—many an hour, of many a young person, which might otherwise have been given to hurtful follies, has by our pages been whiled away in *harmless* at least, if not salutary enjoyment. So little ascetic are we, as to hold, that whoever furnishes mankind with an innocent recreation, is a public benefactor.

But the past is nothing, except as a help to the future. We are earnestly desirous to render the *Messenger* a vehicle of LIGHT; of useful truth; of moral improvement; of enlightened taste. To some extent, it has been so already: but to an extent commensurate neither with our wishes, nor with the fund of talent slumbering in the community around us.

The mineral wealth of Virginia is a trite theme of expatiation. It is unquestionably immense. But the *mines of Southern intellect*, all unwrought, and many of them unknown even by their proprietors, far surpass those of matter, both in number, and in the richness of their buried treasures. Not to speak of persons to whom the ample page of knowledge, 'rich with the spoils of time,' has never been unrolled, there exists, southward of the Potomac, a mass of cultivated mind sufficient, with only a little industry and care in practising

the art of composition, to fill twenty such magazines as this, with instruction and delight. Few are aware, how improvable the faculty is, of expressing thoughts upon paper. The gigantic increase of the muscles in a blacksmith's arm, from his wielding the hammer so frequently; the proverbial strengthening of the memory by exercise; or the miraculous sleight which the juggler acquires by practice with his cups and balls; is not more certain than that he who daily habituates himself to writing down his ideas with what ease, accuracy, and elegance he can, will find his improvement advance with hardly any assignable limit. Nor will only his style improve. It is a truth so hackneyed, that only its importance rescues it from contempt and emboldens us to utter it, that "in learning to *write* with accuracy and precision, we learn to *think* with accuracy and precision." Besides this, the store of thought is in a two-fold way enlarged. By the action of the mind in turning over, analyzing, and comparing its ideas, they are incalculably multiplied. And the researches prompted by the desire to write understandingly upon each subject, are constantly widening and deepening the bounds of knowledge.

Thus, whether the conscious possessor of talents desire to enrich and invigorate his own mind, or to act with power upon the minds of others; we say to him "WRITE."

The *Messenger* is a medium, through which, the best talents need not disdain to commune with the public. Whatever it contains, worthy to be read, finds not less than ten thousand readers; besides those whom republications procure. And most of these (it is a pardonable vanity to say) are such readers as any author may well be proud to have. Where is the orator so gifted, that he might not glory in addressing so numerous an auditory of the enlightened, the fair, the exalted in station!

By all these powerful considerations then,—by the desire of self-improvement—by an honorable ambition—by disinterested patriotism—by the pure wish to diffuse light and to do good,—we invoke the dormant talents of the South (especially) to rouse up from their slumber, and employ the means now offered them, of assisting to mould and fashion the age, if not of leaving names, which a distant posterity will contemplate with grateful veneration.

SOUTHARD'S ADDRESS.*

A practice has long prevailed at Princeton college which cannot be too highly commended. The two societies which have so much contributed to the celebrity of that distinguished institution, annually unite in inviting some eminent individual, to deliver, at the Commencement, an oration on some literary topic. The persons selected are usually alumni of the college and members of one of the societies. The same strictness does not seem to be observed in other seminaries which have imitated the laudable example of the college of Nassau Hall; for we remember a most admirable address from Mr. Wirt, which was delivered at Rutgers college, New Jersey, of which, beyond doubt, he was not an alumnus. No inconvenience, however, has hitherto been experienced at Princeton from limiting the field of choice, so numerous are the distinguished men who have been nurtured in her lap, and reared under her auspices. At the late Commencement the address was delivered by the Hon. Samuel L. Southard, a gentleman of the first distinction, who has for some years filled with conspicuous ability a seat in the Senate of the United States. From such a source we have reason to look for sound sense and practical wisdom, instead of studied periods and gaudy ornament. These are pardonable in boys just emerging from the chrysalis state, but are unworthy of men whose locks are whitened by time, and who may be presumed to have chastened by reflection the crude notions of youth, and stored up lessons of sober experience for the benefit of the rising generation. In the production of Mr. Southard we find in this regard every thing to approve. Disdaining both the "power and the inclination to trifle with matters of fancy or deal in flowers of rhetoric," he selects as the subject of his discourse, "the importance of the study of the Bible, in forming the character of literary and scientific men, of scholars of every grade and every occupation." It is indeed a noble theme. We say nothing of the awful majesty of that sacred book which the faithful receive as an emanation from the Godhead. That we leave to those whose hallowed lips are touched with fire. But look upon the Bible as a curious history—the history of the infancy of mankind—of the first stages of human existence—when the mind of man was yet in embryo, untaught of the arts and sciences—unconscious of those great improvements which time has been busy in disclosing; read it as the memorial of cities and of empires that rose to splendor and to power, and have for ages been crumbled into ruins, while in the gorgeous palaces where once a monarch held his state,

"Hisses the gliding snake through hoary woods
That clasp the mouldering column."

Or look upon it with the critic's eye, and where shall we find a parallel to the beautiful simplicity and pathos of its narration, or the exalted sublimity with which it invests the King of Heaven, or conveys to trembling mortals the denunciation of his wrath, or the tender mercies of his unbounded love? Or read it with the

eye of the philosopher—of the philosopher who teaches that

"The proper study of mankind is man;"

and where shall we find such a transcript of the human heart; such a chart of all its passions; such a scrutiny into its motives, such a penetration into its recesses; such a ferreting out of its unholy promptings; such an exposure of its deceitful imaginings; such pictures of exalted virtue, of human frailty and of fiendlike depravity? It is altogether admirable: nothing equal to it in this regard does exist; nothing superior to it can exist. When David, the man after God's own heart, plunges into the very depths of sin, we humble ourselves under the mortifying sense of human infirmity; and when the yet spotless Hazael, unconscious of his future crimes, exclaims with honest indignation, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" we are self-abased at the reflection, that however strong we may feel in conscious virtue—however we may fortify our hearts against human weakness, the time may yet come when we too may be

"To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy."

Mr. Southard has treated this noble subject with an earnest seriousness that is due to its importance. In his address, the reader will not fail to be struck with the extent of his researches, the cogency of his arguments, and the apparent strength of his convictions. His recommendation of the holy book is enforced with all the zeal of a friend, the anxiety of a parent, and the earnestness of a christian. Let the youth of our land peruse with care this able paper, and consider it as addressed, not to the societies of Nassau Hall alone, but to their own hearts also. Let the words of wisdom sink deep into their souls, and the author will enjoy in return for his labors, that best of all rewards, "the consciousness of doing good."

We could have wished to insert the whole of this interesting article in the present number of the Messenger, but our limits have forbidden. Devoted to the cause of literature, we mainly delight in that which is calculated to elevate the principles and to mend the heart; and hence we ever receive with thanks and circulate with pleasure, those original communications, which to the graces of style and purity of thought, unite the inculcation of virtue or the illustration of the beauties of our holy religion. The moral tale, or the moral essay, the poetical effusion redolent of piety, the glowing language of the gifted orator breathing into the souls of his hearers the nobler virtues, always find welcome with us. Taste and genius are not degraded, but illustrated and adorned, by an association with the productions of the moralist, and the beautiful outpourings of a heart warmed with religious fervor, and animated by love to God and benevolence towards man. We repeat, therefore, our regrets at our inability to insert the whole of the address, and must content ourselves with offering to our readers a few striking extracts.

In entering upon the subject, the author very forcibly presents some remarkable facts connected with the existence and preservation of the Bible.

"What," says he, "is the Bible? It purports to be a commu-

* Address delivered before the American Whig and Philosophic Societies of the College of New Jersey, Sept. 26, 1837, by Samuel L. Southard, LL. D.

nation from the all-knowing and eternal Mind of the universe. A record of our race—of our creation—powers—capacities and destiny. Its claims, in these respects, demand for it an earnest attention. Its origin, preservation and existence, at the present moment, is a standing, perpetual miracle. A great part of it was written more than three thousand two hundred years ago; and all of it, has been of nearly eighteen hundred years' duration. For centuries the art of printing gave no aid in multiplying copies and preserving it. Yet from the time when its first pages were written, it has been handed down, from age to age, protected in its integrity and purity—undefaced, un mutilated and almost unaltered. And where are the writings of the nations, contemporaneous with its origin? of Assyria, and Chaldaea, and Egypt? of all those which preceded Greece and Rome? They perished with their authors, or were lost in the wasting of their nations. Where are the writings of Greece? A part, and a part only remain. Of the four hundred works of Aristotle, one of the great masters of human reasoning, and the merits of which would create a desire to save them, but about forty have reached us, and even of these, some are broken, and of others the genuineness is questioned. Not one-hundredth—perhaps not one-thousandth part, of the precious literature of that land of poetry, eloquence and philosophy has escaped the wreck of her liberty and national existence. Rome was the successor—the imitator—the competitor—the survivor of Greece in literature; yet few of her works, which were her pride and her glory, survive. She was, for a long period, the keeper of the Book of the Cross, as she was of the literary productions of her citizens. Yet it remains, and they have perished. The dramas of Livius Andronicus were the first regular compositions in Latin, of which we have any record. Where are they? Where are the works of Ennius, Naevius, Pacuvius and others? We retain a line of one of them—*Lælius sum, laudari ab te, pater, laudato viro*: of others there is little of any substantial value. Where are the works of Cato, except his *de re Rustica*? Of Varro? Of all those, to whom Cicero in *de Claris Oratoribus*, refers? Of some even of his own more perfect productions? Where are the works on natural philosophy and the sister sciences, mathematics and geometry, which have been called the 'implements of natural philosophy'? They were in existence when the *Origines* of Cato were written, yet now *Quae reliquiae? quodve vestigium?*

Why the difference as to this book? For many hundred years, copies were not multiplied and scattered, so that the ordinary causes of decay and destruction could not reach them. Yet the flames which have consumed palaces and couages and libraries, have left it unharmed. The eruptions of the volcano have not buried, and the more terrible devastations of the barbarian, have not destroyed it. The siege, and sacking, and utter desolation of the capital, and the scattering to the utmost ends of the earth, of the nation to whom it was committed, defaced not one of its features. The temple was destroyed, but the laws written upon its tables were not abrogated nor erased. The Cross is the essence and the emblem of the record; and while all around the place where it was erected utterly perished, that record, in all its perfectness, was protected. Whether it be true or not, that ΤΟΥΤΟ ΝΙΚΑ was written over that ensign, in letters of fire upon the heavens, and conducted the first christian emperor to victory, it is true that the doctrines of this book were planted by the throne, and extended wide as the empire of the Caesars; and yet when that empire fell and expired beneath the scourge of the northern hordes and the scimitar of the Mohammedan, this book, with its text and its doctrines, continued to live; its energies were renewed, and it is still the same as when Constantine became its advocate. It has passed through times of literary and moral darkness as well as light—of barbarism as well as civilization—through periods of enmity, as well as friendship, to its contents—and crossed that oblivious gulf which divides the modern from the ancient literary world, and where lies covered up, forever, so much of the literature and science of the nations. Other books have perished when there was no hostility to their doctrines; this has survived when the arm of power was stretched out, and every human passion exerted for its destruction."

Speaking of the influence of the study of the Bible on the formation of a good style, we are told:

"The study of the Bible is an efficient means of acquiring correct language and style; not studying it, to borrow its phrases,

and profusely quote on all occasions, its inimitable passages—a practice which savors little of good taste or reverential feeling—but studying it, to become imbued with its simplicity, and force and elevation. Its unaffected narrative—unaltered pathos—pointed invective—picturesque and graphic description—plain yet magnificent energy, cannot be thoroughly comprehended without appropriate effects upon your taste and judgment. Observe, for example, the preachers of the gospel. The manner in which its allurements are depicted—its admonitions uttered, and its threatenings denounced by them, will indicate to you the source from which they have derived their reasonings and illustrations—whether directly from the fountain of living truth, or the stagnant pools of human commentaries. They who have aided their style and modes of thought by diligent study of this work, if they do not rise to the first grade of excellence, never sink to inferiority. Observe, again, two comparatively unlettered men; laborious in their employments, and altogether without the adornments of literature. If one diligently reads the Bible, and becomes familiar with its language and expressions, and the other never opens it, you may tell the fact, by the superiority of the former, in his ordinary manner of conversation, even upon topics unconnected with the doctrines of the book. The same fact is illustrated by two schools, in one of which it is sedulously taught, and in the other is never read. You cannot converse with the scholars without remarking the contrast.

"There is cause, I think, 'o rebuke those who have written and lectured on style and composition, that among the authors and books recommended, the Bible is so seldom pressed upon the consideration of the student. There is no one superior to it, in examples suited to correct and discipline the taste. There are no works of human genius containing finer passages. Search the volumes of fiction, of poetry and eloquence, and produce the passages most justly admired, and their equals and superiors may be readily found in this work. Herodotus and Xenophon do not surpass it, in the simplicity and beauty of their narrative, nor Homer in the splendor and sublimity of his descriptions. Compare, for yourselves, the unornamented yet intensely sublime account which is given of the creation of the world and of man, in the commencement of the volume, with any and all the efforts of pagan or christian writers. Compare the noblest pages in Homer, those in which he portrays the majesty and government of Jupiter, and his interference in the conflicts of contending armies, with the announcement of the attributes of the Christian's God, by Job, Isaiah and their fellow penmen, and with the manifestations of his power, at every step, as he led the Israelites from bondage to dominion. Compare the clouds and thunder and scales of Olympus, with the awful exhibition at Sinai, and the destruction of the enemies of his chosen people, not only in their journeyings, but at subsequent periods of their history. Make your comparison as extensive as you please, upon any and every subject embraced in it, and apply the most rigid rules of criticism, and you will come to the conclusion, that in correctness, energy, eloquence and dignity of composition, it is without a rival. Why, then, shall it be disregarded by the scholar who is ambitious of excellence in writing and speaking?"

In the conclusion of the address, Mr. Southard, speaking of the Decalogue, observes:

"This law is carried out in all its breadth and spirit, in the sacred Scriptures. It has descended from the wilderness of Arabia, through all the changes of times and nations; never for one moment deserting the land which it first governed, for portions of it are still read and taught by a wretched remnant, amidst the ruins of the cities of Palestine; but it has passed from thence over oceans and continents; inhabited the cottage of the peasant, ascended the seats of power, and become the foundation of the codes of all Christian nations. Since the hour of its promulgation, Israel has risen to the greatness of glory which Solomon possessed, and been dispersed in every land, a proverb and astonishment. Nations have flourished and fled away like the mists of the morning, and their names are lost. Imperial cities, and the monuments of the great have crumbled and been swept away with the hearth-stones of the humble; but Horeb still stands amidst the desolations of the wilderness, an evidence of the presence of the Author of this law; and this law has continued to roll on with undecaying power, in contempt of all the passions and philosophy and infidelity of men. Its principles

are still found in accordance with our interests and happiness, and have their home in the inmost depths of the pure in heart. And they will continue to spread, until the islands, the oceans and the continents obey; and until *non erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenæ, alia nunc, alia post hæc, sed et omnes gentes, et omni tempore, una lex, sempiterna et immortalis continebit*. Of all men, American scholars, and you among them, ought not to be ignorant of any thing which this book contains. If Cicero could declare that the laws of the twelve tables were worth all the libraries of the philosophers—if they were the *carmen necessarium* of the Roman youth, how laboriously, *manu nocturna diurnaque* ought you to investigate its contents, and inscribe them upon your hearts. You owe to them the blessed civil institutions under which you live, and the glorious freedom which you enjoy; and if these are to be perpetuated, it can only be by a regard to those principles. Civil and religious liberty is more indebted to Luther and Calvin and their compeers of the Reformation, and to the Puritans and Protestants of England, and the Huguenots of France, than to any other men who ever lived in the annals of time. They led the way to that freedom and firmness, and independence of thought and investigation, and the adoption of these principles, as the guide in social government, as well as private actions, which created a personal self-respect and firmness in its defence, which conducted us to a sense of equal rights and privileges, and eventually to the adoption of free written constitutions as the limitation of power. Be you imitators of them. Make your scholarship subservient to the support of the same unchanging principles. They are as necessary now as they ever were, to the salvation of your country and all that is dear to your hopes. The world is yet to be proselyted to them. Religion and liberty must go hand in hand, or America cannot be established; the bondage of the European man broken; Africa enlightened, and Asia regenerated. And even here, we are not without peril. Look abroad; are not the pillars of our edifice shaken? Is not law disregarded? Are not moral and social principles weakened? Are not the wretched advocates of infidelity busy? The sun has indeed risen upon our mountain tops, but it has not yet scattered the damps and the darkness of the valleys. The passions are roused and misled. Ancient institutions are scorned. Our refuge is in the firm purpose of educated and moral men. Draw then your rules of action from the only safe authority. Hang your banner on their outer wall. Stand by them in trial and in triumph. Dare to maintain them in every position and in every vicissitude; and make your appeal to the source from which they are drawn. And then, come what may, contempt or fame, you cannot fall; and your progress, at every step, will be greeted by the benedictions of the wise and good—**SALVETE—SALVETE."**

We renew our invitation, (and to our youthful readers in particular,) to peruse with diligence this valuable production; feeling assured, as we do, that it will have a strong tendency to lead to an assiduous examination and study of that book, which at this day stands above all others, in the literature of every civilized nation on the globe.

THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

Every person, anxious for the honor of this country, must regret to perceive the new difficulties that gather around the naval expedition destined to explore the South Seas. The flattering prospects held forth in our last number, with regard to this enterprise, seem to be overcast with clouds. Ill health has obliged Commodore Jones to resign his command: and it is not yet certain, who will be his successor. But whoever he may be,—supposing him to possess equal qualifications with Commodore Jones for the trust—he will require weeks, if not months, to prepare for so long and eventful a cruise, in such a manner as to conduct it prosperously. The squadron, too, is to be reduced.

The frigate Macedonian is to be superseded by the Peacock sloop of war; and the number of inferior vessels will probably be lessened. Delay, and even disappointment, seem to impend over the undertaking.

MY JESSIE DEAR.

A RHYMING ROMAUNT.

PART I.

Shall I tell thee a tale, my Jessie dear,
It is a fearful tale!
I learned it in my dreams yestreen,—
Nay, do not grow so pale.

Come laugh now, and I'll tell it thee,
But if thou look'st so white,
I'll think the vision shades are real,
Which rose upon my sight.

Well! methought that we were wandering
Beneath that tall tree's shade,
In whose spread branches we have heard
The cuckoo's mourning made.

There we did breathe our earliest love,—
Now do not hang thy head,—
Dost not remember how I swore,—
And the stars looked bright,
And the heavens hung o'er,—
That I was thine forevermore,
'Till my poor heart was dead.

It was a lightsome night, I ween,
My heart did bless the fairy scene,
And there was no dark on earth or sky,
But the shade of the oak
We were standing by.

Black was the oak, and vast, and grim,
Tuneless its lofty bowers;
And it stood like a warrior
In his mail,
Or a fiend-giant frowning
O'er the landscape pale,—
"A curse on the bright-eyed Powers!"

We sat within its shady hall,—
Thou know'st the bank full well,—
And we whisper'd of our hopes and joys,
And the woes our love befell.

We talk'd, and we talk'd, and the night wore old,
And the moon run up the sky,
And the shades did deepen,
And the boughs did sleep 'n,—
But by the sight
Of a chink of moonlight,
I saw a deep, black eye!

The eye, the eye was very bright,
'Twas bright as bright could be;
It was so sweet and spiritfûl,
So full of all most beautiful,

It shone so clear from the black'ning tree,
So very light,
That the dark look'd bright,
By'r Lady, 'twas like thee!

'Twas strangely like my pretty Jess,
I saw it in the paly light;
The firmament hath not a star
That looks to me so bright.

The moon has burst from a fleecy cloud,
'Tis light, 'tis light as day,
And the glade, and the hill, and the tiny stream,
Gladden beneath its silver beam,
And the night-bird stills his wildest scream:
List! there is music as soft as a dream,
And tripping on the velvet green,
May'st see the dapper-fay!

I drew thee closer to my side,
I whisper'd thee more low,
I vowed,—and here I spoke aloud,—
And raised my face to the passing cloud:
"From thee, my love, my destined bride,
I ne'er, I ne'er will go!"

My arm did drop down from your waist,
My arm was stiff as lead,
And you did glide from my embrace,
Like a shadow of the dead.

Outfell the darkness from the tree,
And the eye was in its shade,—
Round and round it circled thee—
Thou look'st beseechingly to me;
The eye did fire, and then did fade,
And I was alone in the moonlit glade.

A cry, and a bound,
And a rushing sound
Swept by,—
I burst from the ground,
For the spell was wound,
And the fiend did fly!

Wildly I grasped upon the air,
I clutched the stony mound,
I curs'd, and groan'd, and yell'd, and moan'd,
Yet all was still, but the echoing hill,
And my voice came back
Full clear and shrill,
And woke me from the swoond.

And when I woke I started upright,
Look'd wildly around for the things of night,
But on mine eyes, the sun broke bright,
And the merry birds carolled to the morning's light.

PART II.

Fie! Jessy, fie! what weeping now,
And scared as any dove,—
'Twas but a dream, an idle dream—
I would not fright my love.

Come dry thine eyes, my winsome Jess,
Come smile upon me now,—

Ring out, ring out thy silvery laugh,
'Tis sweet as a music vow.

And it were true, and did we part,
Would'st not be glad at all?
There's many a heart in this bright world,
Would worship thee, for all!

Blisters be on my meddling tongue!
This makes thee weep so sore,—
Wilt heal it now, my blushing girl?
I will not grieve thee more.

Now, blessings on thee, Jess, my dear,
Blessings from Him above!
We'll sing His songs in the still, bright eve,
And pray for His good love.

His seal on thee, no harm may come,
No blast of wicked dream;
And if thy lover's arm hath power,
No ill shall hurt his quean.

Green summer is now upon the trees,
And the painted time comes slow;
But when the leaf is on the brook,
And the solemn pencil hath gilt our nook,
Then, Jessie, then we'll whisper low,—
Resting our eyes on the promise bow,—
*To love in calm or tempest loud,
To love in weal or woe!*

J. A.

Philadelphia, 1837.

THE LYCEUM—NO. V.

ADVICES TO SUNDRY KINDS OF PEOPLE.

BY GULLIVER THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER I.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PHYSICIANS.

In former times, Medicine was not at all what it is now. Any one, who knew the virtues of a few simple herbs, could practise it with fame and profit. Diseases were not many, or various. They were mostly rheumatism, which the gentlemen caught in hunting; or crudities and pains arising from surfeit, after the long fasts which followed the failure of their stock of dried venison and parched corn. The only use for surgery, was to heal scratches and bruises received in their combats with wild beasts, or each other. All these hurts and maladies were readily cured by the old ladies of the tribe; sometimes by healing applications, but oftener by certain cunning words and ceremonies, which hardly ever failed, if the patient had faith in them. As to lectures, schools of Medicine, diplomas, long, strange technical terms, and puffy treatises in a dozen different languages, they were altogether unknown.

But now, the case is quite altered. The kinds of sickness have multiplied a hundred fold; and each kind has a hundred various symptoms, and wears a hundred various shapes, according to the diversities of frame and habit in patients. By this increase of diseases,

the number of those who profess to cure them is also increased; and the increase of doctors, again, has multiplied diseases. Old ladies have been supplanted by young gentlemen, who swarm out every spring, by thousands, from hives placed on purpose, in the towns and cities. So many practisers not being able to earn a livelihood, if the medical art remained simple as before, have invented new remedies, which, with the help of new meats and drinks taken copiously, are every day giving birth to new diseases, or new appearances, which warrant the giving of new names. And from the number of competitors, as well as from the number and complexity of maladies, it has become so hard to succeed in practice, that I have taken compassion upon young candidates for medical advancement, and determined to offer them the lights of my experience touching the means of success.

IN YOUR TRAINING for the profession, do not trouble yourself with any private studies before you attend the lectures: it will only blunt the edge of your curiosity in listening to them, and take away their great charm, novelty. Besides, it will plant errors in your mind, which the professors will have to weed out, before they can make their own true notions take root. Let them have you as a blank sheet, upon which to write at once the soundest and purest doctrines. Do not even learn the meaning of any technical phrases before hand; but leave them as knots to untie for your amusement, as the lectures go on. It must add greatly to the interest you will feel; and it will require your attention to be intensely fixed upon the lecturer. Should these knots prove too hard to untie, that is, should the terms of art remain unintelligible to you; comfort yourself with the thought, that obscurity is a part of the sublime: and feast your fancy upon the depth and grandeur those words no doubt involve, if you could but understand them.—Lectures you must be sure to attend: as many courses as may suffice to get you a degree; because the name of a degree is a great thing. It will make you seem learned and wise, though you be neither; and enable you to look down with scorn upon those, who, by the mere vulgar dint of study, experience, kindness, and honesty, are winning the patronage and wealth that rightfully belong to none but the holders of diplomas.

Never dim your eyes and muddy your brain by reading many authors. A medical dictionary, and one or two books that quote a great many others, will furnish you with any quantity of technical phrases, and with the names of so many authors, that you may show off as a prodigy of learning at a very small expense of money, time, labor, or brains.

The ways of showing off are various. In conversation, deliver yourself in long sentences, strung together in speeches the very longest that your hearers will endure, and uttered with your utmost gravity, and weightiest emphasis. Make it a rule, never to use a word of one or two syllables, where a word of four, five, or six can be pressed into the service; and always to prefer a Greek, or at least a Latin term, to an English one. When you can express an idea by one, or a dozen words at your option, always choose the dozen: for this will make your discourse flowing; and that large class of men with whom words are coin, will

think it rich. Cite books and authors on all occasions: the more numerous and high-sounding, the better. Talk of them so familiarly, that the world may think them your most intimate acquaintance; as London dandies talk of lords and duchesses, of whom they know only the titles.* Discuss theories boldly. Compare Sydenham with Boerhaave: question Harvey's claim to the honor of having discovered the great circulation: balance the Buononian system with Darwin's; and blow Broussais sky high, as a fellow who would reduce the science to the mere art of starvation, no better than Sangrado's method of bleeding and hot water. However poor a truism you utter, nail it with authority, thus: 'Cullen and Brown inform us, that a cold, neglected, is apt either to affect the lungs, or to settle into rheumatism.' So have I heard a pretty gentleman say, "As Shakspeare observes, 'this is a very fine day.'"

Walk with a slow and solemn gait, as if pressed by a weight of anxiety for numerous patients. Mount your horse often; or if you have a sulky, it will be better; or a close carriage, best of all; and ride or drive as if life were at stake, by places where you will certainly be seen; and let it appear that you are going to see such and such persons, who are dangerously ill. Contrive now and then to have yourself called out from a dining party, or from your bed at midnight, to visit some imaginary patient; but in the latter case, be sure to let the messenger knock at your door loudly enough to wake several of your neighbors, who may hear him call for "Doctor" such a one!

When you happen at length to have a real patient, be mysterious; speak low; feel his pulse with your wisest look; smell the handle of your cane; and give a doubtful prognostic as to the event of his disease. Do not make light of his complaint, however trifling, or groundless; if it be only a finger ache, treat it seriously: examine—dress it—give physic—talk learnedly; and you will be certain in the end to make it a serious affair sure enough to him, and a profitable one to yourself, or else, if all your endeavors fail to aggravate it into a case of danger or difficulty, you may gain vast credit for so quick and easy a cure. Humor the appetites of your patients; despising the new-fangled plan, of starving out sickness. What is the surest attendant on disease? Weakness. And what is the opposite of weakness—the attendant and sign of health? why, strength. And what gives strength? Eating and drinking. Therefore, not only permit, but encourage your patients to eat and drink heartily; and if that produce any ill effects, do you counterwork them by physic. The great virtue of modern improvements in the healing art is, to let men feast on, and then save them from the ills which followed feasting in times of ignorance. One thing is certain: if this is not the best system for the patient, it is the best for the doctor.

You may get both name and money, by playing upon people's imaginations. About one half of every disease is either quite imaginary, or is the effect of imagination. Act upon this hint, and you may generally heighten a malady to what pitch you please, may create it entire, by feeding the patient's fancy. A hypochondriac, for instance, or a dyspeptic, will believe he has any disease you may name to him: and after you have physicked him to your satisfaction, you may by working his fancy

* Vide the Tale of a Tub.

the other way, often cure him again; unless you have carried the joke too far, and got him past operating upon. In that case, you have only to take care that the world shall know it was the obstinacy of his disorder, and not your treatment, that killed him. I would not recommend this method of making patients, however, unless they be scarce. If you have enough on hand without it, never resort to such an expedient: it is wanton; and conscience ought to be obeyed, when not at variance with interest.

In most cases, when a patient dies under your hands, you may say that you were sent for too late. Especially, if he was first in the care of another doctor, never fail to find something in his treatment, which gave a fatal turn to the malady. If you had been called in sooner (you should say or insinuate) you could have saved the patient.

As soon as you get somewhat ahead in your profession, lose no occasion of sneering at your competitors; above all, at the younger ones, just entering the lists. You will have a thousand opportunities of giving them sly cuts, and jostles, which may keep them down for a long time; perhaps till you be rich, and ready to leave the stage.

By following these precepts, and acting in their spirit whenever they do not literally apply, you cannot help rising high, and rolling in wealth.

CHAPTER II.

ADVICE TO NEWSPAPER EDITORS.

The first thing to be thought of is, what are the great ends of editing a newspaper? Of course, you will answer, first, to strengthen your party, and second, to raise and enrich yourself. Of course, too, you will not let the world know these to be your aims. That, as any simpleton may see, would baulk them at once. No, no. Make the world think, that your *country* is every thing with you; that your party is to be upheld only as a prop to your country; and that your humble self is nothing in your eyes, except as a worker for your party's, that is for your country's good. For you must constantly strive to impress every one with the idea, that your *party* and your *country* are the same thing.

A few hints, towards reaching the great ends which it is agreed you should aim at.

Print as many fine sentences as possible, about giving the people light, and about virtue, justice, and expansion of mind: but confine yourself to generalities on these topics. Do not devote any portion of your paper regularly to the elucidation of such truths as really enlarge or refine the public mind: because, in proportion as that is done, the public will become less and less apt to allow you the influence which it is my design to shew you how to obtain. For instance, while you strenuously aver your zeal for morality, do not scruple to support as a candidate for office, a man whose life has been glaringly immoral: and let no paragraph in behalf of the temperance reform (as it is called), or any other such stuff, enter your columns. Indeed, so many preachers, and weak people influenced by them, have enlisted in this temperance cause, that it deserves only a sneer, as a vulgar fanaticism. At all

events, a sufficient reason why you should discountenance it is, that a cool-headed, sober people are the very last to suit your purposes.

There is one sort of subjects, alone, that should fill any large space in your journal; and that is politics; I mean, party politics. What Demosthenes said of action in speaking, you should hold with regard to politics: make it the first, the second, and the third requisite—the beginning, the middle, and the end, of your newspaper. But do not attempt to take in the whole field. In politics, there are always two sides; one of which is your's and your party's, or the orthodox side; the other is your adversaries', or the wrong side. For '*orthodoxy*' signifies 'your opinions;' and '*heresy*' or '*heterodoxy*' signifies 'opinions opposite to yours,' that is, 'wrong opinions.' Now, let your journal shew forth the merits of none but the orthodox side. Hide the opposite from your readers, with the care of a duenna. Thus, if you are for a particular measure, or system of measures, never print a single argument against it: if you are against it, let no one dream, for you, that a word can be said in its favor. If you are a Clay-man, a Webster-man, or anybody's man (and somebody's man you must be), suppress whatever may raise the slightest suspicion that your favorite has a single fault, or his rival a single virtue. In a word, use all your power to make your own side seem bright, and spotless; and the other side, black as pitch.

When you wish to refute something which, as a whole, is too hard for you, never copy it all into your columns; but only the most vulnerable passages. These, thus 'torn from their context,' like stragglers from a hostile army, you may demolish with perfect ease. In this way, an adversary may be cut up in the finest style, who, if you let him come fully before your readers, may give you no small trouble. The way some editors have, of spreading out in their own papers whatever they mean to combat, (under the romantic notion of shewing their readers both sides) is mere knight-errantry; giving the adversary a foothold within their own camp: a weakness not at all enjoined by modern chivalry.

Able speeches and essays against your party, require especial caution; because there is danger lest your readers chance to see them, and imbibe a heresy that cannot be driven out. Never slight such, therefore, altogether; but publish what may seem their purport; only so abridged, as to be harmless. And always accompany your abridgment with long comments of your own or of some brother partisan, which, in its enfeebled state, may crush it entirely; or at least may forestall the reader's mind so as to prevent its effect upon him. For the editor's remarks are always first read.

Should any one have the hardihood to send you for publication an essay on the other side, do not flatly refuse; for that would give too palpable a ground for calling you unfair and illiberal: but contrive to be much pressed for space just then; or let documents, or essays which have prior claims, or some other imaginable thing, crowd out the intruder: till at length, either he will lose patience and withdraw his piece in disgust; or the nick of time he wrote for, will have passed away, and his readers (if any) will wonder what ails that fellow—to be opening upon a cold trail. If you can find no excuse for delay, or if delay have not

the desired effect, smother the piece by putting it in some obscure part of your sheet, where not one eye in ten, of your readers, ever fixes. Or hold it back at any rate until you can write and publish a refutation, or what you may swear is one: thus, like a wise doctor, making the antidote go with the poison. But whichever course you take, protest loudly your love for the liberty of the press, and for free discussion: and glorify your own liberality, in publishing a piece against yourself.

There are two other ways of crippling such an adversary. One is, to misprint him; so that the best passages may lose their point and force, by having their chief words turned into others of either no meaning, or a wrong one. The other is, to leave out any passage, even a whole paragraph or more, that galls you or your side very severely. By this method, many a home thrust has fallen to the ground: and by the former, pithy sentences have become such nonsense, that readers would turn from them with contempt, and the author sicken at the silly figure he made.

You may get a great name for candor, at a cheap rate, by sometimes owning yourself in the wrong, about some trifle; or even about a point of consequence, when you see your mistake or falsehood on the verge of exposure. One such confession will gain you a credit, upon which you may pass off a hundred distortions or concealments of truth.

By such means, all who read no paper but yours, will in time come to regard you as infallible. Among them, all heresy will be rooted out: and if all other presses would act with you, orthodoxy would completely triumph. But as this is not yet to be hoped for, you may rest content with two, great benefits, sure to result from the plan here recommended. First, your party, seeing no merits in any other creed, or editor, will keep true to its creed, and to you; nay, perhaps will vanquish its adversary: and secondly, both parties, unable to discern any reason for each other's opinions, will be animated to that patriotic readiness to tear one another in pieces, which is so advantageous to the community, and especially to party leaders and trumpeters.

It is thus, that in certain parts of the world, particular opinions have reigned supreme. It was thus, that in some states of this Union, the tariff at one time so signally triumphed. It is thus, that among certain sets of people at this day, notions, of which the truth is very questionable, are held as axioms. Their newspapers and other oracles, watchfully exclude everything that may excite a doubt as to those notions. It was thus that Europe was lulled for centuries in the arms of the Holy Catholic faith, whose doctors, by wisely locking up the Bible from their flocks, and by those persuasive arguments, the rack and the stake, effectually banished all heresy, till the rebel, Martin Luther, shewed mankind the other side of the question. And it is by kindred means, that now, in Turkey and Russia, eighty millions of people are made to repose in the quiet belief, that the Sultan and the Czar have a divine right to cut off as many heads as may suit their royal pleasure. It would be Utopian perhaps, to hope that in our time at least equal harmony can be produced in this country; but no doubt a great deal may be done by faithfully observing the foregoing counsel. Each

editor may secure a Turkish unanimity, a catholic belief in his own infallibility, amongst his readers; which, by proper co-operation, may be extended to those of all the kindred presses; that is, to half, or more, of the community. And, that progress being made, why may we not hope, in less than a century, to see orthodoxy universal?

THE RICHMOND LYCEUM, AND ITS JOURNAL.

An Association in this city, bearing the name of the "Richmond Lyceum," formed with a view to the improvement of its members and the encouragement of literary taste and scientific knowledge, will soon commence the publication of a monthly magazine, to be called "THE JOURNAL OF THE RICHMOND LYCEUM;" at the moderate price of one dollar and a half per annum.

The resemblance of character and objects, between this association and the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, it may be hoped, will exist also between the proposed magazine, and the justly esteemed 'Journal of the Franklin Institute.' That Institute and its journal, we believe, by diffusing useful knowledge in popular forms, have done and are doing an amount of good scarcely surpassed by any other kindred enterprise in the world. May they be successfully emulated, by the young institution in Richmond! A fuller notice will be taken of the latter, hereafter.

NEGLECT OF TIME.

BY J. C. BRENT.

The clock is to the eye
What reason 's to the soul;
Yet moments hasten by,
And man heeds not their roll:

In dreams forgets the hour
Which silently goes on,
Until 'tis past his pow'r
To call back what is gone.

In vain the clock doth sound
Its warnings on the ear;
In folly's meshes bound,
He has not time to hear.

Though reason points the way,
And profit may await,
He learns not to obey,
Until it is too late.

He seems to pass through life,
As if it had no close,
As if it were not rife
With vanity and woe.

He marks with heedless eye
The hours receding fast,
Till time for him must die,
And hope depart at last.

LORD BACON.*

PART I.

HIS LIFE, AND CHARACTER.

Birth—education—father's death—his uncle, Lord Burleigh, and cousin, Robert Cecil—their jealousy—his law-studies—disappointments—figure in Parliament—his patriotism rebuked—abject submission—friendship and generosity of Essex—Bacon's *Essays*—fall of Essex, and Bacon's ingratitude—death of Queen Elizabeth—accession of James I.—his character—Bacon's knighthood and marriage—Bacon and Waller compared—successive promotions—his treatise on the "Advancement of Learning"—other works—his oppression of Peacham—Coke's manly resistance—Bacon's patron, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—Bacon made Councillor,—Lord Keeper,—and Lord Chancellor—his corruptions as judge—impeachment—conviction and disgrace—sentence—pardon—literary pursuits—death.

FRANCIS BACON, the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, was born at York House, his father's residence in the Strand, on the 22d of January, 1561. His health was very delicate, and to this circumstance may be partly attributed that gravity of carriage, and that love of sedentary pursuits, which distinguished him from other boys. Every body knows how much his premature readiness of wit, and sobriety of deportment, amused the Queen; and how she used to call him her young Lord Keeper. We are told that while still a mere child, he stole away from his playfellows to a vault in St. James's fields, for the purpose of investigating the cause of a singular echo which he had observed there. It is certain that, at only twelve, he busied himself with very ingenious speculations on the art of legerdemain,—a subject which, as Professor Dugald Stewart has most justly observed, merits much more attention from philosophers than it has ever received. These are trifles. But the eminence which Bacon afterwards attained renders them interesting.

In the thirteenth year of his age, he was entered at

* The *Edinburg Review* for July contains an article of great length, but far greater ability, upon Basil Montagu's voluminous edition of Bacon's works, and history of his life. The article so teems with interesting facts, and contains what we take to be so just a view of Bacon's character, and so clear as well as just an exposition of his philosophy, that we cannot forbear enabling all our readers to share the pleasure and benefit derivable from the perusal. To this end, we call those paragraphs and pages which are necessary to present an unbroken thread of narrative or of disquisition, and print them continuously; omitting little, besides the reviewer's discussions with Mr. Montagu, of some points on which that gentleman, with the amiable though too common weakness of biographers, is a mere apologist for his hero. The portions thus culled, we arrange in three divisions, with a table of contents to each; the first containing the Reviewer's sketch of Lord Bacon's life and character, and the other two a view of his philosophy—and a triumphant contrast of its useful aims, with the sounding emptiness of that taught by the ancient philosophers. We give translations of the passages in foreign tongues; hoping that unlearned as well as learned readers, will be attracted by this masterly performance. And we have tried so to mould the several parts together, and give it so much the appearance of a consistent whole, that no one might suppose it to be other than an original and independent Life of Bacon, and account of his works, but for this declaration to the contrary.

No reader will finish this article, exhibiting the amazing intellect and weak (not bad) heart of the wonderful man & commemorates, without regarding as literally true, that line which calls him

"The greatest, wisest, meanest,—of mankind."

Trinity College, Cambridge. It has often been said that Bacon, while still at college, planned that great intellectual revolution with which his name is inseparably connected. The evidence on this subject, however, is hardly sufficient to prove what is in itself so improbable, as that any definite scheme of that kind should have been so early formed, even by so powerful and active a mind. But it is certain, that after a residence of three years at Cambridge, Bacon departed, carrying with him a profound contempt for the course of study pursued there; a fixed conviction that the system of academic education in England was radically vicious; a just scorn for the trifles on which the followers of Aristotle had wasted their powers, and no great reverence for Aristotle himself.

In his sixteenth year, he visited Paris, and resided there for some time, under the care of Sir Amias Paulet, Elizabeth's minister at the French court, and one of the ablest and most upright of the many valuable servants whom she employed. France was at that time in a deplorable state of agitation. The Huguenots and the Catholics were mustering all their forces for the fiercest and most protracted of their many struggles: while the Prince, whose duty it was to protect and to restrain both, had by his vices and follies degraded himself so deeply that he had no authority over either. Bacon, however, made a tour through several provinces, and appears to have passed some time at Poitiers. We have abundant proof that during his stay on the Continent he did not neglect literary and scientific pursuits. But his attention seems to have been chiefly directed to statistics and diplomacy. It was at this time that he wrote those *Notes on the State of Europe* which are printed in his works. He studied the principles of the art of deciphering with great interest; and invented one cipher so ingenious that, many years later, he thought it deserving of a place in the *De Augmentis*. In February, 1580, while engaged in these pursuits, he received intelligence of the almost sudden death of his father, and instantly returned to England.

His prospects were greatly overcast by this event. He was most desirous to obtain a provision which might enable him to devote himself to literature and politics. He applied to the Government, and it seems strange that he should have applied in vain. His wishes were moderate. His hereditary claims on the administration were great. He had himself been favorably noticed by the Queen. His uncle was Prime Minister. His own talents were such as any minister might have been eager to enlist in the public service. But his solicitations were unsuccessful. The truth is, that the Cecils disliked him, and did all that they could decently do to keep him down. It has never been alleged that Bacon had done anything to merit this dislike; nor is it at all probable that a man whose temper was naturally mild, whose manners were courteous, who, through life, nursed his fortunes with the utmost care, and who was fearful even to a fault of offending the powerful—would have given any just cause of displeasure to a kinsman who had the means of rendering him essential service, and of doing him irreparable injury. The real explanation, we have no doubt, is this: Robert Cecil, the Treasurer's second son, was younger by a few months than Bacon. He had been educated with the utmost care; had been initiated, while still a

boy, in the mysteries of diplomacy and court-intrigue; and was just at this time about to be produced on the stage of public life. The wish nearest to Burleigh's heart was that his own greatness might descend to this favorite child. But even Burleigh's fatherly partiality could hardly prevent him from perceiving that Robert, with all his abilities and acquirements, was no match for his cousin Francis. That Bacon himself attributed the conduct of his relatives to jealousy of his superior talents, we have not the smallest doubt. In a letter, written many years after to Villiers, he expresses himself thus:—"Countenance, encourage, and advance able men in all kinds, degrees, and professions. For in the time of the *Cecils*, the father and the son, able men were by design and of purpose suppressed."

Whatever Burleigh's motives might be, his purpose was unalterable. The supplications which Francis addressed to his uncle and aunt were earnest, humble, and almost servile. He was the most promising and accomplished young man of his time. His father had been the brother-in-law, the most useful colleague, the nearest friend of the minister. But all this availed poor Francis nothing. He was forced, much against his will, to betake himself to the study of the law. He was admitted at Gray's Inn, and, during some years, he labored there in obscurity.

What the extent of his legal attainments may have been, it is difficult to say. It was not hard for a man of his powers to acquire that very moderate portion of technical knowledge which, when joined to quickness, tact, wit, ingenuity, eloquence, and knowledge of the world, is sufficient to raise an advocate to the highest professional eminence. The general opinion appears to have been that which was on one occasion expressed by Elizabeth. "Bacon," said she, "hath a great wit and much learning; but in law sheweth to the uttermost of his knowledge, and is not deep." The *Cecils*, we suspect, did their best to spread this opinion by whispers and insinuations. Coke openly proclaimed it with that rancorous insolence which was habitual to him. No reports are more readily believed than those which disparage genius and soothe the envy of conscious mediocrity. It must have been inexpressibly consoling to a stupid sergeant,—the forerunner of him who, a hundred and fifty years later, "shook his head at Murray as a wit,"—to know that the most profound thinker, and the most accomplished orator of the age, was very imperfectly acquainted with the law touching *bastard signé* and *mulier puisné*, and confounded the right of free fishery with that of common piscary.

It is certain that no man in that age, or indeed during the century and a half which followed, was better acquainted with the philosophy of law. His technical knowledge was quite sufficient, with the help of his admirable talents, and his insinuating address, to procure clients. He rose very rapidly into business, and soon entertained hopes of being called within the bar. He applied to Lord Burleigh for that purpose, but received a testy refusal. Of the grounds of that refusal we can in some measure judge by Bacon's answer, which is still extant. It seems that the old Lord, whose temper, age and gout had by no means altered for the better, and who omitted no opportunity of marking his dislike of the showy, quick-witted young men of the rising generation, took this opportunity to read Francis a very

sharp lecture on his vanity, and want of respect for his betters. Francis returned a most submissive reply, thanked the Treasurer for the admonition, and promised to profit by it. Strangers meanwhile were less unjust to the young barrister than his nearest kinsmen had been. In his twenty-sixth year he became a bench-er of his Inn; and two years later he was appointed Lent reader. At length, in 1590, he obtained for the first time some show of favor from the Court. He was sworn in Queen's Counsel extraordinary. But this mark of honor was not accompanied by any pecuniary emolument. He continued, therefore, to solicit his powerful relatives for some provision which might enable him to live without drudging at his profession. He bore with a patience and serenity which, we fear, bordered on meanness, the morose humors of his uncle, and the sneering reflections which his cousin cast on speculative men, lost in philosophical dreams, and too wise to be capable of transacting public business. At length the *Cecils* were generous enough to procure for him the reversion of the Registrarship of the Star Chamber. This was a lucrative place, but as many years elapsed before it fell in, he was still under the necessity of laboring for his daily bread.

In the Parliament which was called in 1593 he sat as member for the county of Middlesex, and soon attained eminence as a debater. It is easy to perceive from the scanty remains of his oratory, that the same compactness of expression and richness of fancy which appear in his writings characterized his speeches; and that his extensive acquaintance with literature and history enabled him to entertain his audience with a vast variety of illustrations and allusions which were generally happy and apposite, but which were probably not least pleasing to the taste of that age when they were such as would now be thought childish or pedantic. It is evident also that he was, as indeed might have been expected, perfectly free from those faults which are generally found in an advocate who, after having risen to eminence at the bar, enters the House of Commons; that it was his habit to deal with every great question, not in small detached portions, but as a whole; that he refined little, and that his reasonings were those of a capacious rather than a subtle mind. Ben Jonson, a most unexceptionable judge, has described his eloquence in words, which, though often quoted, will bear to be quoted again. "There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressy, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end." From the mention which is made of *judges*, it would seem that Jonson had heard Bacon only at the bar. Indeed we imagine that the House of Commons was then almost inaccessible to strangers. It is not probable that a man of Bacon's nice observation would speak in Parliament exactly as he spoke in the Court of King's Bench. But the graces of manner and lan-

guage must to a great extent, have been common between the Queen's Counsel and the Knight of the Shire.

Bacon tried to play a very difficult game in politics. He wished to be at once a favorite at Court and popular with the multitude. If any man could have succeeded in this attempt, a man of talents so rare, of judgment so prematurely ripe, of temper so calm, and of manners so plausible, might have been expected to succeed. Nor indeed did he wholly fail. Once, however, he indulged in a burst of patriotism which cost him a long and bitter remorse, and which he never ventured to repeat. The Court asked for large subsidies, and for speedy payment. The remains of Bacon's speech breathe all the spirit of the Long Parliament. "The gentlemen," said he, "must sell their plate, and the farmers their brass pots, ere this will be paid; and for us, we are here to search the wounds of the realm, and not to skin them over. The dangers are these. First, we shall breed discontent and endanger her Majesty's safety, which must consist more in the love of the people than their wealth. Secondly, this being granted in this sort, other princes hereafter will look for the like; so that we shall put an evil precedent on ourselves and on our posterity; and in histories, it is to be observed, of all nations the English are not to be subject, base, or taxable." The Queen and her ministers resented this outbreak of public spirit in the highest manner. Indeed, many an honest member of the House of Commons had, for a much smaller matter, been sent to the Tower by the proud and hot-blooded Tudors. The young patriot condescended to make the most abject apologies. He adjured the Lord Treasurer to show some favor to his poor servant and ally. He bemoaned himself to the Lord Keeper, in a letter which may keep in countenance the most unmanly of the epistles which Cicero wrote during his banishment. The lesson was not thrown away. Bacon never offended in the same manner again.

He was now satisfied that he had little to hope from the patronage of those powerful kinsmen whom he had solicited during twelve years with such meek pertinacity; and he began to look towards a different quarter. Among the courtiers of Elizabeth, had lately appeared a new favorite,—young, noble, wealthy, accomplished, eloquent, brave, generous, aspiring,—a favorite who had obtained from the grey-headed queen such marks of regard as she had scarce vouchsafed to Leicester in the season of the passions; who was at once the ornament of the palace and the idol of the city; who was the common patron of men of letters and of men of the sword; who was the common refuge of the persecuted Catholic and of the persecuted Puritan. The calm prudence which had enabled Burleigh to shape his course through so many dangers, and the vast experience which he had acquired in dealing with two generations of colleagues and rivals, seemed scarcely sufficient to support him in this new competition; and Robert Cecil sickened with fear and envy as he contemplated the rising fame and influence of Essex.

Nothing in the political conduct of Essex entitles him to esteem; and the pity with which we regard his early and terrible end, is diminished by the consideration, that he put to hazard the lives and fortunes of his most attached friends, and endeavored to throw the

whole country into confusion for objects purely personal. Still, it is impossible not to be deeply interested for a man so brave, high spirited, and generous;—for a man who, while he conducted himself towards his sovereign with a boldness such as was then found in no other subject, conducted himself towards his dependants with a delicacy such as has rarely been found in any other patron. Unlike the vulgar herd of benefactors, he desired to inspire, not gratitude, but affection. He tried to make those whom he befriended feel towards him as towards an equal. His mind, ardent, susceptible, naturally disposed to admiration of all that is great and beautiful, was fascinated by the genius and the accomplishments of Bacon. A close friendship was soon formed between them,—a friendship destined to have a dark, a mournful, a shameful end.

In 1594 the office of Attorney-General became vacant, and Bacon hoped to obtain it. Essex made his friend's cause his own,—sued, expostulated, promised, threatened,—but all in vain. It is probable that the dislike felt by the Cecils for Bacon had been increased by the connexion which he had lately formed with the Earl. Robert was then on the point of being made Secretary of State. He happened one day to be in the same coach with Essex, and a remarkable conversation took place between them. "My Lord," said Sir Robert, "the Queen has determined to appoint an Attorney-General without more delay. I pray your Lordship to let me know whom you will favor." "I wonder at your question," replied the Earl. "You cannot but know that resolutely, against all the world, I stand for your cousin, Francis Bacon." "Good Lord!" cried Cecil, unable to bridle his temper, "I wonder your Lordship should spend your strength on so unlikely a matter. Can you name one precedent of so raw a youth promoted to so great a place?" This objection came with a singularly bad grace from a man who, though younger than Bacon, was in daily expectation of being made Secretary of State. The blot was too obvious to be missed by Essex, who seldom forebore to speak his mind. "I have made no search," said he, "for precedents of young men who have filled the office of Attorney-General; but I could name to you, Sir Robert, a man younger than Francis, less learned, and equally inexperienced, who is suing and striving with all his might for an office of far greater weight." Sir Robert had nothing to say but that he thought his own abilities equal to the place which he hoped to obtain; and that his father's long services deserved such a mark of gratitude from the Queen,—as if his abilities were comparable to his cousin's, or as if Sir Nicholas Bacon had done no service to the State. Cecil then hinted that if Bacon would be satisfied with the Solicitorship, that might be of easier digestion to the Queen. "Digest me no digestions," said the generous and ardent Earl. "The Attorneyship for Francis is that I must have; and in that I will spend all my power, might, authority, and amity; and with tooth and nail procure the same for him against whomsoever; and whosoever getteth this office out of my hands for any other, before he have it, it shall cost him the coming by. And this be you assured of, Sir Robert, for now I fully declare myself; and for my own part, Sir Robert, I think strange both of my Lord Treasurer and you, that can have the mind to seek the preference of a stranger before so near a kinsman; for

if you weigh in a balance the parts every way of his competitor and him, only excepting five poor years of admitting to a house of court before Francis, you shall find in all other respects whatsoever no comparison between them."

When the office of Attorney-General was filled up, the Earl pressed the Queen to make Bacon Solicitor-General, and, on this occasion, the old Lord Treasurer professed himself not unfavorable to his nephew's pretensions. But after a contest which lasted more than a year and a half, and in which Essex, to use his own words, "spent all his power, might, authority, and amity," the place was given to another. Essex felt this disappointment keenly, but found consolation in the most munificent and delicate liberality. He presented Bacon with an estate, worth near two thousand pounds, situated at Twickenham; and this, as Bacon owned many years after, "with so kind and noble circumstances, as the manner was worth more than the matter."

It was soon after these events that Bacon first appeared before the public as a writer. Early in 1597 he published a small volume of Essays, which was afterwards enlarged, by successive editions, to many times its original bulk. This little work was, as it well deserved to be, exceedingly popular. It was reprinted in a few months; it was translated into Latin, French and Italian, and it seems to have at once established the literary reputation of its author. But though Bacon's reputation rose, his fortunes were still depressed. He was in great pecuniary difficulties; and on one occasion was arrested in the street at the suit of a goldsmith, for a debt of 300*l.*, and was carried to a spunging-house in Coleman street.

The kindness of Essex was in the meantime indefatigable. In 1596 he sailed on his memorable expedition to the coast of Spain. At the very moment of his embarkation, he wrote to several of his friends, commending to them, during his own absence, the interests of Bacon. He returned, after performing the most brilliant military exploit that was achieved on the Continent by English arms, during the long interval which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and that of Blenheim. His valor, his talents, his humane and generous disposition, had made him the idol of his countrymen, and had extorted praise from the enemies whom he had conquered. He had always been proud and headstrong; and his splendid success seems to have rendered his faults more offensive than ever. But to his friend Francis he was still the same. Bacon had some thoughts of making his fortune by marriage; and had begun to pay court to a widow of the name of Hatton. The eccentric manners and violent temper of this woman, made her a disgrace and a torment to her connections. But Bacon was not aware of her faults, or was disposed to overlook them for the sake of her ample fortune. Essex pleaded his friend's cause with his usual ardor. The letters which the Earl addressed to Lady Hatton and to her mother are still extant, and are highly honorable to him. "If," he wrote, "she were my sister or my daughter, I protest I would as confidently resolve to further it as I now persuade you." And again—"If my faith be anything, I protest, if I had one as near me as she is to you, I had rather match her with him, than with men of far greater titles." The suit, happily for Bacon, was unsuccessful. The lady

indeed was kind to him in more ways than one. She rejected him, and she accepted his enemy. She married that narrow-minded, bad-hearted pedant, Sir Edward Coke, and did her best to make him as miserable as he deserved to be.

The fortunes of Essex had now reached their height, and began to decline. The person on whom, during the decline of his influence, he chiefly depended,—to whom he confided his perplexities, whose advice he solicited, whose intercession he employed,—was his friend Bacon. The lamentable truth must be told. This friend, so loved, so trusted, bore a principal part in ruining the Earl's fortunes, in shedding his blood, and in blackening his memory.

But let us be just to Bacon. We believe that, to the last, he had no wish to injure Essex. Nay, we believe that he sincerely exerted himself to serve Essex, as long as he thought he could serve Essex without injuring himself. The advice which he gave to his noble benefactor was generally most judicious. He did all in his power to dissuade the Earl from accepting the Government of Ireland. "For," says he, "I did as plainly see his overthrow, chained as it were by destiny to that journey, as it is possible for a man to ground a judgment upon future contingents." The prediction was accomplished. Essex returned in disgrace. Bacon attempted to mediate between his friend and the Queen; and, we believe, honestly employed all his address for that purpose. But the task which he had undertaken was too difficult, delicate, and perilous, even for so wary and dexterous an agent. He had to manage two spirits equally proud, resentful, and ungovernable. At Essex House, he had to calm the rage of a young hero, incensed by multiplied wrongs and humiliations; and then to pass to Whitehall for the purpose of soothing the peevishness of a sovereign, whose temper, never very gentle, had been rendered morbidly irritable by age, by declining health, and by the long habit of listening to flattery and exacting implicit obedience. It is hard to serve two masters. Situated as Bacon was, it was scarcely possible for him to shape his course, so as not to give one or both of his employers reason to complain. For a time he acted as fairly as, in circumstances so embarrassing, could reasonably be expected. At length, he found that while he was trying to prop the fortunes of another, he was in danger of shaking his own. He had disobliger both the parties whom he wished to reconcile. Essex thought him wanting in zeal as a friend—Elizabeth thought him wanting in duty as a subject. The Earl looked on him as a spy of the Queen, the Queen as a creature of the Earl. The reconciliation which he had labored to effect appeared utterly hopeless. A thousand signs, legible to eyes far less keen than his, announced that the fall of his patron was at hand. He shaped his course accordingly. When Essex was brought before the council to answer for his conduct in Ireland, Bacon, after a faint attempt to excuse himself from taking part against his friend, submitted himself to the Queen's pleasure, and *appeared at the bar in support of the charges*. But a darker scene was behind. The unhappy young nobleman, made reckless by despair, ventured on a rash and criminal enterprise, which rendered him liable to the highest penalties of the law. What course was Bacon to take? This was one of those conjunctures which show what

men are. To a highminded man, wealth, power, court-favor, even personal safety, would have appeared of no account, when opposed to friendship, gratitude, and honor. Such a man would have stood by the side of Essex at the trial,—would have “spent all his power, might, authority, and amity,” in soliciting a mitigation of the sentence,—would have been a daily visitor at the cell,—would have received the last injunctions and the last embrace on the scaffold,—would have employed all the powers of his intellect to guard from insult the fame of his generous, though erring friend. An ordinary man would neither have incurred the danger of succoring Essex, nor the disgrace of assailing him. Bacon did not even preserve neutrality. He appeared as counsel for the prosecution. In that situation, he did not confine himself to what would have been amply sufficient to procure a verdict. He employed all his wit, his rhetoric, and his learning,—not to ensure a conviction, for the circumstances were such that a conviction was inevitable,—but to deprive the unhappy prisoner of all those excuses which, though legally of no value, yet tended to diminish the moral guilt of the crime; and which, therefore, though they could not justify the peers in pronouncing an acquittal, might incline the Queen to grant a pardon. The Earl urged as a palliation of his frantic acts, that he was surrounded by powerful and inveterate enemies, that they had ruined his fortunes, that they sought his life, and that their persecutions had driven him to despair. This was true, and Bacon well knew it to be true. But he affected to treat it as an idle pretence. He compared Essex to Pisistratus, who, by pretending to be in imminent danger of assassination, and by exhibiting self-inflicted wounds, succeeded in establishing tyranny at Athens. This was too much for the prisoner to bear. He interrupted his ungrateful friend, by calling on him to quit the part of an advocate,—to come forward as a witness, and tell the Lords whether, in old times, he, Francis Bacon, had not under his own hand, repeatedly asserted the truth of what he now represented as idle pretences. It is painful to go on with this lamentable story. Bacon returned a shuffling answer to the Earl's question: and, as if the allusion to Pisistratus were not sufficiently offensive, made another allusion still more unjustifiable. He compared Essex to Henry Duke of Guiso, and the rash attempt in the city, to the day of the barricades at Paris. Why Bacon had recourse to such a topic, it is difficult to say. It was quite unnecessary for the purpose of obtaining a verdict. It was certain to produce a strong impression on the mind of the haughty and jealous princess on whose pleasure the Earl's fate depended. The faintest allusion to the degrading tutelage in which the last Valois had been held by the house of Lorraine, was sufficient to harden her heart against a man who in rank, in military reputation, in popularity among the citizens of the capital, bore some resemblance to the Captain of the League. Essex was convicted. Bacon made no effort to save him, though the Queen's feelings were such, that he might have pleaded his benefactor's cause, possibly with success, certainly without any serious danger to himself. The unhappy nobleman was executed. His fate excited strong, perhaps unreasonable feelings of compassion and indignation. The Queen was received by the citizens of London with gloomy looks and faint accla-

mations. She thought it expedient to publish a vindication of her late proceedings. The faithless friend who had assisted in taking the Earl's life was now employed to murder the Earl's fame. The Queen had seen some of Bacon's writings, and had been pleased with them. He was accordingly selected to write “A Declaration of the practices and treasons attempted and committed by Robert, Earl of Essex,” which was printed by authority. In the succeeding reign, Bacon had not a word to say in defence of this performance—a performance, abounding in expressions which no generous enemy would have employed respecting a man who had so dearly expiated his offences. His only excuse was, that he wrote it by command,—that he considered himself as a mere secretary,—that he had particular instructions as to the way in which he was to treat every part of the subject,—and that, in fact, he had furnished only the arrangement and the style.

The real explanation of all this is perfectly obvious; and nothing but a partiality amounting to a ruling passion, could cause any body to miss it. The moral qualities of Bacon were not of a high order. We do not say that he was a bad man. He was not inhuman or tyrannical. He bore with meekness his high civil honors, and the far higher honors gained by his intellect. He was very seldom, if ever, provoked into treating any person with malignity and insolence. No man more readily held up the left cheek to those who had smitten the right. No man was more expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath. He was never accused of intemperance in his pleasures. His even temper, his flowing courtesy, the general respectability of his demeanor, made a favorable impression on those who saw him in situations which do not severely try the principles. His faults were—we write it with pain—coldness of heart and meanness of spirit. He seems to have been incapable of feeling strong affection, of facing great dangers, of making great sacrifices. His desires were set on things below. Wealth, precedence, titles, patronage,—the mace, the seals, the coronet,—large houses, fair gardens, rich manors, massy services of plate, gay hangings, curious cabinets,—had as great attractions for him as for any of the courtiers who dropped on their knees in the dirt when Elizabeth passed by, and then hastened home to write to the King of Scots that her Grace seemed to be breaking fast. For these objects he had stooped to everything and endured everything. For these he had sued in the humblest manner, and when unjustly and ungraciously repulsed, had thanked those who had repulsed him, and had begun to sue again. For these objects, as soon as he found that the smallest show of independence in Parliament was offensive to the Queen, he had abased himself to the dust before her, and implored forgiveness, in terms better suited to a convicted thief than to a knight of the shire. For these he joined, and for these he forsook Lord Essex. He continued to plead his patron's cause with the Queen, as long as he thought that by pleading that cause he might serve himself. Nay, he went further—for his feelings, though not warm, were kind—he pleaded that cause as long as he thought he could plead it without injury to himself. But when it became evident that Essex was going headlong to his ruin, Bacon began to tremble for his own

fortunes. What he had to fear would not indeed have been very alarming to a man of lofty character. It was not death. It was not imprisonment. It was the loss of court favor. It was the being left behind by others in the career of ambition. It was the having leisure to finish the *Instauratio Magna*. The Queen looked coldly on him. The courtiers began to consider him as a marked man. He determined to change his line of conduct, and to proceed in a new course with so much vigor as to make up for lost time. When once he had determined to act against his friend, knowing himself to be suspected, he acted with more zeal than would have been necessary or justifiable if he had been employed against a stranger. He exerted his professional talents to shed the Earl's blood, and his literary talents to blacken the Earl's memory. It is certain that his conduct excited at the time great and general disapprobation. While Elizabeth lived, indeed, this disapprobation, though deeply felt, was not loudly expressed. But a great change was at hand.

The health of the Queen had long been decaying; and the operation of age and disease was now assisted by acute mental suffering. The pitiable melancholy of her last days has generally been ascribed to her fond regret for Essex. But we are disposed to attribute her dejection partly to physical causes, and partly to the conduct of her courtiers and ministers. They did all in their power to conceal from her the intrigues which they were carrying on at the Court of Scotland. But her keen sagacity was not to be so deceived. She did not know the whole. But she knew that she was surrounded by men who were impatient for that new world which was to begin at her death,—who had never been attached to her by affection,—and who were now but very slightly attached to her by interest. Prostration and flattery could not conceal from her the cruel truth, that those whom she had trusted and promoted had never loved her, and were fast ceasing to fear her. Unable to avenge herself, and too proud to complain, she suffered sorrow and resentment to prey on her heart, till, after a long career of power, prosperity and glory, she died, sick and weary of the world.

James mounted the throne; and Bacon employed all his address to obtain for himself a share of the favor of his new master. This was no difficult task. The faults of James, both as a man and as a prince, were numerous; but insensibility to the claims of genius and learning was not amongst them. He was indeed made up of two men,—a witty, well-read scholar, who wrote, disputed, and harangued,—and a nervous drivelling idiot, who acted. If he had been a Canon of Christ Church, or a Prebendary of Westminster, it is not improbable that he would have left a highly respectable name to posterity,—that he would have distinguished himself among the translators of the Bible, and among the Divines who attended the Synod of Dort,—that he would have been regarded by the literary world as no contemptible rival of Vossius and Casaubon. But fortune placed him in a situation in which his weakness covered him with disgrace; and in which his accomplishments brought him no honor. In a college, much eccentricity and childishness would have been readily pardoned in so learned a man. But all that learning could do for him on the throne, was to make people think him a pedant as well as a fool.

Bacon was favorably received at Court; and soon found that his chance of promotion was not diminished by the death of the Queen. He was solicitous to be knighted—for two reasons—which are somewhat amusing. The King had already dubbed half London, and Bacon found himself the only untitled person in his mess at Gray's Inn. This was not very agreeable to him. He had also, to quote his own words, "found an Alderman's daughter, a handsome maiden, to his liking." On both these grounds, he begged his cousin Robert Cecil, "if it might please his good Lordship" to use his interest in his behalf. The application was successful. Bacon was one of three hundred gentlemen who, on the coronation-day, received the honor, if it is to be so called, of knighthood. The handsome maiden, a daughter of Alderman Barnham, soon after consented to become Sir Francis's lady.

The unfavorable impression which Bacon's conduct had made, appears to have been gradually effaced. Indeed it must be some very peculiar cause that can make a man like him long unpopular. His talents secured him from contempt, his temper and his manners from hatred. There is scarcely any story so black that it may not be got over by a man of great abilities, whose abilities are united with caution, good-humor, patience, and affability,—who pays daily sacrifice to Nemesis, who is a delightful companion, a serviceable though not an ardent friend, and a dangerous yet a placable enemy. Waller in the next generation was an eminent instance of this. Indeed Waller had much more than may at first sight appear in common with Bacon. To the higher intellectual qualities of the great English philosopher,—to the genius which has made an immortal epoch in the history of science,—Waller had indeed no pretensions. But the mind of Waller, as far as it extended, coincided with that of Bacon, and might, so to speak, have been cut out of that of Bacon. In the qualities which make a man an object of interest and veneration to posterity, there was no comparison between them. But in the qualities by which chiefly a man is known to his contemporaries, there was a striking similarity. Considered as men of the world, as courtiers, as politicians, as associates, as allies, as enemies, they had nearly the same merits and the same defects. They were not malignant. They were not tyrannical. But they wanted warmth of affection and elevation of sentiment. There were many things which they loved better than virtue, and which they feared more than guilt. Yet after they had stooped to acts of which it is impossible to read the account in the most partial narratives without strong disapprobation and contempt, the public still continued to regard them with a feeling not easily to be distinguished from esteem. The hyperbole of Juliet seemed to be verified with respect to them. "Upon their brows shame was ashamed to sit." Every body seemed as desirous to throw a veil over their misconduct as if it had been his own. Clarendon, who felt, and who had reason to feel, strong personal dislike towards Waller, speaks of him thus:—"There needs no more to be said to extol the excellence and power of his wit and pleasantness of his conversation, than that it was of magnitude enough to cover a world of very great faults,—that is, so to cover them that they were not taken notice of to his reproach, viz., a narrowness in his nature to the lowest degree,—an abjectness and want of courage to support him in

any virtuous undertaking,—an insinuating and servile flattery to the height the vainest and most imperious nature could be contented with. . . . It had power to reconcile him to those whom he had most offended and provoked, and continued to his age with that rare felicity, that his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious, and he was at least pitied where he was most detested.' Much of this, with some softening, might, we fear, be applied to Bacon. The influence of Waller's talents, manners, and accomplishments, died with him; and the world has pronounced an unbiassed sentence on his character. A few flowing lines are not bribe sufficient to pervert the judgment of posterity. But the influence of Bacon is felt and will long be felt over the whole civilized world. Leniently as he was treated by his contemporaries, posterity has treated him more leniently still. Turn where we may, the trophies of that mighty intellect are full in view. We are judging Manlius in sight of the Capitol.

Under the reign of James, Bacon grew rapidly in fortune and favor. In 1604 he was appointed King's Counsel, with a fee of forty pounds a-year; and a pension of sixty pounds a-year was settled upon him. In 1607 he became Solicitor-General; in 1612 Attorney-General. He continued to distinguish himself in Parliament, particularly by his exertions in favor of one excellent measure on which the King's heart was set,—the union of England and Scotland. It was not difficult for such an intellect to discover many irresistible arguments in favor of such a scheme. He conducted the great case of the *Peet Nati* in the Exchequer Chamber; and the decision of the judges,—a decision the legality of which may be questioned, but the beneficial effect of which must be acknowledged,—was in a great measure attributed to his dexterous management. While actively engaged in the House of Commons and in the courts of law, he still found leisure for letters and philosophy. The noble treatise on the "Advancement of Learning," which at a later period was expanded into the *De Augmentis*, appeared in 1605. The "Wisdom of the Ancients,"—a work which, if it had proceeded from any other writer, would have been considered as a masterpiece of wit and learning, but which adds little to the fame of Bacon, was printed in 1609. In the mean time the *Novum Organum* was slowly proceeding. Several distinguished men of learning had been permitted to see sketches or detached portions of that extraordinary book; and though they were not generally disposed to admit the soundness of the author's views, they spoke with the greatest admiration of his genius. Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the most magnificent of English libraries, was among those stubborn Conservatives who considered the hopes with which Bacon looked forward to the future destinies of the human race as utterly chimerical; and who regarded with distrust and aversion the innovating spirit of the new schismatics in philosophy. Yet even Bodley after perusing the *Cogitata et Visa*—one of the most precious of those scattered leaves out of which the great oracular volume was afterwards made up—acknowledged that in "those very points, and in all proposals and plots in that book, Bacon showed himself a master-workman;" and that "it could not be gainsaid but all the treatise over did abound with choice conceits of the present state of learning, and with worthy contemplations of the means to procure it." In

1612 a new edition of the "Essays" appeared, with additions surpassing the original collection both in bulk and quality. Nor did these pursuits distract Bacon's attention from a work the most arduous, the most glorious, and the most useful that even his mighty powers could have achieved, "the reducing and re-compiling," to use his own phrase, "of the laws of England."

Unhappily he was at that very time employed in perverting those laws to the vilest purposes of tyranny. When Oliver St. John was brought before the Star Chamber for maintaining that the King had no right to levy benevolences, and was for his manly and constitutional conduct sentenced to imprisonment during the royal pleasure, and to a fine of five thousand pounds, Bacon appeared as counsel for the prosecution. About the same time he was deeply engaged in a still more disgraceful transaction. An aged clergyman, of the name of Peacham, was accused of treason, on account of some passages of a sermon which was found in his study. The sermon, whether written by him or not, had never been preached. It did not appear that he had any intention of preaching it. The most servile lawyers of those servile times were forced to admit that there were great difficulties both as to the facts and as to the law. Bacon was employed to remove those difficulties. He was employed to settle the question of law by tampering with the Judges, and the question of fact by torturing the prisoner. Three Judges of the Court of King's Bench were tractable. But Coke was made of different stuff. Pedant, bigot, and savage as he was, he had qualities which bore a strong, though a very disagreeable resemblance to some of the highest virtues which a public man can possess. He was an exception to a maxim which we believe to be generally true,—that those who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful. He behaved with gross rudeness to his juniors at the bar, and with execrable cruelty to prisoners on trial for their lives. But he stood up manfully against the King and the King's favorites. No man of that age appeared to so little advantage when he was opposed to an inferior, and was in the wrong. But, on the other hand, it is but fair to admit that no man of that age made so creditable a figure when he was opposed to a superior, and happened to be in the right. On such occasions, his half-suppressed insolence and his impracticable obstinacy, had a respectable and interesting appearance, when compared with the abject servility of the bar and of the bench. On the present occasion he was stubborn and surly. He declared that it was a new and a highly improper practice in the Judges, to confer with a law-officer of the crown about capital cases which they were afterwards to try; and for some time he resolutely kept aloof. But Bacon was equally artful and persevering. "I am not wholly out of hope," said he, in a letter to the King, "that my Lord Coke himself, when I have in some dark manner put him in doubt that he shall be left alone, will not be singular." After some time, Bacon's dexterity was successful; and Coke, sullenly and reluctantly, followed the example of his brethren. But in order to convict Peacham, it was necessary to find facts as well as law. Accordingly, this wretched old man was put to the rack; and, while undergoing the horrible infliction, was examined by Bacon, but in vain. No confession could be wrung out of him; and Bacon wrote to

the King, complaining that Peacham had a dumb devil. At length the trial came on. A conviction was obtained; but the charges were so obviously futile, that the government could not, for very shame, carry the sentence into execution; and Peacham was suffered to languish away the short remainder of his life in a prison.

There were many points of resemblance between the two celebrated courtiers who, at different times, extended their patronage to Bacon. It is difficult to say whether Essex or Villiers was the more eminently distinguished by those graces of person and manner which have always been rated in courts at much more than their real value. Both were constitutionally brave; and both, like most men who are constitutionally brave, were open and unreserved. Both were rash and headstrong. Both were destitute of the abilities and the information which are necessary to statesmen. Yet both, trusting to the accomplishments which had made them conspicuous in tilt-yards and ball-rooms, aspired to rule the state. Both owed their elevation to the personal attachment of the sovereign; and in both cases this attachment was of so eccentric a kind, that it perplexed observers,—that it still continues to perplex historians,—and that it gave rise to much scandal, which we are inclined to think unfounded. Each of them treated the sovereign whose favor he enjoyed with a rudeness which approached to insolence. This petulance ruined Essex, who had to deal with a spirit naturally as proud as his own, and accustomed, during nearly half a century, to the most respectful observance. But there was a wide difference between the haughty daughter of Henry and her successor. James was timid from the cradle. His nerves, naturally weak, had not been fortified by reflection or by habit. His life, till he came to England, had been a series of mortifications and humiliations. With all his high notions of the origin and extent of his prerogatives, he was never his own master for a day. In spite of his kingly title,—in spite of his despotic theory, he was to the last a slave at heart. Villiers treated him like one; and this course, though adopted, we believe, merely from temper, succeeded as well as if it had been a system of policy formed after mature deliberation.

In generosity, in sensibility, in capacity for friendship, Essex far surpassed Buckingham. Indeed, Buckingham can scarcely be said to have had any friend, with the exception of the two princes, over whom successively he exercised so wonderful an influence. Essex was to the last adored by the people. Buckingham was always a most unpopular man; except perhaps for a very short time after his return from the childish visit to Spain. Essex fell a victim to the rigor of the government, amidst the lamentations of the people. Buckingham, execrated by the people, and solemnly declared a public enemy by the representatives of the people, fell by the hand of one of the people, and was lamented by none but his master.

The way in which the two favorites acted towards Bacon, was highly characteristic, and may serve to illustrate the old and true saying,—that a man is generally more inclined to feel kindly towards one on whom he has conferred favors, than towards one from whom he has received them. Essex loaded Bacon with benefits, and never thought that he had done enough. It never seems to have crossed the mind of the powerful and

wealthy noble, that the poor barrister whom he treated with such munificent kindness, was not his equal. It was, we have no doubt, with perfect sincerity that he declared, that he would willingly give his sister or daughter in marriage to his friend. He was in general more than sufficiently sensible of his own merits; but he did not seem to know that he had ever deserved well of Bacon. On that cruel day when they saw each other for the last time at the bar of the Lords, the earl taxed his perfidious friend with unkindness and insincerity, but never with ingratitude. Even in such a moment, more bitter than the bitterness of death, that noble heart was too great to vent itself in such a reproach.

Villiers, on the other hand, owed much to Bacon. When their acquaintance began, Sir Francis was a man of mature age, of high station, and of established fame as a politician, an advocate, and a writer. Villiers was little more than a boy, a younger son of a house then of no great note. He was but just entering on the career of court favor; and none but the most discerning observers could as yet perceive that he was likely to distance all his competitors. The countenance and advice of a man so highly distinguished as the Attorney-General, must have been an object of the highest importance to the young adventurer. But though Villiers was the obliged party, he was less warmly attached to Bacon and far less delicate in his conduct towards him than Essex had been.

To do the new favorite justice, he early exerted his influence in behalf of his illustrious friend. In 1616, Sir Francis was sworn of the Privy Council; and, in March, 1617, on the retirement of Lord Brackley, was appointed Keeper of the Great Seal.

On the 7th of May, the first day of the term, he rode in state to Westminster Hall, with the Lord Treasurer on his right hand, the Lord Privy Seal on his left,—a long procession of students and ushers before him,—and a crowd of peers, privy-councillors, and judges, followed in his train. Having entered his court, he addressed the splendid auditory in a grave and dignified speech, which proves how well he understood those judicial duties which he afterwards performed so ill. Even at that moment,—the proudest moment of his life in the estimation of the vulgar, and, it may be, even in his own,—he cast back a look of lingering affection towards those noble pursuits from which, as it seemed, he was about to be estranged. "The depth of the three long vacations," said he, "I would reserve in some measure free from business of estate, and for studies, arts, and sciences, to which of my own nature I am most inclined."

The years during which Bacon held the Great Seal were among the darkest and most shameful in English history. Every thing at home and abroad was mismanaged. First came the execution of Raleigh, an act which, if done in a proper manner, might have been defensible, but which, under all the circumstances, must be considered as a dastardly murder. Worse was behind—the war of Bohemia—the successes of Tilly and Spinola—the Palatinate conquered—the King's son-in-law in exile—the house of Austria dominant on the Continent—the Protestant religion and the liberties of the Germanic body trodden under foot. In the mean time the wavering and cowardly policy of England furnished matter of ridicule to all the nations of Europe. The

love of peace, which James professed would, even when indulged to an impolitic excess, have been respectable, if it had proceeded from tenderness for his people. But the truth is, that, while he had nothing to spare for the defence of the natural allies of England, he resorted without scruple to the most illegal and oppressive devices, for the purpose of enabling Buckingham and Buckingham's relations to outshine the ancient aristocracy of the realm. Benevolences were exacted. Patents of monopoly were multiplied. All the resources which could have been employed to replenish a beggared Exchequer, at the close of a ruinous war, were put in motion during this season of ignominious peace.

The vices of the administration must be chiefly ascribed to the weakness of the King, and to the levity and violence of the favorite. But it is impossible to acquit the Lord Keeper. For those odious patents, in particular, which passed the Great Seal while it was in his charge, he must be held answerable.

In his judicial capacity his conduct was not less reprehensible. He suffered Buckingham to dictate many of his decisions. Bacon knew as well as any man, that a judge who listens to private solicitations is a disgrace to his post. He had himself, before he was raised to the woolsack, represented this strongly to Villiers, then just entering on his career. "By no means,"—said Sir Francis, in a letter of advice addressed to the young courtier,—“By no means be you persuaded to interpose yourself, either by word or letter, in any cause depending in any court of justice, nor suffer any great man to do it where you can hinder it. If it should prevail, it perverts justice; but, if the judge be so just and of such courage as he ought to be, as not to be inclined thereby, yet it always leaves a taint of suspicion behind it.” Yet he had not been Lord Keeper a month when Buckingham began to interfere in Chancery suits, and his interference was, as might have been expected, successful.

A man who stooped to render such services to others was not likely to be scrupulous as to the means by which he enriched himself. He and his dependants accepted large presents from persons who were engaged in Chancery suits. The amount of the plunder which he collected in this way it is impossible to estimate. There can be no doubt that he received much more than was proved on his trial, though, it may be, less than was suspected by the public. His enemies stated his illicit gains at a hundred thousand pounds. But this was probably an exaggeration.

It was long before the day of reckoning arrived. During the interval between the second and third Parliaments of James, the nation was absolutely governed by the Crown. The prospects of the Lord Keeper were bright and serene. His great place rendered the splendor of his talents even more conspicuous; and gave an additional charm to the serenity of his temper, the courtesy of his manners, and the eloquence of his conversation. The pillaged suitor might mutter. The austere Puritan patriot might, in his retreat, lament that one on whom God had bestowed without measure all the abilities which qualify men to take the lead in great reforms, should be found among the adherents of the worst abuses. But the murmurs of the suitor, and the lamentations of the patriot, had scarcely any avenue to the ears of the powerful. The King, and

the minister who was the King's master, smiled on their illustrious flatterer. The whole crowd of courtiers and nobles sought his favor with emulous eagerness. Men of wit and learning hailed with delight the elevation of one who had so signally shown that a man of profound learning and of brilliant wit might understand, far better than any plodding dunce, the art of thriving in the world.

Once, and but once, this course of prosperity was for a moment interrupted. It should seem that even Bacon's brain was not strong enough to bear without some discomposure the inebriating effect of so much good fortune. For some time after his elevation, he showed himself a little wanting in that wariness and self-command to which, more than even to his transcendent talents, his elevation was to be ascribed. He was by no means a good hater. The temperature of his revenge, like that of his gratitude, was scarcely ever more than lukewarm. But there was one person whom he had long regarded with an animosity which, though studiously suppressed, was perhaps the stronger for the suppression. The insults and injuries which, when a young man struggling into note and professional practice, he had received from Sir Edward Coke, were such as might move the most placable nature to resentment. About the time at which Bacon received the Seals, Coke had, on account of his contumacious resistance to the royal pleasure, been deprived of his seat in the Court of King's Bench, and had ever since languished in retirement. But Coke's opposition to the Court, we fear, was the effect, not of good principles, but of a bad temper. Perverse and testy as he was, he wanted true fortitude and dignity of character. His obstinacy, unsupported by virtuous motives, was not proof against disgrace. He solicited a reconciliation with the favorite, and his solicitations were successful. Sir John Villiers, the brother of Buckingham, was looking out for a rich wife. Coke had a large fortune and an unmarried daughter. A bargain was struck. But Lady Coke—the lady whom twenty years before Essex had wooed on behalf of Bacon—would not hear of the match. A violent and scandalous family quarrel followed. The mother carried the girl away by stealth. The father pursued them, and regained possession of his daughter by force. The king was then in Scotland, and Buckingham had attended him thither. Bacon was, during their absence, at the head of affairs in England. He felt towards Coke as much malevolence as it was in his nature to feel towards any body. His wisdom had been laid to sleep by prosperity. In an evil hour he determined to interfere in the disputes which agitated his enemy's household. He declared for the wife, countenanced the Attorney-General in filing an information in the Star Chamber against the husband, and wrote strongly to the King and the favorite against the proposed marriage. The language which he used in those letters shows that, sagacious as he was, he did not quite know his place;—that he was not fully acquainted with the extent either of Buckingham's power, or of the change which the possession of that power had produced in Buckingham's character. He soon had a lesson which he never forgot. The favorite received the news of the Lord Keeper's interference, with feelings of the most violent resentment, and made the King even more angry than himself. Bacon's

eyes were at once opened to his error, and to all its possible consequences. He had been elated, if not intoxicated, by greatness. The shock sobered him in an instant. He was all himself again. He apologized submissively for his interference. He directed the Attorney-General to stop the proceedings against Coke. He sent to tell Lady Coke that he could do nothing for her. He announced to both the families that he was desirous to promote the connexion. Having given these proofs of contrition, he ventured to present himself before Buckingham. But the young upstart did not think that he had yet sufficiently humbled an old man who had been his friend and benefactor,—who was the highest civil functionary in the realm, and the most eminent man of letters in the world. It is said that on two successive days Bacon repaired to Buckingham's house—that on two successive days he was suffered to remain in an antechamber among foot-boys, seated on an old wooden box, with the Great Seal of England at his side; and that when at length he was admitted, he flung himself on the floor, kissed the favorite's feet, and vowed never to rise till he was forgiven.

He put a strong curb on those angry passions which had for the first time in his life mastered his prudence. He went through the forms of a reconciliation with Coke, and did his best, by seeking opportunities of paying little civilities, and by avoiding all that could produce collision, to tame the untameable ferocity of his old enemy.

In the main, however, his life, while he held the Great Seal, was, in outward appearance, most enviable. In London he lived with great dignity at York-House, the venerable mansion of his father. Here it was that, in January, 1620, he celebrated his entrance into his sixtieth year amidst a splendid circle of friends. He had then exchanged the appellation of Keeper for the higher title of Chancellor. Ben Jonson was one of the party, and wrote on the occasion some of the happiest of his rugged rhymes. All things, he tells us, seemed to smile about the old house,—“the fire, the wine, the men.” The spectacle of the accomplished host, after a life marked by no great disaster, entering on a green old age, in the enjoyment of riches, power, high honors, undiminished mental activity, and vast literary reputation, made a strong impression on the poet, if we may judge from those well known lines—

“England's high Chancellor, the destined heir,
In his soft cradle, to his father's chair,
Whose even thread the fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.”

In the intervals of rest which Bacon's political and judicial functions afforded, he was in the habit of retiring to Gorbamby. At that place his business was literature, and his favorite amusement gardening, which in one of his most pleasing Essays he calls “the purest of human pleasures.” In his magnificent grounds he erected, at a cost of ten thousand pounds, a retreat to which he repaired when he wished to avoid all visitors, and to devote himself wholly to study. On such occasions, a few young men of distinguished talents were sometimes the companions of his retirement. And among them his quick eye soon discerned the superior abilities of Thomas Hobbes. It is not probable, however, that he fully appreciated the powers of his disci-

ple, or foresaw the vast influence, both for good and for evil, which that most vigorous and acute of human intellects was destined to exercise on the two succeeding generations.

In January, 1621, Bacon had reached the zenith of his fortunes. He had just published the *Novum Organum*; and that extraordinary book had drawn forth the warmest expressions of admiration from the ablest men in Europe. He had obtained honors of a widely different kind, but perhaps not less valued by him. He had been created Baron Verulam. He had subsequently been raised to the higher dignity of Viscount St. Albans. His patent was drawn in the most flattering terms, and the Prince of Wales signed it as a witness. The ceremony of investiture was performed with great state at Theobalds, and Buckingham condescended to be one of the chief actors. Posterity has felt that the greatest of English philosophers could derive no accession of dignity from any title which James could bestow; and, in defiance of the royal letters patent, has obstinately refused to degrade Francis Bacon into Viscount St. Albans.

In a few weeks was signally brought to the test the value of those objects for which Bacon had sullied his integrity, had resigned his independence, had violated the most sacred obligations of friendship and gratitude, had flattered the worthless, had persecuted the innocent, had tampered with judges, had tortured prisoners, had plundered suitors, had wasted on paltry intrigues all the powers of the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men. A sudden and terrible reverse was at hand. A Parliament had been summoned. After six years of silence, the voice of the nation was again to be heard. Only three days after the pageant which was performed at Theobalds in honor of Bacon, the houses met.

Want of money had, as usual, induced the King to convoke his Parliament. But it may be doubted whether, if he or his ministers had been at all aware of the state of public feeling, they would not have tried any expedient, or borne with any inconvenience, rather than have ventured to face the deputies of a justly exasperated nation. But they did not discern those times. Indeed almost all the political blunders of James, and of his more unfortunate son, arose from one great error. During the fifty years which preceded the Long Parliament, a great and progressive change was taking place in the public mind. The nature and extent of this change was not in the least understood by either of the first two Kings of the House of Stuart, or by any of their advisers. That the nation became more and more discontented every year, that every House of Commons was more unmanageable than that which had preceded it,—were facts which it was impossible not to perceive. But the Court could not understand why these things were so. The Court could not see that the English people, and the English Government, though they might once have been well suited to each other, were suited to each other no longer,—that the nation had outgrown its old institutions, was every day more uneasy under them, was pressing against them, and would soon burst through them. The alarming phenomena, the existence of which no sycophant could deny, were ascribed to every cause except the true one.

"In my first Parliament," said James, "I was a novice. In my next, there was a kind of beasts called *undertakers*,"—and so forth. In the third Parliament he could hardly be called a novice, and those beasts, the *undertakers*, did not exist. Yet his third Parliament gave him more trouble than either the first or the second.

The Parliament had no sooner met than the House of Commons proceeded, in a temperate and respectful, but most determined manner, to discuss the public grievances. Their first attacks were directed against those odious patents, under cover of which Buckingham and his creatures had pillaged and oppressed the nation. The vigor with which these proceedings were conducted spread dismay through the Court. Buckingham thought himself in danger, and, in his alarm, had recourse to an adviser who had lately acquired considerable influence over him,—Williams, Dean of Westminster. He advised the favorite to abandon all thoughts of defending the monopolies—to find some foreign embassy for his brother Sir Edward, who was deeply implicated in the villanies of Mompesson—and to leave the other offenders to the justice of Parliament. Buckingham received this advice with the warmest expressions of gratitude, and declared that a load had been lifted from his heart. He then repaired with Williams to the royal presence. They found the King engaged in earnest consultation with Prince Charles. The plan of operations proposed by the Dean was fully discussed, and approved in all its parts.

The first victims whom the Court abandoned to the vengeance of the Commons, were Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Mitchell. It was some time before Bacon began to entertain any apprehensions. His talents and his address gave him great influence in the house,—of which he had lately become a member,—as indeed they must have done in any assembly. In the House of Commons he had many personal friends and many warm admirers. But at length, about six weeks after the meeting of Parliament, the storm burst.

A committee of the lower house had been appointed to inquire into the state of the Courts of Justice. On the 15th of March, the chairman of that committee, Sir Robert Phillips, member for Bath, reported that great abuses had been discovered. "The person," said he, "against whom these things are alleged is no less than the Lord Chancellor,—a man so endued with all parts, both of nature and art, as that I will say no more of him, being not able to say enough." Sir Robert then proceeded to state, in the most temperate manner, the nature of the charges. A person of the name of Aubrey had a case depending in Chancery. He had been almost ruined by law expenses, and his patience had been exhausted by the delays of the court. He received a hint from some of the hangers-on of the Chancellor, that a present of one hundred pounds would expedite matters. The poor man had not the sum required. However, having found out a usurer who accommodated him with it at a high interest, he carried it to York House. The Chancellor took the money, and his dependants assured the suitor that all would go right. Aubrey was, however, disappointed; for, after considerable delay, "a killing decree" was pronounced against him. Another suitor of the name of Egerton complained that he had been induced by two of the

Chancellor's jackals to make his Lordship a present of four hundred pounds; and that, nevertheless, he had not been able to obtain a decree in his favor. The evidence to these facts was overwhelming. Bacon's friends could only entreat the house to suspend its judgment, and to send up the case to the Lords, in a form less offensive than an impeachment.

On the 19th of March the King sent a message to the Commons, expressing his deep regret that so eminent a person as the Chancellor should be suspected of misconduct. His Majesty declared that he had no wish to screen the guilty from justice, and proposed to appoint a new kind of tribunal, consisting of eighteen commissioners, who might be chosen from among the members of the two houses, to investigate the matter. The Commons were not disposed to depart from the regular course of proceeding. On the same day they held a conference with the Lords, and delivered in the heads of the accusation against the Chancellor. At this conference Bacon was not present. Overwhelmed with shame and remorse, and abandoned by all those in whom he had weakly put his trust, he shut himself up in his chamber from the eyes of men. The dejection of his mind soon disordered his body. Buckingham, who visited him by the King's order, "found his Lordship very sick and heavy." It appears from a pathetic letter which the unhappy man addressed to the Peers on the day of the conference, that he neither expected nor wished to survive his disgrace. During several days he remained in his bed, refusing to see any human being. He passionately told his attendants to leave him,—to forget him,—never again to name his name,—never to remember that there had been such a man in the world. In the mean time, fresh instances of corruption were every day brought to the knowledge of his accusers. The number of charges rapidly increased from two to twenty-three. The Lords entered on the investigation of the case with laudable alacrity. Some witnesses were examined at the bar of the house. A select committee was appointed to take the depositions of others; and the inquiry was rapidly proceeding, when, on the 26th of March, the King adjourned the Parliament for three weeks.

This measure revived Bacon's hopes. He made the most of his short respite. He attempted to work on the feeble mind of the King. He appealed to all the strongest feelings of James,—to his fears, to his vanity, to his high notions of prerogative. Would the Solomon of the age commit so gross an error as to encourage the encroaching spirit of Parliament? Would God's anointed, accountable to God alone, pay homage to the clamorous multitude? "Those," he exclaimed, "who now strike at the Chancellor will soon strike at the Crown. I am the first sacrifice. I wish I may be the last." But all his eloquence and address were employed in vain. Indeed, whatever Mr. Montagu may say, we are firmly convinced that it was not in the King's power to save Bacon, without having recourse to measures which would have convulsed the realm. The crown had not sufficient influence in Parliament to procure an acquittal, in so clear a case of guilt. And to dissolve a Parliament which is universally allowed to have been one of the best Parliaments that ever sat,—which had acted liberally and respectfully towards the Sovereign, and which enjoyed in the highest degree the favor of the people, only in order to stop a grave, temperate, and constitu-

tional inquiry into the personal integrity of the first judge in the kingdom,—would have been a measure more scandalous and absurd than any of those which were the ruin of the House of Stuart. Such a measure, while it would have been as fatal to the Chancellor's honor as a conviction, would have endangered the very existence of the monarchy. The King, acting by the advice of Williams, very properly refused to engage in a dangerous struggle with his people, for the purpose of saving from legal condemnation a minister whom it was impossible to save from dishonor. He advised Bacon to plead guilty, and promised to do all in his power to mitigate the punishment.

On the 17th of April the houses reassembled, and the Lords resumed their inquiries into the abuse of the Court of Chancery. On the 22d, Bacon addressed to the Peers a letter, which Prince Charles condescended to deliver. In this artful and pathetic composition, the Chancellor acknowledged his guilt in guarded and general terms, and, while acknowledging, endeavored to palliate it. This, however, was not thought sufficient by his judges. They required a more particular confession, and sent him a copy of the charges. On the 30th, he delivered a paper, in which he admitted, with few and unimportant reservations, the truth of the accusations brought against him, and threw himself entirely on the mercy of his peers. "Upon advised consideration of the charges," said he, "descending into my own conscience, and calling my memory to account so far as I am able, I do plainly and ingenuously confess, that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence."

The Lords came to a resolution that the Chancellor's confession appeared to be full and ingenuous, and sent a committee to inquire of him whether it was really subscribed by himself. The deputies, among whom was Southampton, the common friend many years before of Bacon and Essex, performed this duty with great delicacy. Indeed, the agonies of such a mind, and the degradation of such a name, might well have softened the most obdurate natures. "My lords," said Bacon, "it is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." They withdrew: and he again retired to his chamber in the deepest dejection. The next day, the sergeant-at-arms and usher of the House of Lords came to conduct him to Westminster Hall, where sentence was to be pronounced. But they found him so unwell that he could not leave his bed; and this excuse for his absence was readily accepted. In no quarter does there appear to have been the smallest desire to add to his humiliation. The sentence was, however severe,—the more severe, no doubt, because the lords knew that it would not be executed, and that they had an excellent opportunity of exhibiting at small cost, the inflexibility of their justice, and their abhorrence of corruption. Bacon was condemned to pay a fine of forty thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. He was declared incapable of holding any office in the State, or of sitting in parliament, and he was banished for life from the verge of the court. In such misery and shame ended that long career of worldly wisdom and worldly prosperity!

No State-Trial in our history is more creditable to all who took part in it, either as prosecutors or judges. The decency, the gravity, the public spirit,—the just-

ice moderated, but not unnerved, by, compassion,—which appeared in every part of the transaction, would do honor to the most respectable public men of our own times. The accusers, while they discharged their duty to their constituents by bringing the misdeeds of the Chancellor to light, spoke with admiration of his many eminent qualities. The Lords, while condemning him, complimented him on the ingenuousness of his confession, and spared him the humiliation of a public appearance at their bar. So strong was the contagion of good feeling, that even Sir Edward Coke, for the first time in his life, behaved like a gentleman. No criminal ever had more temperate prosecutors than Bacon. No criminal ever had more favorable judges. If he was convicted, it was because it was impossible to acquit him without offering the grossest outrage to justice and common sense.

The sentence of Bacon had scarcely been pronounced when it was mitigated. He was indeed sent to the Tower. But this was merely a form. In two days he was set at liberty, and soon after he retired to Gorbamby. His fine was speedily released by the Crown. He was next suffered to present himself at Court; and at length, in 1624, the rest of his punishment was remitted. He was now at liberty to resume his seat in the House of Lords, and he was actually summoned to the next Parliament. But age, infirmity, and perhaps shame, prevented him from attending. The Government allowed him a pension of one thousand two hundred pounds a year; and his whole annual income is estimated by Mr. Montagu at two thousand five hundred pounds,—a sum which was probably above the average income of a nobleman of that generation, and which was certainly sufficient for comfort and even for splendor. Unhappily, Bacon was fond of display, and unused to pay minute attention to domestic affairs. He was not easily persuaded to give up any part of the magnificence to which he had been accustomed in the time of his power and prosperity. No pressure of distress could induce him to part with the woods of Gorbamby. "I will not," he said, "be stripped of my feathers." He travelled with so splendid an equipage, and so large a retinue, that Prince Charles, who once fell in with him on the road, exclaimed with surprise,—“Well! do what we can, this man scorns to go out in snuff.” This carelessness and ostentation reduced him to frequent distress. He was under the necessity of parting with York House, and of taking up his residence, during his visits to London, at his old chambers in Gray's Inn. He had other vexations, the exact nature of which is unknown. It is evident from his will, that some part of his wife's conduct had greatly disturbed and irritated him.

But whatever might be his pecuniary difficulties or his conjugal discomforts, the powers of his intellect still remained undiminished. Those noble studies for which he had found leisure in the midst of professional drudgery and of courtly intrigues, gave to this last sad stage of his life a dignity beyond what power or titles could bestow. Impeached, convicted, sentenced,—driven with ignominy from the presence of his Sovereign, shut out from the deliberations of his fellow nobles, loaded with debt, branded with dishonor, sinking under the weight of years, sorrow and disease,—Bacon was Bacon still.

"My conceit of his person," says Ben Johnson very finely, "was never increased towards him by his place or honors; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want."

The services which he rendered to letters during the last five years of his life, amidst ten thousand distractions and vexations, increase the regret, with which we think on the many years which he had wasted,—to use the words of Sir Thomas Bodley,—"on such study as was not worthy such a student." He commenced a Digest of the Laws of England,—a History of England under the Princes of the House of Tudor, a body of Natural History, a Philosophical Romance. He made extensive and valuable additions to his essays. He published the inestimable Treatise *De Augmentis Scientiarum*. The very trifles with which he amused himself in hours of pain and languor bore the mark of his mind. The best Jest-Book in the world is that which he dictated from memory, without referring to any book, on a day on which illness had rendered him incapable of serious study.

The great apostle of experimental philosophy was destined to be its martyr. It had occurred to him that snow might be used with advantage for the purpose of preventing animal substances from putrefying. On a very cold day, early in the spring of the year 1626, he alighted from his coach near Highgate, in order to try the experiment. He went into a cottage, bought a fowl, and with his own hands stuffed it with snow. While thus engaged he felt a sudden chill, and was soon so much indisposed that it was impossible for him to return to Gray's Inn. The Earl of Arundel, with whom he was well acquainted, had a house at Highgate. To that house Bacon was carried. The Earl was absent; but the servants who were in charge of the place showed great respect and attention to the illustrious guest. Here, after an illness of about a week, he expired early on the morning of Easter-day, 1626. His mind appears to have retained its strength and liveliness to the end. He did not forget the fowl which had caused his death. In the last letter that he ever wrote, with fingers which, as he said, could not steadily hold a pen, he did not omit to mention that the experiment of the snow had succeeded "excellently well."

Our opinion of the moral character of this great man has already been sufficiently explained. Had his life been passed in literary retirement, he would, in all probability, have deserved to be considered, not only as a great philosopher, but as a worthy and good-natured member of society. But neither his principles nor his spirit were such as could be trusted, when strong temptations were to be resisted, and serious dangers to be braved. In his will, he expressed with singular brevity, energy, dignity, and pathos, a mournful consciousness that his actions had not been such as to entitle him to the esteem of those under whose observation his life had been passed; and, at the same time, a proud confidence that his writings had secured for him a high and permanent place among the benefactors of

mankind. So at least we understand those striking words which have been often quoted, but which we must quote once more—"For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age."

His confidence was just. From the day of his death his fame has been constantly and steadily progressive; and we have no doubt that his name will be named with reverence to the latest ages, and to the remotest ends of the civilized world.

EVE OF THE BATTLE OF GILBOA.

Night came, and drew her jewel'd drapery
Over the promised land, with still and soft
And quiet gracefulness, as though beneath
Were spread the weary couch of holy ones
Who rested from their labors; or, as there
Innocent creatures, over whose fair frames
Soft slumber and the rosy twilight stole
In their joy's noon, were sleeping, balmily,
Upon the violet's breast.

The gentle Heavens
Shed blessings down on Hermon, and Gilboa
Bath'd his bright verdure, all unwither'd yet
By the prophetic anathema
Of the seer-bard, in the pure dew.

Yet there were sleepless eyes
And trembling hearts that night in Palestine.
The lovely cheek of many a Hebrew maid
Lay, blanch'd and cold, on her supporting hand,
While her dim'd eye gaz'd on the lovely moon
And all the glorious garniture of Heav'n,
Unconscious of their beauty. By the light
Of the dull taper, many a matron glanced
On the untumbled pillow at her side
With sinking heart, and kiss'd the baby-face
That press'd her arm,—sleeping, as roses do,
In purity and sweetness,—with the love—
The deep, deep love—the nameless tenderness,
That swells the heart, when the heart's love is mix'd
With dread solicitude.

Philistia's King
And warlike bands—'midst revelry and mirth,
And joke and jeer, and blasphemy and threat—
Harness'd, and panting for to-morrow's fight,
Lay pitched at Shunem.

To repel the foe—
Proud, vengeful, and malignant—Israel's bands,
With Abner, gallant captain of their host,
Encamp'd at Mount Gilboa. Yet among
That host—the stay and pride, the flower and hope
Of all the tribes of Israel—were fears,—
Those fears, those mystic bodings of the heart
Of coming ill, uncertain, undefin'd,
That fill its throbbings with intenser pain
Than suffering of keen but certain evil.

And there was cause, not vague nor dubious:—
He whose paternal voice, in days now gone,
Had been to Israel like an Oracle,—
Sure to predict, and powerful to restrain,
And wise to guide,—ceas'd from his care, and slept,
Aye, as Earth's faithful ones all shall at last,
Slept a sweet sleep untroubled by a dream.
'Twas as the setting of thy polar star,
Poor storm-toss'd Israel!

Sing Philistia, sing,
For thou shalt triumph—shout, for who shall help

When God forsaketh? and the "ruddy youth,"
 "The stripling," who a pebble from the brook
 Hurl'd from a shepherd's sling and laid in death
 Gath's giant—whom thy king and armies fear
 More than the Lord's anointed—dwells an exile
 From his dear native land in thine own Ziklag.

What a dark air of mystery there is
 About that form that strides so hastily,
 So noiselessly along! what moody airs!
 Now his bow'd head seems buried in the folds
 Of his broad mantle, as he fain would hide
 Forever there, and smother thought and fear
 And life together;—and anon he rears
 His brow, and with a kingly port steps on,
 As he defied the terrors that before
 His soul was sinking under. But he does fear—
 And in his very soul does hate the high
 Magnificent Heavens, that with their pure light
 Mock at his soul's thick darkness.

Those two forms,
 That follow him, just as his shadow does,
 Seem wondering that a man can be so strange,
 Unearthly, miserable.

Is it Saul?—
 The tall, the beautiful, the gallant Saul?
 Who in his loftiness look'd proudly down
 On all the tribes of Israel?—Is it Saul?
 The king of Israel; the Lord's anointed?
 Ah, what has he to do in that poor hut
 That's buried in the dismal ivy-shade,
 And settles back against the damp cold rock,
 As it were shrinking from a curse? Alas, alas!
 He who before God's holy Oracle,
 The Urim and the Thummim, has inquired,—
 Amid the flash of gems, the censer's smoke
 And the refulgent glory of Shechinah,—
 Which way amidst the labyrinthine maze
 Of the dark future lay his duty's path,—
 Now with his gold touches a Witch's palm!

Oh, how his haggard face and trembling form
 Betray the untold anguish of his heart!
 How o'er his eyes he clasps his nerveless hands,
 While the dark signs of astrologic lore,
 Scroll, character and wand, the sorceress brings
 To the pale light.

They're done!—the muttered prayer,
 Propitiating vow, and mystic rite,—
 All done! The sorceress screams and loud pro-
 claims
 The Spectre. Low the affrighted monarch bows,
 And from the spirit-world a hollow voice—
 Sure of the past and in the future wise—
 His crimes rehearses and declares his doom.
 "To-morrow"—yes, "to-morrow, thou shalt be
 With me in Hades!"
 Hope died. He fell upon the un pitying earth:
 God had forsaken him!

Your vigils keep,
 Virgins of Israel, and nurse your fears
 In converse with the melancholy moon;—
 Not with exulting timbrels and the dance
 Shall ye go forth to-morrow;—no loud song
 Upon the lip shall hail a victor-king,
 Nor secret thrill of rapture in the heart
 A victor-lover. One, a peerless reed,
 Tun'd by a wild, romantic shepherd boy,
 While in the solitude he kept his flock,—
 Nor felt it solitude, so well he lov'd
 That lone communion with his pipe, his heart,
 His Heaven—that only shall awake to song
 And fitly celebrate in deathless strains
 The battle of Gilboa.

Maine.

ELIZA.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAPTER XI.

* * * * Ad hoc lamenta parentum seminarum fessa
 senum ac rudis pueritile ætas quique sibi, quique illis consu-
 lebant, dum trahunt invalidos, aut apperitur, pars morans,
 pars festinans cuncta impediabant et sepe dum in tergum res-
 piciant lateribus aut fronte circumveniebantur.

Tact. Ann. Lib. xv.

"Many and many is the house, in which a chasm has been
 made which can never be filled up."

Richmond Enquirer.

In the days of the gay Boccaccio, "Paris was
 a place to know the reasons of things, and the
 causes of the same, as became a gentleman." It
 still freshly bears this label of wit and philosophy;
 and a Parisian finish attracts, even in our utili-
 tarian age, the same respect which the fair story-
 tellers of the Decameron yielded to it. To its
 seductive vortex I rushed with the crowd of fri-
 volity and fashion; yet I was a chilled exotic,
 drooping amid the hollow splendor which blazed
 around me. The glitter of thronged cities—the
 rich historic ruin—the speaking marble, and the
 thrilling canvass, soon glut the appetite of curi-
 osity, and every object which is presented to us
 becomes darkened by our prejudices or discolored
 by the associations of our education. We travel
 to find something new. Alas! man is the same
 creature of tear-moulded clay in every clime.
 And in the beautiful land of France, I turned
 from the blood-stained trophies of kingly ambi-
 tion, to feel for the maimed soldier; and forgot
 the glory of the Corsican, in the gushing tear
 which stained the boyish cheek of the sacrificed
 conscript. I looked not on society as a mass—
 I thought of each unit of character which com-
 posed the gilded fabric, and my heart hourly
 brought before me, in busy comparison, the tran-
 quil prosperity of my own forest-girt land. I
 reasoned as a republican; and therefore I took no
 rank among the leaders of fashion; and should
 have felt the traitor's blush, had I surrendered
 those national manners which, springing from our
 free institutions, are alike the support and pride
 of our liberty.

At Paris I found a letter from my uncle, in-
 forming me of Pilton's unexpected recovery, and
 requesting me to return home. I lost no time in
 obeying the welcome summons, and I was soon
 on the confines of France. A clerical error in
 my passport gave me some alarm, as I was in-
 formed that it would be rigidly examined at the
 last town through which I passed. On reaching
 it, I was taken before a youthful officer for ex-
 amination. My passport, folded like a lawyer's
 brief, lay in my hat, and when I took it up for
 the purpose of submitting it to him, my name,
 with the addition, "of Virginia," was disclosed.
 "Pays du Washington!" he exclaimed—at the

same moment motioning to me to replace the passport, and courteously bowing to my departure.

I was again in Virginia!—and as we ascended the wizard stream of the James river, the stillness of its sleeping banks excited the passion, without the repulsive feeling, of solitude. There it lay before us, an earth-born giant! The midnight moon rode joyously through the sapphire sky. Her massy, cold and silvery light spread itself over the deepening chasms of the woods, and her flickering beams danced among the shadowy vistas of the leafless forest. An eagle perched on a towering oak, the diadem of the woods, mingled his wild scream with the freshening breeze, while ever and anon that solitary cry gently died away in the mazy shade of cloud and forest. A holy and subdued stillness brooded over the slumbering earth. In that solemn hour, I forgot for one moment the treasured hate of my life, and the gushing sympathies of father-land hushed the fierce whisper of revenge.

When I reached Richmond, I took lodgings at the old and venerable "Swan," under the hope of meeting my uncle at that place. He had not yet left home; for he still believed that I had not embarked at France. I lounged in the porch; and while in that situation, a play-bill, with the usual garniture of ink, attracted my listless eye. The theatre—a crowd—and Ellen Pilton rushed on my fancy, and the idle hope of meeting her there instantly occurred to me. My toilet was soon made, and I walked to the theatre; but did not reach it until the play was nearly performed. The beauty, the intelligence, the chivalry of Virginia, were gathered in a dense mass on that fatal Thursday. Old age, smiling youth, and blooming infancy filled the tier of boxes and crowded the rude benches of the pit; and as I gazed on that brilliant assembly of genius and of beauty, I forgot the glare of Parisian society, in the gems and flowers of my own native land. With much difficulty I forced my way to the centre of the pit; and, turning around, I saw Ellen Pilton. Her face was pale, and sadness had set a funereal seal on that brow where genius was wont to hold his proudest festival of thought. Her wavy hair was bound loosely with a tress of its own, and a sickly flower languished amid her dishevelled locks. The box in which she sat was full of glee, spirit and joy. She alone was silent; and though her eye wandered, it yet failed to catch my ardent gaze. The curtain dropped, and the pantomime of the "Bleeding Nun" was announced as the concluding piece. Placing myself directly before her, the curtain had no sooner risen, than her large and lustreless eyes fell on me. A sudden flush athwart her cheek—a tremulous movement of her snowy hand—and the quivering of her coral lips, declared the stormy memory of her heart. She looked on me but for a moment;

and in her averted glance, I read a sentence of contempt and abhorrence!

The pantomime was now commenced; and in the first act, the cottage of Baptist the robber was illuminated by a large chandelier, which oscillated fearfully over the stage. When the curtain fell, at the conclusion of the first act, this chandelier was lifted among the scenery which was suspended to the ceiling. *The fatal lamp was not extinguished!* and it was carelessly suffered to remain among the canvass paintings and paper scenery which were deposited in the roof of the house. At the opening of the second act, every impulse of soul and sense conspired to strew with flowers that path of pleasure which was fast leading to the grave!

The gloom—the sorrows—the despair—the brooding passions of our nature, were hushed in that swelling torrent of joyous mirth. The barque of life, its pennons gaily floating in the breeze, disported itself on the sunlight bosom of a summer's sea. Full of spirit, harmony and hope, it paused on the verge of the gaping sepulchre which awaited it—and in a moment, it was dashed headlong into an abyss of irretrievable woe and wretchedness.

The second act had now commenced; and, turning my eyes towards the stage, I observed several sparks of fire fall on the floor, and each second they increased with frightful velocity. A broad, steady and unwavering flame gleamed from the top of the stage, casting a huge column of muddy light on the horror-stricken countenances of the multitude below. Suddenly, a mass of fire, about the size of a man's hand, fell from the burning roof. It caught for a moment, on a part of the disjointed scenery, which quickly blazed up, and, with the rapidity of the serpent, the ball sped its hissing course, until it descended on the stage, and burst into a thousand fragments of fierce and uncontrollable fire. A player came forward, earnestly gesticulating to the audience to leave the house. The flame increased rapidly behind him; and in a voice whose electric tone penetrated the heart of every human being in that assembly, he exclaimed, "*the theatre is on fire!*" In a moment the whole roof was a sheet of living flame. It burst with irresistible force through the windows. Fed by the vast columns of air in the hollows and passages of the theatre—increased by the inflammable pannels of the boxes, by the dome of the pit, and by the canvass ceiling of the lower seats—like a demon of wrath it converged its hundred arms to the centre of human life. A wild and heart-rending shriek burst from the devoted multitude. Women, frantic with terror, screaming for help, and tossing their arms and dishevelled hair amid the curling flame—fathers and mothers shrieking out for their children, brothers for their sisters, and husbands for their wives, while the plaintive

scream of childhood rose like the knell of hope above that billowy volume of flame, whose approach was despair, and whose embrace was death. All who were in the boxes, and most of those in the pit, immediately rushed for the lobbies. Many escaped through the windows; but the greater portion had no other retreat than to descend the stairs. Here the pressure became closer and closer; each retarded the escape of the other, and every addition (for nearly all sought that mode of escape,) more and more swelled that crowd of devoted victims. The stairways were instantly blocked up, and the throng was so great that many were elevated several feet above the heads of the rest. Hundreds were trodden under foot; and over a prostrate multitude I vainly attempted to reach the box in which Ellen Pilton sat. Twice was I thrown down on the floor of the pit, and the iron heel of a boot crushed my cheek into a stream of blood. One moment more, and impious suicide would have relieved my vindictive despair, for I had drawn a loaded pistol, and with a firm hand had placed it against my heart. Suddenly the throng above me swept itself away, and arising, with a violent effort of strength I leaped into the box where I had seen Ellen Pilton. She was lying on the floor, her head supported by the seat from which she had fallen. Her countenance betrayed neither terror nor alarm, and woman's fortitude seemed in that storm of death to have found its only refuge in her placid brow. The conventional rules of etiquette were laid aside in that hour of wretchedness, and without speaking, I grasped her waist with my left arm. The warm blood from my cheek fell on her face and hair and stained her palpitating bosom. "You are hurt!" she exclaimed; "save yourself!—go! leave me!—dear Lionel, I forgive you!"

I had no time to reply to the endearing tenderness of her language, nor to wonder at those circumstances of horror which disclosed the secret of her heart. Her brother's blood was on my hands, yet she would not bear to a speedy grave the spontaneous forgiveness of a confiding heart. She was woman!—and the early bud of affection, whose opening pride represses, ever finds its season of bloom in the winter of adversity, and bursts into fragrance only on the precipice of the grave. A current of flame now hissed over the box, and redoubling my grasp, I attempted to reach a window in the lobby of the lower boxes. I bore my precious burden over the bodies and heads of a dense crowd between me and the window, and finally reached it, surrounded by the screams and unavailing cries of the multitude who were suffocating and dying around. I stepped within the window, and with great exertion raised its lower sash. My feet were thrust into the opening, and I was gradually escaping, when the sash fell, and

my feet were pressed down. My grasp on Ellen was not relinquished, and she fell with me on the floor. A hot and scorching vapour swept over my face, and I felt its breath coursing through my hair. I rescued one foot from its fatal prison; the other remained fixed and immovable, while my body, partially suspended from the window, became bruised and trodden down by the rushing multitude. Ellen's head sank drooping and convulsed on my bosom, and a plaintive wail issued from her lips. Every limb was wrung with agony, and her labored respiration exhibited the struggle of relentless death. Moving my hand to elevate her head, it passed a rent in the wall, through which streamed a current of cold and untainted air. With great labor I moved our position to this welcome fount of life, and a breeze, fresher than a meadow gale of spring, slaked our bitter thirst, and whispered hope. The crowd above me had now greatly decreased—wounded, bruised and suffocated, they had dropped away like forest leaves in autumn's frost—and the window having been burst open, my foot fell from its fearful position. The grasp of a strong and powerful hand wound itself in my hair, and a voice whose animated tones brought back, even in that terrific hour, the fadeless memory of childhood, exclaimed, "You are safe, Mass Lionel!" My preserver leaped into the window, drawing me with him. Suspended to the outside of the house by one hand, resting on the casement of the window, with the other he received the lifeless form of Ellen. I saw them reach the earth in safety; and ere I leaped beside them, I involuntarily looked behind. A few feet from the window the floor had fallen in. An ocean of flame spread its greedy waves as far as the eye could reach. Like a huge serpent, raging for food, the swelling volume of fire gathered its gigantic bulk and wreathed its spiral course in a thousand hideous and terrific shapes. A low, deep and piercing moan of human suffering arose from the centre of the flames. On, on, rolled the fiery torrent, hissing and gasping in a cloud of sulphureous and scorching vapour. Vain was the arm of valor—impotent the energy of courage—helpless the power of mind! The suffocating groan, the faintly uttered prayer, and the shriek of horror mingled themselves in the sweeping surge of fire. Heaved from their flimsy foundations, the walls tottered, staggered, and fell into an ocean of molten flame. A crushing sound—a hideous crash—a wild and agonizing cry—and all was over.

PARADISE LOST.

There exists a prose version of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which was innocently translated from the French version of that epic. One Green also published a *new version* of the poem into *blank verse*.

THE COPY-BOOK.

DISMAL SWAMP.

There is a rail road now, running five miles right through the upper part of this great Serbonian bog. It looks like a grand avenue, surrounded on either hand by magnificent forests. The trees here are cypress, juniper, oak, pine, &c. of enormous size, and richest foliage; and below is a thick entangled undergrowth, of reeds, woodbine, grape-vines, mosses and creepers, shooting and twisted spirally around, interlaced and complicated, so as almost to shut out the sun.

The engineer who had constructed the road through this extraordinary swamp, told me that he had found it so formidable a labor, as almost to despair of success. In running the line, his feet were pierced by the sharp stamps of cut reeds; he was continually liable to sink ankle or knee deep into a soft muddy ooze; the yellow flies and moschetoës swarmed in myriads; and the swamp was inhabited by venomous serpents and beasts of prey.

The Dismal Swamp was once a favorite hunting-ground of the Indians; arrow heads, stone knives, and hatchets are yet found there, and it still abounds in deer, bears, wild turkies, wild cats, &c. The water of this swamp is generally impregnated with juniper, and is considered medicinal by the people of the surrounding country, who convey it to some distance in barrels. This swamp is much more elevated than the surrounding country, and by means of the Dismal Swamp Canal, might be drained, and thus a vast body of most fertile soil reclaimed, and the canal might be transformed into a rail road—and the juniper soil, which is vegetable, might perhaps be used as peat.

LAKE DRUMMOND.

There is in the interior of the Dismal Swamp, a body of water bearing this name, after the discoverer, who wandering in pursuit of game, with two companions, was lost, and in his rambling, came upon this lake. His comrades failed to thread their way out. Drummond returned, and gave an account of the sheet of water, which was accordingly called after him. A superstition which finds its "local habitation" in this lake, is the subject of a song by the poet Moore, of a spectre lady and her lover, who paddle a canoe nightly across this water.

"But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe."

The engineer before mentioned, and myself, visited this lake. We went first on horseback, to the lumber yard of the Dismal Swamp Timber Company, not far from which we dismounted, and embarked on board a boat called a *Periauger*, in which we were pushed with poles, by two negroes, ten miles, along a narrow canal constructed by the Timber Company for the transportation of shingles and staves. On the way, we listened to the marvellous stories of the negroes about bears, wild cats, &c.—or chatted—or admired the huge trees beneath whose spreading branches we were moving—the reeds, flowers and berries, especially the rich crim-

son deer-berry, which was very abundant. There is a sombre grandeur in the aspect of this dark and gloomy swamp; but even in these solitary morasses, the hand of man is changing the face of nature: many giant-trunked cypresses and junipers have sunk before the stroke of the axe.

Arrived at the end of the little canal, we suddenly shot right into Lake Drummond; like entering the door of a saloon, at once the whole scene opens to the view. Drummond's pond, as it is commonly called, is eighteen miles in circumference, six miles across, eight feet deep all over, circular, and surrounded on all sides by magnificent forests. Besides the canal we had come in, there was another, five miles long, connecting the lake with the Dismal Swamp Canal proper. Rowing around the pond, we came to a shed of boards much like a cow-house, in which lived an old fisherman and his family. We afterwards met on the lake another fisherman, with his daughter—a pretty sunburnt girl of fourteen—in a canoe, which was well laden with fish. Indeed this lake abounds in fish of an excellent quality; we hooked a few, bought some from our sunburnt lady of the lake, and pulled away for the centre of the lake. There we gazed awhile with delight on that charming sheet of water, which lay, calm as a mirror, glittering in the morning sun.

THE TOUR.

I found myself in a packet bound for New York, dropping down the James river. There was a Frenchman aboard very intemperate and very communicative. It appeared from his history of himself that he was born in France, educated in Germany, had travelled in Italy, Greece and Turkey. In Constantinople, where he was an *attaché* of the French legation, in the streets a Turk set a number of lean and hungry dogs upon him, which would have torn him in pieces, but for an old woman, who gave him shelter in her house. He had visited Siberia, where he lay sick at Tobolsk, and was most kindly nursed by the natives. He had been in Switzerland—at Geneva saw Lord Byron in the streets, and swimming in lake Leman. Had seen Sir Walter Scott in London. Had often seen Napoleon, and had been present in the *Champs de Mai* where Louis Philippe, King of the French, reviewed 450,000 men. Had been in Spain, and had passed ten years in England, where he was professor of French at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. At a gaming house in London, he saw a Spanish officer, a fine looking man, blow himself through with a pistol, on account of losing at play;—his last words were to those about him—"Messieurs, prenez garde de mes enfans."

THE VOYAGE.

Sunday morning—broiling sun—negroes coming off in boats from the plantations along the river, with eggs, roasting-ears, chickens, fruit, &c. to sell. That night, to escape from the heated air of a confined cabin, I slept on deck, in my cloak, my head on a hawser, under a heavy dew.

Monday morning, ran aground off Jamestown—reading lectures by the Moravian poet Montgomery—went down into the cabin—the Frenchman took a seat by me on a chest, and looking at me with a rueful countenance, said, "*Monsieur je suis marié, c'est malade.*"

It appeared that he had been teaching French in the state of New York, had married there a woman of whom he was heartily tired already, although they had not lived together more than two months. They slept in the same birth—lying however heel and point—spanking, quarrelling and kicking half the night, to the diversion of the passengers.

There was also a little Irishman aboard, squint eyed, with a twisted mouth—a papist and a mathematician. The Frenchman was dubbed the Emperor—the Irishman Don Miguel—a New Yorker, who appeared to have the organ of rope-climbing and navigation, the Commodore—and myself, on account of administering a dose of medicine to one of the crew, went currently by the name of the Doctor.

At anchor off Old Point Comfort—no sail in sight—negro canoes along side with oysters for sale. Wrote a letter on deck. Entered Hampton Roads—and next the Atlantic Ocean. The color of the sea is variable—sometimes a dark slate—sometimes a clear pellucid green—again a dark blue or purple. In four days we came in sight of Sandy Hook—the revolving lights—light-houses—mountains and highlands of Neversink—finally New York city. The cholera had broken out, and in some of the streets there was a strong smell of chloride of lime.

THE HUDSON.

Next morning went down to steamboat; on the way, passed the foundation of the Astor Hotel, since completed. Wharf crowded—boys with newspapers for sale—carts and wheelbarrows—porters with trunks on their heads—valises, band-boxes, umbrellas, baskets, mail-bags—men, women and children. Embarked—the noise of the steam, and the dissonant voices of the crowd subside, and give place to the regular thump of the floating hotel, while the city fast recedes from the view.

On board the Albany I observed some blind children—two girls and three boys. One of the girls had a very sweet face; she and her younger sister walked back and forward, arm in arm, on deck. The awning on the upper deck happened to take fire from a spark. Hearing a noise, I went up to see what was the matter. Two sailors were dashing water on the awning, and there was no one else up there except the pretty blind girl, who was alarmed at the noise, and crying bitterly. I took her by the hand, and said what I could to quiet her fears. She said they had gone away and left her. While I was speaking to her, the person that had the care of her, came up and led her away. My heart was touched to see these unfortunate children. Oh, to have the eye—the window of the mind—closed and darkened forever!—never again to behold the cheerful face of man, the light of day, the earth, the sea, the sky.

The Catskill mountains in sight, looking like floating clouds of light bluish ether. Beautiful villas on the Hudson—white—of fair proportions—tasteful roofs and porticoes. Small white sturgeons jumping clear out of the water. Knickerbocker, in his history of New York, gives an authentic account of the eating of the first sturgeon by the Dutch.

I say nothing of the brave Major Andre—of the head-quarters of General Washington—of Rip Van Winkle, nor of the Legend of Sleepy Hollow—of Sing

Sing, where they are imprisoned for killing on a small scale—nor West Point, where they are confined to learn the art of killing on a large scale. The cliffs of the Hudson are in many places lofty smooth walls of trap-stone—as the guide book informs me—varied here and there by a stunted pine, or fir, or cedar. On approaching a landing place, the name is resounded on deck by the sailors, as thus—"Whitehall baggage!—Whitehall baggage!" by a half dozen or more at once. The fashion of letting off a boat by means of a rope attached to the wheel, is dangerous, and ought to be discontinued. Saw the wreck of Burden's new steamer, the Helen, built on a double cylinder plan. Albany, American Hotel, No. 10—fine view of the city from the opposite side of the river—the dome of the Capitol covered with splendid metal.

CANAL.

Rail road to Schenectady, 14 miles. Canal boat—deck like a turtle's back, but a neat cabin. Canal from Albany to Buffalo, 369 miles. Near Utica, scenery pretty, but on a small scale. Canal runs along the Mohawk, a picturesque little Indian river. Early in the morning—the mists floating on the hills. Boat drawn by two horses, a boy mounted on one—travels day and night, at the rate of 4 miles an hour, or 96 miles a day—change horses every 10 miles. Utica contains 10,000 inhabitants; its site is an amphitheatre of rising ground. Here I met with an acquaintance I had seen at a watering place on the sea-shore. Rochester, 13,000 inhabitants, on the north side of the canal—Utica on the south. Clinton Hotel, at Rochester—fleas—high embankment near the town. On the canal, they say "riding" in the boats, instead of "sailing." There are a great many bridges across the canal; they are very low, some of them barely leaving room for the body to pass. Whenever the word "Bridge" is sung out, down go all on deck, and there lie prostrate until the bridge is cleared. Erie canal runs through a poor and uninteresting tract of the state of New York. Some of the villages are beautiful—some paltry; the houses are for the most part of frame. The people on the canal seemed quite temperate; and on the entire canal, I saw only one or two shops open on Sunday. Yet in almost every insignificant village, was to be seen a lazy, trifling, drowsy pack of idle loiterers, lounging listeners, a gabbling, drinking, gazing, gossiping set—ale-house politicians, quid-nuncs, haunters of taverns. Passed a boat-load of Swiss emigrants, a filthy looking crew—the women very ugly. Saw some Indians of the Mohican tribe—more "last of the Mohicans," probably. The weather was hot, it being August; the passengers were unsocial; the smooth motion of the boat was tiresome and monotonous; the bridges were a continual annoyance; everything around seemed cold, heartless, selfish, mercenary, and I cannot commend the grand canal either as an edifying, or as an agreeable route.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The best view of the falls is from Table Rock, on the British side—a fine position. Standing on the brink of this rock, the cataract roars beneath you—a thousand mists steam up from its base; over this foaming gulf, a rainbow spans its arch—this is the poetry of

nature. The terrible impetuosity of the rapids above—the awful plunge of the cataract—the roar—the spray—the rainbow,—these constitute a spectacle of inexpressible beauty and sublimity. Nothing less than the language of a Homer or a Milton could paint the scene. Not far from the falls, on the American side, is shown the cave of the winds—much like that of *Æolus*; here too is a rainbow, based on eternal storms and mists. What a pleasure it would be to watch these falls during the changing seasons—to behold them from every point of view—to grow familiar and domesticated as it were with the most stupendous sight on earth, compared with which, all ordinary objects of wonder sink into contempt—a sight which fills the mind with lofty emotions, and stirs up the inmost soul of poetry. There are two falls, separated by a considerable interval, entirely distinct, and which can never be identified. The principal, and by far the most astounding, is that between Grand Island and the Canada shore; it exceeds all description and all conception.

A MEDLEY.

Buffalo, a fine young city on the shore of Lake Erie—Eagle Hotel—Steamer to Detroit. Leaving Buffalo you have from the deck a beautiful view of the place, glittering on the margin of the lake.

The weather was delightful—the blue sky overhead clear as crystal—a cool refreshing breeze played over the water, rippling its glassy surface—a more charming expanse of water, human imagination cannot conceive. Yet such is our prejudice in favor of our native latitude, that while on Lake Erie, I felt a sort of regret that so noble a sheet of water should have been created so far north. Chickens jumping overboard—passengers running to the side to see them in the water—as far as the eye could reach we could see them rocking on the bosom of the lake—came up with a steamer, that had lost her rudder—took up 30 of her passengers—stopped at Cleveland and Sandusky, Ohio—crowds of emigrants, German, Swiss, &c. with lots of luggage. Detroit, handsomely situated on the left bank of Detroit river. I had met with the cholera at New York, Albany, and Buffalo—and I found it again in Detroit—27 dying of the pestilence daily, and the inhabitants in a panic—had to wait there two days for the stage—saw the house of Governor Cass, now Secretary of War, a low old fashioned French house. Among the public buildings is a large Catholic church, with several towers and steeples: on the summit of which swallows and martins were warbling, twittering and sunning themselves. In New York, I bought a guide book—in Albany, Foster's Essays—in Buffalo, the Subaltern—in Detroit, Peter Simple; and afterwards, in Vandalia, Lockhart's Napoleon.

THE PRAIRIES.

Stage to Chicago—military road—properly named—for nothing less than a soldier can stand such a road—first part of the road—the stage—an open wagon—13 passengers—tremendous roads, gullies, ruts, stumps—a gloomy wilderness of woods on each side—passed through Tecumseh, called after an Indian chief—and Ypsilanti, called after a Greek chief—much annoyed

by fleas and post offices—both of which are in great numbers. I was now in the interior of the peninsula of Michigan, when I began to hear the word prairie in the mouths of people. This word is pronounced by the common people pa-ra-ra. At length, after expectation had been sometime on tiptoe, we began to catch glimpses of the upland prairies. An absolute prairie is totally destitute of trees; but there are many partial prairies, that is, clear prairies, interspersed with clumps of trees. A clear prairie looks like an expanse of water; and a house in it, looks like a ship at sea. And as the mind soon grows accustomed to the solitary sameness of the sea, and weary of it, so it will tire of the monotonous uniformity of the prairie in a few days. Not so with the oak openings—for surely the human eye has never rested on more lovely landscapes than these present. I have read of the parks, and lawns, and pleasure grounds of England; but here are the parks, and lawns, and pleasure grounds of nature—fresh and lovely as they first bloomed at the dawn of creation. Among these delightful prairies, in Michigan and in Indiana, are scattered a number of lakes—beautiful little bodies of water which heighten the charms of the scenery. The flowers of every hue, and blades of grass wet with dew, and bending under the summer breeze: the woodlands thinned out with a “grace beyond the reach of art.” These picturesque and romantic little lakes—flocks of wild turkeys trooping together, where

“The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted sought his woods and wilderness again”

the beams of rosy morning streaming afloat through the woody glades, and lighting up the whole scene: these all make up a picture of beauty worth the journey of a thousand miles to see. Let no man think he has formed an adequate conception of the beauty of this earth, until he has visited the prairies of Michigan and Indiana.

VARIETY.

Passing through the northern part of Indiana, very little of which is yet settled by whites, I came to La-Porte in prairie La-Porte, so called from an opening in a strip of woods between two prairies—like a door. The village of La-Porte was only a year old—execrable fare at the tavern—the maitre d’hotel and wife both intemperate—fleas plenty—water brackish—and no stage for three days.

Opposite to the town is one of those picturesque lakes mentioned before, called Lake Porte; indeed they are so fond of this word, that it is likely they will restrict their potations to Old Port—and the mayor of the town shall be called and known by the title of Sublime Porte. Took a walk in the prairie—land sells \$15 per acre—gathered 24 species of flowers, which I had not seen before—met three little girls gathering hazelnuts—asked their names—one had the same name with myself—a coincidence!

The St. Joseph's river is a clear, pretty stream. At St. Joseph's—a village on the river—saw some Pottawatomie Indians; and among them a frame, in which they carry a papoose or infant. Leaving St. Joseph's, the stage passed through an Indian reserve of twelve miles square—magnificent country.

Michigan city is situated in Indiana, and on the southern coast of Michigan. This city, however, is as yet only "in posse:" it is the germ of a future hypothetical city—and the hero of our national air, were he to visit that place at present, and see no town, it is certain he would not be deprived of that pleasure by the number of houses. Here I saw on the table d'hôtel the Mackinaw shad, famous in those parts.

INDIANS.

To go back a short distance—between St. Joseph's and Michigan city, I think it was—the stage stopped two hours for dinner in the midst of an extensive and fertile prairie. There I saw three young Indians, Potawatomes—two boys and a girl, bartering cranberries for meal, bacon and soap. The girl was beautiful, with the sweetest possible expression, and one of the boys was a noble manly looking fellow, and the other not unhandsome. They wore their hair plaited—a green hunting shirt, and red leggins. Their figures were elegant—hands small and delicate, and every attitude and gesture was easy, natural and graceful; indeed their whole appearance was such as becomes the children of nature's savage nobility. The landlord informed us, that they traded with singular dexterity, being accustomed to it from their earliest years.

AN INVENTORY.

For want of other employment, while waiting for dinner at this log-house in the prairie, I took an inventory of all and singular, the goods and chattels of one room—the which I found to be as follows, to wit: Beds, split-bottom chairs, tin lamps, plaid cloak, powder horn, shot bag, cloak, rifle hung on wooden hooks, great coat, hat, bundle in a handkerchief, slates, flowered paper pasted on logs—as also geography on entirely a new plan, ink-vials, statistics, "For sale &c." tacked up—poker, tongs, shovel, newspapers pasted up, bushes, onions, garden seeds, candlestick, glazed flower pot, jug, pitcher, tin canisters, tea-pot, pickle-jar, coffee-mill, saw, umbrella, coats, grass, whip, tumblers.

HOTCH-POT.

The Indians throw the accent on the last syllable of Chicago. Here there is a little stockade fort, and they are building a mole in the lake to form a harbor. The place is only three years old; 1500 inhabitants—fast increasing. Saw a prairie on fire. Ottawa in midst of a fine picturesque country; two pretty sisters, in pantalottes, waited on table.

An old Quaker from Pennsylvania, at whose house we stopped for breakfast, told me that there was land on his farm, the soil of which was ten feet deep. In the American bottoms, on the Illinois river, the grass on each side of the road was as high as the top of the stage-coach. Peoria, on the Illinois, a flourishing place, and abounding in fleas. Springfield, in Sangamon county, rather a pretty place, in the centre of a fertile, beautiful, and well peopled country. Four fine greys ran away with the stage before we left the town; the driver managed to make them run round in a circle—the coach in the meantime rocking from right to left like a boat in a storm. I caught the leathers on each side of the coach, and held my seat in the centre by way of ballast; by this time the driver became frightened,

(although he was assisted by a stout, square-built, double-jointed fellow from St. Louis, who sat on the boot and pulled with all his might,) and bethought him to run his horses directly on a fence—when the bar-keeper, who was along to take up passengers, jumped down and seized the leader by the bridle-bit; and although he was dragged some distance first, yet succeeded, by the assistance of the citizens, who now came running from every quarter, in stopping the four greys. Vandalia—an uninteresting place—in a rough country—paltry hotel—assembly meets in an ordinary brick building.

WOLVES.

The prairie wolf is by some supposed to be the same as the jackall of Asia. It is so small, as not to be dangerous alone. It is said that they hunt in packs like hounds, sometimes headed by the large grey wolf; that they thus pursue the deer, with a cry like that of hounds, sometimes rushing in full chase by a farmhouse. The officers of the army, at the Indian posts, amuse themselves hunting these animals.

The prairie hen is commonly found in the northern and middle regions of Indiana and Illinois. Its shape is more like a duck than a hen. It must be a fine fowl for sportsmen, as it never flies far at a time. In winter, I was told, they are very abundant, particularly about stacks. As an article of food, they do not rank, I believe, above mediocrity.

SUNDRIES.

From Vandalia, I went to Salem—crossed the Large Wabash river and the Small, to Vincennes, an old town settled by the French. The castle of Vincennes has been celebrated in modern times as the scene of the trial and execution of the Duke d'Enghien. The name is also illustrated by being affixed to an United States sloop of war. Of the town itself I recollect nothing remarkable, except that I had my hair cut there.

From this town we journeyed towards Louisville, Kentucky; and how agreeable the journey, may be gathered from the following syllabus, to wit: Going day and night—bad stage—worse driver—horses worst of all—hills—rain—corduroy roads—stage crowded—cholera—pole cats. One of our passengers was a great character among the Shakers of Lebanon, Ohio. I inferred from what I saw of him in travelling from Vincennes to Louisville, Kentucky, that the substratum of his Shakerism was extremely thin. I saw the other day in the papers, that he had run off with \$100,000, and a fair Shaker.

Louisville is a fine flourishing place. Frankfort on the Kentucky river, is built down in a hollow. The capitol is a handsome edifice.

NAMES.

Ben Jonson's name was often written by himself with an A. Dryden spelt his own with an i. Samuel Butler's name was written Boteler, at least by Charles II. Our great poet's name appears Shakspeare in the register of Stratford church, Shackspeare in the body of his will, and Shackspeare on the back of that instrument.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous—from 1798 to 1830—Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire; and translated in Paris, from the French, for the Messenger.

THE HUNDRED DAYS.

The most extraordinary event in our history, the return from the island of Elba, is already 20 years removed; perhaps the moment has arrived for speaking the truth; in any event it can injure no one. Napoleon is no more, and the glory attached to his name is great enough, to allow the impartial judgment of an epoch in his life, without injury to his immense renown. His lieutenants have, for the most part, descended to the tomb; and the few who are still alive, ought ardently to desire, that a light thrown on facts hitherto viewed through the medium of passion, might dissipate those accusations of ignorance and treason, which have been published as a means of concealing the faults of others.

Here I must explain myself. I am about to speak of military and political events; I have been in service, but I have not attained those exalted positions from which one is allowed to observe and to appreciate facts. I might perhaps, justly be denied the experience necessary to qualify me to pronounce with a mature and certain judgment. But it must have been observed from the commencement of this work, that I alone do not speak—that I do not put forth my isolated opinions. Accident has placed me near a great number of distinguished men; being anxious to acquire information, I have been a witness to many things, have heard and have read much. I have sought after truth through the best sources, and I think I have secured its possession.

Being a young officer at the period of the battle of Waterloo, I judged of that fearful disaster, with the ideas peculiar to my age, and felt the impressions which all my comrades partook. I also cried treason—against whom? I did not know; but it was absolutely impossible that we were not betrayed, for with the Emperor who could conquer us? Besides, a defeat weighs as heavily on the heart of the General, as on that of the lowest soldier, that we dared not avow it, without seeking out some extraordinary cause, some excuse. Afterwards, and with a few more years added to my age, I read everything that was written on the hundred days and the battle of Waterloo. My sincere conviction at this moment, is, that it would have required a miracle to have prevented the actual occurrence. Faults were committed by everybody. The Emperor, the Generals (with some few glorious exceptions), the army, were no longer the Emperor, the Generals, the army of the fine campaigns of the republic and the empire; and, in conscience, could it have been otherwise? All the apologies published at St. Helena and elsewhere, when I read them over at this day, only seem to me to prove, that we would have gained the battle of Waterloo if we had not lost it.

In my anxiety to inform myself correctly, I have applied to every source of information—I have addressed myself to men placed in the best situations, for ascertaining and appreciating the facts. A precious manuscript has been communicated to me, written in 1818, as a refutation of General Gourgaud's history of the

campaign of 1815—it has never been published; the Emperor was still alive, and in misfortune. The author, a general officer, commanding a corps of the army in this campaign, desired to remain faithful to the end, to the man whom he had served: he sacrificed everything to him, even to the publication of a truth, in which his military reputation, and that of many other Generals were interested.*

This manuscript, so far as I am concerned, has not been a revelation, but the confirmation of a former opinion; it was only the opinion I had instinctively formed, supported by facts, theoretical principles, and exact calculations. During the hundred days there was nothing superhuman, nothing supernatural, but the journey from Elba to Paris. Everything which followed that event re-entered the condition of humanity. It is man with his passions, his weakness, his limited faculties; and the disaster of Waterloo was but the inevitable result of a struggle too unequal, and of faults which cannot be denied without refusing to listen to evidence.

The author will not permit me to copy the MSS. now under my eyes. He wrote under the influence of recent grief. The picture of the misfortunes of his country, the presence of foreigners, dictated bitter expressions, which he would at this day efface; but I shall borrow from him the principal features of the examination to which I am proceeding. I do not pretend to present a complete recital of the military events of 1815, but a summary of the most important facts of that short and deplorable campaign.

In the first place, it must be confessed that the miraculous return from Elba was a misfortune both for the Emperor and for France; for the Emperor, inasmuch as it changed his supportable exile to a frightful transportation; for France, in that it cost it an army and treasures, and brought about a second invasion and a prolonged occupation. The Bourbons had proved in 1814, that they had learnt nothing, and had forgotten nothing: the return from Elba made them confess a few faults, but even that event could not force them to learn or to forget. The restoration carried in itself an original vice, a principle of destruction. It was condemned to perish:—the return from the island of Elba prolonged its existence a few years.

The first fault that the Emperor committed, was to arrest his progress at Paris, on the 20th of March. I copy the manuscript.

"The details given, by General Gourgaud, in his history of the campaign of 1815, published at St. Helena, on the situation of the armies of the coalition at the moment that Napoleon, with an inconceivable boldness and unexampled good fortune, passed, as he himself said, from steeple to steeple to Paris, will suffice to convince us that the first fault which he committed was to arrest himself at the Tuileries, instead of continuing his march to the Rhine. It is probable that he would have arrived there as easily as at Paris; and in such enterprises it is always necessary to profit by the astonishment and stupor of the enemy. Above all, he should not have suffered the enthusiasm with which such miraculous success had inspired his partisans, to grow cold. Paris, for him, was not on the Seine—it was on the Rhine.

* See note at end of this volume.

"The moment that he paused, that he began to calculate his means, he should have considered himself lost; for it cannot be thought that he seriously flattered himself with being able to impose on the allies. His feigned moderation, and his pacific declarations, only served to betray his weakness, and perhaps to cool the public enthusiasm. Undoubtedly Napoleon found it necessary to reorganize his army, and to create means, but he might have done everything while marching forward; and the easy conquest of the Rhine would have furnished him an immense increase of resources, of which he would at the same time have deprived his enemies."

The Bourbons had, during the few months of their first sojourn in France, created some interests connected with themselves. The representatives of royalist opinions, weak and scattered, before 1814, were united and strengthened. They formed in 1815, with the representatives of the new interests, a mass of formidable adversaries. On the other side, the friends of liberty, fearing the return of the imperial despotism, only offered their support in exchange for strong guarantees. Napoleon, with only his own partizans, thus found himself thrown between two opinions—one his avowed enemy, and the other armed against him with all its distrust. It was necessary that despotism should reappear powerful, in order to restrain these two parties. The Emperor could do nothing but by men of action, by the men who had brought him from the gulf of Juan to Paris. It was necessary that he should reign as he had reigned; he required that fascination of glory, by means of which, he had for a long time caused everything, even liberty, to be forgotten. In the inevitable struggle which was then coming on between a divided and exhausted nation, and all Europe combined against her, a prompt and decisive march might have electrified men's spirits, and have produced the most brilliant and unexpected results. In a word, there was wanting one of those miracles of the campaign of Italy; and such miracles never spring from an *acte additionel*, or a *champ de mai*. To engage in a struggle of internal politics at Paris, without being able to deceive any one, was only to produce new enemies; and the Emperor had already enough whom there was a much more urgent necessity for combatting.

In the critical situation in which he found himself after his triumph of the 20th of March, Napoleon had to choose between three plans. I have mentioned the first; it was probably the best—not in June, but the 21st of March. It had the immense advantage of leaving everything in the interior undecided. The return from the island of Elba had inflamed men's imaginations. France should have been left under the empire of this first impression, and the national patriotism should not have been suffered to evaporate in the vain debates of the tribune. In Rome, during periods of public danger, a dictator was appointed, and the senate and the tribunes of the people were silent before this supreme officer. The Emperor was a dictator, already nominated. There was but one party on which he could confidently reckon; this party neither asked for guarantees nor liberty, but war and battles—this party could alone serve him; the others made demands of him, but could give him nothing. To sum up the matter, with what has been called the despotism of the

sabre-victory, was doubtful; without this despotism, it was impossible. Time and means were wanting for a regular war; it was necessary to undertake an irregular war—a war without money and without magazines—a war like the first campaign of Italy; and in desperate circumstances, these are sometimes successful.

The apologists of the Emperor have said, as an excuse for his not having marched immediately to the Rhine, that he entertained the hope of peace; and that public opinion would have disapproved his course if he had acted before he had exhausted all means of conciliation. The Emperor never believed in the continuance of peace; he might have desired it, but he could not have expected it but as the consequence of a victory. The true secret of all this is, that Napoleon was no longer General Bonaparte. One cannot expend with impunity, in 20 years, the energy and activity that would have sufficed for ten first rate men. Everything wears out at last, and there are bounds to the human faculties.

The second plan was, to fortify the frontiers, to act on the defensive, to await the attack, to watch a favorable moment, or a fault of the enemy, and to profit by them. But such a course did not suit the character of Napoleon. The conduct and the delays of a defensive war were not adapted to his temperament; and it must be confessed that this sort of warfare is but little in accord with our military spirit. This plan was more in harmony than the two others, with the new system which the Emperor had permitted to introduce itself in France; but this new system was supremely disagreeable to him. The sounds which echoed from the tribune wounded his ears. Already he regretted the concessions which he had been condemned to make; it was despotism which he hoped to re seize when he commenced hostilities. The acclamations of victory, had it remained faithful to the imperial standard, would have soon controlled and silenced the importunate voices of the tribune.

The third plan, that which the Emperor adopted, was identically the same with the first, but with the enthusiasm of the people cooled, and three great months lost: these three months were an age. During these three months the coalition had not remained inactive, and an Anglo-Prussian army of two hundred and twenty thousand men, the *avant-garde* of six hundred thousand Austrians and Russians, already menaced our frontier. We had a hundred and fifteen thousand men to oppose to them.

If any doubts could remain about the immense advantage the Emperor would have derived from commencing the war the morning after his arrival at Paris, the first results of the contest, so tardily commenced, would suffice to remove them. If Napoleon, profiting by the first fault that was committed, that of a concentration too near the extreme frontier, was enabled to surprise the enemy already on its guard, and obtain the first advantage, what might he not have hoped from his troops, suddenly turned loose upon a dispersed enemy, without any plans for the campaign, and deprived of its means of action! On the 15th of June, when two hundred and twenty thousand men were already nearly united, the Emperor desired to prevent a greater assemblage of his enemies: his plan was to surprise his adversaries, and to beat them in detail.

No plan could be wiser or better combined ; but Napoleon should have commenced two months earlier ; he would not then have found before him a force double his own.

A great fault then was committed at this period—it was entirely the Emperor's. In pursuing the examination of facts, it will be easy to perceive the fatal influence of this error on subsequent events.

On the 15th of June the armies of the enemy might still have been surprised. They were so in fact, but the corps of which they were composed, were already near enough to each other to prevent this surprise from being fatal. The plan of the campaign was then, as it should have been, to operate the disjunction of the English and Prussian armies, so as to be able to act separately against the one and the other.

The details of the movements and engagements of the 15th, on the passage of the Sambre, have nothing striking. The Prussians, who were first encountered by the French columns, gave way, and retreated before them. That was a success, but a success of little importance. In the recitals that have been made of this short and deplorable campaign, it is at this point that the intention is first disclosed of representing the conduct of Marshal Ney, as the principal cause of the reverses of Napoleon. He is reproached for not having occupied the position of *Quatre-Bras*. The accusation against the unfortunate Marshal has something plausible in it. Ney commanded the left of the army : the English were opposed to him—and the position of *Quatre-Bras* was really the point of junction between the English and Prussian armies.

Marshal Ney, I do not fear to say so, was beneath himself in the campaign of 1815. His *adieu* and his oath to Louis XVIII, his affair of *Lons-le-Saulnier*, his return to Napoleon, whose abdication he had urged in 1814—all these recollections overpowered him. Ney had not the heart of a traitor ; it was in good faith that he promised Louis XVIII to fight Napoleon. Afterwards he found himself too weak to resist the appeal of him to whom he owed his fortune, under whose eyes he had served so gloriously, and all of whose labors he had partaken. That judges could be found to condemn Marshal Ney, guilty, as he undoubtedly was, but protected by the capitulation of Paris, is a stain upon the page. It is an infamous stain upon the memory of Louis XVIII, to have shed the blood of a man, who had poured out so much for France.

The conduct of Ney at *Lons-le-Saulnier* had been openly condemned by his ancient comrades. His presence at the army had been observed with pain. He felt all the difficulty of his situation ; and this man, whose *coup d'état* had before been so quick and certain, whose action had been so rapid, showed himself, under these circumstances, uncertain and weak. On the 16th, the day of the battle of Ligny, the fate of the army was in his hands. His inaction compromised everything, for it was at the point which he commanded that the greatest events were to be decided.

The battle of Ligny was an unfortunate success, because it advanced nothing. The Emperor required a victory ; he yielded to the vain pleasure of driving Blücher's army before him ; but his purpose, which from the fault of Marshal Ney he failed to obtain, was to separate the English from the Prussian army. If, in

1815, there was any possibility of beating the enemy, of making them suffer those checks which bring about great results, it was undoubtedly on the day of the 16th, and particularly at the left wing of the army.

In fact, it is probable that the position of *Quatre-Bras* might have been easily carried on the morning, and even as late as two or three o'clock in the afternoon, as it was but feebly occupied until that hour, and thus the English army might have been separated from the Prussians, and, perhaps its divisions might have been beaten one after the other, as they arrived on the field of battle from different directions. Afterwards this became extremely difficult. The enemy had discovered the importance of this position, and had strengthened it by forces sufficient to render all chance of a successful attack nearly impossible ; and yet the failure of a desperate attack on this point would not have been fatal.

Marshal Ney had not called his troops to his aid with sufficient promptness ; and when they had successively rejoined him, the enemy had already assembled the greatest part of its own. It was then easily enabled to resist the feeble attacks of Prince Jérôme, who was at the wood of Bouffé, while the right wing, though commanded by an officer whose ardor and intelligence on the field of battle were not less brilliant than his eloquence at the tribune (General Foy), itself made no progress.

At last, stimulated by the reiterated orders of Napoleon, the Marshal felt, but a little too late, all the importance of the position, and the error he had committed, in not carrying it in time. He then made the greatest efforts to succeed, but it was in vain. The divisions of Prince Jérôme and of General Foy were actively engaged without any result, when Colonel Forbin Janson, an ordnance officer of the Emperor, carried the Marshal the particular orders of Napoleon, accompanied by these words : "*Marshal, the safety of France is in your hands.*" In despair, at not being able to possess himself of this position, at seeing the forces of the enemy increase every moment, and the efforts of his infantry continue powerless, the Marshal summoned the lieutenant-general, commanding the Cuirassiers, and repeating the words of the Emperor, said to him—"*My dear General, the safety of France is dependent upon the result ; an extraordinary effort is required. Take your cavalry—throw yourself in the midst of the English army—crush it, and pass over its prostrate bodies.*"

It was the hottest moment of the day : it was between six and seven in the afternoon. Such an order, like that of the Emperor's, was easier to give than to execute. The General represented to Marshal Ney that he had but a single brigade of Cuirassiers with him, that the greater part of his corps had remained, in compliance with the orders of the Marshal himself, two leagues in the rear, at Frumes. In fine, that he had not force enough for such an enterprise. "*No matter,*" replied the Marshal, "*charge with what you have—crush the English army—pass over its body : the safety of France is in your hands. Proceed ; you shall be followed by all the cavalry present.*"

In fact, he had at hand more than four thousand horses of the guard, and of the division Pitré, which were half a cannon shot off.

There was no time for deliberation at such a moment. The General darted forward, as a victim devoted to

death, at the head of six hundred Cuirassiers, and without giving them time to perceive or to calculate the greatness of the danger, he drew them desperately into this gulf of fire.

The first regiment of the enemy which it encountered was the 69th infantry. This regiment, composed of Scotch, fired at thirty paces; but without stopping the Cuirassiers passed over the bodies of the men, utterly destroyed it, and overthrew everything in their way. Some even penetrated into the farm of *Quatre-Bras*, and were there killed. Lord Wellington had only time to leap on a horse, and save himself from this terrible attack.

The charge of the Cuirassiers had succeeded against all probability; a large breach was made; the army of the enemy was staggered; the English legions were wavering and uncertain, awaiting what was to come next. The least support from the cavalry in reserve; the least movement on the part of the infantry engaged on the right, would have completed the success. Nothing moved. This formidable cavalry was abandoned to itself; alone, dispersed, disbanded by the very impetuosity of its charge, it saw itself assailed by the muskets of the enemy, then recovered from their astonishment and fright; it abandoned the field of battle as it had carried it, and without being even pursued by the enemy's cavalry which had not then arrived. The General himself had his horse shot, and returned on foot from the midst of the English, and at last encountered near the point from which he had set out, a division which had just begun to take part in the action, orders having been given to it too late. The attacks of this division, directed against an enemy already recovered from its alarm, were as fruitless as they were tardy.

In war a favorable moment cannot be neglected with impunity, and the numerous cavalry of the left wing did not take advantage of the proper moment to precipitate itself upon the enemy. The distant position of three brigades of the reserve of Cuirassiers, was a great misfortune for the army, and for France. If they had been in the line, and ready to profit by this happy boldness, and to throw themselves in the midst of the enemy, perhaps in less than an hour the English army would have been disposed off. It would have disappeared under the feet of the horses and the swords of the cavalry, and this day would have secured us one of those results which decide the destinies of empires. In fact, the English army once destroyed, the Prussian army would have found itself attacked in the flank, pressed upon in front, and would have been unable to escape complete destruction; it would never have repassed the Rhine. The victory would have brought back the Belgians to our standards, as well as the inhabitants on the banks of the Rhine; and we would have made cheap work of the Russians and Austrians. This dream might have been realized during nearly the quarter of an hour; it agitated more than one head.

It cannot be concluded from these chances of success, that it was prudent to trust everything to chance, as was done in this campaign. The success that we were on the point of obtaining at *Quatre-Bras* would have been a miracle, and, in the disproportion between the contending armies, a miracle was necessary. But war has so many unexpected chances, that it was not impossible, that that which could alone save Napoleon might turn up; it was within an ace of doing so.

With forces so inferior to an enemy, who trust less than ourselves to chance, it was not necessary to have thus hurried a decision of the campaign; but it would seem that a fatality has in all times led us to precipitate ourselves, in gaiety of heart, into the gulf, and always to attack the English bull by the horns. It may be remarked, that from the battle of Agincourt to that of Waterloo, nearly all the victories gained over us by the English have been in battles in which they acted on the defensive. We rush headlong upon them, when in formidable positions selected before hand, which they know marvellously well how to defend. One may say that we take pains to wage precisely that sort of war upon them which suits their courage. We may cite in modern times Vimiera, Talavera, Bussago, Salamanca, and lastly, Waterloo. Whether it be the character, or the military genius of the English, or the spirit of their government, that imposes greater circumspection on their Generals, one would believe the English nation less suited for an offensive than a defensive war. In consequence of great superiority of force as at Toulouse, or of absolute necessity as at Alknaer, they decided with much difficulty to act on the offensive. It has been seen with what success they did so under the circumstances of the last case in 1799. Why then at Waterloo, were they not forced to become the aggressors?

The day of the 16th resulted in the abandonment of Fleurus, after an energetic resistance on the part of the Prussians. For the purpose of supporting the right wing of the Prussians, the Duke of Wellington judged it necessary to retire during the night, leaving only a weak rear-guard at *Quatre-Bras* to make this movement. Marshal Ney had no knowledge of this manœuvre, and, remained in his position, waiting further orders. He was drawn from the inactivity into which he had been plunged by the little success of the previous evening, by the arrival of the Emperor, who moving on the morning of the 17th, with his columns upon *Quatre-Bras*, obliged the rear-guard of Wellington to rejoin the main body of the army.

The Emperor thought he had finished with the Prussians; being ignorant, like Marshal Ney, of the movement of the English army, he supposed that the two armies were separated. Entrusting then to Marshal Grouchy, the care of pursuing the Prussians, and of pressing them without respite, and above all of preventing them from joining the English, he proceeded with the greater part of his forces against the army of Wellington. A sort of fatality presided over the lot of Napoleon. On the right, Marshal Grouchy lost the day of the 17th, and the track of Blücher. On the left, fatigue and the want of order condemned the troops to inaction. It was only at noon that the Emperor, arriving at *Quatre-Bras*, set the troops of Marshal Ney in motion, for the purpose of following and firing on the retreating rear-guard of the English.

Towards three o'clock a beating rain commenced, which continued until the next morning. The army took whatever position it could during the night, not without some disorder and confusion. The Anglo-Belgic army, on the contrary, had effected its retreat without being disturbed, as no one was informed of the movement; and it had been established since the morning in a camp which it had prepared for itself, and

did not suffer either from the bad weather or want of food.

Too little attention is paid to the effect produced on men, especially on the evening preceeding a battle, by excessive fatigue and want of food and rest. Causes of physical exhaustion operate on the moral spirit of an army, and produce discouragement and disgust. Represent then to yourself, the French army, wearied by eight days of forced marches, wanting food, passing through a country covered with water, sleeping in the mud, and without protection against constant rains. You may then judge of the disadvantage under which it had to encounter fresh troops, superior in number, and on ground selected by themselves, and carefully fortified.

The Emperor, after separating from Marshal Grouchy, whom he had perhaps suffered to remain at too great a distance from him on the evening of so important a battle, had not more than 55 or 60,000 men to oppose to 90,000 English, Hollanders and Belgians.

On the 18th, towards 11 o'clock, the weather cleared off. It could then be seen that the movement effected by the English on the preceeding evening, was not a retreat, but a change of position. At the moment that the Emperor was giving his orders to the Generals assembled around him, a cannon, fired from the English camp, gave the signal of combat. The engagement commenced with the left of the French army; the second corps consumed itself in fruitless efforts to carry the wood, and entrenched chateau of Hougomont.

In the centre of the army a corps, manœuvring with a sort of hesitation, was charged by the English cavalry, and had one of its divisions compromised. This movement of the English cavalry necessarily brought on the engagement of our own, and unfortunately involved the greatest part of the French cavalry in the action at a very unlucky moment.

This charge was neither skilfully nor successfully executed. The masses of cavalry did not advance in that compact and imposing order which inspires confidence, and gives promise of success. Instead of reserving the great effort for the moment of meeting the enemy, the cavalry of General Milhaud was let loose first, then that of the Imperial Guard, and lastly, the right of the reserve cavalry of the 4th corps, which was imprudently involved by its General, in consequence of his not receiving the orders of his commander-in-chief; and all arrived in disorder, pellmell, and out of breath, on the ridges occupied by the line of English artillery. The pieces were abandoned, but the horses might have been driven away. This, which it must be confessed, was the only success during the day, is, perhaps, what was called a victory. This pretended success had, it is true, great effect on the distant positions of the enemy, where movements for a retreat were commenced; but in the rear of the artillery there was a double line of infantry formed in a square. Our cavalry had to remain several hours in this cruel position, unable to retire for fear of drawing the army after it, or to charge again for want of room. Without infantry and without artillery to support it, in presence of the enemy's squares (which, however, reserved their fire), but exposed to a cloud of marksmen, whose every fire counted—thus receiving death without being able to return it.

Napoleon quickly recognized the imprudence of a

charge by all the cavalry, when at so great a distance from the infantry. Such a movement must either be successful or compromise everything: it had failed of success, and from that moment there was no further hope of victory. The evil destiny of France seemed to preside over all the false measures of the day. A brigade of carabiniers, of a thousand horses, had been preserved from the fatal charge. Placed near a battery of the guard, the Major-General had received the most express orders not to make the least movement without the order of his immediate chief. This brigade of carabiniers was then in the plain. Marshal Ney observed it, ran to it, showed great indignation at its inaction, and ordered it to precipitate itself on seven or eight thousand English, placed *en echelon* on the inclination of a hill, and flanked by numerous batteries of artillery. The carabiniers were compelled to obey. Whether from want of strength, or unskilfulness, their charge was entirely unsuccessful; half of the brigade was in an instant prostrate on the ground. When, as will be seen, the fate of the battle was afterwards determined by the charge of the English guards, one may comprehend the service this brigade of carabiniers might have rendered, had it remained untouched.

Towards three o'clock the heads of the columns of General Bulow were perceived, and Napoleon had to detach 10,000 men to face this attack.

It has been asserted that the appearance of the heads of the columns of the Prussian corps of Bulow caused a fatal error, and that these troops of the enemy were mistaken for the *avant-garde* of the body of Marshal Grouchy's army, to which numerous officers of ordnance had been despatched. I do not know whether such an error was committed, but there is little probability that it was. The indecision of Marshal Grouchy, under these circumstances, was undoubtedly a great misfortune; but it is doubtful whether the Marshal, had he even acted with decision, could have presented himself in line. The arrival of Bulow's corps had a fatal influence on the result of the battle, but only in consequence of the necessity which it produced, of withdrawing ten thousand men from the main body of the army, already so much weakened. The attack of the Prussians on this point was not only restrained, but repulsed with a vigor above all praise, by Count Lobau and General Duhesme. This was, perhaps, the finest feat of arms of the day; it was a service of the highest importance, for had the movement of Bulow been successful, the French army would have been divided, and the route of Charleroi would have been closed against us.

The old guard still remained untouched; the day drew to a close. The fighting grew more and more feeble, but even while yielding, the field was not deserted by flight, and the corps were not seriously injured. If success was afterwards impossible, a retreat might at least have been effected during the night behind the Sambre, thus securing the only reserve which remained. The Emperor did not, however, judge this expedient; the old guard was suffered to take part in the engagement. This was a decisive stroke—it might save or lose everything; but, if it repaired nothing, the army would be left without resource. The guard, with all its courage, and all its admirable devotion, could not cut through the masses of English, and had soon to fall back before an impetuous charge

of a division of English guards, and a brigade of cavalry, which had just arrived upon the field. Then it was that there was cause to regret the imprudent movement which had involved the brigade of carabiniers. When this fatal movement was ordered, this brigade was stationed precisely at the point where the English cavalry debouched; and to this cavalry Napoleon himself attributed the retreat of the guards. It is probable that this brigade would have been enabled to arrest the movement of the English cavalry, and thus have protected the retreat of the only reserve of the army.

Now, everything was finished; a retreat was inevitable. Night came on—it was impossible to re-establish order, or to arrest those who were running away. There was nothing but confusion and a fearful and irremediable rout, and such as might be expected after a battle, in which the whole army, even to the last battalion, had been engaged.

The causes of the loss of the battle of Waterloo have been long discussed. There was one great cause, predominant over the rest, and that was the great disproportion of the forces. When armies are nearly equal in intelligence, discipline and valor, victory will naturally range itself with the greatest number of troops, unless some miracle, some one of those extraordinary events, on which it is always imprudent to reckon, intervene.

The picture of disorder and confusion on the fearful night that followed this battle was frightful indeed; it was a general *sauve qui peut*.

From this moment the Emperor completely disappears from the military operations. At Charleroi, where he had left no orders for rallying the army, they were even ignorant of the direction he had taken. Some troops of cavalry were united, who succeeded in covering the retreating movement, and corps were formed on the route of such fragments as they encountered. It was only at Avesnes that it was known that Laon was indicated as the rallying point.

We are only at the 20th of June. The second abdication of the Emperor, signed the 22d, was only known to the army on the 24th. But from the 20th the cause of Napoleon was lost, even among his own troops. The word abdication had been pronounced by the army, even before it was debated at Paris. On the 20th of June many of the most distinguished Generals of the army were assembled at Avesnes. At this meeting, in the presence of a Prince of the Emperor's family, and with his approbation, the errors of Napoleon were denounced in the most violent terms, and the necessity of depriving him of the command was as boldly asserted.

Certainly France had still other resources. An army of imposing size might, in the early days of July, have been assembled at Aisne. It might still have been expected that the enemy would march with prudence; it could hardly have been supposed that, inflated with the pride of victory, it would have neglected all the ordinary measures of precaution; that it would have left strong places behind it without taking the necessary steps for masking them, and have marched upon Paris without troubling itself with our army thus left on its flanks. But certain devoted friends had taken the pains to reassure the enemy upon the condition of the interior; and an assembly of disorganized troops, without orders,

and without any supreme head, was of little importance. The Emperor was no longer with them, and the elements of resistance, which the imprudence of the march of the enemy might have rendered powerful, were paralyzed from the want of any direction. It was with difficulty that the exertions of the fourth corps of cavalry at Senlis, succeeded in enabling the wrecks of the French army to arrive before the enemy under the walls of Paris. It has been said that the news of the abdication of the Emperor, decided Wellington and Blücher to march directly on Paris; this is a mistake. The report addressed to the English government by Lord Wellington, immediately after the battle of Waterloo, contains these words: "*I shall direct my course by forced marches, and by the shortest route, towards Paris.*" When he wrote this on the evening of the 18th, he had received various news from Paris, but he could have had no knowledge of the abdication, which was only signed on the 22d.

It was on the 29th of June that the army entered the lines of Paris, and not until the 1st of July that the corps of Marshal Grouchy rejoined it. Marshal Davoust assumed the command. His first care was to send a detachment of three hundred horsemen to St. Germain, for the purpose of guarding that point, and seeing to the destruction of the bridge of Pecq, and watching all the passages of the Seine as far as Mantes; but in the meantime, a Prussian detachment had presented itself, and treason had opened a passage for it. The occupation of this important point, which opened to the enemy a passage over the Seine, decided its general movement in that direction. They had thus the double advantage of turning our positions at Montmartre, and of attacking Paris in the rear, if it was decided to force an entry. It obtained, besides, positions that would menace us. It sufficed, in fact, to glance at the heights of Meudon, St. Cloud, and St. Germain, to be convinced that the French army was not in a condition to dislodge the enemy. Marshal Davoust has been reproached for not having profited by this movement, to fall on the flank of the enemy in passing by St. Denis, and thus to have let slip an opportunity for crushing it. But could so decisive an action have been attempted with troops oppressed by fatigue, and absolutely demoralized? And at what moment could this sortie have been made? The march of the enemy was not known, when, thanks to a timely treason, it was executed; and the instant that it was executed it was too late to act with effect.

But the General-in-chief of the French army was, and ought to have been influenced by an anxious desire of preserving Paris from an assault. He could not have been justified in sacrificing the capital to the hope of a triumph without object, and of which, the result would probably have been unimportant.

The passage of the Seine, and the establishment of the main body of the enemy on the heights of Meudon and Châtenai, had rendered the situation of Paris and that of the French army much more critical. The army had to repass in great haste to the left bank to cover the capital, which was completely exposed on that side. It was anxious for battle, and would have defended, with desperation, the trust confided to it; but the Generals of the enemy would have taken care to avoid hazarding an ill-timed attack against troops, de-

terminated to struggle to the very last, and for the sole purpose of advancing, by only a few days, their entry into Paris. They accordingly took up their positions on the formidable heights of St. Cloud and Meudon, stretching out their right towards the road to Orleans, with a view to surround the French army, and to starve out the capital. Will it be pretended that Marshal Davoust should have sought out the enemy? He might and ought to have received battle on the plain of Montrouge; he desired it and he waited for it, but it would have been the height of imprudence to have offered it elsewhere. He could not suffer himself to be shut up in Paris, necessity forcing him to absent himself before the roads were closed against him; nor could he allow the capital to fall unconditionally into the hands of the enemy. In this delicate situation he was compelled to treat for the surrender of a place which he was unable any longer to preserve; and to take advantage of the impatience of Wellington and Blücher, to secure the fate of Paris and the retreat of the army. These considerations determined the capitulation of the 3d of July. Had that capitulation not been made, it would not have been the less necessary for the army to quit Paris; orders indeed, had been given, to effect that very night a retreat which it would have been imprudent to defer. The loss of a battle would have delivered Paris to the horrors of a city carried by assault—and yet battle was not refused; but in consequence of the enemy's inaction in avoiding a combat, a retreat was forced upon us.

And besides, were the French army and its leaders well convinced of the disposition of the population? The royalist party, overwhelmed by the event of the 20th of March, had been restored to life by the rumor of the defeat at Waterloo. The Emperor had quitted Paris, and left his most decided partisans without defence and without hope. From the 22d, the minister, then become the head of the provisional government, had been negotiating with the Bourbons; a second restoration was inevitable. What good then would have been effected by the floods of blood which might have still been shed? Far from condemning Marshal Davoust (and without minutely scrutinizing his intimate motives), we may thank him for not having yielded to the puerile vanity of risking a battle which might have added something to his military glory, but which, even in the event of the most brilliant success, could not have prolonged the struggle more than eight days farther.

Finally, treason has been spoken of; there was none in the army. There were three desertions on the evening of the 17th; but they had no influence on the events of the campaign. Faults committed at that period, have also been spoken of. There were some, doubtless, but the principal were those of the Emperor. It has been asserted, that the Generals exhibited weakness and indecision, and that the devotion of the soldiery was thus paralyzed. In this statement there is some truth and some falsehood. It will not be asserted that the Generals Count Lobau, Count de Valmy, Dabesme, Foy and some others, exhibited weakness or indecision. But there was but little enthusiasm in the army. The Generals, for the most part, fatigued with war, dared not risk anything, because they no longer found in their soldiers, who were too young, the firm-

ness and *sang froid* of the old regiments destroyed in Russia, and in the campaign of 1813.

That there were treasons in the interior, I have no doubt. I have spoken of that of the bridge of Pecq, the author of which is well known: there were others besides. The Generals of the enemy would not have risked a direct movement on Paris, had they not been invited thither. Fouché, a man of great cunning, perfectly comprehended the dangers of the Emperor's situation; he had foreseen the issue of his attempt, and had abandoned him for the purpose of providing for his own future interests. But these treasons were of but little service to the enemy, who did not require them.

To arrive at the truth concerning the catastrophe of 1815, we must always recur to the same point. Success could only have been secured by a miracle, and fortune was weary of serving us.

WATER.

There is no man, however cold or unexcitable in disposition, that does not at once feel and confess the influence of a body of water. Go where you will, or with whom you may, when you approach the ocean, or an inland stream, or lake, every one will, in some way, by some exclamation, show that if all other things fail, this, at least, will awake the "sleeping poetry of the soul." The most grand and magnificent view of water, is from some craggy cliff, to watch the ocean in its wrath, when lashed to fury by the howling tempest. The most soothing and pleasant view, is of some small lake in the heart of the woods—the sun just tipped by the trees, and not a sound nor a breath moving, or ought to disturb, save some "hastening bird on weary wing." The beautiful and clear reflection of every tint and delicate tracery of the woods in the glassy water, the calmness of its surface, and the holy silence that reigns around, never fail to speak to the heart. There is every variety of water view, all pleasing and exciting—such as the heavy water-fall—the little mountain stream, dashing in merry haste to the valley below—the village rivulet, with its farm houses and rural beauties, or the broad inland river that affords vigorous support to busy industry. But, altogether, I have never met with any water view more varied and beautiful, or peculiar in its influence, than that of the James River, near Richmond. Every stranger, as well as inhabitant, confesses its charms, and the pencil has striven, in vain, to trace its beauties. But lovely as is the river by day, yet to me, there is a melancholy pleasure and fascination in it at night, which I have never experienced elsewhere. The variety of its course, and the steady, unceasing roar, made doubly impressive by the absence of other sounds, lead on the imagination with an irresistible impulse. If I am alone in this peculiar feeling, I am not alone in my admiration of its other attractions. While under this influence a few nights since, I penned the following hasty

ADDRESS TO JAMES RIVER.

'Tis sweet, as falls the twilight hour
O'er river, hill, and scented glade,
When bees have left the closing flower,
And all is soft in deep'ning shade,
To muse within some woody spot,
Or near some gently sighing stream,
'Till worldly cares are all forgot,
And life seems like a pleasant dream.
But sweeter far, when day heat cast
Its closing glance upon the scene,
To moralize upon the past,
And dream of things that once have been.
Fair river! by thy troubled tide

Oft have I watched the daylight fade,
 And marked thy waters onward glide,
 Or idly on thy banks have strayed.
 Though beautiful in sunset hour,
 Thy brightly gilded waters are,
 As still, or foaming on, they pour
 O'er rocks, or by green islands fair ;—
 While all around the dying sun
 Glances a mellow, golden light,
 And slowly fading, one by one,
 The purple clouds are lost in night,—
 Though beauteous at this hour thou art,
 And calm enjoyment soothes each sense,
 Yet 'tis not then the willing heart,
 Confesses meet thy influence ;
 'Tis when fair day has left the sky,
 And yon blue arch is lit with stars,
 When the bound spirit strives to fly,
 And fain would break its weary bars,—
 Ah ! then indeed the bosom feels
 That fancy's wings brook no control,
 And melancholy pleasure steals
 Unconsciously upon the soul.
 When, in the hours of silent night,
 The thousands of the city sleep,
 While, with an eye of tender light,
 The moon its mournful watch doth keep,—
 When winds, and trees, and birds are still,
 And nature's self in slumber lies,—
 When dew-drops shine on every hill,
 And not a cloud floats in the skies,—
 When, turning to itself, the soul
 Communes upon the solemn past,
 And feels that Time's resistless roll,
 Must bring all to the grave at last,—
 How sadly, to the bosom, swells
 Thy voice upon the silent air ;
 For every tone, prophetic, tells
 Fate's stayless step is echoed there.
 Yon beauteous orb, so calm and pure,
 Was there a thousand years ago,
 And softly through its nightly tour,
 Spread o'er the world its silver glow.
 And thou, fair river, raised thy song,
 And swept as now through vale and hill ;
 Thou sped thy sparkling steps along,
 With wild, unchecked, and wayward will.
 Those islands that thy bosom press,
 And dip their verdure in thy wave,
 Blushed forth in summer's lovely dress,
 That found, as now, an early grave :
 Then, o'er thy tide a simple race
 Their light and fragile vessel bore ;—
 But ah ! each bright and fertile place
 That knew them, knows them now no more.
 Upon thy marge, the palace proud
 Now stands with bold and stately air,
 And where the savage meekly bowed,
 Another people bend in prayer.
 A few brief years—Time's blasting breath
 Shall wither all around thee now ;
 This mighty nation, grasped by death,
 To fate's decree, must humbled bow.
 But thou wilt sing and sparkle on,
 And through the night wilt raise thy wail,

When those that hear thee now are gone
 Their journey through the shadowy vale.
 Thus do I muse and sadly dream,
 While listening to thy ceaseless moan ;
 For thou art like life's troubled stream,
 That bears the world tumultuous on :
 O'er rocks thy waves are wildly cast,
 With here and there a clear, calm place,
 Till in the distant ocean lost,
 Thy form or path no eye can trace.
 And man, through waves of smiles and tears,
 Floats on Life's river to the sea :
 The sun that lights his course soon wears,
 And fades within Eternity.

L. R. R.

Richmond, 1837.

THE USURPER OF MILAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE ACCESSION.

I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way ;—
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

King John.

The death of Lorenzo de' Medici, surnamed the Magnificent, on account of the lustre of his private virtues and his enlightened patronage of letters and arts, preceded the commencement of an era fraught with events destined to be fatal to the interests of Italy. The policy, prudence and reputation of this prince had contributed to maintain the balance of power among the republics, and to restrain the ambition of many petty sovereigns, particularly those of Naples and Milan.

Ludovico Sforza (*Il Moro*) governed Milan as Regent during the minority of his nephew Gian Galeazzo ; and when the latter attained the full age of manhood, continued to exclude him from the exercise of any share of the power belonging rightfully to him. The young duke was feeble and imbecile in character, and of infirm health, ill able to struggle against the encroachments of his uncle ; but he had married Isabel of Arragon, daughter to the Duke of Calabria ; and the lofty spirit of that princess ill brooked Ludovico's usurpation. With the timidity ever attendant on the consciousness of wrong, Ludovico stood in awe of the courageous resolution of this lady, whom he knew to have appealed to her grandfather, the Neapolitan king, in behalf of her husband ; and his fears were increased by the intelligence of a league between Piero de' Medici and Ferdinand of Naples ; intelligence followed speedily by a demand that the Milanese duke should be put in possession of his legitimate authority. Determined not to relinquish the power so unjustly gained, Sforza looked abroad for aid ; endeavoured to persuade the Pope, the Venetians and the Duke of Ferrara to unite with him for their mutual protection, and apprehending this measure insufficient for his security, took the fatal step of inviting the French king into Naples ; thus sealing forever the ruin of Italian independence.

The throne of France was at that time occupied by Charles VIII. A grant of the kingdom of Naples by Urban IV, in 1274, to the brother of St. Louis, the Count of Anjou and Provence, had often been the ground of claims on the part of the French monarchs to the sovereignty of that portion of Italy; and when the promise of aid from Milan offered a fair opportunity for securing so rich a province, Charles VIII, in whose right ancient pretensions had merged, resolved to lose no time in making good his claim. He prepared to pass the Alps with a powerful army.

Though Ludovico had judged his application to the French king to be his only means of humbling Ferdinand, and securing himself against the danger of being compelled to resign his illegal authority, he was not without misgivings in his secret heart, as to the ultimate consequences of the step he had taken, in tendering his arms and treasures for the assistance of Charles. Scarcely was he certain that his invitation had been eagerly accepted—scarcely saw he, in prospect, the first lances of France gleam along the defiles of the Alps, than his restless fears were again awake; and a thousand apprehensions of which he had never dreamed in his eagerness for revenge, started up before him. But it was now no time to shrink; he had but to rush onward in his dark and crooked career, and close his eyes to the dangers that menaced himself.

It was towards the close of a brilliant day in the autumn of 1494. In the castle of Pavia the ill-fated young duke of Milan, then lying dangerously ill, was retained with his duchess, who was permitted to attend him. Apartments were assigned them in a remote part of the castle; and in a solitary room used as the private council chamber, sat he who held their destiny in his hands, the crafty Regent. Ludovico was alone: the rich light of the setting sun streamed through the high arched painted windows, and colored with crimson, fell full upon his figure. He was seated at a table covered with a carpet and strewn with parchments and papers, on which his eye seemed to rest with an expression of vexed dissatisfaction; he looked like some lonely and baffled magician, cheated by the very agents he had summoned to minister to his success. His features, as far as they could be discerned, half shaded by his hand, were most forbidding; his complexion, from the darkness of which he is supposed to have received the appellation of "the Moor," wore yet a gloomier tinge from his aspect of disappointment; his eyes, overshadowed by thick bushy brows, flashed with painful keenness. The whole expression of the countenance, was not one of malignity, but of cunning, and shuffling meanness; the quick glance, and momentary contraction of the brows, showed too the workings of a mind oppressed by fear of approaching evil; while the occasional movement of his lips denoted that he was laboring to form some decisive determination.

A loose robe of dark colored velvet, lined with grey miniver, gathered round his waist by a belt from which protruded the hilt of a poniard studded with gems—and an undervest of silk, composed his dress;—a bonnet of the same material with the robe, was carelessly thrown upon his head, and a chain of gold, depending from a richly ornamented collar, fell as low as his waist, bearing the star of a religious order which had been conferred on him by the king of France.

The apartment was hung with various pictures, conspicuous among which was one larger and more highly finished than the rest, the work of a Cremonese pencil. It was the full length portrait of one of the former Dukes of Milan; a green silk curtain, drawn to one side of the gilded frame, showed the care taken to protect it from dust and smoke, with which defilement it was especially threatened from two chimneys, whose immense jambs, bright with burning faggots, yawned like some tomblike chasm on either side of the room. In front of the portrait was a seat covered with cloth, embroidered with silver, designed for the occupation of the principal individuals in affairs of state business; five or six other seats arranged with less luxury, completed the furniture of the room.

The Regent remained sitting with his head leaning on his hand, apparently lost in thought; nor started from his reverie, when a footstep without, and a pressure on the fastenings of the door, gave notice of the approach of an intruder. When the door opened, his eyes glanced towards it; yet without changing his position, he pursued his meditations; while the air of his visitor indicated the easy familiarity of one used at all times to approach, unbidden the presence of his superior. His garment of black serge was simply fastened by a ribbon of the same color;—thick bushy ~~mustaches~~ gave an air of gravity to features which, though strongly marked, were indicative of low cunning and repulsive to the utmost degree, nor rendered less so by an evidently assumed expression of audacity, meant to pass for conscious dignity. He came near the table, and remained standing a few moments, till Ludovico, with a deep sigh, removed his hand, and spoke, more as if communing with his own mind than addressing his companion.

"It will not do!" he exclaimed in a tone of despondency; "the train is fired, and I fear me, will spread further than we wot of. He has leagued with Maximilian; the cowardly Florentine is ready to throw himself at his feet; fate opens him a golden path to victory—worse than all—Orleans is on his way to Genoa! Ah! well I know at what prize he is aiming!—Signor Malvezzi, look not so fateful! here alas! even thine art cannot avail me—unless I could send thee to cure the distemper at Asti."

"If in aught I could pleasure your highness"—began the courtier-like physician.

"Talk not of pleasure to me—I am foiled—entangled in the web mine own policy hath helped to weave. I would to heaven, Malvezzi, thou wert as wise a statesman as thou art a skilful leech! thou, at the least, art faithful."

"Hath aught chanced to trouble your grace?"

"All—all—falls out to my discomfort. Look at these packets; they bear me the intelligence that ruin, on every side, is falling upon Naples; yet from my soul I repent me that I prepared that ruin! Charles of France is recovered of his malady—and hastens to consummate my vengeance—yet would the ill-fated project had never been born of my unlucky brain!"

"Has your highness fears of him? Hath he not guaranteed you possession of your dominions?"

"Mostro! what is the word of a king, pledged in purchase of men and treasure, when his desires are fulfilled, and its violation can pleasure an ambitious rela-

tive? Thou know'st the claims of Orleans on the Dukedom of Milan?"

"Trust your fortune, my noble lord—shrink not from distant evils!"

"Never! Malvezzi!" returned the Regent, pushing from him the pile of papers, and rising from his seat. "Yet one step—*one*—ay, and that in my power, could place me higher, and secure my elevation. The investiture of this duchy, granted me by the king of the Romans, will avail nought with the discontented populace, nor with foreign courts, so long—so long—as any can dispute my rights."

"I understand you," replied the physician; "you will soon be undisputed lord of Milan."

"Ha! is my nephew——" gasped, rather than spoke the Regent.

"The malady gains strength apace. There are none but myself to attend him"—answered the other—approaching nearer, and speaking in a whisper—while a glance supplied the horrid meaning to his words.

Sforza could not suppress an inward shudder as his "trustful friend" thus announced the partial success of his villainy; but he quickly mastered the emotion—and said in a low voice—"I fear me, we have been too hasty; the life of a prince, good friend, hath too many watchers to be safely tampered with;—and the Lady Isabel——"

"Think not so lightly of mine art—your highness. Her vigilance hath ample employment;—she has a child——"

"Harm him not—on thy life, I charge thee!" exclaimed Ludovico, catching his arm. "They can be readily disposed of whenever—they are no foes to mine ambition! meddle not with the mother and child!"

"Nay"—said Malvezzi—"I will pledge them health and safe passage from this good city, when the young duke is no more. His days, I warrant me, will not be long—for I know your highness' stratagem. But signify your will—he shall not live till midnight."

"My good Malvezzi," replied Sforza, with a slight ironical emphasis on the adjective, "we are beholden for thy zeal. Could the state boast many servants true as thyself——;" but ere he could finish the sentence, an unwonted tumult without, and the sudden winding of a horn, changed the current of his thoughts. The messenger who had sounded the signal for admittance, after a single blast, began to play an air of victory; the wild and exulting tones of the instrument rang through the silent corridors of the castle, and smote with no welcome music on the ears of its master.

"By our Lady"—ejaculated Sforza—"but I should know that peal! without there—*ho!*"

The summons was speedily answered by the entrance of an attendant, who with a deep obeisance presented a packet; the Regent glanced impatiently at the superscription, tore asunder the silken string that secured its folds, and broke the massive seal, which bore the royal arms of France. Whatever intelligence the letter contained, seemed most distasteful to the reader; it was with deeper paleness on his dark features, that he refolded the packet, and calling his attendants, bade them prepare his train to go forth upon the instant; while he whispered some directions in the ear of Malvezzi.

"To-night?" gasped the bewildered physician—"the King of France in Pavia to-night?"

"This very night! I repeat it"—answered Sforza; "the very fiend hath spurred him from Asti hither—to visit, forsooth, his young cousin the duke, who he has heard, lies ill at ease in this castle; I tell thee, leech, his coming must be provided for! I must forth to meet him—and this moment; be it thy care to prevent his sight of the prince. Shorten the business, if needs be—enough—Charles must not behold my nephew alive! I leave *ALL* in thy hands."

The physician placed his hand on his heart—as if to intimate his sense of the responsibility—and with sullen haste, Ludovico departed. Ere an hour had passed, the principal street of Pavia presented a gay and stirring scene. The King of France, accompanied by twelve chevaliers, the flower of his nobility, entered the city, received with the show of cordial reverence and exulting friendship by the Regent. The young monarch rode a superb Arabian horse, richly caparisoned in the Eastern style, which, with others of the same breed, he had received as a gift from Bajazet the Magnificent. The royal armor was of silver, elegantly wrought by Spanish artificers; it covered his shoulders and breast, but descended not lower than the hips; from the lower border hung small plates of silver, light and easily moved aside, so as to prove no impediment to the rider. He wore a species of helmet of the same metal, the front of which was surmounted by a crown of the purest gold, while the back was turned up. It was closed at the side of the crown by a nail in the form of a star, whose rays were alternately of gold and silver. The upper part of the helmet was divided, and resembled in shape the top of a cardinal's hat. The dress was becoming, and added grace to the deportment of the monarch, who had not been so fortunate as to receive from nature the advantages of a fine figure, or a prepossessing countenance.

At his side rode Brissonet, his favorite, and one of his chief encouragers to the present enterprise. His attire was a strange mixture of the dress of the soldier and the ecclesiastic. He wore a vest of white silk and cloth of gold; a white mantle, fastened on his left shoulder with a rich clasp of gems, was suffered to fall, confined, however, at the waist by a belt embroidered with gold. The sword at his side, the gift of his royal master, was curiously ornamented; and in contrast to the implements of warfare, a cross of gold, attached to a violet ribbon, hung on his breast. In his left hand he carried a small shield, destined it would seem, more for ornament than defence: upon a white field were blended two devices;—one in French had for a motto "*L'humilité m'a exalté*;" the other in Latin, ran thus—"*Dilat servata fides*."

The personage who after Brissonet rode next in the king's train, was of a very different character from the ambitious minister, yet one of no insignificant importance in those days in the equipage of the court—the king's dwarf. He was mounted on a low horse, the trappings of the animal adapted to the figure of the rider, who was arrayed in a doublet of yellow silk, with a square cap of deep red, so formed as not to add even the fraction of an inch to his stature. He had at his side a small flat sword, and a horn not unlike those with which the swine herds of Germany were wont to summon home their charge. His small round eyes, quick in motion and flashing with unusual brilliancy,

added to the effect of his singular figure, his rapid movements and unnatural agility.

Such were the principal personages who divided the attention of the crowd. The train of Charles consisted, as we have mentioned, of twelve Knights completely armed, magnificently adorned according to the taste of that period,—their brilliant armor and decorations shining yet more brilliantly in the beams of the setting sun. Each carried his lance leaning against his side, and rode as if proud of forming the guard of a monarch so illustrious, not less than vain of the addition made by his own figure to the cavalcade.

Nor were the subjects of the duke of Milan destitute of anxiety to receive with becoming respect a sovereign who in reliance on their friendly hospitality, entered their city with so slight an escort, wearing the aspect not of an ambitious superior, but of an equal and cordially. The balconies were thronged with spectators of both sexes, who gazed admiringly on the stately train; and wreaths of flowers were thrown from the windows upon the Knights as they passed. Two files of Italian soldiers, at the head of whom rode the Regent himself, accompanied the royal cavalcade towards the castle; their very horses seemed to have received new spirit from the music and the presence of the multitude, and swept proudly along the street—while the waving of plumes, and the floating of rich mantles, and the glittering of steel, increased the gay splendor of the scene, illumed by the picturesque glory of sunset. All was festivity and exultation in outward show, but the secret minds of the spectators were occupied with other thoughts than those of unmixed admiration and delight. National feelings caused them to look with jealousy upon a sovereign who expected to build his glory on the conquest and devastation of the fairest portion of Italy;—at the moment, the narrow feelings of self-interest, that could shut out sympathy for the misfortunes of a neighboring province, separated by arbitrary lines of division, but heir to the same great inheritance of freedom, were swept away—and many who gazed upon the scene felt as Italians and as men. Nor were those wanting whose penetrating vision discerned the gilded snare into which they were falling; who failed not to foresee the probable consequences of a step which joined them in league with the natural enemies of their country.

Dark and tumultuous were the emotions that thronged the breast of Ludovico Sforza, as he passed at the head of his guards conducting the French monarch to the castle; yet fearful of awakening suspicion, he smothered the expression of his disquiet, and strove to assume an aspect of bland satisfaction; his outward gaiety gloomily contrasting with the apprehensions that had taken possession of his inmost soul. He bowed low and repeatedly in reply to the cheers of the people, but the consciousness of his own purposes made him fancy every eye fixed on him with an expression of distrust. His dress had undergone some alteration; a rich robe of black velvet lined with white and ornamented with ermine about the neck and shoulders, was worn by him in common with the chief nobles of the ducal court, who rode at his side.

Arrived at the castle, the Regent hastened to assist his illustrious guest in dismounting, and welcomed him with ostentatious cordiality. The Knights, both French

and Italian, were immediately on foot, and courteously lowered their lances in honor of their superiors. Then mingling and exchanging military greetings, they followed the prince.

Ludovico led his royal visitor into the magnificent apartments of the palace, which the bustling servitors had already fitted up with unusual splendor for his reception. Tapestries of the finest wool, fringed with gold, covered the walls, and paintings from famous pencils served to relieve the vastness of the lofty ceilings. All the windows were illumined; the torches of pure wax, and the huge lamps of wrought gold, were in a blaze, though darkness had scarcely fallen upon the city. Banners hung from the casements, or streamed from posts in the street; trumpets and cymbals were pealing forth a note of welcome, and the tumultuous tread of guards and serving men, announced the suddenness of the occasion, and their zeal in endeavoring to do honor to the distinguished guest.

The banquet prepared for the king and his chevaliers in one of the halls, bore evidence of the same profusion and magnificence. The massive plate, wrought with the richest devices and designs of art, the pitchers and flasks of gold and of Venetian crystal, the vases of alabaster, exhibiting also the triumphs of the artist—with other articles of table furniture equally splendid and expensive—the cushioned seats hastily covered with furs and velvet, and decorated with flowers, the perfumers and the radiant lights, heightened in dazzling effect by the gorgeous reflection of the mirrors of polished metal,—all were arranged to the best possible advantage by the servitors, themselves of no mean rank, moving under the direction of the major domo. This personage, clad in a black dress, the sleeves of which were garnished with lace ruffles, moved as gravely about his task of superintending the preparations of the board, as if he had the care of sacred vessels or instruments destined to the sacrifice of a hecatomb to the infernal deities.

Sforza performed more gracefully the part of host at the feast; but when it was ended—when the rich and delicate viands, which, brought from remote countries, had lately graced the board, were laid waste in ministering to the soldierlike appetites of the noble guests—he was startled and dismayed to hear the monarch drink the health of his “fair cousin the duke;” and express his desire to be led presently to his chamber, “that he might comfort him with the assurance of a kinsman’s love.” This proposal was doubly disagreeable to the Regent, as it recalled to observation his own subordinate rights, and as it awakened his ever ready apprehensions.

“Let me pray your grace,” urged he, “add not to this day’s fatigues. To-morrow morning we will visit my nephew, who will be better prepared by his night’s slumbers to receive you.”

“To-night,” answered Charles, “we must be far on our march to Piacenza. Nay—noble Sforza, we thank you for your hospitable reluctance to part with us,—but necessity is imperative. Lead on, then, to our cousin’s chamber.”

Far different from the brilliant scene of festivity was that which presented itself in the apartment of the young prince. The rooms occupied by him and his attendants were separated by a narrow gallery from the

rest of the castle; his chamber, the remotest of all, was large and gloomy, its only light during the day admitted through two high stained windows, the heavy folds of the curtains contributing still more to diminish the effect of the feeble rays. At present a sufficient light was afforded by large torches of wax in tall iron candlesticks, that flared in the night wind, which found its way through the ill-constructed casements; while from wood smouldering in the antique chimney, the smoke reeked upwards to the bare and blackened rafters of the roof. Yet notwithstanding the want of neatness or taste displayed in the arrangement of the apartment, and the rude and old fashioned style of architecture, there were traits of magnificence which contrasted strangely with the general want of that appearance of comfort which in modern days the humblest peasant's dwelling would present. There were tapestries of silk too rich to be in keeping with the time worn and massive oaken furniture, on which were wrought pictures, which if not life-like, were vaster and more startling than life; gigantic warriors wielding ponderous axes, with bushy beards and muscular limbs; there were carpets of velvet, and mirrors of steel reflected the light of the torches and the figures on the tapestry. The bedstead was of black oak, its spiral posts ornamented with flowers wrought in gold; it was constructed after a former fashion in a triangular form, the base forming the head and the point serving for the foot. Three columns supported a canopy from which depended fringed curtains, fastened back by brass nails;—the bed itself showed none of the luxury of modern times; a scanty mattress, sheets of muslin, for linen in those days was rare even in the chambers of princes,—and a silken coverlet, completed its furniture. A brazen stand in front, projecting from the wall, supported a bronze candlestick whose torch threw a faint light on the countenance of the princely invalid. The silken coverlet but ill concealed the attenuated proportions of a frame wasted by disease and suffering; and there was a ghastly paleness on his face, which too surely betokened that the springs of life were exhausted. The young duke had fallen into a quiet slumber; so deep and quiet indeed, that but for the occasional stirring of a portion of the light drapery, it might have been deemed a breathless one. The physician Malvezzi, leaned against one of the columns at the foot of the bed, surveying his patient with a look of intense anxiety, which he vainly strove to hide beneath his usual cold and indifferent expression. At a little distance, before a table on which were placed books of devotion, knelt a lady of noble air and figure, yet whose beauty was clouded by sorrow. She was robed in black, not above the middle height, yet her lovely features, combined with their natural aspect of gentleness, an expression of heroic pride that might have been nourished or developed by the unhappy circumstances of her condition. She was not apparently occupied in devotion, but remained kneeling on the cushion, her head bent on her hands, as if engrossed by the most painful reflections. Here in the deep silence that reigned through the apartment could be distinctly heard the festive tumult from the great hall; the echoed laugh of the guests, the bustling of servants, and the music that welcomed the revellers. Isabel raised her head, and glanced uneasily and impatiently around, as the sounds of ill-

timed merriment smote on her ear; at the moment a child, three or four years old, crossed from the antechamber with cautious footsteps, for even infancy had learned consideration for the repose of the sick, and glided to the mother. The tears of the hapless lady flowed afresh as she gazed on the little partner of her anguish, and in convulsive grief she strained the child to her bosom.

Presently an unusual bustle in the courts below, the trampling of horses and the shouts of grooms, announced the departure of the French to be at hand. Malvezzi left his place by the bed, and walked to the window, hoping to hear, if he could not see, what might give him more certain information. But he was soon recalled by a shriek from the Lady Isabel; a frightful change had taken place in the countenance of the invalid; the calm stillness of sleep was replaced by distortion, and a death-like rigidity had settled on the features. The physician poured a few drops from a mixture in one of the phials, and raising the prince's head, administered it; the effect seemed for the moment salutary: the duke opened his eyes, and fixing them on the agonized face of his wife, bending over him, moved his lips as if he would speak, while an expression of gratitude and fondness lighted up for an instant his pale and emaciated countenance.

"Now God be praised!" exclaimed Isabel, clasping her hands, "he knows me once again! The crisis is past. Look up, mine own beloved! that glance brings me health and peace once more! Look up—Giovanni!"

The crisis was indeed past. The powers of nature that had rallied for a last effort, were fast sinking forever. The prince could not again raise his eyes to meet the fond glance of affection; the lids closed heavily, no longer obedient to the will; the breast heaved irregularly once or twice—then a deep calmness settled on the face, where a smile yet lingered—though the struggles of nature were over! Not for many minutes did the knowledge of the fatal truth enter the mind of the bereaved lady. When at length it flashed upon her, not by shrieks or outcries would she disturb the awful solemnity of the scene. Sunk on her knees at the bedside, her lifted hands and tearless countenance gave evidence of the extremity of her woe; yet forgetful of her own sufferings and fate, her lips moved in prayer for the departed. The child awed, though unconscious of its loss, knelt by the side of the mother; and two or three female attendants who had entered from the antechamber, formed a group in the back ground, where they stood in wondering silence.

It was at this moment, when DEATH in his majesty and solemnity was present as it were in bodily form, striking terror to the hearts of the living—that the door opened to admit the King of France, accompanied by Ludovico. Not a movement was produced by this addition to the inmates of the apartment, except on the part of the leech, who gliding with a noiseless step across the room, whispered in the ear of his master.

"Sire," said Ludovico in a low voice to the king, half averting his face at the same time, "a more potent and terrible visitor hath forestalled your highness. The prince has just breathed his last. Will it please you—retire with me?"

Without reply, Charles approached the couch where still knelt Isabel; she rose on perceiving him, whom

she knew to be no other than the monarch, and with dignity that shone through her ineffable grief, extended her hand, which the king took in reverence, while he strove to console her by whispering words of comfort. The Regent hung aloof, for he dared not approach the person of the woman he had so grievously injured. Charles expressed in cordial terms his sorrow and sympathy—offering aught in his power to administer to the comfort of herself and her infant son. Common-place words—prompted by indifferent pity!

"Much—much you might do, sire"—cried Isabel, while the tears that refused to flow at the stroke of anguish, rained from her eyes at the first accent of kindness—"alas! we can do nought for ourselves! The heir of this wide dukedom is a helpless pensioner on the charity of his kinsman; he commands nought in the realm he was born to rule!"

"If—noble madam—you would accept our protection"—

"Not so—gracious sire"—interrupted the lady. "The daughter of Naples needs not that. I will retire to the kingdom of my father. Tell me"—she continued, as Charles gazed on her in evident compassion, "tell me, your majesty—for in the seclusion of these chambers I have learned but little of the affairs of courts—is it true that you are come into Italy for the purpose of driving Alphonsus from his dominions?"

This direct appeal pleased not the king; he prayed the princess to be composed, and not seek to know what might give her pain.*

"Nay then"—she cried—"it is so;—the curse of unholly ambition would make our house its prey—smiting down one victim, even while another lies cold and stricken before it! Oh sire!" she faltered in a voice of agony—"be moved to compassion by woes it is in your power to change to gratitude! Spare him—spare my father—and his people—the family of princes who honor you as the model of chivalry and generosity! Pout not—I beseech you, upon my native land the horrors of war!"

"Lady"—said the monarch, "the determinations of statesmen and kings are not wont to be reversed at a woman's supplication. Nor could I recede with honor from this enterprise, even if I chose!"

"Let his head, then, at least, be sacred to you!" exclaimed the princess—looking up to Charles in earnest appealing anguish; "promise me you will spare my father's life!"

"His person and liberty shall be ever sacred in my eyes," answered the king; "doubly so, since he is dear to Isabel of Arragon. If the destinies grant me success, I will promise you he shall not be without a friend."

"Alas! what would be life to him, stripped of fame and the possessions of his ancestors? But I claim, sire, your promise! Farewell!" and the duchess exchanged kind adieus with the king—though she repelled the timidly offered courtesies of Ludovico, as they separated.

The king of France departed for Piacenza, not un-suspicious of the fidelity of Ludovico to his cause, and of the crimes into which the crafty ambition of the Regent had betrayed him; but he expressed not by word or look his rising dissatisfaction. Nor were the

* Guicciardini states the fact of Isabel's appeal to Charles in behalf of her father.

Milanese nobles without dark surmises concerning the mysterious illness and death of their young sovereign; but if any were disposed to open murmurs, they were silenced by the bold measures of Sforza himself.

On the morrow, at sunrise, the ducal council was convened, when the leading members, at his instigation, declared it improper and impolitic, in those perilous times, to suffer the infant son of Galeazzo to ascend his father's throne; declared it necessary to appoint a sovereign of wisdom and established authority; dispensed with the disposition of the law, for the sake of public safety, and transferred the ducal dignity to the person of the Regent. The announcement of the decree was received with applause by the volatile populace; and when the newly elected prince came forth, invested with the title and ensigns of authority, it was amid the cheers of the multitude, mingled with the music of cymbals and trumpets, that the heralds proclaimed LUDOVICO SFORZA—DUKE OF MILAN.

CHAP. II.

THE FALL.

—Soft—I did but dream!
O coward conscience! how dost thou afflict me!
King Richard Third.

Heaven had decreed that the flame Ludovico had kindled in Italy should at last prove the destruction of its author. The death of Charles VIII, instead of delivering Italy from foreign invasion, raised up to her republics a more formidable adversary in the person of his successor, Louis XII, a sovereign more mature in years, more experienced in military affairs, and, beyond comparison, steadier and more inflexible in his resolutions than his predecessor. That which rendered him terrible in the eyes of Ludovico was his claim to the Duchy of Milan, which claim he professed to derive from his grandmother, Valentine Visconti, who had been given in marriage to the duke of Orleans, when her father, Gian Galeazzo Visconti, was as yet only imperial vicar. However questionable the title thence derived, it was at least equal in right to that by which the family of Sforza held the ducal throne.

The situation of the Duke of Milan presented facilities to the French king for effecting his ruin, which appeared auspicious to the enterprise. Unpopular in the eyes of his subjects, by reason of his usurpation, and odious to many of his nobles on account of the mysterious circumstances of his nephew's death, he had, by a selfish and ambitious policy, by frequent breaches of faith and treaty, rendered the neighboring states his enemies. Venice, incensed at his conduct in the war of Pisa, readily entered into the views of France; they concluded a treaty with Louis, by which they bound themselves to assist in the conquest of Milan, by aiding in its invasion, in return for the promised cession of Cremona and a part of the territory. The Pope had already been secured in favor of the designs of Louis XII;—and, deserted on all sides by pretended friends—assailed by enemies of overwhelming power—looking vainly for protection to sovereigns who despised or detested him—Sforza saw the hour approaching in which he was destined to reap the just fruits of a life of usurpation and perfidy. The sovereign of Germany

was at war with the Swiss; the king of Spain had concluded a friendly treaty with France, in which no stipulations were made in favor of any of the Italian States; Florence was attached to Louis; and though the king of Naples, the descendant of the monarch the duke had so basely injured, promised to lend him assistance in repelling the invader, he well knew such aid must be inefficient, since the kingdom of Frederic was so exhausted by recent struggles that he was unable to provide for his own security. In his extremity Ludovico turned his eyes to the enemies of Christendom, and persuaded the Turkish sultan to attack the republic of Venice; but this diversion in his favor could not turn aside the fate that was pursuing him with hasty strides; nor could all his preparations for resistance retard the moment in which it was to overtake him.

The French, in an incredibly short time completed the conquest of the principal cities of the Milanese territory. Their vigor and ferocity, as well as the swiftness of their marches, struck such terror into the Italian soldiery, that they dared not even show face to the invaders; the people, oppressed with taxes, and disaffected to the usurpation of Ludovico, everywhere received their foreign conquerors with demonstrations of joy. The rapid progress of the enemy terribly alarmed Sforza, who seeing his sovereignty, like a weather-beaten edifice, sinking into ruins, lost at once his prudence and resolution, and had recourse to expedients which, the common refuge of despair, served only to discover the greatness of the danger, without procuring comfort or relief. He ordered a list to be taken of all the men in the city of Milan capable of bearing arms, then summoning a general assembly of the inhabitants, to whom he was odious on account of the taxes—abolished many of the heaviest in their presence, and addressed them in a conciliatory speech. This measure, however, had no effect in stemming the tide of his unpopularity.

On the evening of a beautiful day, the citizens of the capital, occupied in discussing, in separate groups, the new and strange events, the intelligence of which hourly reached their ears—all ordinary affairs having given way before those of more pressing importance—were assembled about the palace and public buildings, partly for the purpose of obtaining more readily any news that might be brought by fresh couriers, and partly with that natural love of congregating which in times of extraordinary excitement, brings men invariably together. It would have been difficult for a stranger, who beheld the faces in this motley assemblage, or listened to the conversation, to surmise the nature of those occurrences that claimed public attention; to surmise that these men, who with careless glee, or wonder, unmixed with dismay, were recounting to each other what they had severally learned—were on the point of becoming the prey of a foreign enemy. It mattered little to this volatile race, impatient of change, by whom they were ruled—Ludovico, or Louis of France. The majority of the giddy populace saw in the prospect of a change of masters a certainty of bettering their condition; and heeded little who was to be arbiter of their fate.

"*Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta.*"—
was the reproach uttered against his native land by a

poet of Italy; but alas! oppressed at home as well as abroad—what choice was left her!

Ludovico was not naturally cruel, but his desire of power had betrayed him into crime, and a narrow and selfish policy had shut him out from the means of retrieving his fortunes; he had lost the good will of the multitude by the unreasonable imposition of burthens, and his efforts to regain their allegiance by concessions only provoked their contempt. In like manner his duplicity and false shows of friendship had secured the enmity and scorn of the neighboring republics, who rejoiced unanimously in his downfall.

The crowd grew denser about the palace as the shadows of night fell over the city; and fresh tumult was presently excited by the arrival of a courier. The citizens thronged eagerly around him to question him of his tidings; but he halted not till he had delivered the despatches, of which he was bearer, into the hands of a guard at the great gate, appointed to convey them to the duke.

The duke sat in his cabinet; the apartment was gloomy, for no lights had yet been brought; but not more gloomy than his own breast, racked by stormy passions, and a prey to disordered apprehensions. A shield, a shirt of mail, and other articles of armor, lay in a recess formed by one of the embrasures; their presence, as they lay in confusion, indicated the troubled state of the times, but far less so than the dark visage and deponent air of Sforza himself. A stupor seemed to have settled on his usually elastic and energetic spirit. He sat gazing fixedly, but vacantly, upon a heap of papers and charts confusedly strewn on the table before him; and though the tumult without, and the trumpets summoning the watch, came to his ears, he seemed as if unconscious of aught connected with the external world. Despatch after despatch, bearing intelligence of unexpected loss, or of the defection of some friend, had arrived in the course of the afternoon; and worn out with agitation and disappointment, Sforza had at length ceased, in the depth of his despair, to contemplate the evils before him.

He was soon, however, sensible of the presence of an intruder; the governor of the castle of Milan, Bernardino da Corte, stood at his side, and presented the despatches brought by the last messenger.

"Read them, good Bernardino, read them and tell us of their import: even ill tidings fall less harshly from thy lips—and alas! all tidings are now ill—for Milan. But I forget me—let the varlets bring lights—without there!" and his summons was speedily answered by the entrance of a squire bearing wax torches.

The governor broke the seals, cut asunder the cord which secured the papers, and proceeded to recount their contents to his prince, who listened in sullen apathy till the reader paused as he glanced at one of the letters.

"Say on," said Ludovico.

"The Count Gajazzo—"

"Ha! the brave count! then here is somewhat to retrieve disaster. What of Gajazzo? Hath he joined his brother?"

"The bridge has been laid, but the count never intended such a junction. He hath leagued with the French!"

"Now God defend me, if what thou sayest be true! Give me the paper!" Rising hastily, the duke snatched

the packet from the governor's hands, and read eagerly, while his eyes glared on it as if they would devour the lines. Then, as the certainty of his favorite's treachery forced itself on him, he let fall the letter, and sank again into his chair.

"Your highness was warned of him."

"True—Bernadino—but who could suspect him? so young, so devoted, so loaded with benefits? Ah! those are the weights that sink me downward! He was jealous of his brother's promotion to the command."

"Here is news that will disturb your highness yet more deeply," said Bernadino, showing a few hurried lines from one of the commanders of the Milanese forces at Alexandria. "Alexandria is lost. Galeazzo himself hath deserted his post, and fled with a party of horse. Pavia hath declared for the foe! I grieve to say it, my lord, but we can no longer hold out this city against the arms of Louis, thus deserted by our confederates."

The duke made no reply, but paced the apartment with rapid strides, apparently laboring to make up his mind to some speedy and decisive resolution. At length he stopped, speaking in a determined tone.

"Let the cardinal remove the young princes this night, to Como. I myself will follow in a few days."

"Your highness—and whither?"

"To Maximilian! From him came the investiture of this Duchy—let him protect the sovereign he has created!" and with a laugh of bitterness, Sforza sat down to the table; with unsteady hands traced a few lines, which he folded, and summoning a servant, delivered the letter into his hands.

"This to the cardinal—my brother Ascanio—with speed—varlet—with speed! Let him see to this—I will speak with him further on the morrow."

Fight was the only resource remaining to the fallen duke; and he was resolved to embrace this last alternative. Germany was open to the fugitive, and thither he despatched his sons, intending soon to claim with them the protection of the Emperor.

The watch was set; and dismissing his minister, the duke retired to his chamber;—flinging himself half dressed upon his couch to seek the repose necessary for his fight on the morrow. But though wearied and harassed in spirit, he wooed in vain the sleep which came unsought to his meanest soldier! The events of past years crowded thickly before him—those years which had only recorded his breaches of trust, and the selfish manœuvres of his policy. He had been ruined by the very measures he had adopted for his aggrandizement: the spells he had labored to weave with so much art, had wrought to his own destruction. Yet he felt not remorse in this moment of partial retribution; disappointed and dismayed he was, but he looked not to his own ambitious selfishness as the cause of all his disasters. He lay wrapped in gloomy reflections, as the occasional flourish of trumpets and the clash of arms without announced the change of the guard—and told that hour after hour was elapsing—bringing nearer the dreaded dawn, in which he was to consummate his misfortunes by the abandonment of his dominions to his victorious enemy! The lights grew paler, and the duke sank gradually into a state of partial unconsciousness, rather than slumber, in which his feverish phantasies were embodied in shape, and present to his excited imagination. The phantom of the

mother of his murdered nephew seemed to rise to his view; her dark hair dishevelled, her eyes flashing fire, her lips uttering imprecations against the destroyer of her son. Then appeared the leering visage of the physician, Malvezzi, the instrument of his atrocious designs—whom the duke had sent to Germany—his face wearing its usual expression of impudent cunning—leading by the hand, with a meaning smile, the hapless youth who had fallen a victim to Sforza's ambition. The ghastly eyes of this apparition were fixed full on the face of Ludovico, who chilled with horror, had no power to avert his gaze. He half sprang, in convulsive agony, from the couch;—he grasped the bed clothing and held it up before him, as if striving to shut out the vision; still those stony and immoveable eyes were upon him, and he felt his heart wither beneath them. Then the three seemed, encircling him, to approach more closely; he almost felt the touch of cold and clammy hands;—shivering with terror, he shrunk backward but had no strength to withdraw from them;—then the near clash of armor, and the hoarse peal of the drum, burst on his ear, and he heard the insulting shouts of Frenchmen—and knew he was about to be delivered, a bound and helpless victim into the hands of his foes, by the superhuman avengers who seemed to have the control of his destiny. Bursting with a mighty effort the spell, which had held his senses in horrid thrall—the duke sprang to his feet; but though now fully awake, strove in vain to collect his faculties. The same sounds he had seemed to hear were still in his ears; the roar of musquetry, distant shouts, and the peal of warlike music. The whole palace was in tumult. Presently the door of the royal closet was burst open with impetuous haste, and a figure strode in—whom the bewildered duke might deem at the moment the avenger of his vision. Crouched helplessly beside the couch, his hands clasped and raised upwards as if imploring mercy—in supernatural terror Ludovico awaited the intruder.

"It is well you are awakened," cried Ascanio—for it was he; "away—for the love of heaven! Away—and for life! Ha, brother! forgive my abruptness—but you have not a moment to lose!"

"What hath chanced?" at length faltered the duke.

"The French are upon us! in this town—beneath these very walls! Hark!" as the heavy sweep of ordnance, and the peal of drums and trumpets came nearer and nearer—"they are coming down the square. They were encamped at sunset within six miles of the city."

Sforza listened in a stupor of dismay.

"Philip del Fresco knew of it! Would to heaven you had never trusted the base traitor!"

"Philip! hath he too betrayed me?" cried the unfortunate sovereign, roused to energy as he heard the name of his most cherished favorite coupled with treachery—"then all is gone! I am ready to depart—but where is the governor? We will not leave this castle the prey of the invaders, without striking a blow in its defence. He can occupy them here, while we make good our retreat."

"Brother," cried Ascanio—"this castle is already surrendered! Bernadino is false! The keys of this impregnable citadel he hath laid already at the feet of the French general."

"Perfidious wretch!" groaned the duke.

"Waste not time in reproaches—there is no safety but in instant flight! The people welcome the enemy—we must begone through the darkness, and escape by the private postern. Tarry not for garniture, or leave-taking—away!"

Sforza left the palace hastily under the guidance of his brother; they joined in a place of concealment a small body of infantry and men at arms, and accompanied by the only true servants in all his court, the Cardinal de Este and Sanseverino, the fallen sovereign set out on his midnight flight. As he threaded with his companions the narrow streets of Milan, he heard the warlike music and the exulting shouts of the victorious French, who had thus won the capital without strife; but those sounds thrilled him not with anguish and mortification, as did the insane and riotous delight of the Milanese populace, receiving their conquerors with tumultuous acclamations. Breathing a malediction on the heartless rabble, the duke pursued his way till without the walls of a metropolis, where his reign was at an end; when his party, perceiving a group of French soldiers in the vicinity, approached and prepared to give them battle. Their leader, however, prevented any movement of hostility—and riding up to Ludovico, saluted him with ostentatious courtesy.

"Traitor!" cried the duke, who recognized in the faint light the faithless Count Gajazzo—"darest thou address thine injured master?"

"Nay—good your highness," returned the count, "since it is your princely pleasure to leave your hapless subjects, it were but just they should have liberty to transfer their allegiance to the successor of your highness. A noble one have you chosen in the royal Louis; I commend your selection—and trust me, will do my best to honor the choice. Fair sirs—good even!" and bowing till his plume touched his horse's neck, the count rode back to his troop.

Before Sforza could give vent to the boiling rage the cruel insolence of his revolted servant roused in his breast, he was hurried on by his companions, who would risk no skirmishes in their pressing peril. They reached Como, eighteen miles distant, before daybreak—whence they were rowed as far as Bellagio. The beauty of the lake, illuminated by the beams of the rising sun, and shadowed by the steep mountains that embosomed it, sleeping in its calm loveliness—the deep rich green of the foliage, and the golden glory of the morning—the lively appearance of the numerous small fishing boats shooting here and there over the bright waters—formed a scene that contrasted painfully with the mood of the fugitives.

The duke proceeded to Bornio, his way lying through all the towns where, but a short time before, in the height of his prosperity and glory, he had entertained Maximilian so magnificently, who at that time, had more the appearance of an officer in the Venetian service, than of a king of the Romans. Now, crownless and landless, Ludovico re-entered the cities that had witnessed his triumphs, pursued by a victorious enemy, and by the troops of the traitor Gajazzo, who hung on his footsteps till he reached the borders of the Emperor's dominions.

Thus was the downfall of the artful and ambitious prince, so rapid and complete, prepared by his own

crimes. And when, after tedious and weary months of hope and disappointment, at the court of Maximilian, fortune seemed once more to smile on him—when by use of the treasures he had preserved, he had succeeded in levying an army of Burgundian and Swiss mercenaries, and had nearly recovered his Duchy—recalled by the voice of the fickle people—when he was once more about to taste the cup of prosperity, it was unexpectedly dashed from his lips. The Swiss bands in his service, finding his treasures exhausted, mutinied, and sold his person into the hands of the French—abandoning him in spite of promises, tears and prayers, on the very eve of success! Disguised in the habit of a Swiss private sentinel, as the last chance for escape, he passed through the French army in military order with the rest. Here a fearful retribution overtook him;—as he passed the last battalion, his bosom beating high with hope, and apparently unknown to all—his steps were arrested by a vision of terror, scarce less appalling than those conscience often summoned to his nightly couch; for the voice of MALVEZZI, sounding in his ears like that of the accusing demon, startled him from his fancied security.

"Ha—mine ancient patron! is it thus we meet?"

From Germany the physician had returned to his own country, to find patronage among the conquering French. His recognition of his master was fatal to the unfortunate duke, thus filling the measure of punishment. Ludovico was seized and conducted to the French King at Lyons; an object of wonder and pity to the spectators, who read in his fate a humiliating lesson on human grandeur. Refused admission to the presence of Louis, the remaining years of his miserable life were passed in a foreign prison; a narrow dwelling for the man whose thoughts and ambition all Italy was scarce sufficient to circumscribe!

MISFORTUNE.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

There is nothing we gain without toil and trouble,
Possession is sadden'd by pain,
And thousands are dup'd with the gleam of a bubble,
Which bursts to entice them again.
'Tis proven by Time and Experience's test,
That he who's the same in misfortune and mirth,
Is only the blest
Of the children of earth.

When the world shall grow cold, and the touches of
sorrow
Shall wither the cords of the mind,
And the fancy evokes all the ills of the morrow
To its own real interests blind,—
There is yet in our power a subject to cheer,
Which pours the sweet balm o'er the wounds of the
heart,
Which dries up the tear
When 'tis ready to start.

In the storm's fearful hour when the mountainous billow
Is dashing in wildness along,

When the north wind has risen in might from his pillow,
And peals forth his terrible song—
The sailor may see with his intellect's eye
The Being who tash'd the deep sea into foam,
And calmly rely
On his mercies to come.

Then shame on the man who when pain is in power,
Shall yield to the ills of to-day—
To-morrow may bring back the sun to the bower
Which now droops because he's away!
Amid the wild storm which a moment unchained
Sweeps far o'er the breast of the perilous wave,
The plank when attain'd
May snatch from the grave!

THE PERILS OF PASSION.

BY HORATIO KING.

"Your sorrows are self-bought, and you may reap
The iron harvest that your hand has sown."

"We have strange news to-night, Julia," said Henry Lee, one evening, addressing his wife.

Henry had just returned from the village; and his countenance betokened that something unusual had occurred.

"What—what news, Henry?" inquired Julia, with some surprise.

"The death of our friend Adams."

"Adams! is James Adams dead? I saw him in apparent good health this morning; what can have caused his death so suddenly?—a fit—a fall—or a duel, perhaps."

"No, neither," replied Henry; "he put an end to his own existence immediately after dinner. His body was found suspended in the chamber of his store at four o'clock."

"Poor man! yesterday his goods were attached; is not his failure in business the supposed cause of this dreadful act?"

"Yes; he left a note, in which he said that he had lost all, and preferred death rather than a life of poverty and disgrace."

"But the fortune promised him by his uncle at Hartford, would have made him independent. Was he not sure of that large estate, at the demise of Mr. Harwood?"

"He was. But he was this morning informed of the death of his uncle. With this intelligence, came also the report that the property had all been willed to his uncle's attorney and particular friend, Mr. Lawson. It was too much—he gave way to the feelings of despair, and committed the fatal deed, without once reflecting that the sun of prosperity might again shine upon him. Had he waited even until now, he would never have been guilty of the awful crime of self-murder; for a letter from his agent in Hartford, received this evening, contradicts the unfavorable report of this morning, and states that Mr. Harwood is recovering from a severe attack of the fever, which had threatened to prove fatal. His uncle had willed him the sum of two hundred thousand dollars."

"We are then left to our own meagre resources," said Julia; "Adams' promised aid will never be realized."

"What aid?" asked Henry, hesitatingly—for he saw in the countenance of Julia a look of disappointment.

"You know it was not for love that I married you, Henry. You have not forgotten that James Adams influenced me to accept your hand. He promised, when he should be possessed of his uncle's immense estate, to furnish me with the means of living in affluence, notwithstanding your poverty. That alone overcame my objections to be your wife," said Julia peevishly.

Henry was struck with astonishment. It is true, he had not always lived on the happiest terms with his wife—having before frequently discovered in her signs of dissatisfaction. Attributing this misfortune, however, more to poverty than the want of affection, which he supposed was only overclouded in consequence of his unsuccessful endeavors to acquire an easy competency, he suffered it in silence. But, to be thus saluted by a wife he sincerely loved, and at such a time too, was calculated to produce in his mind most disagreeable reflections; it was as the funeral knell of his earthly happiness. What—thought he—has it come to this! In two short years, have I thus been brought to experience what, but yesterday, I confidently believed could never be my lot to suffer!

"Julia," said he sternly, "I am astonished! What means this sudden outbreak against your husband? Have I deserved this treatment from you? Do you thus requite my kindness and love?"

"Poverty! poverty! poverty!" responded Julia, with a contemptuous look; "we are doomed to live in poverty. Had you the spirit of a man, there would be some reason to hope that the time might come, when we should not be pointed at as the poorest family in the neighborhood."

"Julia," said the husband, "I have heard enough. You have inflicted a wound on my feelings that I fear never will be healed. This moment would I give worlds, could the scenes of this day prove to be but a dream! I can bear the buffetings and the frowns of a cold and selfish world without; but domestic bickerings and quarrels are too much for me. How often have you heard me declare, that I never would permit this destroying spirit to enter the circle of my domestic life. Alas! it even now threatens to drive me mad!—me—a father, too! Behold that innocent one—she, who has scarcely reached the age of one year—dependent upon us for protection—for life! And shall we suffer ourselves to be torn asunder, and disgraced forever, by our own folly—nay, crimes! Julia, it cannot be. Talk of poverty! But for me, long since would you have been a beggar in the streets."

"Say what you will, Henry, you are the cause of all my unhappiness," continued Julia, covering her face; "and were I free from you, with my own hands would I obtain the means of securing to myself the pleasures of society. Enough have I seen of your incapacity, and of your want of interest in all that renders life agreeable. I will bear it no longer. Would to Heaven, that the scenes, not only of to-day, but of the last two years of my life, were a dream! Widowhood were preferable to my present condition!"

Julia stopped suddenly—for on casting around, she perceived herself no longer in the hearing of her husband. He had taken his hat and overcoat, and left the house precipitately, with a determination never to enter its walls again.

The night was an unhappy one to Julia; for it required but little reflection to convince her that her conduct was most unbecoming and cruel toward her husband—though it afforded him no sufficient apology for hastily abandoning her, as he did. She knew also, that his disposition would not allow him readily to grant her forgiveness, even were it in her power to ask it.

On the following morning, a hat, supposed to be Henry Lee's, was found near the margin of the river, in the town of —, in which he resided, at the distance of about twenty miles from Hartford, (Conn.) Search was now immediately made for him; every part of the river in the vicinity was closely examined, and persons were despatched to the neighboring towns, in the hope that possibly he might yet be among the living. This hope was cherished with the more confidence, from the fact that he had always appeared to view the act of self-murder with great horror. Julia, though suffering severely for her own ill-conduct, and filled with fear, could not believe that he had committed suicide. The conclusion, however, in the public mind was, that Henry Lee was dead; and his death, accompanied with the supposed circumstances attending it, was announced in the papers.

Time passed on. Julia, for several weeks, still entertained hopes that her husband would return to her. She felt, indeed, that she could not leave this world, without first hearing, from his own lips, the word of pardon. But hope finally ceased to administer to her any relief; and she was compelled not only to look upon herself as a widow, but almost as the murderess of her husband! What remorse—what sorrow did she feel! She awoke from disturbed and frightful slumbers in the morning, only to realize the depth of her grief, in sensible and sober reflection. She could now see what happiness was, from experiencing the extremes of misery. Bitterly did she repent that she had reproached her husband for his poverty, when in comparatively happy circumstances—for she saw before her a scene only of want—a life of wretchedness.

We pass over a few years in the life of this unhappy woman, without detailing the many instances of pain which she experienced. Her path was beset with troubles and sorrow, and the messenger of death often seemed about to deliver to her the last summons.

* * * * *

We turn to a more pleasant part of the picture.—It was in the year 17—, when a gentleman, far advanced in years, rode up to the miserable dwelling of Julia Lee in a costly and splendid carriage. On knocking at the door, it was opened by a young Miss, apparently about ten years of age, who invited him to walk in. He accepted the invitation, and at once made known the object of his visit. He had heard of the wretchedness of the poor woman and her daughter. He had come to afford them relief. His first request was, that the mother should allow him to take her daughter, Mary, and call her his own child. His next was, that she should herself accompany them to his

residence in Hartford, and consider herself at home in his family during the few remaining years of his life.

Julia consented—though not without some hesitancy, and a secret apprehension that all would not prove right.

They reached Hartford just at sunset. The evening was enchantingly delightful; and, in spite of all the causes of her unhappiness, Julia felt invigorated from the ride, and a secret joy stole through her heart at witnessing with how much pleasure her daughter relished this, to her, novel mode of exercise and amusement.

"This is my house," said the old gentleman, as he reined his horse up to a magnificent mansion on — street, near the centre of the town.

The truth at once burst upon the mind of Julia. She had seen the house before; it had, in her happier days, been pointed out to her by her friend Adams, as his uncle's. She could not be mistaken;—it was even so. She had time only to raise her heart in thanks to God for His goodness, before she and her daughter were welcomed into the house by Mr. Harwood and his not less kind and benevolent wife.

With that night came more happiness to the bosom of Mrs. Lee, than she had experienced for a long, long time before. Hunger and want disturbed not her repose—and her pillow was no longer a pillow of straw. But for the remembrance of the unpleasant scenes of the past, she would have been happy indeed. But the past could not be blotted from her mind. Her reflections, however, were those of a repenting heart; and most devoutly and sincerely did she pray to be pardoned for the faults, which had already brought upon her so much wretchedness. She felt a secret assurance that she was forgiven.

She was awake in the morning by the voice of her daughter, who, with joyous countenance, was eagerly calling her attention to the ornaments of the room, and the happy contrast between their present and former condition. "Oh, how happy should we be, mother," said she, "if my dear father were here! Would he not come, mother, if he knew we lived in so pretty a place? I am sure he would. Can you not send for him, mother?"

Mrs. Lee could not repress her tears. "Do you not know, my daughter, that your father is dead? We can never see him again;" answered the mother.

"But we will be happy now, mother. I am sure I would not weep—for you have wept enough. I will work for you, and be a good girl, mother. This kind old gentleman will take care of us."

The little girl was correct in the belief that the old gentleman would provide for them; for he proved a guardian to them, indeed. They all soon became warmly attached to each other; and Mr. Harwood was every day strengthened in the opinion, that he had extended the aiding hand in the right direction. He immediately placed Mary at school, where she made great progress. Mrs. Lee had not neglected the moral and intellectual improvement of her daughter; and the superior advantages now secured to her for acquiring a finished education, were highly appreciated by both. In the course of a few years, during which time nothing unusual transpired in the history of the family, Mary found herself esteemed one of the most accomplished

young ladies in her circle of acquaintance. She was particularly partial to the study of the French, and frequently expressed the wish that she might become a perfect scholar in that language. Mr. Harwood narrowly watched the disposition and inclination of his adopted daughter. He saw with peculiar pleasure her love of knowledge, and witnessed her extreme anxiety to become mistress of her favorite study. He soon determined to place her in a situation, where her wishes could not fail to be gratified. He had a brother-in-law, named Jeffreys, who resided in France,—having married a French lady, and adopted that country as his permanent residence. In choosing France for his home, he chose its language also, and soon nearly ceased to speak his own. Mr. Harwood at once made arrangements to place Mary under his protection. She had now reached the age of seventeen, when he communicated to her the object he had in view. She received the proposition with much joy. Though warmly attached to home, she nevertheless entertained the idea that it would be a very pleasant thing to visit France, aside from the advantages afforded of perfecting herself in the French language.

Arrangements being completed, Mary took her departure for Paris. On the voyage, which was a long and tedious one, she more than once wished herself safely in the arms of her mother. Her courage, however, did not entirely forsake her; and she finally reached the end of her journey without experiencing any serious difficulties. She was kindly received by Mr. Jeffreys, who had been apprised of her intended visit.

She now pursued her studies under the direction of one of the most popular teachers in Paris—devoting her attention more particularly to the acquisition of the language of the country. She was also much aided in her pursuit, by the son of Mr. Jeffreys, whose qualifications enabled him to be of great service to her. But a few months had passed, before she found herself prepared to speak the language quite fluently; and the pleasure she derived from conversing with young Jeffreys, and others with whom she became acquainted, tended greatly to relieve her mind from the depression she frequently experienced, in reflecting on the distance which separated her from her home and dearest friends.

About two years had elapsed since her arrival in France, when Mary received a letter from her mother, earnestly desiring her to return home. She was sitting at the open window of the parlor, perusing this letter, when a man, miserably clad, and with dejected countenance, came toward her—and, addressing her in broken French, humbly begged a morsel of bread to save himself from starvation. Her heart was open to the petition, and his request was at once granted. Observing him to be an Englishman, and anxious to learn what misfortune could have reduced him to so miserable a condition, she addressed him in her own tongue, and invited him into the house.

"Sir," said she, "you are a stranger in these parts, I presume; what calamity can have brought you to so wretched a condition?"

"I am what the world may well call a son of misfortune," he replied; "many a dark cloud has hovered over my path, and many a storm, which has nearly

proved my entire destruction, have I encountered. I have sought rest in various undertakings, in which others seemed to experience it; but sought in vain. I despair of ever realizing it, until the past shall be irrevocably buried in oblivion."

"It cannot be that your character is stained by crime, and that you are fleeing from the hand of justice!" exclaimed Mary, with surprise. "If so, we have no protection for you here. Explain yourself," said she, "or we shall be obliged to call the police."

"I am guilty of a great offence," replied the poor beggar; "but I flee from no human hand of justice. The upbraidings of my conscience alone, are what most disturb me, and what I would most wish to be relieved of. Would that it were in my power to heal the wound that I, a long time ago, inflicted in the heart of her whom I solemnly swore to protect, defend, and support, before all others! But the deep, dark gulf of death forever separates us! Poor girl! she sunk in sorrow to the grave, with no one to soothe the aching heart—hastened to her end, it may be, by the very want of the necessities of life to sustain her! And her sweet infant too must have soon followed her!—a daughter, who would have been our comfort and solace through life! Oh the danger—the fatal results of passion! She reproached me for my poverty—she earnestly affirmed that she would be happier without me! With wounded pride, jealous, and filled with passion, I hastily abandoned her. I purposely refused myself time for reflection, before embarking for a distant land, where I well knew I should be beyond the knowledge of all who should seek me! Nay, I took especial pains to create the impression that I had put an end to my existence. But a few months after—having determined to return to her—I heard incidentally that she had died under that awful impression! The circumstances were related in a journal which fell into my hands at the time; and though names were withheld, I was convinced I could not be mistaken. I then dared not return; and sought to banish the recollection of the subject, by constantly searching for new objects to interest and absorb my attention. I have travelled the world over; but life itself has been constantly a burden to me. I have lost all hope of ever bettering my condition. I am indeed far more miserable than even my appearance indicates. No, lady, I flee from the pursuit of no living being; for no punishment can be more severe than that I have already suffered."

"But where," eagerly inquired Mary, "is your native place?"

"I am an American," he replied; "and proud am I of my country—though I expect never to return to it."

"From what part of America are you?" she continued—more and more interested in his history.

"The town of ———, in the state of Connecticut. My father was a poor man; and my wife, who before our marriage, was usually designated as the 'accomplished Julia,' died before she attained the age of maturity."

"And your name is——"

"Henry Lee."

"My father! my father!" she exclaimed, "behold your own daughter before you! I am not deceived—it is my father!"

She was on the point of throwing herself into his arms, when he arose to meet her, anxiously inquiring:—

"Mary, my child! Can it be possible that you live to witness the sorrow and misery of your wicked father! Oh, I discover in you now the image of your own poor mother! Tell me—how came you here? What breeze of fortune hath borne you onward to so favorable a condition? Oh, my wife! would to heaven I could call thee to life again!" he exclaimed, weeping and sobbing most bitterly.

"Stay, father!—she lives! she lives!" cried Mary. "My own dear mother still lives to bless you!"

"What! Julia—my wife? still lives! Gracious heaven! may I dare to meet her! Oh lead me—yes—lead me before her. I deserve no favor from her; but she knows I was not alone to blame—and she will forgive me—yes, she will forgive me!"

"Oh, I bless the fortune that has brought us together!" said Mary. "Compose yourself, my father—and you shall soon know all. Mother still resides in Connecticut. We were wretchedly poor and needy; but a good old gentleman, by the name of Harwood, came one day and took us to his home in Hartford, where she is invited to remain so long as he lives. It is by his kindness and generosity also that I am here pursuing my studies. I was preparing to return—having, the moment you accented me, received a letter from my mother, desiring me to embark for home immediately."

"The poor man was nearly overcome at so unexpected a meeting—with intelligence at once so gratifying, and the prospect of being again united to the bosom companion of his early days.

No time was now lost. The next packet that sailed, took the father and daughter to the shores of their own native country and home. And here let me remark, that on leaving, Mary failed not to give young Jeffreys a most pressing invitation to visit America at as early a day as his engagements would permit.

I need not describe the meeting of the long separated husband and wife. Suffice to say, it was affecting in the extreme. Each felt to have been most in the wrong—each begged most earnestly to be forgiven by the other. The day was one of mutual congratulation and joy; and that night were their hearts unitedly raised to God in humble and sincere prayer for the pardon of all their misdeeds—for His protection against the unhappy consequences of passion—and for His constant guidance and blessing.

In less than one year from that time, Mr. Harwood and his aged companion were both called to their reward in Heaven; and Mary Lee, his adopted and only child, came into possession of his immense estate, subject only to an annuity to her parents, sufficient to ensure them a comfortable and affluent support while living.

Mary's invitation to young Jeffreys was accepted. His visit was one of unusual interest to him, and not less so to her, whose hand he came to solicit. They were united: and blessings ceased not to attend them. They avoided THE PERILS OF PASSION, by attending to the voice of wisdom, "whose ways," in the beautiful language of Scripture, "are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are peace."

ERNEST MALTRAVERS:

By the Author of "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," "Rienzi," &c. &c. In two volumes. New York. Harpers & Brothers. 1837.

The inexhaustible fountain of Mr. Bulwer's genius continues to pour out upon the literary world its beautiful effusions. Its waters seem as pure and limpid as the mountain stream, and sweet as the honey of Hymettus. But alas! those who drink of them too deeply, I fear will find them poison to the soul!

Among the writers of the present day, there are none who have a stronger hold upon the public taste than Edward Lytton Bulwer. Even on this side of the Atlantic, his productions are eagerly sought after by every class of readers. He has something to fascinate all; love-sick scenes for love-sick girls and amorous boys; fashionable life for modish gentlemen, who look to an English novel as "a glass wherein to dress themselves;" heroic achievements for gallant and romantic youth; profound reflection for the philosophic mind, and intimate knowledge of human life for the man of the world. Withal, the incidents of his tales have often the deepest interest, though the plot is not always without objection; and they are conveyed in a style, which though by no means faultless, is often brilliant and always vigorous and striking.

It is a sad thing that such uncommon powers should be so much misapplied. There is no man more capable than Mr. Bulwer of bringing efficient aid to the cause of virtue; none who could more powerfully inculcate a sublime morality; none who could more successfully penetrate the recesses of the heart, and expose its wicked workings, and its deceitful imaginings; none who could more beautifully portray the loveliness of virtue, or make vice more ugly. What an ally to a school of Ethics! Even our instructors in the pulpit would scarcely decline the aid of such an auxiliary. While the professors of moral philosophy, instead of imbuing the mind with practical wisdom, lose themselves in the mazes of metaphysics, and the preacher of the gospel, intent only on its mysteries, neglects the inculcation of those moral precepts which it was mainly designed to sustain and enforce, the talented novelist "would come to the rescue." Holding the mirror up to nature, he would shew to vice its deformity, and win over converts to virtue by her attractive graces. He would pursue the wicked through all their deceitful windings, trace them through every doubling, and penetrate and expose their base and ignoble motives. He would make meanness blush—abase the selfish—unmask the hypocrite, and detect the cheat. He would appal the gambler, disgust the gross voluptuary with himself, and wither the seducer with the sight of his unhappy victims. On the other hand, his genius

would give new charms to virtue. His pen would teach a sublime morality. It would elevate the soul by examples of nice honor, noble disinterestedness, heroic sacrifices, and a manful triumph over the passions. It would hold up for our imitation, a purity without spot or blemish, a generous philanthropy, and all the gentler affections united to the severer virtues. Such are the elevated paths in which the novelist should tread. They lead to a renown not unworthy of the ambition of any man. The benefactor of his race is best entitled to the wreath of glory. If he who makes a blade of grass to grow where none had grown before, called forth the praise of one deeply versed in the philosophy of life, what language can convey the admiration which is due to him, who makes not a single virtue only spring up in the waste of the human heart, but eradicates every noxious plant, and sows thick the seeds of moral excellence.

History has been said to be philosophy teaching by example: and fictitious history, if true to nature, has scarcely less claim to this exalted praise, than the faithful annals of the most philosophic historian. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the sober narration of actual events teaches half so effectually as the scenes of the drama, or the vivid creations of the novelist. How full of horror are the crimes of Richard, when blazoned by the genius of a Shakspeare! In the history we read the story of the monarch's crimes, but in the drama we behold the hellish workings of a demonic spirit.

But however qualified Mr. Bulwer may be for the office of *censor morum*, and however great the services he might render, as the apostle of truth and virtue, by a proper direction of his acknowledged abilities, it cannot be denied that there is much in his writings the tendency of which is directly and grossly immoral. I do not speak of the want of what is usually called "poetical justice;" I do not here complain of his preference for fictions, which terminate "with the affliction of the good and the triumph of the unprincipled;" I do not insist that he should violate the ordinary occurrences of human life, which often exhibit virtue in distress and vice in prosperity; though the instructor of manhood would naturally prefer so to cast his plot, and to mould his fable, as to give to merit its due, and to vice its condign punishment; but I impute to Mr. Bulwer the fostering of vice by exhibiting it in the most alluring colors—by softening down its revolting features, and taking off the odium which it always should inspire; and notwithstanding the beautiful moral sentiments which are scattered through his works, I will venture to affirm that no young man rises from the perusal of his last novel, without a consciousness that certain vices seem to him more venial than before. No young lady—nay, no mar-

ried lady ought ever to read such productions. They defile the mind of lovely and innocent woman. They introduce into that mind, impure and indelicate images of which it never would have dreamed, and with which it should never become familiar. Say that it is true to nature: shall he who caters for the public, and mainly for the female public, fill his pages with what is vicious or disgusting, under the plea that it is natural? What apology is it for introducing us into a brothel, that the revolting scenes are delineated with truth? "Is everything that is natural to be represented on the stage?" asked Voltaire, in reference to the vulgarities of Shakspeare—illustrating his remark at the same time by an allusion as coarse and as vulgar as those of the author whom he criticised. By no means. He who selects an *improper subject*, which in its development must bring a burning blush upon the modest cheek, is worthy of all censure. To say the least, it is in wretched taste. What cannot decently be read by a gentleman to a lady, is not fit to be read by either, and especially by the latter. Good sense, therefore, will promptly reject whatever is impure, nor soil its pages with a tale equally offensive to modesty and taste.

But "the head and front" of Mr. Bulwer's offending hath not this extent only. The whole force of his genius is sedulously employed in softening down the ugliness of vice. His favorite object seems to be to lessen our abhorrence of crimes, by exhibiting them in connection with eminent qualities. Vice, thus associated with elevation of character and exalted virtues, is forgotten or forgiven in our admiration of *them*; and our principles are undermined by the love of virtue itself. The great moralist has said,—and truly said,

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

But Mr. B. is not content to leave the success of vice to the mere influence of habit. The crimes of his heroes are redeemed by resplendent qualities, and the genius of the writer wins our pity for villains, who should rouse our indignation. The instances of this predilection are not unfrequent in the works of Mr. Bulwer. Take the character of Reginald Glanville, the real hero of Pelham, who begins life with seduction, and well nigh ends it with murder and the gallows. Yet withal he is a most interesting character, and excites our admiration and sympathy. Take Eugene Aram. What laborious efforts to clothe that felon with all the inspiration of genius, with the acquisitions of the scholar, and the sentiments of a man of virtue, while he delights by his intelligence, and is invested with all the graces of a fine exterior and prepossessing manners! Who

risks from his history without a sigh for his fate? Who reads the catastrophe without sympathy for the murderer? And are these sentiments which should be cultivated by the wise and good? Would Mr. Bulwer desire to diminish the odium against crime, and to eradicate the ingenuous revolvings of the heart from deeds of infamy? Would he break down the barriers between virtue and vice, and teach the rising generation, who pore over his speculations by the midnight lamp, to look upon those barriers as erected by the false prejudices of society? If he would not, let him no more introduce to us the most corrupting vices in the most alluring guise. Above all, let him not assail human virtue in its weakest point. Let not his tales furnish apologies for an offence, to which the passions, though unprompted, too naturally lead. He seems to have flattered himself,* that his works have at least had a tendency to divert the young from the imitation of the villains of the Byron school, by the examples which he sets before them. Speaking of Pelham, he says, "it contributed to put an end to the satanic mania—to turn the thoughts and ambition of young gentlemen without neckcloths, and young clerks who were sallow, from playing the corsair and boasting that they were villains." He seems to be content to have multiplied crime by diminishing its intensity; for let him be assured that there is not one who will play the corsair for ten thousand who would be seduced by the imposing character of Ernest Maltravers, and by the alluring scenes of illicit love, which are spread before their eyes in the pernicious work, the title of which stands at the head of this article. "The satanic mania" will always find a salutary check in the terrors of Jack Ketch; but the Lovelaces, and the Lotharios, and the Maltravers' will riot without a compunctious visitation, when even the restraints of public opinion are withdrawn, and illicit love has ceased to inspire for the shameless culprits, the just indignation of every virtuous mind.

It is my purpose to offer some remarks upon the adventures of Maltravers; not indeed from the critic's chair, Mr. Editor, for I am no critic. I am a plain old man—bred up in the simple manners of the "Old Dominion," where seduction is heard of only in romances, and conjugal infidelity may be said to be unknown. Her judicial decisions, from the revolution to the present day, have not the blot of a single case of crim. con.; and unless our manners are corrupted by foreign romances, or our own home manufacture of the like pernicious stuff, we may hope to retain for generations to come, a purity which has never been surpassed in any age or nation.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS is one of the last works of Mr. Bulwer. The hero is a young man of the

Norman line, with all the pride of that noble race, and all the virtuous aspirations of well bred and well educated youth. Mr. Bulwer draws his character for the reader in his prefatory address. "He is a man with the weaknesses derived from humanity—with the strength that we inherit from the soul; not often obstinate in error, more often irresolute in virtue; sometimes too aspiring, sometimes too despondent; influenced by the circumstances to which he yet struggles to be superior, and changing in character with the changes of time and fate; but never wantonly rejecting those great principles, by which alone we can work out the science of life,—a desire for the good, a passion for the honest, a yearning after the true."

Justice is not done, however, to the character of Maltravers by this general outline. He is represented in the work as of a noble and commanding presence; his spirit resolute and intrepid, his manners fascinating and graceful. His character is decidedly intellectual; his mind highly cultivated, his tastes refined, his conversation brilliant and profound, and his aspirations are all for literary renown, or the noble distinction of a great, a pure and disinterested statesman. His love of virtue is deep-seated and pervading; his principles elevated and noble, his tendencies decidedly religious; while his firmness and decision forbid the fear of vacillation, either from infirmity of temper or the seductions of the passions. He is indeed certainly not the creature of feeling,—by no means particularly susceptible. Except in his *liaison* with Alice Darville, (which by the way is wholly at variance with his character, as afterwards developed,) he exhibits little of the ardor of youth in his intercourse with the sex. He is on the other hand rather cold and fastidious, either from pride, insensibility, or devotion to higher objects, and difficult of conquest, though the favorite of the fair.

From such a character, we should scarcely have expected, in his very outset, the grossest violations of that virtue after which he is represented as so anxiously yearning—yet the author plunges him at once into guilt. He had been educated at Göttingen, in obedience to his own whim, and was returning to a kind and indulgent father, in the north of England. He travels on foot, and finds himself benighted on a wild and desolate common. He makes for a light which proceeds from an humble cottage, whose only inmates are a ruffian, with his beautiful daughter, a girl of fifteen. The offer of a guinea for a guide, and the exposure of his watch excite the cupidity of the villain, who urges him to spend the night there. He consents, but the daughter takes occasion to warn him as she retires, that he would be robbed and murdered. A scene ensues, which reminds one of a similar incident in the history of Ferdinand Count Fathom. The doors are locked, the keys remo-

ved, and escape seems impossible. His young proteegee, however, steals the key and releases him. He flies and arrives on the confines of the nearest town, whither also the fair Alice had made her escape from her infuriated father. He takes her under his protection, hires a cottage and an old female domestic—instructs his proteegee in music and *morality*, and procures for her a teacher in other branches of education. Her improvement is most rapid in music, *morality*, *religion*. Some months elapse and he perceives the hazard of their situation. He proposes to place her in some respectable family. Distressed at the thought of separation, she faints—she is revived—he whispers love—his principles give way, and “she loses caste forever in the eyes of her sex.” Such are the first scenes in this reprehensible work. It commences, with a guilty connexion, which the author endeavors, but in vain, to palliate and excuse. The vestibule itself is foul, though filled with images seductive to youth, and designed for their attraction.

When first introduced, Alice is represented as most lamentably ignorant.

“Her countenance was beautiful, nay even faultless, in its small and childlike features, but the expression pained you—it was so vacant. In repose it was almost the expression of an idiot, but when she spoke or smiled, or even moved a muscle, the eyes, color, lips, kindled into a life which proved that the intellect was still there, though but imperfectly awakened.”

Her ignorance would be pronounced to be exaggerated beyond belief, had we not Mr. Bulwer's assurance, that the picture is taken from the life. Here it is—

“Poor child! in what a den of vice you have been brought up?”

“Aman, sir.”

“She don't understand me. Have you been taught to read and write?”

“Oh no!”

“But I suppose you have been taught, at least, to say your catechism—and you pray sometimes?”

“I have prayed to father not to beat me.”

“But to God?”

“God, sir, what is that?”

“Maltravers drew back, shocked and appalled. Premature philosopher as he was, this depth of ignorance perplexed his wisdom. He had read all the disputes of schoolmen, whether or not the notion of a Supreme Being is innate; but he had never before been brought face to face with a living creature who was unconscious of a God. After a pause he said—

“My poor girl, we misunderstand each other. You know that there is a God.”

“No, sir.”

“Did no one ever tell you who made the stars you now survey—the earth on which you tread?”

“No.”

“And have you never thought about it yourself?”

“Why should I? What has that to do with being cold and hungry?”

Maltravers looked incredulous. “You see that great building with the spire rising in the starlight?”

“Yes, sir, sure.”

“What is it called?”

“Why, a church.”

“Did you never go into it?”

“No.”

“What do people do there?”

“Father says one man talks nonsense, and the other folks listen to him.”

“Your father is—no matter. You know, at least, what a school is?”

“Yes, I have talked with girls who go to school,” &c.

Now, without controverting Mr. Bulwer's assurance that such answers were really given by a young girl, to the interrogations of a magistrate upon her examination, I will venture the conjecture, that that young girl bore no resemblance to this intellectual creature, whose quick perceptions and uncommon readiness at learning, are displayed in the subsequent narration. It is inconceivable, that such a girl, with such instinctive virtues, and such lively parts, and who had not been altogether without an intercourse with girls *who went to school*, should have never heard of the existence of a God, or imbibed any knowledge of those common feelings, in relation to female virtue, which are so universal as to deserve above all others the character of being innate.

The object of all this labored attempt, to exhibit this young girl in a state of profound ignorance, is to prepare the reader to look upon the fault of the pretty Alice, as a venial error—and this object is all but avowed in a succeeding passage.

“Oh! how happy they were now—that young pair! How the days flew like dreams! No doubt we blame them, and women very properly: but men, at least, cannot blame them very justly. For all of us male animals have either been as happy once in our lives, or wished to be so.” . . . “But Alice was gentler and purer, and as far as she knew, sweet fool, better than ever. She had invented a new prayer for herself, and she prayed as regularly and as fervently, as if she were doing nothing amiss. But the code of heaven is gentler than that of earth and does not declare that ignorance excuseeth not the crime. If a jury of cherubim had tried Alice's offence, they would hardly have allowed the heart to bear witness against the soul!”

Again:

“Maltravers smiled and stroked those beautiful ringlets, and kissed that smooth innocent forehead, and Alice nestled herself in his breast.”

It is really making heavy draughts upon our credulity, to tell us of the unconsciousness of fault of the lovely Alice, so intelligent, so improved and so improving, when “she blushes and trembles” at the sight of her lover, when they next meet, and is daily imbibing from him lessons of morality and religion, which he as devoutly instills!

In this illicit intercourse, this state of open concubinage, Maltravers lived for some months, when from the columns of a newspaper he learns the illness of his father. He hastens to his bedside (only thirty miles distant), and finds him dying. After his interment he returns to the cottage. Alice, in the meantime, has been found and carried off by her father. Frantic at his loss, he drives to a magistrate's, takes every necessary step for her recovery, but in vain. He sinks into melancholy, becomes *fanatical*, but is soon cured of that by a young man of base heart, but of a powerful

and acute mind. With him he makes a tour to the continent—and here we have a gap in the narrative, after the manner of Vivian Gray. We next meet with our hero four years afterwards at a brilliant ball in Naples, at the Palazzo of the Austrian Embassy. Madame Valerie de Saint Vantadour was the reigning beauty of the hour. She *incontinently* falls in love with him—yet she was “a lady who belonged to a race, in which women are chaste and men are brave.” The passion of the lady flatters his ambition, and without loving, “he is resolved to establish his power over her,” *maigre* her insignificant husband, whose rights are not deemed worthy of the least consideration. At a favorable moment he avows his passion. Madame de Saint Vantadour confesses her love, but “throws herself upon his generosity, beseeching him to *assist her own sense of right*, to think well of her and to leave her.” He drops upon his knee, declares his admiration of her virtue, and after a violent struggle with his feelings he rushes from the apartment. And this is virtue!!! A man of five and twenty makes love to a married woman, who fervently avows her tenderness, utters a spirited declamation in behalf of virtue, declares it to be “*her lover*, her pride, her comfort, her life of life,” attempts a defence of her strange deviation from her avowed principles, and throws herself upon his generosity to aid her, in resisting the promptings of her frailty. And yet we are told* that “Maltravers woke to a juster and higher appreciation of human nature, and of *woman's nature* in especial. He had found honesty, truth and *virtue*, where he might least have expected,” &c. Verily, this is most unparalleled virtue! It is of a piece with that of Macbeth, “who would not play false, and yet would gladly win,” who let “I dare not, wait upon I would, like the poor cat in the adage.” It is utterly at variance with the sublime morality of that religion which teaches that sin is in the heart, and declares in the thunders of the law, “the *SOUL* that sinneth, it shall surely die.”

But what is the moral of this part of the adventures of Maltravers? Is it, that elevated principles, high breeding, cultivated intellect—the sacred pledge of conjugal fidelity are all insufficient to sustain even the noblest lady against the frailties of the human heart? If Valerie de Saint Vantadour, prodigally gifted, imbued with the noblest sentiments, and raised above the rest of her sex in a corrupt society, by a virtue hitherto without blemish, could receive the addresses of a lover without disdain, how shall we censure those, who, with so much more reason, may plead *their weakness* as an excuse for their aberrations?

Such are my objections to this licentious novel. I shall always take pleasure in doing jus-

tice to Mr. Bulwer's merits. But I do protest against seduction and crim. con. as the *materiel* of works designed for the hands of modest women. It is, as I have said, in wretched *taste*—a taste that I am truly sorry to see imitated on this side of the Atlantic. The gross scenes in the “Valley of the Shenandoah,” and “George Balcombe,” could never have found their way into those productions, but for the proneness of our writers to make the British novelists their model. Let them remember, however, that what might suit the British public, and ancient times, is unfit for the less corrupted taste of our unpolished land in this our day. It is the disregard of decency in the drama, even more than the thunders of the pulpit, that has driven many modest females from the theatre: and the same just sense of what becomes the sex has long since banished from their libraries, such works as Tom Jones, and Roderick Random, and the Sorrows of Werter; and such dramas as Farcquar's, and Congreve's, and Otway's: the coarse and vulgar scenes of which are not even redeemed by their wit, their interest, or their tenderness. If, in many things, our world is getting worse, it is some consolation to us to know, that the female part of it, at least, nauseate vulgarity, and shrink sensitively from ribaldry and *double entendre*.

The unpleasant portion of my task is accomplished. I rejoice at it, for I really admire Mr. Bulwer's genius, and take more pleasure in praising than in blaming him. Happily, there is ample room for commendation in all his works. The residue of these volumes is filled with profound reflections, and if the incidents are not altogether unexceptionable, they are not liable to the great objections which have been made to the early scenes in the history of Maltravers. As the reader is by this time, I fear, wearied with my speculations, I shall devote a large portion of the space which remains to me, to extracts from the work.

Our author has several remarks on the female sex, and the advantages of their society, in which I heartily concur.

“To say nothing of the unusual grace and delicacy of Alice's form and features, there is nearly always something of Nature's own gentility in very young women (except, indeed, when they get together and fall a giggling); it shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than our rough, masculine angels. A vulgar boy requires, Heaven knows what assiduity, to move three steps—I do not say like a gentleman, but like a body that has a soul in it; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is sentiment in all women, and sentiment gives delicacy to thought and tact to manner. But sentiment with men is generally acquired, an offspring of the intellectual quality, not, as with the other sex, of the moral.”

* * * * *

“What a new step in the philosophy of life does a young man of genius make when he first compares his theories and experience with the intellect of a clever woman of the world! Perhaps it does not elevate him, but how it enlightens and refines! What numberless minute yet important mysteries in human cha-

racter and practical wisdom does he drink unconsciously from the sparkling *perisillage* of such a companion! Our education is hardly ever complete without it."

Mr. Bulwer gives us his notion of proper matches in the following sentences:

"People, to live happily with each other, must fit in, as it were—the proud be mated with the meek, the irritable with the gentle, and so forth. We talk of congenial minds, but married persons must not too closely resemble each other."

I cannot agree with the following:

"Perhaps it would be better if we could get rid of love altogether. Life would go on smoother and happier without it. Friendship is the wine of existence, but love is the dram-drink-lag."

"Lady Florence—no—I have friends, it is true, and Cleve-land is of the nearest: but the life within life—the second self, in whom we vest the right and mastery over our own being—I know it not. But is it," he added, after a pause, "a rare privation? Perhaps it is a happy one. I have learned to lean on my own soul, and not look elsewhere for the reeds that a wind can break."

Yet, there is some truth in these reflections:

"Perhaps," she said, after a short pause, "we pass our lives happier without love than with it. And in our modern social system," she continued, thoughtfully, and with great truth, though it is scarcely the conclusion to which a woman often arrives, "I think we have pampered love to too great a preponderance over the other excitements of life. As children, we are taught to dream of it; in youth, our books, our conversations, our plays are filled with it. We are trained to consider it the essential of life; and yet, the moment we come to actual experience, the moment we indulge this inculcated and stimulated craving, nine times out of ten we find ourselves wretched and undone. Ah, believe me, Mr. Maltravers, this is not a world in which we should preach up, too far, the philosophy of love!"

The difference between the influences of devoted love, and of youthful fancy, is forcibly stated:

"The new influences that he had created had chased away her image. Such is life. Long absences extinguish all the false lights, though not the true ones. The lamps are dead in the banquet-room of yesterday; but a thousand years hence, and the stars we look on to-night will burn as brightly. Maltravers was no longer in love with Valerie. But Valerie—ah, perhaps *hers* had been true love!"

"She had once more seen the lover of her youth, and thenceforth all was night and darkness to her. What matter what became of her? One moment, what an effect it produces upon years! One moment! Virtue, crime, glory, shame, wo, rapture, rest upon moments! Death itself is but a moment, yet eternity is its successor!"

How just the sense of self-respect attributed in the following passage to Maltravers, and how admirably hit off is the paltry vanity of Caesarini at a single stroke. Ah! I have seen such Caesarinis.

"He had a Quixotic idea of the dignity of talent, and though himself of a musical science and a melody of voice that would have thrown the room into ecstasies, he would as soon have turned juggler or tumbler for polite amusement, as contended for the bravos of a drawing-room. It was because he was one of the prudent men in the world that Maltravers was one of the least vain. He did not care a rush for applause in small things; but Caesarini would have summoned the whole world to see him play at push-pin, if he thought he played it well."

Mr. Bulwer's remarks upon literature and lite-

rary men, are always interesting. *In sua arte credendum est.* Let us hear him.

"People talk about thinking; but, for my part, I never think, except when I sit down to write." I believe this is not a very common case, for people who don't write think as well as people who do; but connected, severe, well developed thought, in contradistinction to vague meditation, must be connected with some tangible plan or object; and therefore we must be either writing men or acting men, if we desire to test the logic and unfold the symmetrical and fused colors of our reasoning faculty."

"With some, to write is not a vague desire, but an imperious destiny. The fire is kindled, and must break forth; the wings are fledged, and the birds must leave their nest. The communication of thought to man is implanted as an instinct in those breasts to which God has intrusted the solemn agencies of genius."

"Maltravers was not much gnawed by the desire of fame—perhaps few men of real genius are, until artificially worked up to it. There is in a sound and correct intellect, with all its gifts fairly balanced, a calm consciousness of power, a certainty that, when its strength is fairly put out, it must be to realize the usual result of strength. Men of second-rate genius, on the contrary, are fretful and nervous, fidgeting after a celebrity which they do not estimate by their own talents, but by the talents of some one else. They see a tower, but are occupied only with measuring its shadow, and think their own height (which they never calculate) is to cast as broad a one over the earth. It is the short man who is always throwing up his chin, and is as erect as a dart. The tall man stoops, and the strong man is not always using the dumb-bells."

"A man ought not to attempt any of the highest walks of mind and art as the mere provision of daily bread; not literature alone, but everything else of the same degree. He ought not to be a statesman, or an orator, or a philosopher as a thing of pence and shillings: and usually, all men, save the poor poet, feel this truth insensibly."

"No mere drudgery of business, late hours and dull speeches, can produce the dread exhaustion which follows the efforts of the soul to mount into the higher air of severe thought or intense imagination."

"The poor author! how few persons understand, and forbear with, and pity him! He sells his health and youth to a rugged taskmaster. And, oh blind and selfish world, you expect him to be as free of manner, and as pleasant of cheer, and as equal of mood, as if he were passing the most agreeable and healthful existence that pleasure could afford to smooth the wrinkles of the mind, or medicine invent to regulate the nerves of the body!"

Speaking of the pleasures of intellectual ambition, Maltravers is made to say:

"It is not the ambition that pleases," replied Maltravers; "it is the following a path congenial to our tastes, and made dear to us in a short time by habit. The moments in which we look beyond our work, and fancy ourselves seated beneath the everlasting laurel, are few. It is the work itself, whether of action or literature, that interests and excites us. And at length the dryness of toil takes the familiar sweetness of custom. But in intellectual labor there is another charm; we become more intimate with our own nature. The heart and the soul grow friends, as it were, and the affections and aspirations unite. Thus we are never without society, we are never alone; all that we have read, learned, and discovered is company to us."

Yet, afterwards, we find—

"He was disgusted with the littleness of the agents and springs of political life; he had formed a weary contempt of the barrenness of literary reputation. At thirty years of age he had necessarily outlived the sanguine elasticity of early youth, and he had already broken up many of those later toys in business and

ambition which afford the rattle and the hobby-horse to our maturer manhood. Always asking for something too refined and too exalted for human life, every new proof of unworthiness in men and things, saddened or revolted a mind still too fastidious for that quiet contentment with the world as it is, which we must all learn before we can make our philosophy practical, and our genius as fertile of the harvest as it may be prodigal of the blossom. Haughty, solitary, and unsocial, the ordinary resources of mortified and disappointed men were not for Ernest Maltravers. Rigidly secluded in his country retirement, he consumed the days in moody wanderings; and in the evenings he turned to books with a spirit disdainful and fatigued. So much had he already learned, that books taught him little that he did not already know. And the biographers of authors, those ghost-like beings who seem to have had no life but in the shadow of their own haunting and imperishable thoughts, dimmed the inspiration he might have caught from their pages. Those slaves of the lamp, those silkworms of the closet, how little had they enjoyed, how little had they lived! Condemned to a mysterious fate by the wholesale destinies of the world, they seemed born but to toil and to spin thoughts for the common herd; and, their task performed in drudgery and in darkness, to die when no further service could be wrung from their exhaustion. Names had they been in life, and as names they lived forever, in life as in death, airy and unsubstantial phantoms."

The moralizing of our author is often filled with sad reflections. Take the following:

"When we have commenced a career, what stop is there till the grave? Where is the definite barrier of that ambition, which, like the eastern bird, seems ever on the wing, and never rests upon the earth? Our names are not settled till our death; the ghosts of what we have done are made our haunting monks---our scourging avengers---if ever we cease to do, or fall short of the younger past. Repose is oblivion; to pause is to unravel all the web that we have woven---until the tomb closes over us, and men, just when it is too late, strike the fair balance between ourselves and our rivals; and we are measured, not by the least, but by the greatest triumphs we have achieved. Oh, what a crushing sense of impotence comes over us when we feel our frame cannot support our mind---when the hand can no longer execute what the soul, actively as ever, conceives and desires! The quick life tied to the dead form---the ideas fresh as immortality, gushing forth rich and golden, and the broken nerves, and the aching frame, and the weary eyes! The spirit athirst for liberty and heaven---and the damning, choking consciousness that we are walled up and prisoned in a dungeon that must be our burial-place! Talk not of freedom---there is no such thing as freedom to a man whose body is the jail, whose infirmities are the racks of his genius!"

His scorn of the momentary public is strongly expressed:

"Every day he grew more attached to that only true philosophy which makes a man, as far as the world will permit, a world to himself; and from the height of a tranquil and serene self-esteem, he felt the sun shine above him when malignant clouds spread sullen and ungenial below. He did not despise or wilfully shock opinion, neither did he fawn upon and flatter it. Where he thought the world should be humored, he humored---where contemned, he contemned it. There are many cases in which an honest, well-educated, high-hearted individual is a much better judge than the multitude of what is right and what is wrong; and in these matters he is not worth three straws if he lets the multitude bully or coax him out of his judgment. The public, if you indulge it, is a most damnable gossip, thrusting its nose into people's concerns where it has no right to make or meddle; and in those things where the public is impertinent, Maltravers scorned and resisted its interference as haughtily as he would the interference of any insolent member of the insolent whole. It was this mixture of deep love and profound respect for the eternal people, and of calm, passionless disdain for that capricious charlatan, the momentary public, which made Ernest Maltravers an original and solitary thinker; and an actor, in reality modest and benevolent, in appearance arrogant and unsocial. 'Pauperism, in contradistinction to poverty,' he was

went to say, 'is the dependence upon other people for existence, not on our own exertions; there is a moral pauperism in the man who is dependant on others for that support of moral life---self-respect.'"

"The world---are you, too, its slave? Do you not despise its hollow cant---its methodical hypocrisy?"

"Heartily," said Ernest Maltravers, almost with fierceness; "no man ever scorned more its false gods and its miserable creeds---its war upon the weak---its fawning upon the great---its ingratitude to benefactors---its sordid league with mediocrity against excellence. Yes, in proportion as I love mankind, I despise and detest that worse than Venetian oligarchy which mankind set over them and call 'the world.'"

The following remarks prompt to respect for sound sense, and a life of philanthropy and virtue:

"'Good sense,' said he one day to Maltravers, as they were walking to and fro at De Montaigne's villa, by the margin of the lake, 'is not a merely intellectual attribute; it is rather the result of a just equilibrium of all our faculties, spiritual and moral. The dishonest, or the toys of their own passions, may have genius; but they rarely, if ever, have good sense in the conduct of life. They may often win large prizes, but it is by a game of chance, not skill. But the man whom I perceive walking an honorable and upright career---just to others, and also to himself (for we owe justice to ourselves---to the care of our fortunes, our character---to the management of our passions) is a more dignified representative of his Maker than the mere child of genius. Of such a man, we say he has good sense; yes, but he has also integrity, self-respect, and self-denial. A thousand trials which his sense braves and conquers are temptations also to his probity---his temper---in a word, to all the many sides of his complicated nature. Now, I do not think he will have this good sense any more than a drunkard will have strong nerves, unless he be in the constant habit of keeping his mind clear from the intoxication of envy, vanity, and the various emotions that dupe and mislead us. Good sense is not, therefore, an abstract quality or a solitary talent; but it is the natural result of the habit of thinking justly, and therefore seeing clearly, and is as different from the sagacity that belongs to a diplomatist or attorney, as the philosophy of Socrates differed from the rhetoric of Gorgias.'"

"'Besides,' added De Montaigne, with almost a religious solemnity in his voice, 'there is a conscience of the head as well as of the heart, and in old age we feel as much remorse, if we have wasted our natural talents, as if we have perverted our natural virtues. The profound and exultant satisfaction with which a man who feels that he has not lived in vain---that he has entailed on the world an heirloom of instruction or delight---looks back upon departed struggles, is one of the happiest emotions of which the conscience can be capable. What, indeed, are the petty faults we commit as individuals, affecting but a narrow circle, ceasing with our own life, to the incalculable and everlasting good we may produce, as public men, by one book or by one law. Depend upon it, that the Almighty, who sums up all the good and all the evil done by his creatures in a just balance, will not judge the august benefactors of the world with the same severity as those drones of society who have no great services to show in the internal ledger as a set-off to the indulgence of their small vices. These things rightly considered, Maltravers, you will have every inducement that can tempt a lofty mind and a pure ambition to awaken from the voluptuous indolence of the literary Sybarite,'" &c.

Take the contrast---

"His fortune was now gone---gone in supplying the poorest food to a craving and imbecile vanity; gone, that its owner might seem what nature never meant him for---the elegant Lothario---the graceful man of pleasure---the troubadour of modern life! gone in horses, and jewels, and fine clothes, and gaming, and printing unsaleable poems on gilt-edged vellum; gone that he might be, not a greater, but a more fashionable man than

Ernest Maltravers! Such is the common destiny of those poor adventurers who confine fame to boudoirs and saloons. No matter whether they be poets or dandies, wealthy parvenus or aristocratic cadets, all equally prove the adage, that the wrong paths to reputation are strewn with the wrecks of peace, fortune, happiness, and, too often, honor!"

In the following passage, we have some reference to politics. Maltravers, we must remember, is highminded and disinterested; "of upright intentions, unpurchaseable honor, and correct and well considered views." In a rapid sketch of the character of the Roman republic, he gives us some strongly marked opinions on the subject of Government.

"In the last days of their republic, a *coup-d'état* of their social date might convey to us a general notion of our own. Their system, like ours, a vast aristocracy rather than a monarchy; an aristocracy, heaved and agitated, but kept ambitious and intellectual by the great democratic ocean which roared below and around it. An immense distinction between rich and poor—a nobility sumptuous, wealthy, cultivated, yet scarcely elegant or refined; a people with mighty aspirations for more perfect liberty, but always liable, in a crisis, to be influenced and subdued by a deep-rooted and antique veneration for the very aristocracy against which they struggled; a ready opening through all the walls of custom and privilege for every description of talent and ambition; but so deep and universal a respect for wealth, that the finest spirit grew avaricious, griping and corrupt almost unconsciously; and the man who rose from the people did not scruple to enrich himself out of the abuses he affected to lament; and the man who would have died for his country could not help thrusting his hands into her pockets. Cassius, the stubborn and thoughtful patriot, with his heart of iron, had, you remember, an itching palm. Yet, what a blow to all the hopes and dreams of a world was the overthrow of the free party after the death of Cæsar! What generations of freemen fell at Philippi! In England, perhaps, we may ultimately have the same struggle; in France, too (perhaps a larger stage, with far more inflammable actors), we already perceive the same war of elements which shook Rome to her centre, which finally replaced the generous Julius with the hypocritical Augustus, which destroyed the colossal patricians to make way for the glittering dwarfs of a court, and cheated a people out of the substance with the shadow of liberty. How it may end in the modern world, who shall say! But while a nation has already a fair degree of constitutional freedom, I believe no struggle so perilous and awful as that between the aristocratic and the democratic principle. A people against a despot—*that* contest requires no prophet; but the change from an aristocratic to a democratic commonwealth, is indeed the wide, unbounded prospect upon which rest shadows, clouds, and darkness. If it fail, for centuries is the dial-hand of time put back; if it succeed—"

"Maltravers paused.

"And if it succeed?" said Valerie.

"Why, then, man will have colonized Utopia!" exclaimed Maltravers, with sparkling eyes.

"But at least, in modern Europe," he continued, "there will be fair room for the experiment. For we have not that curse of slavery which, more than all else, vitiated every system of the ancients, and kept the rich and the poor alternately at war; and we have a press, which is not only the safety-valve of the passions of every party, but the great note-book of the experiments of every hour—the homely, the invaluable ledger of losses and of gains. No; the people who keep that tablet well, never can be bankrupt."

Of the style of Mr. Bulwer, it may be presumptuous in me to say anything. His admirers might be disposed to cry out—

A falcon towering in his pride of flight,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed;

or rather, "hawked at" without a feather being ruffled. The public, indeed, must long since have passed judgment upon his merits in this as in other regards; yet I will hazard the remark, that his deservedly high reputation is sustained by the depth and vigor of his thinking, rather than by the beauty of his style. It cannot be said of his works—

Materia superabat opus.

The finish of the workmanship bears no sort of comparison with the rich materials on which it has been bestowed. His thoughts are bullion. His style is clumsy and ungraceful. His language is sometimes careless and awkward; as in the following instance: "there is *nearly always something* of gentility," &c. Sometimes it is not English, as in these words—"noticeable," "untranslatable," "exultant," "soberize." Often it is deformed by forced conceits, and overstrained and mixed metaphors. Thus he speaks of "*crushing bitterness*"—of "an author's *entailing* on the world, an *heir* loom of instruction"—of "an aristocracy *heaved* and *agitated*, but kept *ambitious* and *intellectual* by the democratic ocean which rolled around it." Here aristocracy, I suppose, is a ship, and this ship is *ambitious* and *intellectual*! Again, he speaks of one's "*setting* in the same phrase the two *jewels* of his own *courtliness* of flattery and *profundity* of erudition"! Again, we hear of "The eyes' deep *wells* of love, in which *truth* lay hid, and which neither *languor* nor disease could *exhaust*"! And lastly, one of the personages is made to ask, "Have I not *girded* myself with *changes*?" Such instances are innumerable. They are to be found in every didactic or moralizing passage. These very often require a second reading to be perfectly comprehended; a fault which arises partly from his taste for inversion, partly from the use of new coined words, or of common words in a strained signification, and partly from the exuberance of his thoughts and metaphors, which are poured out in such profusion and so heaped together in masses, as to be beyond the ready management of ordinary minds. Of these faults, the extracts already given furnish ample evidence. Take, however, the following from the 'Disowned':

"Thou for whom I have dipped into *Lethæ*, the pen which once wrote thought in characters of *fire*, and *wood* for these idle pages, the *light* themes which my heart disowneth, that I might keep forever *involute* to thy remembrance the *fountain* of passionate romance which I once dedicated to thee as to its spirit, oh why," &c. &c. *Disowned*, 1 Vol. 175.

Speaking of our griefs in mature years, he says,

"Alas, they have now neither commune nor consolation in the voices of nature or the mysteries of romance: they become the petty *stings* and the falling *drops*, the irritating and vexing littleneesses of life. One by one they *cling* around us like *bonds* of iron; they multiply their *links*, they *grow* over our hearts, and the *feelings*, once too wild for the very earth, fold their

broken wings within the soul. Dull and heavy *thoughts* like *dead walls*, close around the laughing flowers and fields that so enchanted us of yore; the *sins*, the *habits*, the *reasonings* of the world, like *rank* and gloomy *fogs*, shut out the exulting heavens from our view," &c. &c. *Dissoned*, Vol. 1, p. 41.

All this is in wretched taste, though in the rude ore we find rich materials, which well wrought would be striking and brilliant. The truth is, the first requisite of a good style is perspicuity. Language is designed to convey our thoughts, and that which conveys them most clearly is best. Good writers, therefore, reject as far as possible the use of uncommon words, or of common words, in a remote or radical signification. Compare the simple yet beautiful diction of Goldsmith, the graceful ease of Addison, and the manly and vigorous, though plain and downright, style of Swift, with the ambitious and artificial sentences I have just quoted. What a difference. We glide on with the former without a pause. We drink in the outpourings of their wit or of their wisdom with ease and with delight. We converse with those who speak our mother tongue. We are puzzled with no French idioms, or foreign constructions. We have no Latin in disguise—no Greek in English dress, to call for the aid of our lexicons. All is English—downright English—not in words only, but in idiom—in construction—in forms of expression, and in the order of language. The natural order is indeed the genius of the English tongue. The requirements of rhyme and the stately march of blank verse, demand, it is true, occasional inversion. But our prose is rarely improved by a departure from the natural order. That departure always leads to obscurity, and the obscurity becomes "darkness visible," when every sentence is loaded with metaphors following each other in rapid succession, when every line presents new images, and when thought is entangled with thought, in all the mazes of parenthetical confusion.

I beg leave to conclude this protracted paper with the following extract from the Review of Mr. Bulwer's Athens, in the Edinburg Quarterly:

"The accomplished author will pardon us for closing the present paper with a protest against certain peculiarities of idiom, which we are sorry to find countenanced by so popular a pen. A few of these may plead in their behalf the rare authority of old writers in our tongue. They belong, however, in actual usage, either to the North American dialect, or to such assassins of her Majesty's English at home, as a master of composition must regret to have upon his side. We complain, for instance of expressions like these:—*Irregularized*—*in stealth*—*re-ventured* for *reverend*—*to neighbor*—*to concentrate*, as a verb active—*to prodigialize*—*to border*, for *to border on*. We think that *impatient of conquest* cannot mean *impatient to conquer*. We don't like *arriving at* the things we have been in the habit of *arriving at*. The adverbs *both* and *only* are now and then misplaced. False antithesis is too frequently admitted. *Cause* is once at least put for *effect*. A verb of one number is often forced to do duty with a nominative of another. Mr. Bulwer is not yet *talented*—a pseudo-participle which no one will use who is not ripe for any atrocity—but he *progresses* at a fearful rate. These are, it is true, slight matters in themselves; but at a time when purity of taste is not in the ascendant—at a time when a single

class of readers is able to push 'Poems' into the fourteenth edition, and 'Prize Essays' into the ninth or tenth thousand, which are not more repulsive from the impudent extravagance of their doctrine than from the base unseel of their style—at such a time, the man of real genius should be more than ever on his guard against sanctioning, by his negligence, the adulteration of our noble language."

ANTHONY EVERGREEN.

[We are not sure that our estimate of the following article is not unduly enhanced by the interest we take in the writer. We may rate her talents too highly; but we are satisfied that we do not give more than is due, of respect for her virtues, or sympathy for her misfortunes. But of these we knew nothing when we published the "*Curse*," and we remember the unbiassed judgment which we then formed of that work. For invention, for variety of character, for distinctness in its development, and for truth to nature, we know no tale of the same length superior to it. We hope to see the same powers displayed in the novel from which this extract is taken. We give it to the public, not more with a view to adorn our columns, than in the hope of engaging the favor of our readers in its behalf. A native of Virginia, the authoress has strong claims on the sympathy of her countrymen. Descended from a proscribed sect, whose virtues near two hundred years ago, found refuge from persecution in the "Ancient Dominion," the calamitous destiny of her race has pursued her, and overtaken her in the cradle. No conceited blue-stocking; no vain belle whose admirers persuade her that her flippant nonsense is worthy of the public eye, she meekly tasks her powers to aid a widowed mother in the support of a family of helpless orphans. The promptings of genius have told her that this can better be done with the pen than with the needle. We are sure she does not deceive herself in the estimate of her own talents. We trust that her confidence in the justice of the public will prove to be equally well placed.]

FROM THE CONSPIRATOR, A NOVEL,

By the Authoress of the "*Curse*."

CHAPTER III.

Oh dire ambition! what infernal power
Unchained thee from thy native depth of hell,
To stalk the earth with thy destructive train?
* * * * * To waste domestic peace
And every heartfelt joy!

Barbarossa.

As soon as supper was over, Colonel Alwin withdrew, and conducted Zavala to his own apartment. He closed the door and carefully locked it—he then examined the deep recesses of the windows before he was satisfied that they were alone. Calmly drawing forward a table covered with loose papers, he placed the shaded lamp in such a position as to throw the light on the face of his companion, and seating himself opposite to him, he spoke in a quiet tone.

"Now, sir, I am ready to receive your communications."

Zavala could not refrain from admiring the self-command of the man; for in the situation in which he then stood, he was not certain that the tidings he was about to hear did not bring with them the destruction of all his views—nay, involve his life. Zavala drew a packet from his bosom, and presenting it to him, said:

"Read those despatches, and then I will speak of my own private wishes."

Colonel Alwin took the papers, and as he broke the seals a slight tremor was perceptible in his fingers—no other sign of impatience or agitation escaped him. He shaded his face with his hand, and carefully perused the documents, and as he read, his observant companion saw that the flush of triumph mounted even to his pale temples.

More than an hour was thus spent, when slowly re-folding them, and locking them in his desk, he arose and walked several times across the floor. Stopping suddenly before Zavala, he said quickly, almost sternly,

"Do you know the contents of those papers?"

"I do," was the concise reply.

"And are you prepared to abide by me in life or death?"

"On one condition." "Name it."

"Miss De Bourg"—

"Of that we will speak hereafter," said Alwin, waving his hand impatiently. "When heard you from the south? From thence I am most anxious to gain information."

"I have private letters from my uncle, who, you are aware, is an officer high in command in the Spanish army. The troops dissatisfied with their present situation, are ready for any changes: he assures me that very little will be necessary to induce them to struggle for a change of masters. The soldiers are entirely devoted to him, and will follow wherever he leads. Your object, if I understand it correctly, is to revolutionize Mexico, and wrest from the present chief magistrate the rich territory of Louisiana, which adds another gem to this fair Union. At any hour Colonel Zavala is ready to cross the Sabine, and thus give you an excuse for placing yourself at the head of an armed body of troops devoted to your interests. Nothing then will be easier than to unite your forces, and defy the laws of your own country. Zavala has constant communication with some of the most influential men in the city of Mexico, and they are ready, when the first blow is struck, to range themselves on the side of those who will free them from the Spanish yoke. There is a theatre before you worthy of your abilities, and the power refused you in your own country, courts your acceptance in another as fair. For myself, if my aid is of any worth, you know it is yours to command at all times, on one condition."

"I thank you: it is of inestimable importance to me, as no one knows better than yourself; but to gain that aid, Don Pedro, I am unwilling to force Miss De Bourg to accept you, for it seems the wayward girl will not consent to the proposal. You may think me cold, hard, and unfeeling, but I love this girl as if she were in reality my child. If you can gain her consent, as I have before told you, you have mine; but of that I am hopeless—so we will consult your ambition in offering you an adequate reward for your services, hoping your love may be more successful in another quarter."

As he thus spoke, the brow of Zavala darkened, and it was with difficulty his impatient spirit could brook the implied impossibility of inducing any fair lady to accept his offered love.

"Allow me to try, sir: armed with your authority, she will listen differently. Let her see how much to your interest it is, to lend a favorable ear to my suit. I ask not for the rewards of ambition—I can gain them without your assistance. I seek for the hand of your ward; her heart I will win, if devoted love can win a woman."

Colonel Alwin shook his head, as he replied:

"She will not be won by you. I have reasoned with her—urged every motive that could influence or dazzle her mind, and she was still firm in her refusal. I cannot command her to marry you."

"Listen to me, Colonel Alwin," said Zavala, firmly but respectfully. "I am acquainted with the scope and bearing of all your plans—I am possessed of their most secret details, and one word from me would precipitate you into a prison, from which death might be your only release. What you are now preparing to execute, will brand your name as a traitor to your country and her best interests. Think of the consequences to yourself, if your enterprise is discovered before it is ripe for execution, and then think how trifling in comparison are a few tears shed by a romantic girl, because you consult her interest and happiness, by commanding her to accept a man who adores her. With the hope of obtaining Miss De Bourg, I am anything you choose to make me; but, on the contrary—you know the alternative: choose between them."

A smile of bitter scorn writhed the livid lips of Alwin as he listened to the words of Zavala. For an instant, his rage at being thus braved by one so much his junior in years and inferior in standing, threatened to burst forth and overwhelm the presumptuous man who thus dared to offer terms to him. A moment's reflection however, convinced him, that in giving vent to his passion, his safety would be compromised. He felt that he was in the power of one who could make his own terms, and he resolved to speak him fair.

"Certainly," said he slowly, and apparently with a slight effort; "certainly you speak truly. Julie should view you with different sentiments if she consults her own happiness, and though it gives me more pain than perhaps you think my stern nature is capable of feeling, I must wound her gentle heart by commanding her to accept one she has assured me she can never love: one who dares to tell the protector of the woman he professes to adore, that if she does not consent to marry him, he will denounce the friend of her orphan years, and in so doing destroy her happiness. 'Tis well, however, Don Pedro De Zavala, we understand each other. The only tie (and he laid a strong emphasis on the word *only*) that binds us together is interest. Julie shall be yours, if you pledge yourself to sustain my cause. I know the influence which your connexions possess—also, that which your talents give you; and you must bind yourself to devote it all to my interests."

"Of course—but Miss De Bourg must be mine before we leave this island."

"What, sir, do you doubt my word?" said Alwin, and his eye flashed fearfully bright over the person of the other. "Do you *dare* to doubt the word of a man of honor!"

"Colonel Alwin, it is useless for us to use the language of passion. You know the prize for which I contend: if you have ever loved, you can excuse my eagerness to secure her mine, before I leave her for an indefinite space of time."

"Your haste is excusable, though it has not much delicacy to commend it either to my ward or myself; but since we are making a bargain, the conditions must be fulfilled."

None but a spirit as haughty and overbearing could measure the bitterness that filled his heart as he turned from his companion. Deeply did he resolve to avenge the implied distrust of himself, when the power to do so with impunity was his.

Who that had seen him return to the drawing-room with a smiling lip and smooth brow, could have imagined the dark tide of emotion which swelled beneath that calm exterior? His voice was as bland, his smile as frequent, as though no unpleasant occurrence had aroused his impetuous passions—as though he had not deeply implicated the happiness of one of that little circle, and that one dependant on his kindness and affection. Did not his heart shrink back as he met her deep eye fixed on him, and felt that he was then meditating the possibility of turning the benefits he had conferred on her, into the means of forcing her grateful heart to seal its own misery, in order to save him from the precipice on which he stood?

Life! thou teachest many a strange lesson of duplicity to the heart of man!

DOCTOR FAW.

Dr. Faw was considered a complete gentleman. He came a few years ago into our village, and ever since his arrival had been continually progressing in the good opinion of all. At the time when the facts, of which this is the true narrative, occurred, the Doctor had secured to himself a fine practice. It may not be amiss to let the reader be very particularly acquainted with our hero. In person, or face, the Doctor was not very prepossessing; his blue eyes and sandy hair presented a contrast far more striking than handsome: as regards dress and manners, however, he was "the very thing itself." He always wore either black, or other dark colors. You never found showered over his body that rainbow profusion and variety of hues, so revolting to the eye of genuine taste; never was he guilty of the barbarism of a blazing vest, or pantaloons like Joseph's coat of many dies. His apparel was always of a make punctiliously nice, and usually he disported a light cane with a golden head. His white kerchief was barely perceptible in his pocket corner, as he tripped with lightness and activity along; and as he passed you by, how delightfully you felt the air perfumed by his presence! Then the Doctor was so accommodating, so polished, so polite, so popular among the ladies. Was there a ball announced—Dr. Faw was sure to be at the head of the list of managers. Did a party of misses want an attendant to the theatre, on a sleighing in winter, or in summer on a fishing excursion—the Doctor always could spare the time to serve them. If a married lady was fond of sunshine and the footpaths, and her husband was too busy earning his bread to be at her side, the Doctor would kindly supply his place. He would gallant the wife, and if need be, he would dine and drink with the husband. Among the young gentlemen he was the arbiter of dress and the judge of style. With all these pleasant qualifications, the Doc-

tor was gay and witty in conversation, and of a temper which might be defined as perpetually calm. The practice of his profession had naturally very much extended the circle of the Doctor's acquaintance, and as his character was thus amiable, the field for its exhibition was proportionately enlarged. His younger brethren in the healing art were the only individuals who were ever heard to whisper or insinuate anything against him. They would occasionally observe that public taste was very curious—that they could see nothing so very particularly deserving in the mind or manners of the Doctor, to justify the extravagant estimate put upon them, and they would ask, *who is this Dr. Faw? what is he? where did he come from?*—but as the profession, whether justly or not we will not stop to inquire, have been accused of habitual unkindness and envy towards successful merit, these queries were considered as originating in this cause, and no one cared to listen to them, or gave themselves the trouble to reply. Like some noble and gallant barque, with a freshening breeze filling every sail, the blue waters swelling gently under her, and the white foam curling up against her prow—the heavens all blue and joyous above—so sped our hero propitiously onwards upon the ocean of human life.—Alas! alas! but you shall hear it all.

MISS LAVINIA LINT, &c.

Miss Lavinia Lint was a very pleasant young lady. She had a handsome fortune left to her entire control and exclusive enjoyment, by a worthy and deceased parent, and resided in the house of her father's brother. She was a plain, sensible girl, and was rather corpulent than otherwise; and as is usual with most of the human race blessed with pinguidity, she was very sweetly tempered. There was but one thing she needed to complete the happiness of her situation, and that was—(but the reader anticipates me)—a husband. She was quite pretty; none of your two-volume modern novel heroines—pale, pensive and melancholy—but rosy, with round plump features and a face perpetually in smiles. Having money, of course she had suitors; none however of whom had as yet suited her. On a fine sunny day in October, Miss Lavinia sat by a blazing fire, in company with her cousin, about the same age, and if ever on earth there were two beings innocent, comfortable and happy, they were they. "Law me," said her cousin to Lavinia, "why don't you get married?"—"How you do rattle on," responded Miss Lavinia. At this point in the conversation the bell answered loudly to a rapid pull, and in a few moments Dr. Faw was shown in, and made his bow to the ladies. The conversation was briskly carried on—all parties in the highest glee—they talked of the weather, of the marriages and deaths in the vicinity, of the love matches existing or likely about to be, of the latest novels, and all the various other matters and topics which are supposed to be acceptable to the better portion of our species. The Doctor began at length to be thoughtful. Miss Lavinia and her cousin monopolized the utterance of all that was said. Mr. Faw became rather uneasy, and sat restless: he relieved his unaccustomed taciturnity by deliberately taking up the tongs and stirring the fire—an act of supererogation, as the room was sufficiently warm and the wood as completely in a state of combustion as could well be desired. The fire, alas, which troubled the Doctor was, as his brethren would say, internal. Mr. Faw drew his chair to the centre-table, and from beside a glass vase filled with the richly colored flowers of the autumn, he picked up a book—and very much it is to Miss Lavinia's credit that such a book was there, and very suitable likewise it was to the Doctor's purpose—it was the Holy Bible—the Doctor opened it at random, and read aloud, "It is not well for man to be alone"—a text which the fair cousin of Miss Lavinia took the liberty of interpreting, as the vulgar do dreams—by contraries; and suddenly remembering that she had left in her room a favorite piece of work which *must* be immediately finished, she

darted off with a bounding step and a look towards both the Doctor and Miss Lavinia, which seemed to say, "a fair field and no interruption."

In human life there are two things which are terrible—I mean to gentlemen who have delicate nerves—the one is the having a tooth drawn, and the other the asking a pretty girl, abounding in charms and worldly possessions, to do you the favor of accepting you, as the partner of her person and her property, till death dissolves the connection. Does the reader suppose that I mean to lay open to his inquisitive eye, the scene that ensued between the Doctor and Miss Lavinia? If he does, he is very much mistaken; all that I shall let him know is, that the embarrassing question, just above alluded to, was put by the Doctor to Miss Lavinia, and by her answered affirmatively. Her cousin says that Miss Lavinia, when the interview was over, blamed her very much for leaving her alone with the Doctor, and that when Mr. Faw departed, he seemed in very good humor, flushed in the cheeks, smiling, and brushing the knees of his pantaloons with an elegantly bordered white muslin handkerchief.

SOMETHING OUT OF THE COMMON ORDER OF THINGS.

The evening for the wedding at length arrived. How the Doctor's happiness and good fortune were envied! The world of beauty and fashion was thenceforth to lose its sun of light and radiance. It was a cold wintry night. The hospitable mansion of old Mr. Lint, Lavinia's uncle, seemed to rejoice on the occasion. The large grates were brimful of coal, and each seemed one solid mass of intense red heat. The candles were all ornamented with richly cut papers—the work of the fair hands of Lavinia's cousin. The whole edifice, from the garret to the kitchen under ground, was illuminated. Carriages rolled up after carriages and emptied their loads of finery and beauty. The very servants bustled about and grinned and seemed unusually happy. The bride's-maids had arrived, the company had assembled—among other things, the hour for the ceremony had arrived, so had the refreshments, so had the groomsmen, so had the priest—the bride was dressed, and her blooming attendants were prepared to escort her; every thing was ready but the groom—where was he? "The Doctor must be a very absent man," said Mr. Ruffles, "to be absent on such an occasion." Mrs. Sneezer took a large pinch of snuff, and remarked, "that it was very mysterious." Mr. Lint was in a curious predicament, and although in his own house, felt very little at home; and he walked to the passage door—opened it—looked out—the snow was whitening the tops of the thick array of carriages, the great-coats and the hats of the coachmen—the breeze was very cool; he saw no carriage in motion, nor other indication of the expected coming of the esculapian; he looked at his watch—blew his fingers—and returned to the fireside. "This is very strange," said Mr. Lint. Mrs. Lint was very busy, marshalling and drilling her servants, pouring the wine out into the glasses, mixing lemonade, splitting up the oranges, and arranging the trays and waiters of cakes and fruit; and as industry and occupation are the "sovereignest thing on earth" against the approach of ennui, she hardly knew that the time appointed had arrived. At length she drew from her girdle a gemmed repeater, which gave her the first intimation of the lateness of the hour. She called out, "Samuel!" Samuel, all neatness and apron, immediately answered, "Madam!" "Samuel," said Mrs. L., "what are we waiting for?" "The groom, madam, has not come." "The groom!" said Mrs. L., "that's very singular;" and off whisked Mrs. L. to inform Mr. L. of a truth of which he was already painfully aware. The worthy priest had exhausted interrogation itself in inquiries about the prospects of the parties about to be wed, and concerning the health of every family, a member of which happened within reach of his voice—and turning his face towards the fire-place, observed by the time-

piece on the mantel that he had waited longer than he saw any good reason for. He rubbed his hands briskly, but said nothing. The company became impatient. The bride's-maids sent down to know the cause of the delay. The bride looked amazed, and well she might. The company became uneasy. Several gentlemen began to remember engagements elsewhere for the evening and to depart. The hours moved heavily along. The folks, at length, by degrees had all disappeared. Mr. Lint was finally left alone. He paced the well lit rooms with a quick step, and silently. He walked mechanically to the windows, and gazed out upon the snow-flakes as they drove against the panes of glass. The carriages had all rumbled off. The darkness of the night seemed doubly cheerless. "Well, this," muttered Mr. L., "is a matter which I do not, I cannot, understand." The old lady was in terrible agony—all her labor had been in vain—and then "people would talk so." "What a pity," said Mrs. L., "every thing was so well arranged," as she glanced her eyes around upon the rare and beautiful flowers, a bouquet of which was perched wherever a foundation could be made for it. "Dear me," she continued, "and poor Lavinia!" "I will see this farce out," said Mr. L. with clenched teeth and fist also clenched.

Poor Lavinia! to her indeed this was an awful night. Her bride's-maids did all they could to alleviate her sufferings. Her temples were rubbed with all manner of essences, and lest she should faint away, a bottle of salts was kept continually at hand. She bore it however quite philosophically, and at a reasonable hour, "solitary and alone," she retired to rest. Early the next morning she breakfasted in her room, and her features seemed so round and pretty, that care itself could not find a spot upon them rude enough to answer for a foothold. "Dear me," said Miss Lavinia, helping herself to a buckwheat cake, "now I come to think of it, the man had red hair—what an escape!"

But the Doctor—what did become of the Doctor? I know that the reader is dying with anxiety to hear. I must therefore be very deliberate in telling him; but patience, and a few periods, will lead him to the information desired. I think when the whole truth is fairly told, that Mr. and Mrs. and even Miss Lint, will excuse the absence of our hero, "situated as he was," as Sir Patrick O'Plenipo would say. But where was the Doctor? I will let you know in the course of the following chapter.

AN UNEXPECTED PATIENT.

Upon the evening appointed for the ceremony, the Doctor repaired to his room at an early hour, to prepare for the interesting occasion. When completely dressed, he surveyed his figure fully reflected in a psyche glass. His pantaloons and vest were of white—the former of the finest cassinet, the latter of satin; his coat was black, and of the best broad-cloth, fitting without a wrinkle; his stock and gloves, of course, corresponded in color with the vest and pantaloons; white silk stockings, and well polished pumps, covering feet unusually small, concluded his adornment. Thus to himself did his faithful mirror represent Dr. Faw, on the evening already referred to. As the Doctor stood before the glass, a rap was heard, and an individual obtruded himself upon him. "I am desired," said he, "Doctor, to request you to call immediately upon a lady who is alarmingly ill." The intrusive character then went on to describe exactly the place where the lady was to be found. "Will it not answer to-morrow?" said the Doctor. "I am particularly engaged." In this style of expression, I think that the Doctor was pretty accurate, for a wedding in which our position is that of first performer in the ceremony next the priest, might very fairly be called a particular engagement. "For the love of God, do come, Doctor; the woman may die. She cannot detain you more than a few minutes," was the further appeal addressed to our hero. The heart of Mr. Faw being just then in a condition particularly propitious to the action upon it of the

finer and kindlier sympathies, and as he supposed that it would be a charitable way of spending an hour which otherwise must move on leaden wings, he concluded that he would comply with the request. So taking his hat and cane, and hurrying on his gloves, he sallied forth. The reader now finds the Doctor on the public street in his wedding attire, hurrying to the bedside of his patient. Arrived at the passage door, he encountered an Amazonian, on her knees, laboriously busy at that work of all detestation—scrubbing—her arms bared, and her frock tucked up. Her ladyship looked askance very knowingly and grinned, which the Doctor supposed to be her rude way of wishing him joy of the coming nuptials. She instantly abandoned her occupation, and with her mop in hand accompanied the Doctor into the chamber and presence of his patient. The room, to all appearance, was that of the sick: a cheerful fire was blazing in the hearth, and numerous vials were ranged upon the mantel. The bed-curtains were closely drawn. The patient was bolstered upright in a sitting position. The Doctor took his seat by the bedside, and began feeling her ladyship's pulse. The Doctor always was a man of feeling. The sick woman immediately made a desperate spring, and clasped her arms around the neck of Mr. Faw, exclaiming, "Your wife! your wife! you traitor!" Immediately three red-haired successors to the features and name of the Doctor crawled from under the bed, and clinging to his knees, cried out most lustily, like Maelzel's Androides, "Papa! papa!" Doctor Johnson observes that when we are in any emergencies of danger or perplexity, the mind acts with extraordinary rapidity, and that an immense number and variety of ideas are compressed into an inconceivable minute period of time. Not Laocoon, with the serpents contorting around his limbs with fatal pressure, ever felt with more intensity the horror of his situation, than did our man of medicine. He thought in an instant of the various modes of escape. The window was too high from the earth, and the pavement too hard to meditate a leap. The fire was too hot and dangerous for him to attempt the chimney. In his desperation, loaded as he was, he turned towards the door. It was locked, and the lady who had shown him up stood with her back against it, tall as a grenadier and twice as powerful, with the dripping mop in her hands, uplifted like an axe in the butcher's grasp. Reconciling himself to his fate, the Doctor struggled back into the chair from which he had risen, and sank down upon it completely hopeless and unnerved.

If ever the organ of "adhesiveness" was clearly developed upon any cranium, it must have been upon that of the veritable Mrs. Faw, judging from the manner she adhered to her husband. Sitting on his knees, her arms still around him, she continued pouring out a lava flood of invective, "You wretch! you undertake to deceive and ruin a poor innocent and confiding woman, and spend her money, after having a wife—and she living, and you run away from her." Such, and other like terms of reproach, was the poor Doctor doomed to hear rattled in his ears, and no means of escape. He was like a wretch bound to some instrument of torture and shame, and compelled to receive and bear all that might be meted out to him. Motionless he sat, unresisting and mute. At length the heart of the janitor relented. "Come," said she of the mop, roaring with laughter, "fair play is a jewel—the Doctor deserved a good deal, and he has got it—he came, at any rate, as he supposed, on an errand of mercy; let not his treatment, however he may have earned it, be merciless—he has been under the pump long enough." So saying, and tearing the husband from his wife's embrace, she raised him up aloft and bore him to the door. Like the hare, when the loud yelp of the pursuing hound breaks upon his ear, so leapt the Doctor forwards, and so he bounded along the stairs and the passage-way to the open street—the last that Mrs. Faw, or any body else, ever saw or knew of him with any absolute certainty, whether, like Curtius, the earth gaped and swallowed

him; or like Morgan, of anti-masonic memory, he was abducted; or like Elijah, he went heavenward in a chariot of fire, the author of this narrative would not undertake to hazard a conjecture. All that he assumes to speak of, is what actually did occur; and further, as the form of the affidavits in the law run, he saith not.

TIME, TROUBLE, &c.

Time is a great physician. It cures most of the maladies of the heart, and frequently furnishes a specific where nothing else medicinal could be of any avail. The affections of Miss Lint, as the reader may have opined, were not very deeply engaged in the affair with the Doctor, although matrimony was intended to result from it. It has happened, and probably will happen again, that women marry without any very overpowering sense of irresistible love. All of the sex are not framed of materials of which even a Shakespeare could make Juliets. Nature had intended Lavinia for as much happiness as belongs to our condition here, and hence she was denied the more lively emotions out of which arise as often intense pain as the highest enjoyment. She was never boisterously happy, nor did her feelings ever relapse into a correspondent degree of gloom. The groomless wedding caused much talk in the village when it occurred, as did all the accompanying circumstances, as we have narrated them; but other stories and other excitements succeeded it, and after a few years, it came to be but infrequently even alluded to. The swarm of admirers which Lavinia's charms, including the metallic ones, commanded, were brushed away for a season, like insects by the breath of a frosty breeze. They returned, however, eventually, and the house of Mr. Lint became as joyous and as gay as ever; so true is that trite maxim, handed down to us from the ancients, "*ubi mel, ibi apes*"—where there is good entertainment, there will always be sufficient guests.

MRS. AND MR. RUFFLES, AND THE CONCLUSION.

Will the reader be kind enough to take it for granted, that some four or five years have elapsed since Dr. Faw departed so abruptly from the bedside of the unmanageable patient, to whom we alluded in a preceding chapter. On a dreary December morning, Mrs. Ruffles (formerly Miss Lavinia Lint) was seated at the head of a neatly arranged breakfast table, busily engaged pouring out coffee. The buckwheat cakes were sending up into the room wreaths of steam. On each side of Mrs. R. was seated a curly haired young one, intent upon swallowing any and every thing that might come to hand. "Dear me," said Mrs. R. looking out of a window opposite, "how very like this day is to that evening on which it was appointed that I should be Mrs. Dr. Faw." Mr. Ruffles was sitting before the grate, drying the morning's paper and looking at the coals. Mr. Ruffles always read the newspaper whilst he breakfasted—a commendable custom, and a combination of luxuries. When Mr. Ruffles was seated, he commenced reading—"Drowned, in attempting to cross — river, in the State of —, on Monday last week, a gentleman, lately arrived in the neighborhood; his name and residence unknown; he was of middle size, well dressed, with sandy hair: letters were found upon him addressed to Dr. Faw. It is hoped that this account may reach his friends." "How strange," said Mrs. Ruffles, "that I should just then have happened to have spoken of him." "Very," said Mr. Ruffles—"but these things, you know, my dear, are unaccountable." "Are you ready for your coffee, my dear." "Yea." And so this story ends.

Pierius Valerianus wrote an Eulogium on Beards; Holstein on the North Wind; Heinsius on the Ass; Erasmus on Folly; Sallengre on Drunkenness; Syne-sius on Baldness. (Greek.)

THE MECHANIC ARTS, AND EVERETT'S ADDRESS.*

In September last, the 'Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association' held, in Boston, an exhibition of machines, implements, and fabrics, recently produced by the mechanic arts; and at the same time held a fair, at which many articles made for the occasion, were sold: the profits of the exhibition and fair being applied to the charitable uses for which, mainly, the Association was formed. In variety, richness, and depth of interest, no exhibition of the kind, probably, ever surpassed, if any ever equalled, this one. 'More than fifteen thousand articles, in almost every department of art,' were displayed to the wonder-stricken eye. Specimens of manufacture the most rare, of machinery the most ingenious, courted attention on every hand. Agricultural implements, the tools proper to a hundred different trades, steam engines,—all presenting some useful or curious invention or improvement—filled the most knowing beholder with new admiration for a fertility of mind and canningness of hand, which seemed here to have been well nigh superhumanly creative. Foremost of wonders, was the model of Davenport's electro-magnetic engine; applying the power of the loadstone to drive machinery. The model was of sufficient force to work a turner's lathe; and judicious observers, after examining its principles of action, deemed it easily susceptible of such increase in power, while it might remain so portable and cheap, as to be far superior to those hitherto matchless agents, water and steam.—The throng of spectators was proportioned to the attractiveness of the sight. Daily, for eight or ten days, thousands crowded the immense halls of the exhibition. The city, and the neighboring villages and towns, poured out almost their entire population. By the fifth or sixth day, sixty thousand people were supposed to have been admitted; and the sum received for admittances alone, was reckoned at twelve or fifteen thousand dollars.

The occasion was seized, to elicit the Address mentioned above. Its objects were, to swell the charity fund (for each auditor paid an admittance fee), and to impress mechanics and all others with a just sense of the dignity and importance of the mechanic arts. But there is one circumstance, especially worthy of notice. The author of the Address,—who, from the manner in which the title page mentions him ('Edward Everett, an Honorary member,' &c.) might be taken for merely some retired master mechanic,—is the distinguished Governor of Massachusetts; and even less distinguished by that title, than as an enlightened member of Congress, an eloquent orator, and an accomplished scholar: confessedly, one of the foremost men of that state, itself among the foremost in this confederacy.

We dwell with mingled pleasure and regret, upon this spectacle so frequent in the North, of genius, learning, and high official dignity, descending with cheerful frankness from their natural elevation, to a task of such humble usefulness: *pleasure*, to find that not everywhere in this our country, does greatness disdain to instruct common minds in lowly and homely truths; regret, to think how utterly, in their solitudes touching

the government, Southern great men have despised or forgotten that, without which, popular government can have no hope—the increase and diffusion of knowledge among the people. Vast, splendid, imposing objects, monopolize their regards. To thunder in the Senate, or electrify the multitude at some great national or party jubilee; to meditate exploits in war; or to propose some grand scheme of legislation for showering wealth upon millions at once; or to defend, with tongue and pen, the political rights of large masses of men;—these are the only quarries dignified enough for Southern ambition. It never deigns to bestow a thought upon the details of means, by which individual men and women may be made to covet, and to acquire, a knowledge of their various duties and rights—of Nature's wonders—and of Art's triumphs. Far less does it deign, like Bacon, or (may we add) like Brougham and Everett, to drudge personally (*operarius et bojulus fieri*) in so unshowy a work. What infatuation! to imagine that the edifice of state will withstand sapping and the storm, because its proportions are happy and the blocks which compose it are strong; when their joints are uneven and the cement which should unite them is a crumbling sand!—Men who will devote their powers to none but the vulgar aims of ambition—oratory, statesmanship, and arms—err as fatally as those do, (and in a manner not unlike) who reserve all their virtue for great occasions, when it may shine as heroism; slighting the 'lesser morals,' the daily and hourly courtesies, which make so nearly the sum of human happiness, and form so much the largest part of human duty. The would-be hero, unblest and unblest, diffuses no joy, and receives none, in his domestic or social circle. The would-be orator, statesman, or warrior, leaves undone almost all that he should have done for the peace, freedom, and happiness of his country. He speedily suffers the proper doom of all misguided seekers after Fame;

'In dark oblivion drown'd,
He sleeps forgot, with mighty tyrants gone;
His statues moulder'd, and his name unknown.'

The truest benefactors of mankind are those who, in *their sphere*, be it high or low, wide or narrow, do what they can to enlighten the minds and improve the morals of their fellow-men. Accordingly, especial honor is due to him, who adds this merit to the ordinary constituents of greatness.

Such is the honor due to Mr. Everett. Besides having figured, we need not say how conspicuously, in the great arena at Washington; besides having, in the ablest articles of the ablest American Review, signalized his pen in the cause not only of letters, but of human rights and human improvement; he has, by numerous instructive lectures and addresses, before associations and assemblies of different kinds, spread abroad a large amount of useful knowledge; and what is much better, created in many a mind, an ardent thirst for more of that knowledge; nay, what is best of all, has set an impressive and infectious example, which will multiply the effect of his own work a thousand fold.

The misdirected or slumbering geniuses of the South, whom we would fain arouse by pointing to that example, may possibly suppose that the field in which Mr. E. has thus labored, is barren of what is commonly deemed *glory*: that it yields no laurels: and that the only compensation to the plodding toiler, is the con-

*An Address delivered before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, 20th September, 1857, on occasion of their 5th exhibition and fair. By Edward Everett, honorary member of the association. Boston: Dutton and Wentworth—1857.

sciousness of doing much good. So, before a trial, any one might have supposed. So, probably, Mr. Everett himself thought, when, inspired by patriotism and philanthropy (we do not like to employ the much abused word), he first girded himself for the work. But he has found it otherwise. He has found the field a full worthy one, for the best efforts of genius. It has furnished some of the most verdant and enduring chaplets that entwine his brow. His powers of reasoning and illustration, his treasures of diversified knowledge, eye, and his eloquence, have been signalized so, as the first talents in all the land might be proud of being signalized. The Address delivered at the late exhibition and fair, is an instance of this. We shall quote considerable portions of it, (as we have made the foregoing remarks) not to please the author, to whom we are unknown, and owe nothing save our quota of the whole country's gratitude; but to shew how entirely susceptible such themes and such occasions are, of being handled in the style of a master, and to strengthen our recommendation of his example to his countrymen. The passages quoted, at the same time, will enrich our pages, and amply reward the reader's trouble in perusing them.

The following paragraph displays the wonderful increase of man's power, from the use of machines, and other material agents:

"Man, with his unaided strength, can lift but one or two hundred weight, and that but for a moment; with his pulleys and windlasses, he sets an obelisk upon its base,—a shaft of solid granite a hundred feet high. The dome of St. Peter's is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter; its sides are twenty-two feet in thickness, and it is suspended in the air at an elevation of three hundred and twenty feet from the ground,—and it was raised by hands as feeble as these. The unaided force of the muscles of the human hand is insufficient to break a fragment of marble, of any size, in pieces; but, on a recent visit to the beautiful quarries in Sheffield, from which the columns of the Girard College at Philadelphia are taken, I saw masses of hundreds of tons, which had been cleft from the quarry by a very simple artificial process. Three miles an hour, for any considerable space of time, and with ample intervals for recreation, food, and sleep, are the extreme limit of the locomotive capacity of the strongest frame, and this confined to the land. The *arts* step in: by the application of one portion of them to the purposes of navigation, man is wafted, night and day, alike waking and sleeping, at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, over the unfathomed ocean; and, by the combination of another portion of the *arts*, he flies at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, and if need be with twice that rapidity, without moving a muscle, from city to city. The capacity of imparting thought, by intelligible signs, to the minds of other men,—the capacity which lies at the foundation of all our social improvements,—while unaided by art, was confined within the limits of oral communication and memory. The voice of wisdom perished, not merely with the sage by whom it was uttered, but with the very breath of air on which it was borne. *Arts* came to the aid of the natural capacity; and, after a long series of successive improvements, passing through the stages of pictorial and symbolical representations of things,—the different steps of hieroglyphical writing, (each occupying, no doubt, long periods of time for its discovery and application),—it devised a method of imprinting on a material substance an intelligible sign, not of things, but of sounds forming the names of things; in other words, it invented the A B C. With this simple invention, and the mechanical contrivances with which it is carried into effect, the mind of man was, I had almost said, re-created. The day before it was invented, the voice of man, in its utmost stretch, could be heard but by a few thousands, intently listening for an hour or two, during which alone his strength would enable him to utter a succession of sounds. The day after the art of writing was invented, he stamps his thoughts on a roll of parchment, and they reach every city and hamlet of the largest empire. The day before this invention, and the mind of one country was estranged from the mind of all other countries. For almost all the purposes of intercourse, the families of man might as well not have belonged to one race. The day after it, and Wisdom was endued with the gift of tongues, and spake by her interpreters to all the tribes of kindred men. The day before this invention, and nothing but a fading tradition, constantly becoming fainter, could be preserved by the memory, of all that was spoken or acted by the greatest and wisest of men. The day after it, Thought was imperishable; it sprang to an earthly immortality; it seized the new-found instruments of record and commemoration, and, deserting the body as it sunk with its vocal organs into the dust, it carved on the very grave-stone, "The mind of man shall live forever."

These illustrations of the important aid man derives from the mechanic arts, lead to the inference, that *they are the great instruments of human civilization*. Then come the subjoined striking views of the differences between civilized and savage life; closing with a graphic description of the work done by a weaving mill; and some wonderful results of the steam engine:

"It is a somewhat humiliating reflection, that, in many things dependent on the human organs and senses,—unaided by the arts,—the savage greatly excels the most improved civilized man. Thus man, with one set of glasses, penetrates the secret organization of the minutest insect or plant,—marks the rise of the sap in the capillaries of a blade of grass,—counts the pulsations of the heart in an animalcule a hundred times smaller than the head of a pin; while, with another set of glasses, he fills the heavens with a hundred millions of stars, invisible to the naked eye. To the savage, the wonders of the microscope and the telescope are unknown; but he can, by traces which elude our keenest vision, tell whether it is the foot of friend or enemy which has passed over the grass before his tent in the silence of night; and he can find his way through the pathless and tangled forest without a guide. Civilized man, with his wheels and his steam, runs a race with the winds, but, left to the natural force of his members, soon sinks from fatigue. The indefatigable savage, ignorant of artificial conveyance, outtrots, on foot, the hound and the horse; and, while the famished child of civilized life faints at the delay of his periodical meal, a three days' hunger makes no impression on the iron frame of the poor Indian. Civilized man, although surrounded by his arts, with enjoyments that seem to render life a hundred fold more precious, lies drenched in sleep one-third of his precious hours, and may well envy the physical training which enables his hardy brother of the forest, when occasion requires, to bid defiance, night after night, to the approach of weariness.

"But this superiority which the savage possesses over civilized man, in the discipline of some of the natural capacities of our frame, is turned to little account of human improvement and happiness, for want of those arts which create, combine, and perpetuate the powers and agents by which our wants are supplied. Even the few comforts of which his forlorn condition is susceptible, are mostly derived, not from this superior training of his natural faculties and senses, but from his possession of some few imperfect arts. The savage, needy at best, without his moccasins, his snow-shoes, his dressed buffalo skin, his hollowed tree or bark canoe, his bow and arrow, his tent and his fishing gear, would be a much more abject being. And these simple inventions, and the tools and skill required by them, no doubt occupied a considerable period in the early history of our race. But the great difference between savage and civilized life consists in the want of those more improved arts,—the products of which we have been contemplating,—by which no inconsiderable quantity of human power and skill can be transferred to inanimate tools and machinery, and perpetuated in them; the arts whereby the grasp of the hand, which soon wears, can be transferred to the iron gripe of the vice, the clamp, the bolt, that never tire; the arts by which stone, and metal, and leather, and wood, may be made to perform the offices of poor flesh and bone. The savage, when he has parched his corn, puts it in a rude mortar, which with infinite toil he has scooped out of a rock, and laboriously pounds it into meal. It is much, if, in this way, he can prepare food enough to keep him alive while he is preparing it. The civilized man, when he has raised his corn, builds a mill with a water-wheel, and sets the indefatigable stream to grinding his grain. There are now two or three laborers at work; one, it is true, with forces which soon weary, and which can only be kept up by consuming a part of the corn as fast as it can be made into food, but endowed with an untiring and inexhaustible invention;—the other patient fellow-laborers of wood and iron, the stream, the wheel, and the mill-stone, without capacity for head-work, are willing to grind corn all day, and not ask a mouthful back by way of sustenance.—Civilization is kept up by storing the products of the labor thus economized, and imparting a share of it to those engaged in some other pursuit, who give a portion of its products in exchange for food.

"Take another illustration in the arts employed in furnishing the clothing of man. The savage, when he has killed a buffalo and dried his skin, prepares it with the manual labor of several weeks for a garment;—a substantial and slightly garment; but it has taken him a long time, and he has made but one. The civilized man, having a world of business on his hands, has contrived a variety of machines, which perform almost all the work required for his clothing. He cuts a mass of curled wool from the sheep's back,—a confused, irregular heap of fibrous threads, which would seem to defy the skill and industry of the artificer. How long will it not take the busiest pair of fingers to piece those fibres together, end to end, to lay them side by side, so as to give them substance, coherence, dimensions,—to convert them into a covering and defence, excluding cold and wet! The savage, in taking the skin, seems to have made the wiser choice. Nature has done the spinning and weaving to his hand. But wait a moment:—there is a group of iron-fingered artificers in yonder mill will show you a wonder. They will, with a rapidity scarcely conceivable, convert this uncouth fibrous heap into a uniform mass; they will draw out its short, curly fibres into long even threads,—lay them side by side, and curiously

cross them over and under with magical dexterity, till they form a compact tress, covered with a soft down and a glossy lustre, smooth, impervious, flexible,—in quantity sufficient to clothe a family for a year, with less expense of human labor, than would be required to dress a single skin.

"Consider the steam engine. It is computed that the steam power of Great Britain, not including the labor economized by the engine in putting in motion, performs annually the work of a million of men. In other words, the steam engine adds to the human population of Great Britain another population, one million strong. Strong it may well be called. What a population! so curiously organized, that they need neither luxuries nor comforts,—that they have neither vices nor sorrows,—subject to an absolute control without despotism,—laboring night and day for their owners, without the crimes and woes of slavery; a frugal population, that wastes nothing and consumes nothing unproductively; an orderly population, to which mobs and riots are unknown; among which the peace is kept without police, courts, prisons, or bayonets; and annually lavishing the product of one million pairs of hands, to increase the comforts of the fifteen or twenty millions of the human population. And yet the steam engine, which makes this mighty addition to the resources of civilization, is but a piece of machinery. You have all seen it, both in miniature and on a working scale, at the halls. In the miniature model, (constructed by Mr. Newcomb of Salem,) it can be moved by the breath of the most delicate pair of lips in this assembly; and it could easily be constructed of a size and power, which would rend these walls from their foundation, and pile the roof in ruins upon us. And yet it is but a machine. There is a cylinder and a piston; there are tubes, valves, and pumps,—water, and a vessel to boil it in. This is the whole of that enginery, with which the skill and industry of the present age are working their wonders. This is the whole of the agency which has endowed modern art with its superhuman capacities, and sent it out to traverse the continent and the ocean, with those capacities which Romance has attributed to her unearthly beings:

Tramp, tramp, along the land they ride,
Splash, splash, across the sea.

"It is wholly impossible to calculate the quantity of labor economized by all the machinery which the steam engine puts in motion. Mr. Baines* states, that the spinning machinery of Great Britain, tended by one hundred and fifty thousand workmen, "produces as much yarn as could have been produced by forty millions of men with the one-thread wheel!" Dr. Buckland remarks, that it has been supposed that "the amount of work now done by machinery in England is equivalent to that of between three and four hundred millions of men by direct labor."†

We dare say most of our readers will find something new to them in the passage we are now going to quote, touching the progress of certain improvements in one familiar art.

"It is not yet, I believe, more than two or three centuries, since the only mode of spinning known was by the rock and spindle. The simple spinning-wheel, moved by the hand, and which was thought, in the times of our grand-parents, to show a graceful form and a well-turned arm to nearly as much advantage as a harp at the present day, and to make a music almost as cheerful, is at once an obsolete and a modern invention. The Greeks and Romans are said to have been unacquainted with the spinning-wheel. The monarch's heavy purple and the nymph's airy tulle were alike manufactured by twirling the distaff, and drawing out a thread with the fingers; and no improvement was made on this tedious process, in Great Britain, before the fifteenth century. It is evident that much more labor must have been requisite, with this rude machinery, to supply the indispensable article of clothing, than with the modern improvements. The introduction of the spinning-wheel produced a great economy of this labor; but the introduction of the spinning and weaving machinery of the last century, has pushed this economy to an extent, at which it is in vain to attempt to calculate it. This economy operates, first, to multiply the comforts of the existing population, and then, by necessary consequence, to increase the population capable of subsisting in a given circuit. Yes, the man who, in the infancy of the arts, invented the saw or the plane, the grindstone, the vice, or the hand-mill; and those who, in later periods, have contributed to the wonderful system of modern machinery, are entitled to rank high among the benefactors of mankind,—the fathers of civilization,—the creators, I had almost said, of nations. No, it is not the fabulous wand of the enchanter, it is the weaver's beam, and instruments like it, which call thousands and tens of thousands into being. Mind, acting through the useful arts, is the vital principle of modern civilized society. The mechanician, not the magician, is now the master of life. He kindles the fires of his steam engine,—the rivers, the lakes, the ocean, are covered with flying vessels; mighty chain-pumps descend, clanking and growling, to the deepest abymes of the coal mine, and rid them of their deluging waters; and spindles and looms ply their task as if instinct with life; it is the necromancy of the creative mechanician. In a moment a happy thought crosses his imagination,—an improvement is conceived. Some tedious process can be superseded by a chemical application, as in the

modern art of bleaching. Some necessary result can be attained, in half the time, by a new mechanical contrivance;—another wheel,—a ratchet,—a screw will effect the object; he tries a few experiments; it will succeed; it is done. He stamps his foot, and a hundred thousand men start into being; not, like those which sprang from the fabled dragon's teeth, armed with the weapons of destruction, but furnished with every implement for the service and comfort of man. It is stated by James Watt, (before whose time the steam engine was an imperfect and inefficient machine,) that the moment the notion of "separate condensation" struck him, all the other details of his improved engine followed in rapid and immediate succession, so that, in the course of a day, his invention was so complete that he proceeded to submit it to experiment.* Could that day be identified, it would well deserve an anniversary celebration by the universal tribes of civilized man."

Sentimentalists have complained of "the mechanical tendency" of the present age, as having an unfavorable influence upon morals and intellect. Mr. Everett vindicates the mechanic arts from this imputation; regarding their intellectual and moral influences as among their happiest results. We cannot abridge his observations without greater injustice to them and to our readers, than we are willing to burthen our conscience with. The manner in which, at the close of the following extract, he is 'warned back from his digression' by his watch, equals those happy transitions adduced by Dugald Stewart† from Thomson, Goldsmith, and Virgil.

"The immediate result of every improvement in these arts, as has been already stated, often is, and always might and should be, by making less labor and time necessary for the supply of human wants, to raise the standard of comfortable living,—increase the quantity of leisure time applicable to the culture of the mind,—and thus promote the intellectual and moral progress of the mass of the community. That this is the general tendency of a progress in the useful arts, no one can doubt, who compares the present condition of the world with its condition in the middle ages, and the fact is confirmed by the history of single inventions. I have already spoken of alphabetical writing. Pliny remarks of the Egyptian reed, (the first material of which paper was made,) that our reed rested the immortality of man. The thought, though savoring of heathenism in the expression, is just. This single art of alphabetical writing was a step absolutely essential in the moral and intellectual progress of our race. To speak of the art of printing, in its connection with morals and mind, would be as superfluous as it would be difficult to do justice to the topic. Its history is not so much an incident as the summary of modern civilization. Vast as the influence of this art of arts has been, it may well be doubted whether other improvements will not yet be made in the mechanism connected with it, which will incalculably increase its efficiency. If I mistake not, the trumpet-voice of Truth from this machine is yet destined to reach to distances and depths of society, which have hitherto remained unexplored and neglected.

"Again, in reference to the intimate connection of the useful and mechanic arts with intellectual progress, let us but advert for a moment to the mariner's compass, the telescope, the quadrant. For myself, I never reflect upon their influence on the affairs of man, and remember that they are, after all, merely mechanical contrivances, without emotions of admiration bordering upon awe. This sentiment, I know, is so worn away by habit, that it seems almost to run into sentimentality. But let us not be ashamed to reproduce the emotions that spring from the freshness of truth and nature. What must not have been Galileo's feelings, when he pointed the first telescope to the heaven, and discovered the phases of Venus and the moons of Jupiter! When I behold the touched needle trembling to the pole,—when I know that, beneath the utter blackness of the midnight storm, when every star in heaven is quenched, and the laboring vessel, in mid-ocean, reels, like a drunken man, on the crested top of the mighty waves, that little bar of steel will guide the worn and staggering helmsman on his way,—I feel that there is a holy philosophy in the arts of life, which, if I cannot comprehend, I can reverence.

"Consider the influence on the affairs of men, in all their relations, of the invention of the little machine which I hold in my hands; and the other modern instruments for the measurement of time, various specimens of which are on exhibition in the halls. To say nothing of the importance of an accurate measurement of time in astronomical observations,—nothing of the application of time-keepers to the purposes of navigation,—how vast must be the aggregate effect on the affairs of life, throughout the civilized world, and in the progress of ages, of a convenient and portable apparatus for measuring the lapse of time!

*Lardner's Popular Lectures on the Steam Engine, p. 61. Dr. Lardner, in the context of the passage above quoted, speaks of the notion of "separate condensation" as the "happy conception which formed the first step of that brilliant career which has immortalized the name of Watt, and which has spread his fame to the very skirts of civilization."

†In the first volume of his *Philosophy of the Human Mind*.

*Baines' History of the Cotton Manufacture, p. 362.

†Buckland's Geology and Mineralogy, Vol. I. p. 400.

Who can calculate in how many of those critical junctures when affairs of weightiest import hang upon the issue of an hour, Prudence and Forecast have triumphed over blind Casualty, by being enabled to measure with precision the flight of time, in its smallest subdivisions? Is it not something more than mere mechanism, which watches with us by the sick-bed of some dear friend, through the livelong solitude of night, enables us to count, in the slackening pulse, nature's trembling steps toward recovery, and to administer the prescribed remedy at the precise, perhaps the critical, moment of its application? By means of a watch, punctuality in all his duties,—which, in its perfection, is one of the incommunicable attributes of Deity,—is brought, in no mean measure, within the reach of man. He is enabled, if he will be guided by this half-rational machine, creature of a day as he is, to imitate that sublime precision which leads the earth, after a circuit of five hundred millions of miles, back to the solstice at the appointed moment, without the loss of one second, no, not the millionth part of a second, for the ages on ages during which it has travelled that empyreal road.* What a miracle of art, that a man can teach a few brass wheels, and a little piece of elastic steel, to out-calculate himself; to give him a rational answer to one of the most important questions which a being travelling toward eternity can ask! What a miracle, that a man can put within this little machine a spirit that measures the flight of time with greater accuracy than the unassisted intellect of the profoundest philosopher; which watches and moves when sleep pales like the hand of the maker and the mind of the contriver, nay, when the last sleep has come over them both! I saw the other day, at Stockbridge, the watch which was worn on the 8th of September, 1765, by the unfortunate Baron Deskau, who received his mortal wound on that day, near Lake George, at the head of his army of French and Indians, on the breaking out of the seven years' war. This watch, which marked the fierce, feverish moments of the battle as calmly as it has done the fourcore years which have since elapsed, is still going; but the watch-maker and baron have now for more than three-fourths of a century been gone where time is no longer counted. Frederic the Great was another and a vastly more important personage of the same war. His watch was carried away from Potsdam by Napoleon, who, on his rock in mid-ocean, was wont to ponder on the hours of alternate disaster and triumph, which flled up the life of his great fellow-destroyer, and had been equally counted on its dial-plate. The courtiers used to say, that this watch stopped of its own accord, when Frederic died. Short-sighted adulation! for if it stopped at his death, as if time was no longer worth measuring, it was soon put in motion, and went on, as if nothing had happened. Portable watches were probably introduced into England in the time of Shakspeare; and he puts one into the hand of his fantastic jester, as the text of his morality. In truth, if we wished to borrow from the arts a solemn monition of the vanity of human things, the clock might well give it to us. How often does it not occur to the traveller in Europe, as he hears the hour tolled from some ancient steeple,—that iron tongue in the tower of yonder old cathedral, unchanged itself, has had a voice for every change in the fortune of nations! It has chimed monarchs to their thrones, and knelled them to their tombs; and, from its watch-tower in the clouds, has, with the same sonorous and impartial stolidity, measured out their little hour of sorrow and gladness to coronation and funeral, abdication and accession, revolution and restoration; victory, tumult, and fire!† and, with like faithfulness, while I speak, the little monitor by my side warns me back from my digression, and bids me beware lest I devote too much of my brief hour, even to its own commendation. Let me follow the silent monition, sustained, perhaps, by the impatience of the audience, and hasten to the last topic of my address."

Our last extract closes the address. Bright and grand as are its anticipations of future improvement, none can deny them to be rational. And it is difficult to perceive how any mechanic can hear, or read, the concluding paragraph, without a conscious increase of that self-respect, and that real elevation of character, with which the whole address tends to inspire him.

"So numerous are the inventions and discoveries that have been made in every department, and to such perfection have many arts been carried, that we may, perhaps, be inclined to think that, in the arts, as on the surface of the globe, after all the brilliant discoveries in navigation in the last three centuries, there is nothing left to find out. Though it is probable that, in particular things, no further progress can be made, (and even this I would not affirm, with any confidence,) yet, so far from considering invention as exhausted, or art at a stand, I believe

* It is not, of course, intended that the sidereal year is always of precisely the same length, but that its variations are subject to a fixed law. See *Sir J. Herschel's Treatise on Astronomy*, §563.

† *Excelsus varis famulus spiritus astris*

Et vivum certis motibus urget opus.

Claudian. in Sphæ. Archimides.

‡ The associations here alluded to have lately been rendered familiar to the public by the Mayor's spirited translation and adaptation to music of Schiller's splendid poem of *The Bell*. The idea was originally glanced at in one of Mrs. Elizabeth Montague's Letters.

there never was a moment when greater improvements were to be expected: and this for the very reason that so much has already been done,—that truth, in its nature, is at once boundless and creative,—and that every existing art, invention, and discovery, is but an instrument of further improvement. Even when any particular art or machine seems to have reached the highest attainable point of excellence, nothing is more likely than that it will, by some wholly unexpected discovery or improvement, be greatly advanced; or that, by accidental or natural association, it will lead to some other very important improvement in a branch of art wholly dissimilar; or, finally, that it will be superseded by something quite different, but producing the same result. Take, as an example, the art of printing. The simple process of printing with moveable types, and a press moved by hand, does not seem, in the lapse of four hundred years, to have undergone any very material improvement; but the introduction of solid plates, and the application of artificial power to the press, are improvements wholly disconnected, in their nature, from the art of printing, and yet adding incalculably to its efficacy and operative power. In a word, the products of art are the creations of rational mind, working with intelligent and diversified energy, in a thousand directions;—bounding from the material to the moral world, and back from speculation to life; producing the most wonderful effects on moral and social relations by material means, and again, in an improved political and moral condition, finding instruments and encouragement for new improvements in mechanical art. In this mighty action and reaction, we are continually borne on to results the most surprising. Physical and moral causes and effects produce moral and physical effects and causes, and every thing discovered tends to the discovery of something yet unknown. It rarely, perhaps never, happens that any discovery or invention is wholly original; as rarely, that it is final. As some portion of its elements lay in previously existing ideas, so it will awaken new conceptions in the inventive mind. The most novel mechanical contrivance contains within itself much that was known before; and the most seemingly perfect invention—if we may judge the future by the past—admits of further improvements. For this reason, the more that is known, discovered and contrived, the simpler the materials out of which new discoveries, inventions, and improvements, may be expected.

"Perfect as the steam engine seems, it is a general persuasion that we are in the rudiments of its economical uses. The prodigious advances made in the arts of locomotion, teach nothing more clearly, than the probability that they will be rendered vastly more efficient. The circulation of ideas by means of the press is probably destined to undergo great enlargement. Analytical chemistry has, within the last thirty years, acquired instruments which enable the philosopher to unlock mysteries of nature before unconceived of. Machinery of all kinds, and for every purpose, is daily simplified and rendered more efficient. Improved manipulations are introduced into all the arts, and each and all of these changes operate as efficient creative causes of further invention and discovery. Besides all that may be hoped for by the diligent and ingenious use of the materials for improvement afforded by the present state of the arts, the progress of science teaches us to believe that principles, elements and powers are in existence and operation around us, of which we have a very imperfect knowledge, perhaps no knowledge whatever. Commencing with the mariner's compass in the middle ages, a series of discoveries has been made connected with magnetism, electricity, galvanism, the polarity of light, and the electromagnetic phenomena which are occupying so much attention at the present day, all of which are more or less applicable to the useful arts, and which may well produce the conviction that, if in some respects we are at the meridian, we are in other respects in the dawn of science. In short, all art, as I have said, is a creation of the mind of man—an essence of infinite capacity for improvement. And it is of the nature of every intelligence endowed with such a capacity, however mature in respect to the past, to be at all times, in respect to the future, in a state of hopeful infancy. However vast the space measured behind, the space before is immeasurable; and though the mind may estimate the progress it has made, the boldest stretch of its powers is inadequate to measure the progress of which it is capable.

Let me say, then, Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Mechanic Association,—**PERSEVERE.** Do any ask what you have done, and what you are doing for the public good? Send them to your exhibition rooms, and let them see the walls of the temple of American Liberty,* fully covered with the products of American art. And while they gaze with admiration on those creations of the mechanical arts of the country, bid them remember that they are the productions of a people whose fathers were told by the British ministry they should not manufacture a hob-nail! Does any one ask in disdain for the great names which have illustrated the Mechanic Arts! Tell him of Arkwright, and Watt, of Franklin, of Whitney, and Fulton, whose memory will dwell in the grateful recollections of posterity, when the titled and laureled destroyers of mankind shall be remembered only with detestation. Mechanics of America, respect your calling, respect yourselves. The cause of human improvement has no firmer or more powerful friends. In the great Temple of Nature, whose foundation is the earth,—whose pillars are the eternal hills,—whose roof is the star-lit sky,—whose organ-tones are the whispering breeze and the sounding storm,—whose architect is God,—there is no ministry more sacred than that of the intelligent mechanic!"

* The exhibition was held in Faneuil Hall.—*Ed. Messenger.*

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T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

DABNEY CARR.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis.*

Horace.

How often have I wished to possess that talent for delineating the characters of eminent men which might enable me to send down to posterity the portraits of the great and good with whom it has been my happy lot to be associated in the journey of life! How should I delight to accompany them with reminiscences of their virtues and talents, of their racy wit and humor, and of the interesting scenes which they dignified by their presence or enlivened by their good fellowship! I should have a picture gallery that would attract the gaze of every amateur! And, oh! my dear, my ever lamented friend! what benignant countenance would fix the admiration of the beholder more steadfastly than thine?

DABNEY CARR, the regretted subject of this notice, was born at Spring Forest, in Goochland county, in May 1772. He was but three weeks old at the death of his father, and the care of himself and his brothers and sisters devolved upon his widowed mother, the sister of Thomas Jefferson. I had the pleasure of knowing her. She was a lady of singular worth, and fulfilled with fidelity and sound judgment the duties which were demanded of her by the numerous family left her by her husband. Her son Dabney went to school to Parson Murray, and in due season was sent to Hampden Sidney College, where he was the fellow student of the present Judge Cabell, and of other interesting persons who have since played conspicuous parts on the theatre of life. On his return home, he read law at Bearcastle, in Albemarle, which had been the old family mansion of his grandfather, I think; and afterwards at Dunlora, in the same county, adjoining Pennpark, the residence of Dr. Gilmer, whose daughter Mr. Wirt had married, and with whom he lived. Here commenced that intimacy which continued unbroken till sundered by death. They were constantly associated, and cultivated together their taste for literature, with the aid of the fine libraries of Dr. Gilmer and Mr. Jefferson. Under the superintendence of the last of these gentlemen Mr. Carr's studies were conducted. About the age of twenty-one, he obtained a license to practise the law, and settled in Charlottesville, the seat of justice of Albemarle, to which county he for some time confined himself. The first occasion of his extending his practice to another county occurred in the following manner. I give the narration from the lips of one of his nearest connexions.

Mr. Wirt one morning rode up to his little office, and addressing him by an appellation by which he was known among his youthful friends, remarked, "Well, Chevalier, I'm come to carry you to the State

to-day;" meaning Fluvanna county, then and yet familiarly called the *State of Flu*. "But," said Carr, "I have no business." "Neither have I," said Wirt. "But I have not any money," said Carr. "Nor have I," said Wirt; "but by going there we shall get both. I won't be denied: you must go." They went. On the way Wirt was in "a great gale;" his spirits high, his hopes buoyant, his gaiety of heart overflowing. "Here," said he, at last, "are we two poor county court lawyers going to the State of Flu, without money and without business; but I foresee you will one day or other be *Judge of the Court of Appeals*; and as for me," said he, laughing, "I shall not be content with less than the *Presidency*." Strange vaticination!!—They went on;—they got business and money; and fortune soon smiled upon their labors and their worth. Mr. Carr shortly after married his first cousin, and soon extended his practice to Buckingham and Amherst, and afterwards to the Chancery Court at Staunton. At length, on the 26th March, 1811, he was appointed a Judge of the General Court by the Executive, but the appointment was not confirmed by the Legislature, professedly because he was not at the time of appointment a resident of the Circuit; but principally, I believe, from the very great personal popularity of another gentleman, who had for some time been a member of the Legislature, and whose position thus gave him great advantages over his opponent. Judge Carr kept aloof from the contest, and upon its unsuccessful termination prepared to return to the bar. *Utriusque paratus* might well have been his motto. The canvass however had brought into full view his great merits, and all became sensible of the injustice that had been done him. A desire to repair it, has always been supposed to have aided in that division of the Chancery Court at Staunton by which the Winchester and Clarksburg Chancery Districts were created. Of these Districts he was appointed Chancellor by the unanimous vote of the same Legislature which had refused to confirm his first appointment as Judge of the General Court. This was on the 29th of January, 1812. The law was passed the day before.

Mr. Carr accordingly removed to Winchester in the month of March succeeding his appointment. He was received with the greatest cordiality into that excellent society, with which he soon mingled in the most delightful intercourse. His fine qualities made him the object of universal esteem, and secured to him the entire devotion of those friends who formed the circle of his acquaintance. Never was there a more pleasant, or a more hospitable and sociable little community. Let me solace myself by running over the names of some of them. There were, Judge Holmes, Judge White, Judge Carr, General Singleton, Daniel Lee, Frank Gilmer, Mr. Heterick, Dr. Macky, Dr. Conrad, Col. Magill, Alfred H. Powell, Henry Tucker, Dr.

Balmain, Mr. Tidball, Mr. McGuire, General John Smith, Mr. Edward Smith, and others not so well known beyond the limits of the town, but not less amiable or interesting. Among those I have mentioned, the reader will recognise many names with which he is familiar. Alas! but one of the whole number survives! Never was a society more completely swept away in a few years! And though the places of those I once knew and loved there, are filled by others both interesting and intelligent, yet my aged heart cannot warm towards them as it did to my old companions, who are now sleeping the sleep of death on the silent hills above the town, or have found their last resting place in some distant spot.

Judge Carr entered upon the duties of his station with the zeal and assiduity for which he was always so remarkable. His task was a laborious one, but he always accomplished it faithfully and honestly. He never cheated himself or the public with the false notion that he had done much when he had done but little. He went through his business regularly, and never had occasion to sigh forth the mortifying confession, "I have left undone those things which I ought to have done;" and if we may judge from the affirmances of his decrees by the Court of Appeals, he was equally exempt from the imputation of having "done those things which he ought not to have done." In his western court he met with much to put in requisition the steadfastness of his character; and the felicity with which he united to a determined and unshrinking discharge of duty, a suavity of manner that excluded the possibility of personal offence, is, through all that country, to this day, the subject of remark and admiration.

But though faithful to his duties, Judge Carr found ample time to devote to society, to general literature, and to occasional composition. Conspicuous for his liberal hospitality and for his love of cheerful society, he delighted in the free and intimate intercourse which he found in the society of Winchester, and entered heartily into the project of the "Frugal Fare Club," suggested by Judge Holmes, for bringing together the congenial spirits of the circle one or two evenings in every week. The members met in succession at each other's houses, and enjoyed most truly "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Politics were excluded by universal consent as the bane of good fellowship, and the absence of sumptuousness in the entertainment was always compensated by intellectual pleasures. The conversation, sometimes grave and philosophical, and usually literary and instructive, was nevertheless often gay and amusing, and interspersed with wit, anecdote and humor; and even a favorite song would sometimes give a fillip to the spirits of the company. "Give me, nymph, my heart again," and Burns's "Tam Glenn," were my good friend's accustomed contributions to this part of the entertainment, and his soft and mellow tones seem even now breathing on my ear,

"My heart is a-breaking, dear Titty,
Some comfort then to me come len."

Poor Singleton had but a single song in the world—"You are welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair"—but such was its whimsicality, and such the indescribable and unearthly tones in which he uttered it, that he rarely failed to be encored. Holmes's stock was inexhausti-

ble—from the pathos of "Highland Mary" and the sentimental humor of "John Anderson," to the broadest specimens of Irish wit or Yankee notions.

Judge Carr's tastes were eminently literary. He had formed them at an early day and upon the finest models of English literature. The writers of the reign of Queen Anne were decidedly his favorites, and the humor of Swift was exactly to his mind. He has obviously made it his model in some of his essays, while in others of a graver cast he seems to have formed himself upon the style of Addison. A specimen of his composition may be seen in the *Old Bachelor*, under the signature of Obadiah Squaratoes, while others are to be found only in the public prints, which he sometimes adorned by effusions of a humorous or literary character, though he never, I believe, entered upon the arena of politics. He preferred the calm and philosophical pleasures of literary pursuits to the exciting and maddening topics of political controversy. He was intimately acquainted with the Latin classics, in which he took great delight, but mainly, I think, in Cicero; for I heard him declare but a few months before his death that he anxiously looked forward to the period when he might resign his public employments and indulge himself with a thorough perusal of the works of Tully in the original. Shakspeare he was devoted to. He knew his works thoroughly, and repeated with the most scrupulous accuracy most of the fine passages of that noble poet. He was as particular as the late Mr. Randolph about exactness in quotation, and was himself never detected in the slightest variation from his author.

In February, 1824, Judge Carr was elected to supply the vacancy on the bench of the Court of Appeals occasioned by the death of the venerable Judge Fleming. In the volumes of our Reports from that date until his death in the winter of 1837, will be found the history of his public life—the memorial of his public services—the faithful record of his patient and untiring industry, and the enduring evidences of his powers of mind, his profound learning, and thorough acquaintance with the philosophy of his profession. Those volumes form for him an imperishable monument. Nothing but the incursion of a barbarian horde, the devastations of an Attila or the conflagrations of an Omar can destroy it. Precedents are the basis of our jurisprudence; and unless that is subverted, unless there be a *bouleversement* of all our institutions, these volumes must go down to posterity and transmit to generations yet unborn the able opinions of Dabney Carr. They form indeed the best chance of immortality both for bar and bench. It is some reward for their labors, that the good they do will live after them, even if their evil be not "interred with their bones." It is some solace to think that a century hence the learned will pore over the decrees of Chancellor Wythe, the expanded views of Edmund Pendleton, the vigorous opinions of Spencer Roane, and the profound investigations of Dabney Carr, as we look back to the judgments of old Hobart or the authoritative institutes of the great Sir Edward Coke. What an incentive to the faithful discharge of their important duties by judicial functionaries, to know that their names will be "familiar in the mouths of men as household words;" and that a faithful record will pass down to the latest times, of their wisdom and of their weakness; of their profound and well reflected

judgments, and of their rash and ill considered resolutions.

On turning to the Reports, we cannot but be struck with the fact, that in most of the cases, Judge Carr delivers his own opinion at length, and all bear the stamp of the most careful preparation. It is impossible that investigations, whether of law or fact, could have been more thorough and searching than those of this indefatigable man. He took minute notes of the arguments at the bar. He then sifted the records to the brain. Not a word escaped him; not a fact eluded his examination. Every particle of evidence was weighed with the most scrupulous care. And when the facts were perfectly mastered, his researches into the law were pursued with the same untiring zeal. Every authority cited in argument, and many others which his own diligence brought to light, were critically scanned, and most commonly reviewed. He was never content with turning to the dictum of the judge alone; but he studied the facts of each case, and was thus enabled to understand more justly the application and the truth of the principles decided. In short, he slurred over nothing. Pains-taking exactness was conspicuous throughout all his actions, and particularly in the discharge of official duty; and lest he should fall into error, he very frequently transcribed the opinions of the court in the cases cited at considerable length. Thus it was that every new decision added new and valuable materials to the ample stores of his well informed mind; and thus it was that he saw nothing "through a glass darkly," but that all his perceptions were clear, and all his knowledge accurate and profound.

But such labors were too much for his strength. The faithful discharge of his judicial duties, together with the time he devoted to other mental occupations, broke in upon his hours of repose. After finishing his records, he had still to keep up with the news of the day and the passing political occurrences, which he generally took from the columns of the National Intelligencer; and after all this, I am inclined to think he rarely omitted to bestow some portion of the night upon those favorite fountains from which he had drawn the early lessons of wisdom and virtue, and imbibed the chastened principles of a correct and classical taste. The consequence was, that during the eight months' session of the courts, he allowed himself ordinarily but five hours' sleep, rarely retiring till long after midnight, and always rising at the dawn of day. Residing nearly two miles from the market, he nevertheless regularly attended it for the sake of the exercise, and his more self-indulgent neighbors who lived in its vicinity would often meet him returning from it as they were repairing to it. Exercise indeed he found essential to him, and no circumstances prevented his taking it. After a severe attack of gravel, in Winchester, it had been urged upon him by Dr. Physic, in whose judgment he reposed the most unbounded confidence. Accordingly he regularly walked a certain number of miles every day, and when the weather was bad, he frequently resorted to the spacious quadrangle of the market-house, under cover of which he walked a stated number of times, often without his hat if the weather was warm, scoring each successive circuit at the starting place. A person who casually saw him thus coursing, and chalking down his performance, and then recommending his

career with rapid strides, without his hat, imagined he was deranged, and so reported, to the no small amusement of the good judge himself and of all his friends. When he came to Richmond, he selected, with a view to exercise, a residence more than a mile and a half from the Capitol, so that he rarely walked less than six, and often as much as ten miles in a day. This he did through all weather, never using his carriage, however tempestuous it might be, and never missing a day in his attendance upon the court for any cause save sickness. In this too he was fortunate. He was rarely away from indisposition; and even after his decline was evident, his friends unavailingly urged him to absent himself. His health was greatly impaired for three months before his death, yet he so persevered that he lost but one week, and that week was the last of his life! Admirable—conscientious man!!!

His deportment on the bench was characterized by that modesty, and forbearance, and deference for the opinions of others, which marked his conduct through life. He rarely interrupted the counsel, and when he ventured to suggest a difficulty, he always did it in such a manner as neither to embarrass or to damp their ardor, by the apprehension that they were addressing a prejudiced hearer. He was indeed not hasty in making up his opinions, or in yielding to the first suggestions of his mind upon the argument of a case, though when his judgment was once formed, it was inflexible. It has been objected to the celebrated Pothier, that he suffered his mind to be too soon preoccupied in the trial of a cause. In the Eloge pronounced upon him in the University of Orleans by M. La Trosne, the king's advocate, we are told it was his custom to "express his opinion aloud" at the hearing of a case. "Scarcely had an advocate opened a cause before he became master of it; he anticipated all the arguments of the respective parties, and had formed a judgment within himself almost before the bar could perceive what was the matter in dispute. He had afterwards only to observe the manner in which the case was supported and defended. If it was a cause of slight importance, he allowed his mind to amuse itself with other subjects; if he exercised his attention, he could scarcely avoid intimating his concurrence or dissent by his gestures, or by a half utterance, so that his opinion was known well enough previous to going to consultation.

"But he allowed himself much greater liberty when he presided. The fondness for despatch, which is confessedly laudable, but which ought to be kept within proper limits, carried him away, and made him forget the patience that is proper for a judge, and is due to the parties. The party that fails in a contest ought not to have the opportunity of complaining that he has not been heard." "If the advocates wandered from the point in question, he was in haste to bring them back to it; but if they advanced an improper argument, or maintained a false principle, he could not command his impatience, and interrupted them for the purpose of fixing them to the true principles and arguments of the cause. The audience sometimes degenerated into dissertations and a kind of conference. His friends sometimes remonstrated with him upon the subject, which he approved, but he was not master of his conduct."

These were not the faults of Judge Carr. His mind was not only candid and fair in entering upon a case,

but he preserved it as free from bias during the argument, as in the nature of the thing is possible. When that was over, he set his vigorous intellect to work, and after forming his judgment, had little difficulty in reducing it to paper: for he was a ready writer, and poured out his thoughts from a full mind. His style was pure and perspicuous, often strong and nervous, and not unfrequently embellished by a figure, where it tended to illustrate his meaning, or to give force to his expression. But otherwise, it was chaste and unadorned, partaking of his own unpretending simplicity and aversion to display.

In the relations of private life, Judge Carr never had a superior. His temper was the finest I ever knew. His gentleness of manners, his unaffected modesty, his perfectly respectful deportment to all, his warm and devoted feelings, his upright and conscientious principles, his punctuality and exactness in all his dealings, his liberal hospitality, his stainless honor, his unshrinking firmness, won for him universal love, respect and esteem. He truly said, upon his death-bed, he left not an enemy behind him; and oh, miracle of men! with his moderate revenues, he left not a creditor!! And yet, with all his exactness, he had a heart of warm benevolence, and a hand open as day to melting charity! Upon the whole, his character presented the most remarkable union of the gentler and severer virtues, that I have ever met with. At the head of them stood CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, sustained and fortified by STEADFASTNESS and CONSTANCY!

The attachments of Dabney Carr were strong and abiding. He grappled his friends to him with hoops of steel, and he could boast of such friends as were worthy of his fidelity: among them were William Wirt, John Coalter and William H. Cabell. They were as brothers from their early manhood, and their friendship grew while life was waning. Mr. Wirt was the earliest—the dearest of the ties. They had in youth been at the bar together, and a similarity of tastes had contributed to draw them to each other, and to bind them in an indissoluble friendship. This indeed is one of the advantages of the cultivation of a taste for the classics, both ancient and modern. They bring together congenial spirits. They are a bond of union between ingenuous youth. They furnish a mirror in which we may not only see ourselves, but one another. And when we find the bosom of our young companion dilating with noble sentiments, and his eye glistening with the exquisite sense of classical beauty, we feel at once that we have met with one whose similarity of tastes must bind him to us. *Idem velle atque idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est.* And if this be so with boon companions in their gay pursuits, with sportsmen in the manly chase, and with soldiers marching shoulder to shoulder to the field, why should it not be so with those, who together walk with Socrates or Tully, who together hold familiar converse with the mighty dead, and in their sacred volumes read

The songs
Of Grecian bards and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes?

How many an intimacy must have been formed over the pages of Roman and Grecian story! how many a fast friendship has grown up out of the beauties of Ad-

dison and Swift, of Pope and of Akenside, and how many strong attachments from the scenes of the immortal Shakspeare! Horace and Cicero have been dead 2,000 years; yet still from the united perusal of these works, young friendships spring through the influence of that strong feeling, the sympathy of tastes. So was it with the friends of whom I speak. Their friendship was cultivated through the medium of the same tastes, the same elevated principles, the same devoted love of virtue and honorable distinction, and was cherished through life by the same influences, sustained and augmented by the warm and generous feelings of their own amiable hearts.

I shall not be guilty, I trust, of invading the sanctity of the domestic circle, when I observe, that in the most interesting of all our relations, the subject of these sketches was as remarkable, as in any other whatever. There was something almost romantic, in his devotedness to one, who had from youth to age, travelled with him the journey of life; and who had merited by her gentle affections and unvarying solicitude for his happiness, all the tenderness which belongs to so endearing a connexion. They were indeed most happy in each other, and in their children also. He left two daughters, on whom his affectionate attentions were lavished with the peculiar tenderness which always distinguishes a father's feeling for his daughters. They were educated principally at home, and to his other labors was added the interesting task of instructing them in the French language, in which he was himself very well versed. In short, there was no duty for the exact performance of which he was not remarkable. He marked out for himself a plan of life which he ever pursued with the most scrupulous exactness. From it he indulged in no deviation. With a gentleness of disposition and a softness of manners without a parallel in our sex, he was withal a man of the most determined and unshaken purpose that I have ever known. As was said of Fabricius, "It would have been as easy to turn the sun from his course, as him from the paths of duty and of honor." Never was there a human being to whom the beautiful and familiar lines of Horace more truly applied:

Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatuor solida.

He was constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

Such was Dabney Carr! Those who knew him well, will bear testimony to the fidelity of this portrait. Their own hearts will tell them that it has not a single exaggerated feature. Those who knew him not, may rest assured of its truth. And all will feel a deep interest in the similarity of some of its traits to those of the immortal Newton, delineated in the following passage, from the eloquent lips of Doctor Chalmers. He speaks of that great man as "the throned prince of all the philosophers, in whom the gentleness and modesty of a childlike piety at once irradiated and softened the lustre of his genius, moulding him into the goodliest specimen of humanity which earth hath ever seen. Never did meekness and genius combine to realize upon the character of man so rare a union; so that while he

stands forth to a wondering species upon the loftiest summits of an intellectual elevation, he yet mingled so gently, so gracefully, in ordinary life, that he was not more honored for the surpassing lustre of his genius, than he was loved for the milder glories of his nature; and that, while raised almost above his species in the grandeur of philosophy, he yet exhibited among men the unpretending grace of a cottage patriarch."

I shall conclude this imperfect sketch of the best of men, by the following obituary, which appeared in the public prints upon the occasion of his death, together with the proceedings of the Court of Appeals in honor of his memory; though I am well aware that the sentiments expressed in them are already embodied in the preceding pages.

Departed this life, on Jan. 9, 1837, at his residence near this city, the *Honorable Dabney Carr*, one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals. The following hasty sketch of his life and character have been submitted at our request, by a friend, accompanied by the expression of a hope that the portrait of the fine and noble character of the deceased, will be carefully drawn by some more able pencil.

Judge Carr was born in May 1773, about one month before the death of his father. He was brought up by his excellent mother, the sister of Mr. Jefferson, and at maturity commenced the practice of the law, in Albemarle, where he became distinguished for his sound sense and professional ability, and eminently remarkable for his diligence, punctuality and fidelity. In 1811 he was promoted to the office of Chancellor of the Winchester district, which he held until the spring of 1824, when he was elected to fill the vacancy in the Court of Appeals created by the death of the Hon. Wm. Fleming. Upon the adoption of the new Constitution, the seats of all the Judges having been vacated, and a new election taking place, he was re-elected to a seat on the bench of the newly organized Court, which he adorned for more than twelve years by his eminent virtues, his great learning, and his sound and judicious opinions. His assiduity was without example—and the failure of his fine constitution is fairly set down to his uncommon labors. It has been his good fortune to have been rarely absent from his seat from indisposition, and even in his last illness, he has lost but one week of the term. The first that struck you on an acquaintance with Judge Carr, was his native modesty, which a commerce with the world of sixty years, had never abated. In conversation you knew not which most to admire, the soundness and purity of his opinions, or the deference—approaching even to humility—with which they were ever advanced. In argument, though cogent and earnest, he was never betrayed into a sophism, nor tempted to pass the boundaries marked out by forbearance and moderation. His gentleness of disposition and suavity of manners, were on all occasions, conspicuous. They were not confined to his family or his brethren of the Bench, with whom his intercourse was delightfully harmonious. They won for him the regard even of strangers, upon his first introduction, while the substantial good qualities of his head and heart never failed to rivet the affections which had at first been the result of his engaging demeanor. The virtues indeed seemed to cluster around his character. In all his relations he was distinguished for truth, fidelity, and constancy; for firmness, and manly fortitude; for scrupulous honor, laudable prudence, exact punctuality, and a faithful discharge of every duty. His plan of life was systematic and steadfastly pursued, for it was formed upon upright and well reflected principles, which he adopted with the utmost care, and adhered to with unwavering tenacity. As a public officer, filling the highest judicial stations in the State, his untiring industry, his sedulous attention, his patient investigation, his steadfastness to principle, and his stern rebuke of vice, were above all praise; and the virtues of his heart were not more conspicuous, than the ability and learning which were ever displayed in his judicial opinions. These form his monument—a monument more enduring than brass, more lasting than marble. The volumes which contain his opinions, will go down from generation to generation as the repositories of our jurisprudence, and posterity will find there an imperishable memorial of his greatness and the goodness of this admirable man.

The mind of Judge Carr was clear, vigorous and accurate; his style was pure, classical, and strong; his learning was extensive, well digested, and profound; his acquirements in every field of literature, considerable. With the ancient classics, and the best writers of our own language, he was largely and intimately acquainted; and one of his greatest enjoyments was to spend a leisure moment with his favorite Cicero, of whose works he was eminently fond. With a mind thus stored, it was not wonderful that his society was the delight of his friends, and accordingly all who were fortunate enough to enjoy it, sought it with avidity. In his private relations, indeed, his life was truly lovely; always urbane—never censorious; always benevolent—never stern; among the foremost in the liberal hospitality of a gentleman,—to his friends, warm and devoted, and as a husband, father and brother, never surpassed. In his last moments, all these gentle and amiable qualities beamed forth with conspicuous brightness. It was an affecting evidence of his tenderness, that he desired that his last look might dwell on the amiable partner, who for nearly forty years had shared his cares and his fortunes, and whose privilege it had been to enjoy, for such a length of days, a happy union with one of the noblest of men. He met death with the fortitude and resignation which might well have been expected from such a man in the evening of a well spent life. He ordered the curtains of his windows to be withdrawn only a few hours before his death, (for he retained his senses to the last,) and looking out upon the bright world that lay before him, he exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful! all is bright, and now I want to go up. But it is not fit that we should be impatient at leaving so beautiful a world as this. We must wait our time"—and accordingly, though his last moments became more distressing and led him to wish repeatedly that the struggle was over, his patience and calmness never for a moment deserted him.

To such a man we may point the rising generation, and say to them, in the language of his favorite poet—

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubete.

At a meeting of the surviving Judges of the Court of Appeals, the Members of the Bar, and the Officers of the Court, held at the Capitol, on Monday, the 9th day of January, 1837:

On motion of Henry St. George Tucker, Esq. Francis T. Brooke, Esq. was called to the Chair. Sidney S. Baxter was appointed Secretary.

Benjamin W. Leigh, Esq. announced the death of *Dabney Carr*, Esq., one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals, and moved the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

The surviving Judges, the Members of the Bar, and the Officers of the Court of Appeals, assembled on occasion of the death of the Hon. *Dabney Carr*, have to express, not only their sense of the public loss sustained in this afflicting dispensation of Providence, but deep and lasting regret peculiar to themselves. In the judicial stations, first of Chancellor, and then of Judge of this Court, which the deceased for so many years filled and adorned, his learning and ability, his indefatigable industry, and devotion to his official duties, the entire exemption from every passion that might warp the judgment; the ardent love and zeal for pure justice, and the perfect fairness of mind which he brought to the decision of every cause, as well as the integrity of his life, and the spotless purity of his morals and conduct, were known to his country, and commanded universal respect, esteem and confidence. But to his brethren of the bench, to the members of the bar, and to the officers of the Court, he was not only an object of respect, esteem and confidence—he was endeared to them by the gentler virtues he displayed in the constant intercourse of business; by the evenness and suavity of his temper, the amiable simplicity of his manners, his unaffected modesty, his unassuming dignity, and above all, his kindness of heart, flowing in one uninterrupted current for a series of years, and flowing to us all. He has not left an enemy behind him; and among us, he has left those who mourn him as a brother or a father.

Resolved, That in testimony of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Judges, the Members of the Bar, and the Officers of the Court, will wear the usual badge of mourning for one month.

That the Chairman and Secretary be requested to communicate a copy of these proceedings to the widow and family of the

deceased, and to assure them of our deep sympathy in their distress.

That they be also desired to lay before the Court of Appeals, the request of this meeting, that a copy of these proceedings be entered on the order book of the Court.

And that they also cause these proceedings to be published.

On motion, the meeting adjourned to attend the funeral of Judge Carr.

FRANCIS T. BROOKE, Chairman.

S. S. Baster, Secretary.

WILLIS'S POEMS.*

The prose writings of Mr. Willis contain much to prove that he is a poet: but whoever has failed to find the evidences of it there, needs only read a few pieces in the volume mentioned below, to be satisfied of their author's claim to that title. It is not intended to assert for him a very high place on the Muses' hill. His own sound taste and good sense would be among the first to revolt at an association of him with Byron, Scott, or Campbell; far more with the great, earlier masters of song. Perhaps he cannot be raised quite to the level even of James Montgomery, Mrs. Hemans, Rogers, Halleck, and Bryant: but the place he merits, if below these, is just below them. His poetry does not excite the deepest or stormiest emotions. Scarcely a sublime passage is to be found in it—either of the calm, or of the terrible kind: none, for example, possessing in ever so small a degree, either the quiet grandeur of the stanzas to the ocean, in *Childe Harold*, or the awful magnificence of those describing a tempest and shipwreck, in *Don Juan*. The gentle and tender affections are those moved by his strains. His breathings of filial, fraternal, and parental love; his picturings of mental suffering; his exhibitions of human feeling, in whatever form he has occasion to display it; are true, forcible, and touching. The images he presents are sometimes of exquisite beauty, and the most happily appropriate to the subjects they are designed to illustrate.

The poem especially named in the title page, is one of the longest in the book; being of nearly 22 pages' length—loose, wide-lined pages, however. We cannot much praise its plot; its catastrophe is the instantaneous death of the heroine, Melanie,† at the altar, where she discovers that the lover she is about to marry, is her own brother! The next, "Lord Ivon and his daughter," of 24 pages, is a better conceived tale, and more thrillingly told. Both these contain passages worth quoting; but we hasten on to shorter pieces.

The first stanza of the lines 'To —,' written during a long sojourn in Europe, has been often copied, and justly admired. Its turn of thought bears some analogy to that contained in Shenstone's pathetic sentence,—

"Hæu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari,
Quam tui meminisse!"

which Moore has translated;

'Though many a gifted mind I meet,
Though fairest forms I see;

* Melanie and other Poems. By N. P. Willis. New York. Saunders & Otley. pp 242. 12mo.

† To be pronounced *Mel-a-sie*, in three syllables; the accent on the first.

To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee!

Mr. Willis has expanded the thought, and given it new illustrations:

'As, gazing on the Pleiades,
We count each fair and starry one,
Yet wander from the light of these
To muse upon the Pleiad gone—
As, bending o'er fresh gathered flowers,
The rose's most enchanting hue
Reminds us but of other hours
Whose roses were all lovely too—
So, dearest, when I rove among
The bright ones of this foreign sky,
And mark the smile, and list the song,
And watch the dancers gliding by,
The fairer still they seem to be,
The more it stirs a thought of thee!"

The 'Lines on leaving Europe' have three stanzas almost worthy of Moore's happiest mood. The last of them refers to the author's young wife, whom he had married in England:

'Adieu, oh fatherland! I see
Your white cliffs on th' horizon's rim,
And though to freer skies I flee,
My heart swells, and my eyes are dim!
As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore—
As spreads the rain-drop in the river
In which it may have flowed before—
To England, over vale and mountain,
My fancy flew from climes more fair—
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Ran warm and fast in England's air.
My mother! In thy prayer to-night
There come new words and warmer tears!
On long, long darkness breaks the light—
Comes home the loved, the lost for years!
Sleep safe, oh wave-worn mariner!
Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea!
The ear of heaven bends low to her!
He comes to shore who sails with me!
The wind-tost spider needs no token
How stands the tree when lightnings blaze—
And by a thread from heaven unbroken,
I know my mother lives and prays!

'I come—but with me comes another
To share the heart once only mine!
Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
One star arose in memory's heaven—
Thou, who hast watch'd one treasure only—
Watered one flower with tears at even—
Room in thy heart! The heart she left
Is darken'd to lend light to ours!
There are bright flowers of care bereft,
And hearts that languish more than flowers—
She was their light—their very air—
Room, mother! in thy heart!—place for her in
thy prayer!

English Channel, May, 1836.

'The Dying Alchemist' is a successful representation of well-imagined horrors. The lonely and comfortless chamber in a solitary tower; the agony of death, trebled by disappointment in the visionary's quest of that mysterious essence which had been the hope of his lifetime; are depicted with great truth and power. The aged sufferer gasps out a soliloquy, of which the following is the commencement;—the *Italics*, ours, to mark what we think extraordinary beauties:

'I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt—Oh God! it seemeth even now
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow.

'And yet it is—I feel
Of this dull sickness at my heart afraid;
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade;
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand,
Binding its pulses with an icy band.

'And this is death! But why
Feel I this wild recoil? It cannot be
Th' immortal spirit shuddereth to be free!
Would it not leap to fly,
Like a chain'd eagle at its parent's call?
I fear—I fear that this poor life is all!'

The scene is closed by these fearfully graphic passages:

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm,
His nails were driven deep, as if the throes
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

'The storm was raging still. The shutters swung
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken in its change.

'The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small silver rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

'And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath out-flown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest!'

But of all his compositions, Mr. Willis has been most happy in some blank verse narratives of several Scriptural incidents. The titles of these pieces are 'The Leper,' 'Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem,' 'The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus,' 'The Baptism of Christ,' 'The Shunamite,' 'Absalom,' 'Hagar in the Wilderness,' and 'The Widow of Nain.' Three of them strike us with especial admiration: 'The Leper,' 'The Widow of Nain,' and 'The Healing of the Ruler's Daughter.' He must have very strong eyes, or a very weak head (as Sterne said, with reference to the first scene of *Samson Agonistes*), who can read any one of the three, without tears. At the hazard of over-quotation, we shall copy one of them; founded upon the incident in Luke's Gospel, chapter vii.

'THE WIDOW OF NAIN.'

'The Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread

Of comers to the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quiver'd upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
And bask'd his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier lean'd and kept
His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he rais'd his head
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.

'Twas now high noon.
The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
Unmix'd with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide street along whose paved way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers past
Bending beneath their burthen. There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier
Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Follow'd apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat
Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
And simple latchets of his sandals lay
Thick the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not
To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's springs,
Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver pools,
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side
To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
Genesareth stood cool upon the East,
Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveller might bide till eve,
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild,
Yet turn'd he not aside, but gazing on
From every swelling mount, he saw afar
Amid the hills the humble spires of Nain,
The place of his next errand, and the path
Touch'd not Bethulia, and a league away
Upon the East lay pleasant Galilee.

Forth from the city-gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin, gray lashes of her fever'd eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He look'd upon her, and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said, and, as they stay'd the bier,
And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gaz'd on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and pray'd. Then taking the cold hand
He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast

Heav'd in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And, with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.'

'The Leper' is perhaps even superior still, in beauty and pathos.

Throughout the volume, are many pieces of uncommon excellence; and detached passages, embodying thoughts fine enough to be enrolled among those uttered by the best poets in the language. How expressive is this image of a lovely woman:

'Never awan
Dreamed on the water with a grace so calm!'

And this, of a young girl's innocent buoyancy, contrasted with the blighted hopes and seared feelings of one who had experienced how 'all is vanity.'

'But life with her was at the flow,
And every wave went sparkling higher;
While mine was ebbing, fast and low,
From the same shore of vain desire.'

The following lines, from the 'Healing of Jairus' Daughter,' present a water scene with more than the vividness of painting:

'It was night—
And softly o'er the sea of Galilee,
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves play'd low upon the beach
Their constant music; but the air beside
Was still as starlight.'

And where can be found a more exquisite picture of Jesus than follows?

'On a rock
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people.' * * *
* * *
'His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell
As he leaned forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep,
And in his looks the same mild majesty,
And in his mien the sadness mix'd with power,
Fill'd them with love and wonder.'

A great merit of Mr. W.'s poems, is the admirable moral tone that pervades them. There is not an indecent word or allusion: no holding up of villainy, or gentlemanly vice, to admiration; no attempt, by sneer or innuendo, to throw ridicule upon any of man's good affections. On the contrary, no one can read the volume, with clear understanding and proper feeling, without having the generous principles of his nature refined and strengthened. Nor is Mr. W.'s always a tearful or pensive muse, like that of Mrs. Hemans. Serious, she generally is: but now and then, her frolic step and joyous note shew a just consciousness that life has a due mixture of gladness with its gloom. The piece called "Saturday Afternoon," is an instance of this. The supposed speaker is a cheerful old man:

'I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,

And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

'I have walked the world for fourscore years;
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true; it is very true;
I'm old, and "I bide my time:"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this
And I half renew my prime.

'Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

'I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young on gay.'

Notwithstanding all this praise, however, there is some ground for censure.

Our first quarrel is with the metre which Mr. Willis often uses. It is so much out of the common way, that ordinary readers cannot find in it half the pleasure which the same thoughts would afford, if couched in rhyming couplets, or in quatrains with alternate rhymes;—those old-fashioned, but smoothest, most transparent, and most captivating forms of poetical diction. Writers who adopt either the spenserian stanza, or the more new-fangled one preferred by our present author, may be assured that they diminish very much their chances of popularity; for both the latter are unmanageable and with difficulty understood, by readers whose ear is charmed by the melody while their minds are alive to the meaning, of Campbell, Goldsmith, and Pope. How much better are the metrical forms of these poets adapted to quotation, and therefore how much more likely to win that fame which all poets long for, than the really beautiful ideas embodied in the following stanzas! They are a part of some lines 'On a picture of a girl leading her blind mother.'

'But thou canst hear! and love
May richly on a human tone he pour'd,
And the least cadence of a whisper'd word
A daughter's love may prove—
And while I speak thou know'st if I smile,
Albeit thou canst not see my face the while!

Yes, thou canst hear! and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
Heaven and earth and sea!
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know—
With but one sense the soul may overflow.'

There is an occasional want of exactness in Mr. Willis's rhymes. In the last extract, 'love' and 'prove,' 'pour'd' and 'word,' are unnaturally yoked together.

Elsewhere, 'love' is made to rhyme with 'wove,' and 'flow' with 'bow' (to bend the body.) Let us not be misunderstood. We would not alter a syllable, an accent, or a pause, in several of the pieces here, which vary from the modes of versification we generally prefer. "Saturday Afternoon," above quoted, is not more exquisite in conception, than musical and appropriate in its bounding numbers. Many of Moore's poems,—'Birth Days,' for instance—are unsurpassably melodious; and print themselves in the memory without an effort, and almost without volition on the reader's part. And who can be insensible to the varied flow of Walter Scott's epic verse, so happily commingling sweetness and strength? But even there, our favorite forms predominate; and are only sometimes departed from, to prevent monotony.

The sense of his verses is not always clear. It was only after thrice reading, that we could discern what the last six lines of the following stanza mean; and even now, they seem a jumble of ill assorted and infelicitous metaphors, leaving no distinct idea in the mind:

'I fear thy gentle loveliness,
Thy witching tone and air,
Thine eye's beseeching earnestness
May be to thee a snare:
The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters taintless flow—
But they who kneel at woman's shrine,
Breathe on it as they bow—
Ye may fling back the gift again,
But the crushed flower will leave a stain.'

But the greatest fault in the whole book, is the honorary tribute to Benedict Arnold. In boyhood, he was selfish and cruel: in riper years, he added speculation and swindling to increased selfishness and cruelty: later still, he grafted upon those vices, constantly growing more intense in his bosom and in his practice,—a treason unparalleled in its blackness and enormity: and the sun of his life went down amid clouds of just contempt, and storms of revenge, drunkenness and avarice. Yet in 'The Burial of Arnold,' Mr. Willis calls this prodigy of crime 'the noble sleeper' and 'the noblest of the dead.' Of him, whose childhood, like Domitian's, was signalized by torturing brutes and insects, as well as by oppressing his weaker playmates,* Mr. Willis asks and answers,

'Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he—go and look!'

So far from not claiming his share of *distinction*, Arnold was greedy even of that which properly belonged to others.

Of him, whose last years were those of a drunkard, and whose eyes were therefore probably bloodshot, his eye-lids inflamed, and his features discolored and bloated, in accordance with the usual effect of drunkenness,—Mr. W. says (beautifully, were it not so untruly,)

'Tread lightly—for 'tis beautiful,
That blue-veined eye-lid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull—
Its slumber we will keep.' [!]

* See Mr. Sparks' Life of Arnold.

We have no objection to fancy-pictures, when they are happily conceived and well drawn: but when they falsify Nature or History, they deserve ridicule or reprobation, accordingly as the untruth is merely ludicrous, or positively mischievous. The latter imputation, certainly, rests upon the verse, which crowns treason and all baseness, with the laurels of patriotism and virtue: which says of Arnold, almost all that could be said of Washington. We entreat Mr. Willis, if he loves historic truth and justice, to blot out this piece from his book.

LORD BACON.

PART II.

HIS CHARACTER, AND WRITINGS.

The Baconian Philosophy—its chief peculiarity—its end, 'Fruit'—Bacon contrasted with Seneca—superiority of the Baconian, to the ancient Philosophy, even to that of Socrates—still more, to that of Epicurus—Fruitlessness of ancient philosophy—Why?—its disdain of the merely useful—its disrepute, even before Bacon's time—its false use, and false estimate, of the Sciences—arithmetic—geometry—astronomy—alphabetical writing—medicine—difference of Bacon in these respects.

The chief peculiarity of Bacon's philosophy seems to us to have been this—that it aimed at things altogether different from those which his predecessors had proposed to themselves. This was his own opinion. 'Finis scientiarum,' says he, 'a nemine adhuc bene positus est.* And again, 'Omnium gravissimus error in deviatione ab ultimo doctrinarum fine consistit.†' 'Nec ipsa meta,' says he elsewhere, 'adhuc ulli, quod sciam, mortalium posita est et defixa.' The more carefully his works are examined, the more clearly, we think, it will appear, that this is the real clue to his whole system; and that he used means different from those used by other philosophers, because he wished to arrive at an end altogether different from theirs.

What then was the end which Bacon proposed to himself? It was, to use his own emphatic expression, 'FAVIR.' It was the multiplying of human enjoyments and the mitigating of human sufferings. It was 'the relief of man's estate.' It was 'commodis humanis inservire.‡' It was 'efficaciter operari ad sublevanda vitæ humane incommoda.§' It was 'dotare vitam humanam novis inventis et copiis.||' It was 'genus humanum novis operibus et potestatibus continuo dotare.' This was the object of all his speculations in every department of science,—in natural philosophy, in legislation, in politics, in morals.

Two words form the key of the Baconian doctrine—utility and progress. The ancient philosophy disdained to be useful, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they never could be more than theories; in attempts to solve insoluble enigmas; in exhortations to the attainment of unattainable frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings. All the schools regarded that office as degrading; some censured it as immoral. Once indeed Posidonius, a distinguished writer of the age of Cicero and Cæsar, so far forgot himself as to enumerate among the humbler blessings which mankind owed to philosophy, the discovery of the principle of the arch, and the introduction of the use of metals. This eulogy was considered as an af-

* The proper aim of science, no man hath as yet determined.'

† The most grievous of errors is, to miss the true and main end of learning.'

‡ To promote the good of mankind.'

§ To strive to alleviate the ills of human life.'

|| To endow life with new inventions and resources.'

front, and was taken up with proper spirit. Seneca vehemently disclaims these insulting compliments. Philosophy, according to him, has nothing to do with teaching men to rear arched roofs over their heads. The true philosopher does not care whether he has an arched roof or any roof. Philosophy has nothing to do with teaching men the uses of metals. She teaches us to be independent of all material substances, of all mechanical contrivances. The wise man lives according to nature. Instead of attempting to add to the physical comforts of his species, he regrets that his lot was not cast in that golden age when the human race had no protection against the cold but the skins of wild beasts—no screen from the sun but a cavern. To impute to such a man any share in the invention or improvement of a plough, a ship, or a mill, is an insult. 'In my own time,' says Seneca, 'there have been inventions of this sort,—transparent windows,—tubes for diffusing warmth equally through all parts of a building,—short-hand, which has been carried to such perfection that a writer can keep pace with the most rapid speaker. But the inventing of such things is drudgery for the lowest slaves: philosophy lies deeper. It is not her office to teach men how to use their hands. The object of her lessons is to form the soul—*Non est, inquam, instrumentorum ad usus necessarios opifex*.* If the *not* were left out, this last sentence would be no bad description of the Baconian philosophy; and would, indeed, very much resemble several expressions in the *Novum Organum*. 'We shall next be told,' exclaims Seneca, 'that the first shoemaker was a philosopher.' For our own part, if we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker, and the author of the three books 'On Anger,' we pronounce for the shoemaker. It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet; and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept any body from being angry.

It is very reluctantly that Seneca can be brought to confess that any philosopher had ever paid the smallest attention to any thing that could possibly promote what vulgar people would consider as the well being of mankind. He labors to clear Democritus from the disgraceful imputation of having made the first arch, and Anacharsis from the charge of having contrived the potter's wheel. He is forced to own that such a thing might happen; and it may also happen, he tells us, that a philosopher may be swift of foot. But it is not in his character of philosopher that he either wins a race or invents a machine. No, to be sure. The business of a philosopher was to declaim in praise of poverty with two millions sterling out at usury—to meditate epigrammatic conceits about the evils of luxury, in gardens which moved the envy of sovereigns—to rant about liberty, while fawning on the insolent and pampered freedmen of a tyrant—to celebrate the divine beauty of virtue with the same pen which had just before written a defence of the murder of a mother by a son.

From the cant of this philosophy—a philosophy meanly proud of its own unprofitableness—it is delightful to turn to the lessons of the great English teacher. We can almost forgive all the faults of Bacon's life when we read that singularly graceful and dignified passage:—*Ego certe, ut de me ipso, quod res est, loquar, et in iis quæ nunc edo, et in iis quæ in posterum, mediator, dignitatem ingenii et nominis mei, si qua sit, æquius sciens et volens proijcio, dum commodis humanis inserui;* quique architectus fortasse in philosophia et scientiis esse debeam, etiam operarius et bajulus, et quidvis demum fœ cum haud pauca quæ omnino fieri necesse sit, alii autem ob innatam superbiam subterfugiant, ipse sustineam et exsequar.† This *philanthropia*, which, as

he said, in one of the most remarkable of his early letters, 'was so fixed in his mind as it could not be removed,' this majestic humility, this persuasion that nothing can be too insignificant for the attention of the wisest, which is not too insignificant to give pleasure or pain to the meanest—is the great characteristic distinction, the essential spirit of the Baconian philosophy. We trace it in all that Bacon has written on physics, on laws, on morals. And we conceive that from this peculiarity all the other peculiarities of his system directly and almost necessarily sprang.

The spirit which appears in the passage of Seneca to which we have referred, tainted the whole body of the ancient philosophy from the time of Socrates downwards; and took possession of intellects with which that of Seneca cannot, for a moment, be compared. It pervades the dialogues of Plato. It may be distinctly traced in many parts of the works of Aristotle. Bacon has dropped hints from which it may be inferred, that in his opinion the prevalence of this feeling was in a great measure to be attributed to the influence of Socrates. Our great countryman evidently did not consider the revolution which Socrates effected in philosophy as a happy event; and he constantly maintained that the earlier Greek speculators, Democritus in particular, were, on the whole, superior to their more celebrated successors.*

Assuredly, if the tree which Socrates planted, and Plato watered, is to be judged of by its flowers and leaves, it is the noblest of trees. But if we take the homely test of Bacon,—if we judge of the tree by its fruits,—our opinion of it may perhaps be less favorable. When we sum up all the useful truths which we owe to that philosophy, to what do they amount? We find, indeed, abundant proofs that some of those who cultivated it were men of the first order of intellect. We find among their writings incomparable specimens both of dialectical and rhetorical art. We have no doubt that the ancient controversies were of use in so far as they served to exercise the faculties of the disputants; for there is no controversy so idle that it may not be of use in this way. But, when we look for something more—for something which adds to the comforts or alleviates the calamities of the human race,—we are forced to own ourselves disappointed. We are forced to say with Bacon, that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but disputation; that it was neither a vineyard nor an olive ground, but an intricate wood of briars and thistles, from which those who lost themselves in it, brought back many scratches and no food †

We readily acknowledge that some of the teachers of this unfruitful wisdom were among the greatest men that the world had ever seen. If we admit the justice of Bacon's censure, we admit it with regret, similar to that which Dante felt when he learned the fate of those illustrious heathens who were doomed to the first circle of Hell.

'Gran duol mi prese al cuor quando lo' vesi,
Ferochè gente di molto valere
Conobbi che'n quel limbo eran sospesi.'

But, in truth, the very admiration which we feel for the eminent philosophers of antiquity, forces us to adopt the opinion, that their powers were systematically misdirected. For how else could it be that such powers should effect so little for mankind? A pedestrian may show as much muscular vigor on a treadmill as on the highway road. But on the road his vigor will assuredly carry him forward; and on the treadmill he will not advance an inch. The ancient philosophy was a treadmill, not a path. It was made up of revolving questions,—of controversies which were always beginning again. It was a contrivance for having much exertion

* *Novum Organum*, Lib. 1, Aph. 71, 79. *De Augmentis*, Lib. 2, Cap. 6. *De principis atque originibus. Cogitata et visa. Redargutio philosophiarum.*

† *Novum Organum*, Lib. 1, Aph. 72.

‡ Great sorrow seized my heart, when I heard it, for I knew that persons of great worth were suspended in that limbo.'

* 'She, I say, is [not] a mere artisan, to drudge with tools.'

† 'If I may be allowed to say so,—I do often, both in my present and in my meditated works, lay aside the dignity of genius and of reputation (if any I have,) in my zeal for the good of mankind; and I, who should perhaps be an architect in science and philosophy, drudge as a hodman; doing and bearing many things indispensable to the work, but which others, through pride eschew.'

and no progress. We must acknowledge that more than once while contemplating the doctrines of the Academy and the Portico, even as they appear in the transparent splendor of Cicero's incomparable diction, we have been tempted to mutter with the surly centurion in Persius—"Cur quis non prandeat hoc est?" What is the highest good,—whether pain be an evil,—whether all things be fated,—whether we can be certain of anything,—whether we can be certain that we are certain of nothing,—whether a wise man can be unhappy,—whether all departures from right be equally reprehensible,—these, and other questions of the same sort, occupied the brains, the tongues, and the pens, of the ablest men in the civilized world during several centuries. This sort of philosophy, it is evident, could not be progressive. It might indeed sharpen and invigorate the minds of those who devoted themselves to it; and so might the disputes of the orthodox Lilliputians, and the heretical Blefusudians, about the big ends and the little ends of eggs. But such disputes could add nothing to the stock of knowledge. The human mind accordingly, instead of marching, merely marked time. It took as much trouble as would have sufficed to carry it forward; and yet remained on the same spot. There was no accumulation of truth,—no heritage of truth acquired by the labor of one generation and bequeathed to another, to be again transmitted with large additions to a third. Where this philosophy was in the time of Cicero, there it continued to be in the time of Seneca, and there it continued to be in the time of Favorinus. The same sects were still battling, with the same unsatisfactory arguments, about the same interminable questions. There had been no want of ingenuity, of zeal, of industry. Every trace of intellectual cultivation was there except a harvest. There had been plenty of ploughing, harrowing, reaping, thrashing. But the garner contained only smut and stubble.

The ancient philosophers did not neglect natural science; but they did not cultivate it for the purpose of increasing the power and ameliorating the condition of man. The taint of barrenness had spread from ethical to physical speculations. Seneca wrote largely on natural philosophy, and magnified the importance of that study. But why? Not because it tended to assuage suffering, to multiply the conveniences of life, to extend the empire of man over the material world; but solely because it tended to raise the mind above low cares, to separate it from the body, to exercise its subtlety in the solution of very obscure questions.* Thus natural philosophy was considered in the light merely of a mental exercise. It was made subsidiary to the art of disputation; and it consequently proved altogether barren of useful discoveries.

There was one sect, which, however absurd and pernicious some of its doctrines may have been, ought, it should seem, to have merited an exception from the general censure which Bacon has pronounced on the ancient schools of wisdom. The Epicurean, who referred all happiness to bodily pleasure, and all evil to bodily pain, might have been expected to exert himself for the purpose of bettering his own physical condition and that of his neighbors. But the thought seems never to have occurred to any member of that school. Indeed their notion, as reported by their great poet, was, that no more improvements were to be expected in the arts which conduce to the comfort of life:

* *Ad victum quæ flagitat usus
Omnia jam ferme mortalibus æsè paratæ.*†

This contented despondency,—this disposition to admire what has been done,—and to expect that nothing more will be done,—is strongly characteristic of all the schools which preceded the school of fruit and progress. Widely as the Epicurean and the Stoic differed

on most points, they seem to have quite agreed in their contempt for pursuits so vulgar as to be useful. The philosophy of both was a garulous, declaiming, canting, wrangling philosophy. Century after century they continued to repeat their hostile war-cries—virtue and pleasure; and in the end it appeared the Epicurean had added as little to the quantity of pleasure as the Stoic to the quantity of virtue. It is on the pedestal of Bacon, not on that of Epicurus, that those noble lines ought to be inscribed:

* *O tenebris tantis tam clarum extollere lumen
Qui primus posuisti, illustrans commoda vitæ.*‡

At length the time arrived when the barren philosophy which had, during so many ages, employed the faculties of the ablest men, was destined to fall. It had worn many shapes. It had mingled itself with many creeds. It had survived revolutions in which empires, religions, languages, races, had perished. Driven from its ancient haunts, it had taken sanctuary in that church which it had persecuted; and had, like the daring fiends of the poet, placed its seat

* *'next the seat of God,
And with its darkness dared affront his light.'*

Words, and more words, and nothing but words, had been all the fruit of all the toil, of all the most renowned sages of sixty generations. But the days of this sterile exuberance were numbered.

Many causes predisposed the public mind to a change. The study of a great variety of ancient writers, though it did not give a right direction to philosophical research, did much towards destroying that blind reverence for authority which had prevailed when Aristotle ruled alone. The rise of the Florentine sect of Platonists,—a sect to which belonged some of the finest minds of the fifteenth century,—was not an unimportant event. The mere substitution of the academic for the peripatetic philosophy would indeed have done little good. But any thing was better than the old habit of unreasoning servility. It was something to have a choice of tyrants. 'A spark of freedom,' as Gibbon has justly remarked, 'was produced by this collision of adverse servitude.'

Other causes might be mentioned. But it is chiefly to the great reformation of religion that we owe the great reformation of philosophy. The alliance between the schools and the vatican had for ages been so close, that those who threw off the dominion of the vatican could not continue to recognize the authority of the schools. Most of the great reformers treated the peripatetic philosophy with contempt; and spoke of Aristotle as if Aristotle had been answerable for all the dogmas of Thomas Aquinas. 'Nullo apud Lutheranos philosophiam esse in pretio,'† was a reproach which the defenders of the church of Rome loudly repeated, and which many of the Protestant leaders considered as a compliment. Scarcely any text was more frequently cited by them than that in which St. Paul cautions the Colossians not to let any man spoil them by philosophy. Luther, almost at the outset of his career, went so far as to declare that no man could be at once a proficient in the school of Aristotle and in that of Christ. Zwingle, Bucer, Peter Martyr, Calvin, held similar language. In some of the Scotch universities, the Aristotelian system was discarded for that of Ramus. Thus, before the birth of Bacon, the empire of the scholastic philosophy had been shaken to its foundations. There was in the intellectual world an anarchy resembling that which in the political world often follows the overthrow of an old and deeply rooted government. Antiquity, prescription, the sound of great names, had ceased to awe mankind. The dynasty which had reigned for ages was at an end; and the vacant throne was left to be struggled for by pretenders.

* *'Thou, who man's dreary path didst first illumine,
And show where life's most solid pleasures bloom!'*

† We quote on the authority of Bayle, from Malchoir Cano, a scholastic divine of great reputation.

* Seneca, *Nat. Quæst. præf.* Lib. 3.

† All the means of human subsistence were now attained.

The first effect of this great revolution was, as Bacon most justly observed, to give for a time an undue importance to the mere graces of style. The new breed of scholars, the Aschams and Buchanans, nourished with the finest compositions of the Augustan age, regarded with loathing the dry, crabbed, and barbarous diction of respondents and opponents. They were far less studious about the matter of their works than about the manner. They succeeded in reforming Latinity; but they never even aspired to effect a reform in philosophy.

At this time Bacon appeared. It is altogether incorrect to say, as has often been said, that he was the first man who rose up against the Aristotelian philosophy when in the height of its power. The authority of that philosophy had, as we have shown, received a fatal blow long before he was born. Several speculators, among whom Ramus was the best known, had recently attempted to form new sects. Bacon's own expressions about the state of public opinion in the time of Luther are clear and strong: 'Accedebat,' says he, 'odium et contemptus, illis ipsis temporibus ortus erga scholasticos.* And again, 'Scholasticorum doctrina despectui prorsushaberi cœpit tanquam aspera et barbara.†' The part which Bacon played in this great change was the part, not of Robespierre, but of Bonaparte. When he came forward, the ancient order of things had been subverted. Some bigots still cherished with devoted loyalty the remembrance of the fallen monarchy, and exerted themselves to effect a restoration. But the majority had no such feeling. Freed, yet not knowing how to use their freedom, they pursued no determinate course, and had found no leader capable of conducting them.

That leader at length arose. The philosophy which he taught was essentially new. It differed from that of the celebrated ancient teachers, not merely in method but in object. Its object was the good of mankind, in the sense in which the mass of mankind always have understood, and always will understand, the word good. 'Meditor,' said Bacon, 'institutionem philosophiæ ejusmodi quæ nihil inanis aut abstracti habeat, quæque vitæ humanæ conditiones in melius provehat.‡'

The difference between the philosophy of Bacon and that of his predecessors, cannot, we think, be better illustrated than by comparing his views on some important subjects with those of Plato. We select Plato, because we conceive that he did more than any other person towards giving to the minds of speculative men that bent which they retained till they received from Bacon a new impulse in a diametrically opposite direction.

It is curious to observe how differently these great men estimated the value of every kind of knowledge. Take arithmetic for example. Plato, after speaking slightly of the convenience of being able to reckon and compute in the ordinary transactions of life, passes to what he considers as a far more important advantage. The study of the properties of numbers, he tells us, habituates the mind to the contemplation of pure truth, and raises it above the material universe. He would have his disciples apply themselves to this study,—not that they may be able to buy or sell,—not that they may qualify themselves to be shopkeepers or travelling merchants,—but that they may learn to withdraw their minds from the ever-shifting spectacle of this visible and tangible world, and to fix them on the immutable essence of things.†

Bacon on the other hand, valued this branch of knowledge only on account of its uses with reference to that visible and tangible world which Plato so much

despised. He speaks with scorn of the mystical arithmetic of the later Platonists; and laments the propensity of mankind to employ, on mere matters of curiosity, powers, the whole exertion of which is required for purposes of solid advantage. He advises arithmeticians to leave these trifles, and to employ themselves in framing convenient expressions, which may be of use in physical researches.

The same reasons which led Plato to recommend the study of arithmetic, led him to recommend also the study of mathematics. 'The vulgar crowd of geometers,' he says, 'will not understand him. They have practice always in view. They do not know that the real use of the science is to lead man to the knowledge of abstract, essential, eternal truth. Indeed, if we are to believe Plutarch, Plato carried this feeling so far, that he considered geometry as degraded by being applied to any purpose of vulgar utility. Archytas, it seems, had framed machines of extraordinary power, on mathematical principles. Plato remonstrated with his friend; and declared that this was to degrade a noble intellectual exercise into a low craft, fit only for carpenters and wheelwrights. The office of geometry, he said, was to discipline the mind, not to minister to the base wants of the body. His interference was successful; and from that time, according to Plutarch, the science of mechanics was considered as unworthy of the attention of a philosopher.'

Archimedes in a later age imitated and surpassed Archytas. But even Archimedes was not free from the prevailing notion that geometry was degraded by being employed to produce anything useful. It was with difficulty that he was induced to stoop from speculation to practice. He was half ashamed of those inventions which were the wonder of hostile nations; and always spoke of them slightly as mere amusements—as trifles in which a mathematician might be suffered to relax his mind after intense application to the higher parts of his science.

The opinion of Bacon on this subject was diametrically opposed to that of the ancient philosophers. He valued geometry chiefly, if not solely, on account of those uses which to Plato appeared so base. And it is remarkable that the longer he lived the stronger this feeling became. When, in 1606, he wrote the two books on the 'Advancement of Learning,' he dwelt on the advantages which mankind derived from mixed mathematics; but he at the same time admitted, that the beneficial effect produced by mathematical study on the intellect, though a collateral advantage, was 'no less worthy than that which was principal and intended.' But it is evident that his views underwent a change. When, nearly twenty years later, he published the *De Augmentis*, which is the treatise on the 'Advancement of Learning,' greatly expanded and carefully corrected, he made important alterations in the part which related to mathematics. He condemned with severity the high pretensions of the mathematicians,—'delicias et fastum mathematicorum.' Assuming the well-being of the human race to be the end of knowledge,* he pronounced that mathematical science could claim no higher rank than that of an appendage, or an auxiliary to other sciences. Mathematical science, he says, is the handmaid of natural philosophy—she ought to demean herself as such—and he declares that he cannot conceive by what ill chance it has happened that she presumes to claim precedence over her mistress. He predicts,—a prediction which would have made Plato shudder,—that as more and more discoveries are made in physics, there will be more and more branches of mixed mathematics. Of that collateral advantage, the value of which, twenty years before, he rated so highly, he says not one word. This omission cannot have been the effect of mere inadvertence. His own treatise was before him. From that treatise he deliberately expunged whatever was favorable to the study of pure mathematics, and inserted several keen reflec-

* Besides—a hatred and contempt of the schoolmen had then arisen.

† 'The learning of the schoolmen began to be despised, as rugged and barbarous.'

‡ *Radegutlo Philosophiarum*.—'I aim to new-model Philosophy; so that it may have no empty abstractions, and may improve the condition of mankind.'

§ Plato's *Republic*, Book 7.

* *Unut et commodis hominum consulimus.*

tions on the ardent votaries of that study. This fact, in our opinion, admits of only one explanation. Bacon's love of those pursuits which directly tend to improve the condition of mankind, and his jealousy of all pursuits merely curious, had grown upon him, and had, it may be, become immoderate. He was afraid of using any expression which might have the effect of inducing any man of talents to employ in speculations, useful only to the mind of the speculator, a single hour which might be employed in extending the empire of man over matter.* If Bacon erred here, we must acknowledge that we greatly prefer his error to the opposite error of Plato. We have no patience with a philosophy which, like those Roman matrons who swallowed abortives in order to preserve their shapes, takes pains to be barren for fear of being homely.

Let us pass to astronomy. This was one of the sciences which Plato exhorted his disciples to learn, but for reasons far removed from common habits of thinking. 'Shall we set down astronomy,' says Socrates, 'among the subjects of study?' 'I think so,' answers his young friend Glaucon: 'to know something about the seasons, about the months and the years, is of use for military purposes, as well as for agriculture and navigation.' 'It amuses me,' says Socrates, 'to see how afraid you are lest the common herd of people should accuse you of recommending useless studies.' He then proceeds in that pure and magnificent diction, which, as Cicero said, Jupiter would use if Jupiter spoke Greek, to explain, that the use of astronomy is not to add to the vulgar comforts of life, but to assist in raising the mind to the contemplation of things which are to be perceived by the pure intellect alone. The knowledge of the actual motions of the heavenly bodies he considers as of little value. The appearances which make the sky beautiful at night are, he tells us, like the figures which a geometrician draws on the sand, mere examples, mere helps to feeble minds. We must get beyond them; we must neglect them; we must attain to an astronomy which is as independent of the actual stars as geometrical truth is independent of the lines of an ill-drawn diagram. This is, we imagine, very nearly, if not exactly, the astronomy which Bacon compared to the ox of Prometheus—a sleek, well shaped hide, stuffed with rubbish, goodly to look at, but containing nothing to eat. He complained that astronomy had, to its great injury, been separated from natural philosophy, of which it was one of the noblest provinces, and annexed to the domain of mathematics. The world stood in need, he said, of a very different astronomy—of a *living astronomy*; of an astronomy which should set forth the nature, the motion, and the influences of the heavenly bodies, as they really are.

On the greatest and most useful of all inventions,—the invention of alphabetical writing,—Plato did not look with much complacency. He seems to have thought that the use of letters had operated on the human mind as the use of the go-cart in learning to walk, or of cork in learning to swim, is said to operate on the human body. It was a support which soon became indispensable to those who used it,—which made vigorous exertion first unnecessary, and then impossible. The powers of the intellect would, he conceived, have been more fully developed without this delusive aid. Men would have been compelled to exercise the understanding and the memory; and, by deep and assiduous meditation, to make truth thoroughly their own. Now, on the contrary, much knowledge is traced on paper, but little is engraved in the soul. A man is certain that he can find information at a moment's notice when he wants it. He therefore suffers it to fade from his mind. Such a man cannot in strictness be said to know any thing. He has the show, without the reality of wisdom. These opinions Plato

has put into the mouth of an ancient king of Egypt.* But it is evident from the context that they were his own; and so they were understood to be by Quinctilian.† Indeed they are in perfect accordance with the whole Platonic system.

Bacon's views, as may easily be supposed, were widely different.‡ The powers of the memory, he observes, without the help of writing, can do little towards the advancement of any useful science. He acknowledges that the memory may be disciplined to such a point as to be able to perform very extraordinary feats. But on such feats he sets little value. The habits of his mind, he tells us, are such that he is not disposed to rate highly any accomplishment, however rare, which is of no practical use to mankind. As to these prodigious achievements of the memory, he ranks them with the exhibitions of rope-dancers and tumblers. 'The two performances,' he says, 'are of much the same sort. The one is an abuse of the powers of the body; the other is an abuse of the powers of the mind. Both may perhaps excite our wonder; but neither is entitled to our respect.'

To Plato, the science of medicine appeared one of very disputable advantage.§ He did not indeed object to quick cures for acute disorders, or for injuries produced by accidents. But the art which resists the slow sap of a chronic disease—which repairs frames enervated by lust, swollen by gluttony, or inflamed by wine—which encourages sensuality, by mitigating the natural punishment of the sensualist, and prolongs existence when the intellect has ceased to retain its entire energy—had no share of his esteem. A life protracted by medical skill he pronounced to be a long death. The exercise of the art of medicine ought, he said, to be tolerated so far as that art may serve to cure the occasional distempers of men whose constitutions are good. As to those who have bad constitutions, let them die;—and the sooner the better. Such men are unfit for war, for magistracy, for the management of their domestic affairs. That however is comparatively of little consequence. But they are incapable of study and speculation. If they engage in any severe mental exercise, they are troubled with giddiness and fulness of the head; all which they lay to the account of philosophy. The best thing that can happen to such wretches is to have done with life at once. He quotes mythical authority in support of this doctrine; and reminds his disciples that the practice of the sons of Æsculapius, as described by Homer, extended only to the cure of external injuries.

Far different was the philosophy of Bacon. Of all the sciences, that which he seems to have regarded with the greatest interest was the science which, in Plato's opinion, would not be tolerated in a well regulated community. To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable. The beneficence of his philosophy resembled the beneficence of the common Father, whose sun rises on the evil and the good—whose rain descends for the just and the unjust. In Plato's opinion man was made for philosophy; in Bacon's opinion philosophy was made for man; it was a means to an end;—and that end was to increase the pleasures, and to mitigate the pains of millions who are not and cannot be philosophers. That a valetudinarian who took great pleasure in being wheeled along his terrace, who relished his boiled chicken and his weak wine and water, and who enjoyed a hearty laugh over the Queen of Navarre's tales, should be treated as a *caput lupinum* because he could not read the Timæus without a headache, was a notion which the humane spirit of the English school of wisdom altogether rejected. Bacon would not have thought it beneath the dignity of a philosopher to contrive an improved garden chair for such a valetu-

* Compare the passage relating to mathematics in the second book of the Advancement of Learning with the *De Augmentis*, Lib. 3, Cap. 6.

† Plato's *Republic*, Book 7.

* Plato's *Phædrus*.

† Quinctilian, XI.

‡ *De Augmentis*, Lib. 5, Cap. 5.

§ Plato's *Republic*, Book 2.

dinarian,—to devise some way of rendering his medicines more palatable,—to invent repasts which he might enjoy, and pillows on which he might sleep soundly; and this though there might not be the smallest hope that the mind of the poor invalid would ever rise to the contemplation of the ideal beautiful and the ideal good. As Plato had cited the religious legends of Greece to justify his contempt for the more recondite parts of the art of healing, Bacon vindicated the dignity of that art by appealing to the example of Christ; and reminded his readers that the great physician of the soul did not disdain to be also the physician of the body.

When we pass from the science of medicine to that of legislation, we find the same difference between the systems of these two great men. Plato, at the commencement of the fine Dialogue on Laws, lays it down as a fundamental principle, that the end of legislation is to make men virtuous. It is unnecessary to point out the extravagant conclusions to which such a proposition leads. Bacon well knew to how great an extent the happiness of every society must depend on the virtue of its members; and he also knew what legislators can, and what they cannot do, for the purpose of promoting virtue. The view which he has given of the end of legislation and of the principal means for the attainment of that end, has always seemed to us eminently happy; even among the many happy passages of the same kind with which his works abound. '*Finis et scopus quem leges intueri atque ad quem jussiones et sanctiones suas dirigere debent, non alius est quam ut cives felicitat degant. Id fiet si pietate et religione recte instituti, moribus honesti, armis adversus hostes externos tuti, legum auxilio adversus seditiones et privatas injurias muniti, imperio et magistratibus obsequentes, copiis et opibus locupletes et florentes fuerint.*' The end is the well-being of the people. The means are the imparting of moral and religious education; the providing of every thing necessary for defence against foreign enemies; the maintaining of internal order; the establishing of a judicial, financial, and commercial system, under which wealth may be rapidly accumulated and securely enjoyed.

Had Plato lived to finish the '*Critias*,' a comparison between that noble fiction and the '*New Atlantis*,' would probably have furnished us with still more striking instances. It is amusing to think with what horror he would have seen such an institution as '*Solomon's House*' rising in his republic; with what vehemence he would have ordered the brewhouses, the perfume houses, and the dispensaries to be pulled down; and with what inexorable rigor he would have driven beyond the frontier all the fellows of the college, merchants of light and depredators, lamps and pioneers.

To sum up the whole: we should say that the aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. The former aim was noble; but the latter was attainable. Plato drew a good bow; but, like *Acestes* in *Virgil*, he aimed at the stars; and therefore, though there was no want of strength or skill, the shot was thrown away. His arrow was indeed followed by a track of dazzling radiance, but it struck nothing.

*'Vulnus liquidum in nubibus aret arundo
Signatque viam flammis, tenuisque recessit
Consumpta in ventos.'*

Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth and within bow-shot, and hit it in the white. The philosophy of Plato began in words and ended in words,—noble words indeed,—words such as were to be expected from the finest of human intellects exercising boundless dominion over the finest of human languages. The philosophy of Bacon began in observations and ended in arts.

The boast of the ancient philosophers was, that their doctrine formed the minds of men to a high degree of wisdom and virtue. This was indeed the only practical good which the most celebrated of those teachers even pretended to effect; and undoubtedly if they had effected this, they would have deserved the greatest praise. But the truth is, that in those very matters in which alone they professed to do any good to mankind, in those very matters for the sake of which they neglected all the vulgar interests of mankind, they did nothing, or worse than nothing. They promised what was impracticable; they despised what was practicable; they filled the world with long words and long beards; and they left it as wicked and as ignorant as they found it.

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam-engine. But there are steam-engines; and the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born. A philosophy which should enable a man to feel perfectly happy while in agonies of pain, may be better than a philosophy which assuages pain. But we know that there are remedies which will assuage pain; and we know that the ancient sages liked the toothache just as little as their neighbors. A philosophy which should extinguish cupidity, would be better than a philosophy which should devise laws for the security of property. But it is possible to make laws which shall, to a very great extent, secure property. And we do not understand how any motives which the ancient philosophy furnished could extinguish cupidity. We know indeed that the philosophers were no better than other men. From the testimony of friends as well as of foes—from the confessions of *Epictetus* and *Seneca*, as well as from the sneers of *Lucian* and the fierce invectives of *Juvenal*, it is plain that these teachers of virtue had all the vices of their neighbors, with the additional vice of hypocrisy. Some people may think the object of the Baconian philosophy a low object, but they cannot deny that, high or low, it has been attained. They cannot deny that every year makes an addition to what Bacon called '*fruit*.' They cannot deny that mankind have made, and are making, great and constant progress in the road which he pointed out to them. Was there any such progressive movement among the ancient philosophers? After they had been declaiming eight hundred years, had they made the world better than when they began? Our belief is, that among the philosophers themselves, instead of a progressive improvement, there was a progressive degeneracy. An object superstition, which *Democritus* or *Anaxagoras* would have rejected with scorn, added the last disgrace to the long dotage of the Stoic and Platonic schools. Those unsuccessful attempts to articulate which are so delightful and interesting in a child, shock and disgust us in an aged paralytic; and in the same way, those wild mythological fictions which charm us when lisped by Greek poetry in its infancy, excite a mixed sensation of pity and loathing when mumbled by Greek philosophy in its old age. We know that guns, cutlery, spy-glasses, clocks, are better in our time than they were in the time of our fathers; and were better in the time of our fathers than they were in the time of our grandfathers. We might, therefore, be inclined to think, that when a philosophy which boasted that its object was the elevation and purification of the mind, and which for this object neglected the sordid office of ministering to the comforts of the body, had flourished in the highest honor for many hundreds of years, a vast moral amelioration must have taken place. Was it so? Look at the schools of this wisdom four centuries before the Christian era, and four centuries after that era. Compare the men whom those schools formed at those two periods. Compare *Plato* and *Libanius*. Compare *Pericles* and *Julian*. This philosophy confessed, nay boasted, that for every end but one it was useless. Had it attained that one end?

Suppose that Justinian, when he closed the schools of Athens, had called on the last few sages who still haunted the portico, and lingered round the ancient plane trees, to show their title to public veneration:—suppose that he had said, 'A thousand years have elapsed since, in this famous city, Socrates posed Protagoras and Hippas; during those thousand years a large proportion of the ablest men of every generation has been employed in constant efforts to bring to perfection the philosophy which you teach; that philosophy has been munificently patronised by the powerful; its professors have been held in the highest esteem by the public; it has drawn to itself almost all the sap and vigor of the human intellect—and what has it effected? What profitable truth has it taught us which we should not equally have known without it? What has it enabled us to do which we should not have been equally able to do without it?' Such questions, we suspect, would have puzzled Simplicius and Isidore. Ask a follower of Bacon what the new philosophy, as it was called in the time of Charles the Second, has effected for mankind, and his answer is ready—'It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land on cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which sail against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained it, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-post to-morrow.'

[Part 3d, and last, in our next number.]

THE MOTHER FOR HER SON.

BY B. W. HUNTINGTON.

Oh God! the giver of all good! defender from all ill!
To thee a mother pours her tears, before thy holy hill;
Omniscience knows for whom they flow; Omnipotence can shed
Their gushing current, redistill'd, in blessings on his head.

Thy presence fills immensity—oh! dwell within his heart,
Nor let his thoughts on things of time provoke thee to depart;
Thy voice goes forth—the angry winds back to their caverns hie,
So let each tumult of his breast, before thy bidding, fly.

I would not ask his cup exempt from time's allotted strife,
But mingle with its woes the draught of everlasting life;
Thy providence afar from friends hath made his lonely bed,
Be thou his friend and comforter; and his, thy living bread.

In mercy, every needless boon withhold, however sought;
Each needed blessing kindly grant, though blindness ask it not;
Oh! measure not thy bounties by our feebleness of prayer,
But let them so outcompass speech, as doth the earth, the air.

He left us—'twas but yesterday—his brow was lit with bloom,
But yet our threshold may have been his passage to the tomb;
His kiss yet trembles on my cheek—I feel his parting breath;
Those lips may ne'er again be met, 'till they are kiss'd by death.

Thy will be done—there is no power, unless that power be thine,
To whom a mother's only son, a mother may resign;
Is life his boon? let not his soul be barter'd for its pelf;
Is death to hide his form from me? oh! take him to thyself.

Camden, S. C.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

There was a goodly barque, that from her home
Went freighted on the deep. A noble freight—
Fond hearts, brave spirits, and a fearless crew—
And lovely woman too, that vessel bore,
And she went forth in sunshine. Pleasant winds
Bore her, with gentle sounds most musical,
Cutting the lifted seas, that kept a peace
Most treacherous, and whispered not of storms
Lurking in wait, like savage foes, that smile
In moment of their stroke. If a cloud lay
Along that vessel's track, it lay in light,
A picture for the eye. They had no fear,
They that were in her,—and three days went by
In trust and sunshine. Inconsiderate mirth
Laugh'd out, and youthful maidens sang aloud,
'Till the rude sailor, charm'd against his toils,
Forgot his long experience of the seas,
And thought of wreck no more.

But, the fourth day
There was a sudden change upon the deep,
That groan'd in all its hollows. Night rose up
In anger. Wild and sheeted shapes of cloud
Came trooping fast to follow in her wake,
And do her bidding. Faintly, in her halls,—
As fearing to be seen, and faltering still,
Amidst the scowling of those ruffian forms,
That, like rude boars, wine-swill'd and insolent,
Would intercept her path of purity,—
The pallid Moon stole forth. With trembling step
She struggled through the gloomy crowds that rush'd
In fierce delight, on wrath-intending wing,
And jostled in their flight. But, vain her toil,—
She faints at last—is swallowed up in storm,
And the fond eyes that watch'd her from that barque
Now look for her in vain. A pitchy mass
Hangs, brooding, like a dusky conqueror, down,
Above, and shadows all her lovely face.

And wilder grows the tempest,—louder yell
The winds;—and, goaded by their vigorous lash,
The billows, madly plunging, like the bull
Press'd by the hunter on Peruvian plains,
Toss their huge limbs on high, and foam with rage.
Man strives—proud man!—brave man!—and woman
cheers,

Sweet woman!—and her prayers are for his strength,
And his strength for her safety!—But the deep
Is clamoring for its prey. Upon the sea
A terrible Spirit rides, and rules the rest,
And laughs with equal scorn at woman's pray'r
And man's endeavor. In white foam he sits,
A tri-fermed Giant. In one hand he bears
The mounted winds, that spurn the curb, and leap,
Trampling the raging waves, and laughing wild
In their excess of might. Another flings,
Uncheck'd, the engulfing waters:—from a third
He frees the rock that grows beneath the keel,
And rends its ribs asunder. Thus he rules
The elements of storm—the winds, the seas,—
And from the unfathomable caldron there,
Where haggard Night, a sullen witch, presides,
He waves his ministers forth. Ready they rise,

And terrible in their promptitude set out,
 Like unlash'd Fury with her thousand whelps
 Bred by the gnawing Famine. Wing after wing
 A cloud of measureless forms that whirl and wheel
 Like night-born vultures, darting through the void,
 Make it a populous world, where Terror strives
 With Danger, and grows fearless from Despair!
 The seas rage in their caverns of the deep
 And its green hollows gape. God keep that ship,
 Toss'd like a shell, and the poor souls that strive,
 And shriek within her! Her tall taper masts,
 That were so lovely in their leftiness,
 What can they now against the giant wings
 That strain upon them? Now they bend, they break,
 And into splinters dash'd, strew the wild waves
 That hurry them from sight. The billows grow
 Like angry demons to colossal bulk,
 Until they touch the clouds;—and now they fall
 Upon the wretched hulk that lies a wreck
 On the black waters. Through her sides they rush,
 And in their wantonness they lift her high,
 As the strong wrestler lifts his yielding foe,
 To dash her into pieces. But she springs
 Once more above them—mounting them, as still
 With all her wonted energies endued,
 She could assume the way as oft before
 Her buoyant prow maintain'd it;—but in vain:—
 They rise, they gather fast,—they press her down,
 And rage in fierce delight, as glad to bow
 That noble crest, erewhile, that moved along
 Their monarch, and in beautiful disdain
 Queen'd it in state above them.

Never more

Shall she thus queen it. The rebellious waves
 Have risen upon their ruler. The wild steed
 Hath hurl'd his rider down—bath trampled him,
 And bounds away in the fierce consciousness
 Of his new power of flight. The pale moon
 Comes forth, that late was shrouded. Her sweet orb
 Shall be no more a beautiful isle to those,
 Heart-hoping and heart-sick,—the gay, the proud,
 Watchful and weary—light o' thought and sad,
 That moved along the deck of that proud ship
 Late speeding o'er the waters like a God.
 The raging seas, thrown off, once more ascend,
 Gaining from opposition double strength,
 And climb her painted sides, and break away
 Her bulwarks, and rush through her secret hold
 With greedy rage that knows not to consume
 And only to destroy. Troop follows troop—
 The last retreat is won,—yet still they strive,
 They that are in her;—but a mother's shriek
 That follows her lost child—she following too,—
 Proclaims the struggle over. The black wings
 Of the grim Tempest settle on her brow,
 And the gaunt winds grow palpable and sweep
 Resistless o'er her deck—meeting the seas
 That roar in the embrace. A moment more,
 A single moment,—that Despair may see,
 And madden in the sight—and all is done.
 Fear shrieks in agony, and Horror gapes
 Incapable of strife. Man looks around
 As seeking means of flight; while woman clings
 To man, and childhood chides parental love
 That will not save it. Hope, that linger'd long,

Flies shrieking with the winds,—and down she sinks,
 That shatter'd barque, as one, who, long fatigued
 By aimless struggle, yields at last to fate,
 Resign'd—nay, almost glad,—that all is o'er.
 God! what a cry was that! a living death
 Spoke in it, and the roaring winds grow still—
 They have no agony to match with that,
 And cower in silence while it passes by.

There shall be weeping for that fated barque!—
 Sad eyes shall watch to hail her loitering sails,
 And strain themselves to redness when they see
 Some white cloud resting with a dusky edge
 On the gray foam of ocean. They will watch
 That sweet delusion, till it fades at last,
 Like the fond hope it cherish'd for awhile
 To crush forever.

Brightly the young Morn
 Leaps from his saffron couch, and shakes his hair,
 Sprinkling the east with pearly drops that turn
 To gold beneath his smiles;—and not a speck
 Is on the billows, now reposed in peace,
 Grim, terrible, so late. The tempest sleeps
 Above the fragments of that broken wreck,
 With all his cruel agents, calm and still,
 Like some fierce conqueror that lays him down
 Upon the battle-field among the dead,
 And slumbers 'midst the ruin he has wrought.
 No sign of wrath!—still as the gallant ship
 That men will look for with expectancy,
 And find a broken spar that was a mast,—
 Dreaming at night, they see her homeward bound,
 With a rich cargo of choice spices stored,
 And gentle spirits wafting her with breath
 Of most impatient hope. Dream on, dream on!
 The gallant ship is lost with all her crew,
 The gold of her brave hearts is in the deep,
 Her spices perfume, and her silks invest
 The giant limbs of Ocean when he sleeps.

1837.

HUMAN NATURE VINDICATED.

Dr. Johnson's pointed remark, that 'Whoever charges all mankind with knavery, convicts at least one,'—has been often quoted: and there can be little doubt, that it expresses his real estimate of human character. High churchman, bigot, monarchist, nay and (strongest cause of misanthropy) valetudinarian as he was,—he was not hopeless of his species. There is a testimony, entitled perhaps to still greater weight; that of his friend Savage. For the calamitous and often profligate life of Savage, both by the associates it gave him and by the turn of thought it betokened and was calculated to engender, might lead us to expect from him the very worst opinion of mankind. Yet it was far otherwise; as his biographer, Johnson, tells us in the following nervous passage—which manifests, at the same time, his own concurring opinion.

"His" [Savage's] "judgment was eminently exact, with regard both to writings and to men. The knowledge of life was indeed his chief attainment: and it is not without some satisfaction that I can produce his suffrage in favor of Human Nature, of which he never appeared to entertain such odious ideas as some, who possess neither his judgment nor experience, have published, either in ostentation of their sagacity, in vindication of their crimes, or in gratification of their malice."

[Johnson's Life of Savage, *sub finem*.

PROF. TUCKER'S DISCOURSE.

[Charlottesville, Dec. 21st, 1837.]

To George Tucker, Esq., University of Virginia:

Sir,—By a resolution of the Charlottesville Lyceum, we are appointed to convey to you the thanks of that body, for the interesting Address delivered by you at its desire, on Tuesday evening last; and to request of you, a copy, for publication in the Southern Literary Messenger.

To this communication of the thanks and request of the Lyceum, we beg leave, sir, to add an expression of our hearty individual concurrence in them; and to assure you of the high respect with which

We are your obt. servants,

LUCIAN MINOR,
E. R. WATSON,
CHAS. CARTER.

University of Virginia, Dec. 22d, 1837.

Gentlemen,

In answer to your note of the 21st inst. which reached me only last night, I do myself the pleasure of saying that I am much gratified to learn that the Discourse delivered before the Lyceum on Tuesday night proved acceptable to its members, and that a copy of it, sent herewith, is at their service for publication.

I beg you, Gentlemen, to receive my thanks for the obliging terms in which you have conveyed to me the resolution of the Lyceum, and to believe me to be,

With sentiments of high respect and esteem,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE TUCKER.]

[Addressed to the Committee.]

DISCOURSE

ON AMERICAN LITERATURE:

Delivered before the Charlottesville Lyceum, Dec. 19, 1837.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Lyceum,

I regret that my engagements at the University and elsewhere, which, as some of you know, have been more than usually pressing since I received your invitation to address you, have put it out of my power to comply with your request at an earlier day, and the same circumstances must plead my apology for the imperfections of what I am about to submit to your consideration.

The nature and purpose of your Institution has suggested American Literature for the subject of my remarks. It is a subject of growing importance with every liberal minded American, whether he regards its own intrinsic recommendations, or yields to the impulses of an honest national pride.

It is with nations as with individuals: after the more imperious wants of their nature are satisfied, they solicit new gratifications, and covet higher distinctions. Man, we know, is so constituted as never to be content with his present condition; but under the most favorable concurrence of circumstances, he unceasingly sighs for new powers and enjoyments, and aspires to a yet more exalted destiny.

This is a part of our common nature at which we ought not to repine. It has been wisely so ordered; for this is the main source of his continued improvement. It is indeed a spark of his divine origin, which makes him look to another and a better life to console him for his sufferings and disappointments in this. It is this which sustains him in his toilsome ascent up the narrow and rugged path of virtue, by presenting to his imagination the glorious visions that there await him. His better nature is thus always making efforts to rid itself of the earthy impurities which cling to it, that it may appear in a form more worthy of its celestial origin, and we may hope, of its final destiny. Desire of praise, of glory, of excellence is a part of man's inmost soul, and if it is sometimes the source of evil, it is also the parent of all that is great and good. It is not then the passion that we should condemn, but only its ob-

jects, when they are unworthy: and if we naturally wish to excite the sentiment of admiration for ourselves, we in like manner wish it for our country, in which all that is dear to us is embodied.

Of all the sources of national pride, and all the modes in which a nation may challenge the admiration and esteem of surrounding nations and the world, there is none which seems so elevated in itself, and so worthy of being cherished as its intellectual superiority. In the same degree that man is superior to brutes, and his immortal soul is more worthy than the clayey tenement it inhabits, so ought excellence in letters to take precedence of superior strength, or power, or wealth. Such too has been the testimony of all nations who have had the means of making the comparison. Of what name has Greece, so fertile in illustrious men, ever been so proud as of that of Homer? Has any prince or warrior that Italy could boast, flattered her self-esteem like DANTE or PETRARCH, TASSO or ARIOSTO?

—"the momentary dews
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,
Are gently prest with far more reverend tread,
Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head."

Which of all the great men of England have so contributed to her real glory as SHAKESPEARE and MILTON—as BACON, NEWTON and LOCKE, and who of her princes, or statesmen, or generals, would she not surrender, if the alternative were presented to her, rather than either of these proud exemplars of her mental power? What name could supply the place of that of CERVANTES to Spain, of SCHILLER or GOETHE to Germany, of CORNEILLE or RACINE, or MOLIERE* to France, of WALTER SCOTT or BYRON to Scotland? Of the native dignity of genius, and the reverence with which men bow to its supremacy, we have a remarkable instance recorded in Plutarch.

When the Syracusans gained a signal victory over the Athenians under Nicias, and reduced to slavery such of the vanquished as escaped slaughter, some owed their preservation to Euripides. "Of all the Grecians," says Plutarch, "his was the muse whom the Sicilians were most in love with. From every stranger that landed in their island, they gleaned every small specimen or portion of his works, and communicated it with pleasure to each other. It is said that a number of Athenians, on this occasion, upon their return home, went to Euripides, and thanked him in the most respectful manner for their obligations to his pen, some having been enfranchised for teaching their masters what they remembered of his poems, and others having got refreshments when they were wandering about after the battle, for singing a few of his verses." Such is the homage which man pays to the genius of man.

Supposing then, Mr President, we all partake of these principles of our common nature, and that after we have become populous and powerful—after we have built up the superstructure of our civil Institutions in a way worthy of the solid foundation we have laid—we shall be desirous of excelling in the noblest of human pursuits, I propose to make some remarks on the present state of literature in the United States, its recent progress, and the most effectual means of furthering its future advancement.

If we compare the present state of letters in the United States with that in some other civilized communities, we may find abundant cause of national congratulation at our past proficiency. But if we compare it with that of the most enlightened and improved nations of Europe—as England or France, or Germany—we must frankly admit that we are yet far in their rear in the contest, whether we compare the number, variety, or merit of our intellectual productions. There are probably more books published in London or Paris in

* Perhaps nine Frenchmen out of ten are prouder of Voltaire, than of either of the great dramatists mentioned.

a month, than in the United States in a year. On a comparison with Germany, the difference is yet greater. A much larger proportion of our publications too are of an ephemeral character, or are mere compilations, such as statistical or geographical details, exhibiting little indication of genius in the writer, or materials for gratifying the taste of the reader.

Whilst we honestly admit this disparity, let it not be supposed for a moment that it implies any inferiority of American genius. Such an inference cannot fairly be drawn, and we must look farther and deeper into the subject to explain the diversity, and to enable us to see what we are capable of achieving, in this way, and what we are likely to achieve.

At present the whole stock of capable and cultivated minds among us are put in requisition to fill the more difficult and important duties of society, and cannot devote their powers to the exclusive purpose of imparting gratification or instruction to their contemporaries. They constitute the statesmen, judges, and legislators; the divines and other teachers; the lawyers and physicians of the community. It is only here and there at this time, that we see a solitary example of a mind which, disembarassed from any of these active duties, and impelled by its own inherent impetus, is led to devote itself to literature, and on these occasions, the success that has attended its votaries affords us a sure presage of what we may one day hope to attain.

In a country like ours, in a rapid state of advancement, where there is so much to do to provide for the more pressing demands of a growing population, and where those who provide it are so liberally rewarded, the number of the literary class is likely to be very small, for the most powerful incentives operate to give their pursuits another direction. But supposing these inducements resisted, there are still further impediments to the formation of such a class in the present state of our country.

In the first place, an individual has not the same facility of qualifying himself for the pursuit of literature, *as a profession*, in the United States, as in most of the countries of Europe; and this profession, always partaking of the character of a manufacture, becomes a more refined and difficult art, as civilization advances. Acquisition—extensive acquirement—is more essential to a writer's success at the present day than it formerly was. He must indicate an acquaintance with that diversified knowledge which every educated man is now expected to attain; and he must have undergone a long and severe course of training to attain that delicacy of taste which modern fastidiousness requires in every branch of polite literature. Who can now endure, much less choose to read the crude effusions of an unlettered, unpolished mind? Whatever substratum of good sense it may possess, we should hardly have the patience to search for it under an exterior so rough and uninviting. But the productions of such a mind have seldom any claim to our favor, for indeed those truths which are not obvious to ordinary observation, as well as the beautiful imagery of an exuberant fancy, and those felicities of diction that come uncalled for, are all the result of a mind polished and improved by high cultivation. A good education is therefore essential in the present day to qualify one to distinguish himself as a writer.

This advantage, however, it falls to the lot of but few of our citizens to possess. The means of instruction with us as yet are neither numerous, nor cheap, nor particularly good; of course they are not of easy attainment. Our young men, besides, are generally too impatient to enter on the theatre of active life to devote that time to mental improvement which is usual in older countries. What then with the shorter time devoted to academical pursuits, and in general, the different use they make of that time, they are much worse prepared for the difficult office of amusing and instructing the public.

But supposing these difficulties overcome—that a ca-

pable instructor has been met with, and a youth has been thoroughly, not superficially taught, he is not likely to succeed as an author, unless his whole time and attention are given to literature. With the very formidable competition which he must encounter among those English writers who have gone before, and those who are every day coming on the stage, what chance has he of success unless he can give himself up to the pursuit, wholly, earnestly, and unremittingly? But such an engrossing interest cannot be felt in a subject which is to be taken up and laid down as his other avocations require,—which is liable to be perpetually interrupted by the cares, the vexations, the feverish hopes and fears of active life. Who can enter into that world of gay dreams and brilliant idealities to which genius delights to transport its votaries, when he is every moment rudely pressed by the gross realities around him? If his mind attempts to soar in the pinions of fancy, it is straightway brought to the ground by the leaden influence of some petty cause of disquiet, or some animal want for himself or those who may be dependant on him. Should he for a brief moment be elevated to a pitch of lofty and enthusiastic feeling, so propitious to his success, his intercourse with those around him soon reminds him of their frailties and his own.

Such must be the condition of most of our educated men. Destined from the first for some particular profession, as the means of earning a livelihood, all that they are likely to read, or think of, or aim at is with a view to qualify them for that particular pursuit. To seek knowledge for its own sake, to woo literature for her own surpassing loveliness, and not for the dowry she brings with her, never comes into his mind, because another motive has always been present to it. He seeks knowledge then partially, not generally—selecting that which he can turn to profit in his commerce with the world, and rejecting that which though intrinsically more valuable, is not suited to the tastes of his customers, in his little traffic with society.

If the circumstances attending the study of a profession are thus unfavorable to general mental improvement, how much greater are they when the student has entered on the duties of the profession. The time that he once had for study is then greatly curtailed, and in some instances, it is entirely taken away. Where any portion of it remains, it will naturally take the same course as his thoughts and wishes direct, and thus, while he is adding to his professional knowledge and talents, and preparing himself to write better on one subject, he is perhaps disqualifying himself to write on any other. He may indeed be better fitted for writing on the subject of his profession, but what time, I would ask, has an eminent lawyer in full practice, or even a judge, burdened as he is with heavy and responsible duties, to write dissertations on law—or on the principles of equity—or of jurisprudence? and it is only such men who would be likely to write on these subjects ably and usefully. The same remark applies more or less to all our professional men; for though the medical profession does occasionally put forth books on the subject of medicine, yet they are in general either reports of cases, or mere compilations; of great utility indeed, and profiting by all the latest discoveries and improvements of the science, but exhibiting little of the higher powers of mind or of original genius.

But though want of time is a serious bar to the literary labors of professional men, yet it would probably be in some instances overcome, if their minds had been in early life well imbued with the love of letters, and had the requisite training and discipline for communicating the results of their experience and reflection in a skilful and attractive form.

It follows then, gentlemen, that we have not as yet a distinct literary class, from those very circumstances of our condition which are intimately connected with its prosperity. More urgent pursuits call them off from the peaceful pursuits of literature, and though their minds are in a high state of improvement during their

professional career, besides that they are exclusively directed to one subject, they have neither the preparation nor time required for the business of authors.

But under these manifest and weighty impediments, it is truly gratifying to witness the rapid advancement of literature among us; to see that the taste for letters has become more generally diffused among the people, and that the ability to administer to its gratification is equally progressive. It will now be my more pleasing task to call your attention to the evidences of this progress.

At the time of the Revolution which made these States independent, the number of books which had been written under the colonial government was very inconsiderable. Dr. FRANKLIN had indeed made himself known to the European world, but it was chiefly by his discoveries in electricity, rather than as one of the most pleasing writers in the English language. There had also been published some meager histories of the several colonies, but they exhibited nothing more than industry, and a spirit of inquiry, but were illuminated by no ray of genius, and were imbued with nothing of that philosophy which regards the facts of history as phenomena of human nature; and, tracing out the connection of causes and effects, makes of its narratives so many lessons of wisdom. None of them seem to have had the smallest forebodings of the important consequences that were to result from the humble adventures they were then recording—that its actors were laying the foundations of a fabric that was to influence the destinies of the civilized world.

There had also occasionally appeared controversial writings and state papers which possessed merit of a higher order, but none of these now recollected, have any peculiar claims to distinction except JONATHAN EDWARDS' work on free will, which is still regarded as a master piece of acute reasoning, and as the most cogent piece of logic that was ever brought to bear on that much mooted and very subtle question of the freedom or necessity of our actions. I may here too with propriety notice a treatise on the Bible, which though written in Edinburg, was the production of a Virginian, Dr. JAMES McCLOSKE—and though it professes merely to exhibit a series of experiments on human bile, yet its introduction is written in so philosophical a spirit, and is expressed with such beauty and classic elegance of diction, that it was translated into all the languages of Europe.

The spirit of poetry might at that time be seen occasionally to show itself in light effusions among our educated classes, but they constituted the sport of an idle hour, rather than a serious occupation. They were little fountains playing and sparkling in the lonely spots they at once refreshed and embellished, but no where bursting forth in a bold and continued stream. They showed the germ of the *vis poetica* indeed, but one which had not yet been nurtured into enthusiasm. DUNBAR'S Conquest of Canaan* is believed to be the first poem of any length and of much merit that was published on this side of the Atlantic. These sallies of gaiety, or gallantry, or tenderness, like the beautiful wild flowers of our forest, bloomed and perished in the spot where they first appeared, and like them indicated the strength of the soil rather than the diligence of its culture.

In the meanwhile, European writers, listening to the ever ready suggestions of national vanity, maintained the contrary proposition—that such a dearth of intellectual products, by a people consisting of from two to three millions, proved the native barrenness of our minds, rather than their want of cultivation: and we were for ever twitted with the inferiority of American genius. The revolution came, and was at once seen to give a new spring to all our faculties. The whole nation became charged with the same all-pervading spirit of freedom. Men's minds expanded with their desires and ef-

forts, and the effect was visible in every species of intellectual exertion, whether in the form of state papers, of public addresses, of speeches in legislative halls, or of political essays. It would be tedious to refer to these particularly, but we may be allowed to mention that then PATRICK HENRY, RICHARD HENRY LEE, and JOHN ADAMS who had been previously known as men of talents, put forth their powers of eloquence, and breathed their own fervid patriotism into the hearts of their countrymen. Then too the eloquence of the pen was called out in the writings of DICKINSON, of JAY, and of JEFFERSON. Even the Muse, who commonly suspends her song amidst the clangor of arms, and the turmoil of Revolution, brought forth TRUMBULL'S McFingal, a burlesque epic, the rival and almost the equal of Hudibras; and Judge HOPKINSON of Philadelphia, in like manner enlisted poetry and ridicule in the cause of patriotism. The memorials and addresses of the Old Congress manifest great intellectual vigor, but are yet more to be admired, in these our mercenary days, for their generous self-devotion, their rare disinterestedness, and their noble disdain of every thing low, little and sordid.

After the contest was over, peace and independence brought with them new duties; and in the course of a few years, the necessity which all felt of the total insufficiency of the old confederation for the successful management of the common concerns of thirteen States, differing so widely in their institutions, habits, and pursuits, produced, in 1787, the Convention which formed the Federal Constitution.

This presented a fit occasion for calling forth the sagacity, the practical wisdom, the logic and the eloquence of the ablest men in the nation, either to support or oppose the proposed change in the General Government; and the talents then displayed were decidedly greater than any which had been previously exhibited. The debates of the convention, which will probably soon be published in the authentic form in which they have been reported by Mr. MADISON, will enable the world to estimate the ability of those several members, whose joint work has long been the theme of national praise. But in the meanwhile we know that the body contained among its members WASHINGTON, MADISON, HAMILTON, ROBERT MORRIS, GOVERNOUR MORRIS, WILSON, ELLSWORTH, L. MARTIN, KING, FRANKLIN, LIVINGSTON, DICKINSON, RUTLEDGE, PINCKNEY, &c.—names that give assurance of the wisdom and skill they brought to their memorable work. They scanned with the eyes of real statesmen the different governments of the civilized world; and examined the various guards and provisions that had been devised for resisting or balancing the evil passions and motives of men, so as best to promote and secure public and private prosperity. The results of their best reflections they were able to exhibit in reasoning the most cogent, to adorn with imagery the most captivating, and to recommend with eloquence the most resistless.

After the Constitution was submitted to the several states for their adoption or rejection, a new field was presented for the exercise of the same talents as in the Federal Convention; and to judge from the debates that have been published, the displays both of legislative wisdom and of eloquence in debate were well worthy of the occasion.

The new constitution was also defended and assailed by its respective friends or foes in the newspapers, and among these publications the letters of Publius, now better known by the title of the *Federalist*, stand preeminent. They were the joint production of ALEXANDER HAMILTON,* JAMES MADISON, and JOHN JAY, and are by the concurrent voice of all, placed at the head of all our American writings on the subject of government. As to mere composition this work is very peripatetically written, and it contains many passages of great beauty

* This gentleman, is to be numbered among American authors, for though not born in the United States, he was by birth an American.

*The author finds he was mistaken in the date of this poem. It was not published until 1795.

and eloquence. There were also some able publications on the other side, but not harmonizing with the subsequent state of public opinion, or the course of events, they have been consigned to oblivion.

For a few years subsequent, like the few years preceding, our best intellectual efforts manifested themselves only in connection with the General Government. The debates in Congress, at least in one house, were then made public for the first time, and being taken by a stenographer, were regularly published. This no doubt contributed to improve their character. The reports which were then made on various subjects of legislation by Mr. HAMILTON as Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. JEFFERSON, as Secretary of State, are written with great ability. The correspondence of the latter with the English and Foreign ministers to the United States has received the meed of praise from all parties.

The British Treaty in 1794 and 1795 gave rise to several pamphlets and newspaper essays; and in congress it called forth some brilliant displays of eloquence, especially from FISHER AMES of Massachusetts. A short time before, the President's Proclamation gave occasion to a series of essays by Mr. HAMILTON and Mr. MADISON, who, lately fellow-laborers, were now in the ever-changing relations of politicians, opposed. Mr. ADAMS the elder had also some time before, in 1787, made himself known as a writer on the subject of government, and he afterwards was an essayist in the newspapers.

In the interval between the peace of 1783 and that of General Washington's administration, the Vision of Columbus, by JOEL BARLOW, was the only poem which attracted notice, and it met with a more favorable reception in that form than it subsequently experienced when it was dilated by its author into a national epic, under the title of the Columbiad. RAMSAY's History of the Revolution, was the only historical work of any note which had then appeared. From the Federal Constitution, in 1789, to 1800, our literature was signalized by nothing that I now recollect, but party politics, and I have particularized the most distinguished pamphlets of the day to make you more thoroughly sensible of that fact. In Medicine, indeed, Dr. RUSS distinguished himself above all his contemporaries, by the ingenuity and variety of his theories, and by his eloquent defence of them. Whatever we may think of the soundness of some of his hypotheses, we must acknowledge the power and resources of that mind which could so impress its peculiar views upon his contemporaries. Something was done too, by the Philosophical and Historical Societies that had been established in the different States, especially those of Philadelphia and Massachusetts; but their papers, though respectable, must be regarded rather as exhibiting our taste for science, and our disposition for inquiry, than as very valuable contributions to the departments of science or history.

It was not long after the commencement of the present century, that manifest symptoms of an improvement in our literature began to show themselves in Philadelphia and New York. At this time, the *Portfolio*, a weekly paper printed in the former city, afforded a channel for the youthful literateurs of the United States. The paper was edited by Mr. DENNIS, whose contributions are, in general, the best part of the paper. CAREY's *Museum* had preceded it as a useful periodical, but was far inferior to it in the character of its fanciful and lighter productions.

The novels of CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN appeared at the same period, and in some of the qualifications of this department of literature, he has never been surpassed by those who have succeeded him, if he has been equalled. The *British Spy*, that was written and published in this state, and the genius of whose gifted author was partly nurtured in this village, also belongs to this period, as well as SALMAQUINDI, a humorous series of essays in the manner of Swift, written by JAVIER, PAULINO and others.

This may be regarded as the commencement of a new era in the history of our literature. It assumed now a

higher stand, and took a nobler aim. The more gifted of its votaries escaped from the smoky atmosphere of politics for the loftier regions and brighter skies of wit, humor, and fancy. They were no longer content to speak to the *understandings* of their countrymen, but they also addressed themselves to their imaginations, and to their tastes for the refined, the fanciful, the beautiful and the ludicrous. The American public, for the first time, was presented with original pictures of native manners and scenery, copied from the life, instead of being compelled to look for this species of literary gratification to what was imported from abroad, or what was yet worse, to feeble and servile copies of European productions. Then broke forth somewhat of the same spirit of independence in letters, which thirty years before had showed itself in government.

These praiseworthy efforts were well seconded by the public approbation; and from that period to the present, literature has been steadily and rapidly advancing in the United States. Though our first essays in this branch of domestic manufacture were few, and within a limited range, it was no small achievement to show that we had both the materials and the skill for future excellence, whenever the condition of our country became fitted for calling them forth.

The works that have since issued from the American press, have so multiplied, that grateful as is the theme, the enumeration would fatigue you. Let me however notice some of the most prominent, under the several departments of literature. On the subject of jurisprudence, Mr. LIVINGSTON's Principles of Penal Law and of Codification, are equally honorable to the literature of the country and the profession to which he belongs. He has given to the dry abstractions of the jurist a degree of classic elegance of which they had not seemed susceptible before the days of Blackstone and Sir William Jones, and which no one besides has subsequently attained.

Mr. MADISON, while Secretary of State, produced an Examination of the British Doctrine respecting Neutral Trade, that is as close and conclusive a piece of reasoning as the Law of Nations, which professes to be the law of pure reason, ever produced. It presents a model of logical skill and method. The works of CHANCELLOR KENT of New York, and JUDGE STORY of Massachusetts, are admired for their clear, manly, forcible reasoning in interpreting the principles of jurisprudence and the constitution and laws of the Federal Government. The opinions of some of our judges, both in the General and the State Governments, show that this branch of knowledge has kept pace with the general progress of intellect. The late Chief Justice MARSHALL, had, for more than thirty years, put forth the utmost powers of his vigorous mind in expounding the constitution, according to his views of it, and those who may not always coincide with him in opinion, cannot refuse to do homage to his commanding intellect.

No one of the learned professions has more advanced than the clerical. Divines are not now satisfied as formerly with inculcating orthodox opinions, with sensible expositions of obscure and doubtful passages of scripture, or with simple and pious outpourings of humility and thanksgiving to the Giver of all Good. No—they now summon to their aid the refined arts of the accomplished orator; the imposing weight of deep learning and diligent research; and in the fervid strains of impassioned eloquence, address themselves to the fears and the hopes, to the self-love and the sympathy of their hearers,—now alarming the awakened conscience of the sinner, and now opening visions of beatitude to the enthusiastic believer. Pulpit oratory, that formerly was little known but in name, may in our day be heard in almost every church of every sect in the United States, as a powerful engine of good in its holy ministry. The same profession has made some excellent contributions to general literature; among which we may mention the writings of Dr. DWIGHT, and the recent historical work of Dr. HAWKES. Dr. CHANNING too for richness and

finished elegance of style, has no superior on either side of the Atlantic.

In *history*, besides the large contributions of Dr. RAMSAY of South Carolina, we have MILLER'S RETROSPECT, MARSHALL'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON, (for it belongs rather to history than biography,) IRVING'S LIFE OF COLUMBUS, BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, and LEE'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON. I will not obtrude on you my views of these several distinguished works. As to a part, it would be altogether superfluous. Marshall is familiar to all, and to bestow praise on the Life of Columbus is "to gild refined gold, or to add a perfume to the violet." But I will add, because it has had less circulation, that I regard the Life of Napoleon as inferior to no contribution our literature has ever received. In its nice discrimination of character, its spirited and often graphic descriptions, its peculiar aptness of phrase, and rare felicities of diction, I know no work of history or biography its superior; and if it sometimes indicates extraordinary care and effort, we must admit that the brilliancy of the polish is altogether worthy of the labor which effected it. This work, and the life of Columbus, to which I may add Mr. Bancroft's, are sufficient to vindicate the claims of this country to equality with any other, at this time, in the elevated department of historical writing.

In the lighter departments of *biography, voyages, and travels*, the American press has of late years been very prolific. Many of them have considerable merit, and will compare with the same description of works in other countries. Perhaps IRVING'S ASTORIA, COOPER'S SWITZERLAND, SLIDELL'S TRAVELS in Spain and England and, WILLIS'S PENCIL-LINES, deserve to be distinguished from the rest. Two works on *Moral Philosophy*, UPHAM'S and WATLAND'S, both of great respectability, have appeared within a few years.

In *Political Economy* our writers have been numerous. Besides numerous tracts on banking, currency, protecting duties, and other detached parts of the subject, there have been five or six general treatises. There have been no less than four works on this science published during the present year.

Works of imagination have more multiplied perhaps than any other. Among so many, we may be permitted to distinguish the *novels* of COOPER, BARR, MISS SEDGWICK, and KENNEDY. Virginia has also produced two, that will not suffer on a comparison with the preceding. I allude to EDGE HILL and GEORGE BALCOMB. *Poetry* too, that beautiful art which transports us into a world of its own delightful creations; which makes us oblivious of the cares, the littleness, and the grossness of life—which at once purifies, animates and ennobles us, has not been stationary while the other departments of letters were progressive. If in that which requires the highest gifts of intellect, we had not made correspondent progress, we might have afforded some color to the taunts of European arrogance. But in the course of this century, the United States, and but a small portion of them too, have produced a constellation of poets, and although none of them are stars of the first magnitude, such as are equally objects of the admiring gaze of common and of learned observers, they may be well placed in the second rank, and are perhaps equal to any living poets that Europe now can boast. The names of HALLECK, PERCIVAL, BRYANT, SIGOURNEY, WILLIS, ALSTON, and MELLEN,* have ably vindicated the claim of their country to poetical talent, and to these I may add two, whose premature genius found a premature grave—Miss DAVIDSON of New York, whose gentle, delicate, plaintive muse has met with due honor on both sides of the Atlantic, and J. RODMAN DRAKE of the same state. Though he died at a very early age, perhaps two or three and twenty, he had given proofs of high poetical genius. He already showed that he could soar at least as high as his most gifted rivals, and soar too with a more untiring wing.

*I have no doubt omitted some who ought to be included in this list, but the sound of whose harps have not reached my ears.

His CULPRIT FAY is indeed incomplete in its plan and unfinished in its versification, but it shows a fertility and originality, and manageable wildness of fancy, as well as an ardent love of his subject, that must have placed him on the summit of Parnassus. But too soon for us these ethereal spirits ascended to their congenial skies.

In *classical or mathematical learning*, we have not done much as yet. BOWDITCH'S translation of La Place, and ANTHON'S editions of some of the classics, prove that these branches of knowledge are thoroughly cultivated by some, while they also indicate that they are less so than could be wished. But the few lonely lamps that yet burn for the retired student may serve to keep alive the flame that will by and by spread and break forth with the effulgence of a Newton or La Place, a Heyne or a Porson. I ought not to omit WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, as a great achievement of labor and research in philology.

In *physical science*, our progress has been commensurate with our general intellectual improvement. Our learned societies and institutes in our largest cities all publish their transactions, and they all exhibit a more thorough and general acquaintance with the subject than formerly. NUTTALL, GODMAN, SAY and others have made large and valuable contributions to the natural history of the country. In the *medical science*, there have been numerous publications of great respectability. Nor ought we to omit the names of FULTON, HARE and PERKINS in the department of physics.

In *essay writing and miscellaneous literature*, our improvement has been very conspicuous. In this department we may mention IRVING, PAULDING, COOPER, WIET, WALSH, EVERETT, INGERSOLL, JEFFERSON, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, CASS, FLINT, DWIGHT. The number is indeed too great for particular notice. I must however except WASHINGTON IRVING, whose tales and sketches are as yet unmatched. One is sure to find in whatever comes from his pen thoughts just without being commonplace, wit the most delicate and refined, without one spice of spleen or misanthropy, and a singular playfulness of humor, all clothed in the most captivating graces of language. COOPER'S Sketches, though far inferior to IRVING'S, have also great merit, and have not been sufficiently appreciated by that well meaning, but often whimsical personage, the public. Mr. COOPER though sometimes splenetic, loves his country and is proud of it. These sentiments breathe through all his works, and next to Mr. IRVING and Dr. CHANNING, no living man has done so much to raise the literary character of his country abroad.

But it is in our *periodical, or ephemeral literature*, that we are to see the image of our national talent and taste most truly reflected. Let us first observe the astonishing increase as to number. In 1775 we had 37 newspapers in the United States. In 1810, 35 years afterwards, the number had swelled to 359, and in 1834, 24 years afterwards, it amounted to 1265. The number is now without doubt upwards of 1600. Many of these journals contain five or six times as much as the largest in former times, and they are published much more frequently. Besides these, the periodical journals for religion, medicine, law, and miscellaneous literature, had increased from 27, in 1810, to 130, in 1834—that is five-fold, while the population was nearly doubled.

If we compare the contents of these publications at different periods, we shall be satisfied that they have improved in character almost as much as in quantity. In our best conducted journals, the editorial portions which forty years ago were so dull, flat, and insignificant, are now among their best written articles, and some of them have a spirit and force, and unstudied elegance, that few of their correspondents can reach. In the multiplication of our magazines, and reviews; our religious journals; our temperance journals; our journals of medicine, and law, and agriculture; our railroad, and beat sugar, and silk culture journals—who does not see that the American mind is awakened to the

beauties and the benefits of literature, and that what the improved taste of the nation craves, the improved talent of the nation seeks to supply? The reviews and magazines of the present day, such as the *KNICKERBOCKER* and *MIRROR* of New York, or our own *LITERARY MESSENGER* and *FARMERS REGISTER*, are as superior to similar publications forty years ago as the richest gems of the mine are to the tawdry imitations of them that please the indiscriminating eyes of the savage.

We may also refer to the improved style of the debates in our Legislative assemblies with similar feelings of congratulation, with this difference, however, that there have always been a few public speakers who could compare with the best of the present day. But the number of accomplished orators and debaters is far greater now than formerly, after allowing for the increase of our numbers. The Senate of the United States has for some years, been able to boast of orators which would compare with those of England in her best days. Virginia, in the rear of some of her sister states in the successful prosecution of physical science, and in the exhibition of poetical talent, may here claim precedence. And it must be gratifying to those who hear me, to be reminded that a year or two since, no less than seven of the eight or ten of those public speakers whom public opinion had placed foremost in that body, were native Virginians.

After this comparative view of our literary advancement, so grateful to every liberal and patriotic mind, let us turn our eyes to the prospect of its further improvement, and consider what can be done to promote and secure its onward progress.

We are well warranted in expecting that the same causes which have hitherto operated so beneficially on our literature, will continue to produce the same effects. These causes may be regarded to be principally our civil liberty, and the federative character of our government.

Civil liberty, gentlemen, if experience is a true instructor, is favorable to a development of all the faculties of man; for in a free government he is most sure of receiving the rewards which are due to a successful exertion of those faculties, either in fame, power, popularity, or emolument. If he is successful as an orator or writer, statesman or legislator, to what may he not aspire? We every day see men, both in this country and occasionally in England, occupying the most elevated stations in the land, who have raised themselves to distinction by the force of their virtues or talents. They have all been the artificers of their own fortune, and if chance and circumstances have concurred to their elevation, they have been such circumstances as are within the reach of every one.

But in the government of one or a few, men can with difficulty emerge from the obscurity in which they are born, and if now and then we see examples of extraordinary elevation from the humble ranks of life, they are exceptions which attract notice and excite wonder by their rarity. By far the greater number who attain rank and power, and high station, owe it mainly to the accident of birth. This difference must give a powerful incentive to exertion, and it is exercise and exertion which are the chief sources of excellence.

It is true that the character of our government has a tendency to give intellectual pursuits a particular direction. They hold out especial encouragement to the talents for public speaking, or for the duties of the politician and statesman, and to the arts of winning the public favor. But the disadvantage of this condition of things must be regarded as temporary, and not likely long to impede the other influences that have hitherto had so extensive and salutary an operation. So long as the educated classes of our citizens are not more than sufficient to fill the learned professions, and to supply the public offices, their intellectual culture will be directed that way which is likely best to qualify them for those dignified duties. But the number of educated and cultivated minds is rapidly advancing,

and the excess, will, whether it be by way of attaining a high accomplishment, of finding relief from ennui, or of earning a livelihood, devote their leisure exclusively to literature, and thus become the Johnsons and the Goldsmiths, the Southes and the Scotts, the Campbells and the Byrons of America.

It may be set down as a maxim that the more free and popular a government is, the stronger is the influence of popular esteem and popular applause. The greater power of the people gives a higher value and a greater dignity to its approbation. Where men acknowledge no sovereign but his fellow-men, in their corporate capacity, they become the dispenser of public honors of all kinds, and their favor bestows the laurel not only on the warrior, but also on the poet's brow. Their huzzas cheer and reward the victories of a *PERRY* or a *DECATUR*—a *JACKSON* or a *SCOTT*—but they also stimulate the intellectual efforts of an *IRVING* or a *COOPER*—a *PINCKNEY* or a *WEBSTER*—a *RANDOLPH* or a *CLAY*. Fame is valued according to the number and force of the voices that speak through her trumpet, and they are never so numerous or so loud as where all are disposed to speak, and every one is free to utter what he thinks.

Here then we find the powerful incentive of public praise, which gives to the object of it, assurance of the esteem of his fellow men; the potent influence of which once made a garland of oak preferred by the high-minded victor to a crown of gold; which is at once the cheapest and richest reward of public virtue; which is all, next to a sense of duty, that stimulated *WASHINGTON*, the pride of America, and the admiration of the world.

There is moreover an unseen influence which free institutions possess, of imparting force and vigor to every pursuit in which its citizens engage whether it be in amassing wealth, or acquiring glory, whether they engage in the pursuits of commerce or of war—of speculation or of literature and science. They are likely to be less unduly biased by the dicta of their preceptors; to be less trammelled by the tyranny of custom—to be more bold, fearless, and adventurous—more pliant and accommodating to uncontrollable circumstances. We see this manifested in various ways. What merchants or navigators exhibit the same vigorous daring enterprise as ours? What explorers of the wilderness? Where has sagacious industry achieved so much in the way of canals, and railroads, and bridges? All this indicates extraordinary mental activity and energy of purpose, which will assuredly one day produce the same salutary effects in letters that it has already achieved in arts and arms.

But there is another cause of improvement to be found in the character of our government, the influence of which is not yet fully felt. By reason of the separation of the States, the spirit of emulation, that exerts so propitious an influence on the character of a people, may be expected to be particularly active here. Need I remind you that those nations which have been most conspicuous and illustrious have all felt the force of national emulation? France and England owe much of their success in letters, arts, and arms to the rivalry of more than two centuries. Even the division of Great Britain between the English and Scotch, has had a sensible effect; though ever since the union, it has been the sentiment of generous emulation that has animated them, rather than a rivalry inflamed by anger and hatred. It was this spirit among the little Grecian states which kept their faculties ever on the stretch, and goaded them on in the pursuit of excellence, not only in arms, but also in literature, the fine arts, and philosophy, until the most successful of them far transcended the other portions of the world; and in some departments of skill have never yet found their equals among the thousands of millions that have lived after them.

It is partly to the greater force which this desire of superiority exercises in a large city, that it has always been found the most favorable theatre for genius and

talents of every kind. Here competitors in every profession and pursuit are placed side by side, and their respective merits being so accurately measured and compared, the rival candidates are urged to redouble their exertion for superiority. We know the force of this principle in juvenile instruction, and while men in a populous city are like children in a public school, those who are dispersed over the country may be compared to the children who are instructed at home.

This principle of emulation must always exert more influence among the American people from their being distributed into separate States, having their governments, laws and institutions independent of each other; and the more distinct are their interests, the more contrasted their general character, the stronger is this spirit likely to be. Hence the dissimilarity between the Northern and the Southern States, if it occasionally give rise to some illiberal and inconvenient prejudices, is also productive of this good effect. And though it has hitherto shown itself principally in efforts to obtain the power and patronage of the general government, or in jealousy and disappointment at not having obtained them, it may hereafter also manifest itself in literary rivalry. Of this we have already seen some symptoms, in the reviews and magazines. We also occasionally see signs of it between New York and Philadelphia, and between Boston and New York. The West, the ardent, generous West, also shows its ambition to excel, and that affords a sure presage of excellence. We there behold a boldness, a freedom from the dominion of habits and prejudices that is most auspicious to originality; and there, if any where, we may expect in time to see new modes of administering pleasure or interest to the intellectual tastes of mankind.

These circumstances of our political and social condition may therefore be expected to continue their benignant influence on the advancement of letters and science in the United States; and it only remains for us now to notice the modes by which we may best encourage and assist that influence.

We should, in the first place, do all in our power to advance the cause of education, both in its elementary, and more difficult branches of knowledge. The seed that is sown in the humblest country school, if it chance to fall on a fruitful soil, may shoot up into luxuriance and become the lordly oak, the pride of the forest. But in general, the distinguished man of civilized society is so much the creature of artificial culture, he is like the same oak in a city. It has been planted there, and its size and growth have been in proportion to the care with which it has been nurtured, until it could support itself by its own inherent vigor. We ought then to be unsparing in our efforts to provide adequate schools, academies, and colleges: to endow them liberally; and to improve their internal economy, regulations, and discipline, to the utmost. The nation seems now fully sensible of the importance of juvenile instruction. The number of schools and colleges has been greatly multiplied within a few years, but I fear that their character has not advanced in the same proportion as their number.

Associations such as that it is now my pleasure to address, should be multiplied and be supported with untiring zeal. All such institutions concur to introduce a literary spirit, to give it a wider diffusion and a more vigorous growth. This spirit is the more to be cherished, as affording the best counteraction to the love of gain, if it is likely to prove stronger in a democracy, as has been supposed, than in those governments in which there are privileged orders of men.

We should also encourage public libraries and library companies, which will at once favor a taste for reading and afford the means of gratifying it. Nor ought we to neglect female education, since it devolves on the mother to give the first direction to the child's thoughts and acts. I have come to the conclusion, from no very slight or hasty course of observation, that more distinguished men owe the impetus which

has made them what they are, to their mothers, than to their fathers.

A disposition to encourage domestic literature must also have a good effect. It must be recollected that the American writer, laboring under the disadvantages that have been mentioned, is placed in competition with the writers of a nation that are second to those of no other on the globe; and that the consciousness of this disadvantage is calculated to repress and dispirit the efforts of the native author.

Let us constantly bear in mind, gentlemen, that, next to a character for virtue and integrity, we should be most ambitious of obtaining one for letters. This is a higher glory than distinction in wealth, power, or arms. For

"The beings of the mind, are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more beloved existence."

Let us remember too, that a taste for literature and science, besides what it has done for the well-being of society, affords to individuals the best security against vicious and immoral habits; and that it is essential to the preservation of civil liberty: that for a people to be capable of administering their own affairs wisely, they must be well instructed. They must understand the elementary principles of government, of legislation, and political economy; must be well acquainted with the human character, and be able to distinguish between their real and their pretended friends, through all the disguises which crafty ambition or love of gain may throw around them. We are then urged to the intellectual improvement of the people, whether we regard the happiness, the safety, or the dignity of the nation.

The vetary of literature in our country has indeed much to stimulate his efforts. There are some who now hear me, who may live to see the population of these states amount to some 50 or 60 millions; and in 25 years afterwards, they will reach 100 millions without having as dense a population as there is at this time in Massachusetts. With so numerous a people, all speaking the same language, and agreeing in the great fundamental principles of religion, morals and government; but having endless diversities of manners, habits, usages and institutions, what a field is presented for the successful cultivator of English literature! The writer of the next generation, who is so fortunate as to win the public favor, will, besides hearing his name re-echoed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Hudson's Bay to the Mexican Gulf, have a greater number of readers than are now living on the habitable globe. His gains, if gain should be his object, will be as much greater than Byron's or Scott's, as theirs were greater than those of their predecessors. And though minds best qualified to delight the world by the productions of their genius, may find their highest reward in the glory they acquire, yet even *they* will see, in the extensive sale and circulation of their works, the surest indications of that glory.

In consequence of the great multiplication of books, all over Europe, within the last forty or fifty years, and their continued further increase, it has been apprehended by some that literature must eventually suffer a decline. They say that if books thus go on increasing, it will be impossible for any one reader, however diligent, to read them all; and that the conviction of this fact will proportionally discourage men from writing, or from qualifying themselves to write; and that literature may thus, like the Roman vestal, be buried under the wealth she had too eagerly coveted.

But the very hypothesis, in assuming that further productions of intellect will be checked by the redundancy of previous productions, supposes that consequence of the evil which will effectually bring its remedy, which is a diminution of the supply until it is level with the demand. Such a redundancy, when it is felt, may indeed have the effect of discouraging trivial, or second rate productions. It may also call into exist-

ence new and strange creations of a misapplied ingenuity, by way of provocative to man's incessant craving for novelty, but it can do no more. The means of communicating instruction, or interest, or delight, to the minds of others, are as exhaustless as is the desire to receive them, and by far the larger part of these means every generation has to provide for itself. It is true that so far as concerns human passions and feelings, or the beauties of scenery, or poetical imagery, there are natural limits, and the best part of the stock may be preoccupied, or nearly so; but even these may be served up again in a form, which when modified by the ruling taste of the day, may not only seem to have the recommendation of novelty, but give more lively pleasure than pictures of the same natural features, painted according to the taste of other times. It is with language as with dress, though the materials are the same as they were centuries ago, silk, cotton and wool, feathers and flowers, gold, diamonds and pearl, yet the diversified modes in which they can be combined, are infinite; and though the belles of the present day may now and then seem to tread in the steps of their grandmothers, it will generally be found, on a closer inspection, that there is some important modification of the ancient prototype; and that, at all events it has, to the eyes for which it was intended, the charm of novelty, so as to make each succeeding generation manifest the same lively sensibility to ornament, and the same exquisite taste in gratifying it, as when Belinda was thus exhibited at her toilet more than 130 years since:

"And now, unveiled, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid,
First rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears!
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white;
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powder, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms," &c.

As to science, that is, and must ever be, continually progressive, and every new discovery seems but the prolific parent of many more. It forms a new stem from which spring numerous ramifications, each of which branches out again, and thus leads to new facts and new laws of matter. The fear then is utterly groundless, that there can be any necessary check to intellectual activity, either in the class of writers or readers. And as to the supposed influence of the multiplicity of books, or the character of subsequent works in encouraging quaintness, affectation, or licentious novelty, we must trust to the natural growth of good taste for the prevention or correction of this evil. To resume my former illustration, the same danger might seem to exist as to dress; and yet it has been steadily advancing for the last fifty years towards simplicity, and losing much of the very forced and artificial character it formerly assumed.

I had intended, Mr. President, to have said something in behalf of cultivating CLASSICAL LEARNING, as the best means of forming a good taste, and as affording the most improving exercise to the mental faculties; and also to have dwelt on the advantages of SIMPLICITY in writing and speaking; but the unexpected length to which this discourse has been already extended, forbids me from further tasking your patience.

On the whole then, the prospects before us, gentlemen, are no less brilliant and grand in our literature, than in national power and opulence, if we are only true to ourselves; and the sun of civilization, which has been travelling to the west, as far back as history re-

cords, will, when it has completed its circle round the earth, by traversing the American continent, be found to have still increased in splendor, in its course; and as it shone more brightly in Greece and Rome, than it had done in Asia; and in England and France, than in Rome or Greece—so, if the auguries do not prove deceitful, its progressive brightness will continue with us, and when it shall be setting to Europe, it will here in its meridian,* beam with an effulgence that the world has never yet witnessed.

* Some of our readers may not know, that when it is sunset at London or Paris, it is noon on the Mississippi.—*Editor.*

THE FORESTER'S SERENADE.

Awake! gentle dreamer, and hide thee with me,
Where the free and the fearless dwell;
A sylvan home is waiting for thee,
Deep, deep in the shade of the dark waving tree,
That hangs o'er the Forester's dell.

There linger the hours of beautiful bloom,
And when the gay Summer is past,
'Neath the angry clouds of Winter's gloom,
Still smile we, my love, though our leafless home
May shake with the terrible blast.

And softly, and sweetly, at Eve's silent hours,
When earth seems fading away,
A holy calm, from heaven's fair bowers,
Shall brightly shadow that sleep of our's,
With visions too pure for day.

Oh come!—'tis the moment when all things are still,
Save the leaves on the trembling trees,
Or the plaintive wail of the lone whip-poor-will,
Or the moan of the stream, as it winds round the hill,
Or the voice of the murmuring breeze.

Why linger, my love?—the glorious stars
Are glistening brightly for thee—
Tho' the moon rides high, and the night slowly wears,
Yet tarry we not till morning appears—
In shadow and silence we flee.

Tho' yonder wild mazes together we'll stray,
Where the wolf and fierce panther roam,
Ere the skies grow light with opening day,
O'er mountain and valley away—let's away—
Far, far, to the Forester's home.

LEXICOGRAPHIC ACUMEN.

In Johnson's Dictionary is this article: "*Curmudgeon*, a vicious way of pronouncing *cœur méchant*—An unknown correspondent." By the last three words Johnson acknowledges his obligation to an anonymous writer in the Gentleman's Magazine—but Ash copied the word into his Dictionary thus: "*Curmudgeon*—from the French *cœur*, unknown, and *méchant*, correspondent."

JOURNAL

OF A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS, CAVES AND SPRINGS
OF VIRGINIA.By a *New-Englander*.*

To CHARLES E. SHERMAN, Esq., of Mobile, Ala.

These fragments of a Diary, kept during a tour made in his
society, are respectfully and affectionately inscribed, by his
friend and fellow-traveller, THE AUTHOR.

— Virginia! Yet I own

I love thee still, although no son of thine!
 For I have climbed thy mountains, not alone,—
 And made the wonders of thy vallies mine;
 Finding, from morning's dawn till day's decline,
 Some marvel yet unmarked,—some peak, whose throne
 Was loftier,—girt with mist, and crowned with pine:
 Some deep and rugged glen, with copse o'ergrown,—
 The birth of some sweet valley, or the line
 Traced by some silver stream that murmurs lone:
 Or the dark cave, where hidden crystals shine,
 Or the wild arch, across the blue sky thrown.

* * * * *
 * * * * * Wilde.

CHAPTER I

Locomotive from Boston to Providence—Railroads and rail-
 ings—Sleepers in Steamboats—New York, New Jersey, and
 Philadelphia—Judge Marshall—Baltimore—Page's—Rip-
 Rap—Hampson Roads—James River—Steamboat Racing—
 Arrival at Richmond.

Steamboat President, July 8, 1835.

Your correspondent is a quiet man and hates a fuss, or he would hardly have composure enough to sit down so quietly and collectedly, as he is now doing, to write you an account of himself, considering the traveller's disappointment to which he has been doomed. He thought, and experience had taught him that he was right in the conjecture, that to take a trip to New York in the good "President, Bunker," was the very realization of all that is comfortable in the way of travelling; so starting from the city of notions by the "Whistler" locomotive, and shooting over the forty intervening miles between that and its sister city, at the rate of five and twenty miles an hour, he marched up to the gentlemanly clerk of the said steamer, to secure a good berth in which to stretch his invalid limbs while going round that most lovely of capes, Point Judith. But by some misunderstanding, a disappoint-

* This Journal is made up from a series of letters, written in 1835, for some of the northern papers, which at the time attracted some attention, not only at the north, but in other parts of the country. There had at that time been little said, and less written, in relation to the now more generally known watering places, which these letters describe; and to that cause, rather than to any merit discernible in their composition, was to be attributed the interest at first so generally taken in them. It is at the suggestion of a friend who was induced to try the virtues of the Virginia waters, by the descriptions of their qualities set forth in these ephemeral letters, and who experienced a perfect cure of his complaints by doing so, that they are now embodied in this form. If they shall induce a single additional cure of any of those numerous "ills that flesh is heir to," the writer will not regret the toil of editing them anew.

Washington, July 4th, 1837.

ment arising out of the detention of the other boat Providence was filled with hordes of applicants, who, unfortunately, had taken up all the state-rooms, berths, settees, cots and pegs, on which a poor wight could sleep, lie or hang. This was a damper. Ma'am Judy was weathered by your unlucky friend in a recumbent posture, upon "the soft side of a pine board," and his rheumatic bones had to suffer racking in an out of the way hole, away forward, which they call the saloon-cabin.

From Boston to Canton, we came along in a fine easy car, in which we could sit or stand as we pleased, and the seats in which were made as is usual in coaches, width-wise and very comfortable. At Canton we took to our feet, to go down and up a deep valley, over which a most splendid viaduct of massy granite is in the progress of erection, an ingenious and stupendous work indeed. We then got into a long jolting omnibus-looking car, in which we rode side-wise, and although we went over the road rapidly, the noise of this crab-like mode of progression materially marred the pleasure of the thing. However we finished our journey at last, so far as rails (and I suppose you hope as far as *railing* also,) are concerned,*—and here am I, at table, between the jingling of champagne glasses on one side, and the rattling of dice on the other, as a whist party and a pair of backgammon players are amusing themselves at their respective games. What a love of excitement is suddenly contracted upon coming on board a steamboat! People in such a predicament seem to think they shall die of ennui, if a source of amusement is not immediately opened to them, so soon as they place their feet on board.

I have been taking a stroll round the boat, to see how the land lies, what way we are making, what the weather is, and who, if any body, had stolen my birth. We are half way to New York, are going at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, the night is cloudy but mild, and the steward and I turned a big bully of a fellow out of my narrow accommodations in "the saloon cabin." I am sure they were not worth stealing. My Hector showed fight, and now stands glowering at me like a chained mastiff. Cannot help it, my dear fellow,—take my rheumatics and you may have my berth and welcome—and I'll sit up all night and scribble. He shags off upon this fair proposal; it must have been convincing of his reason, and assuaging of his wrath.

How queerly folk appear while asleep! I should not like to occupy one of those settees or cots as they call them, all conglomerated as they are into a dense mass; it is so disagreeable to have a half dozen waking strangers making game of your dreaming disclosures, as you lie there on your back, talking about your most private affairs, with as much *sans froid* as if you were but exchanging the time of day with your hearers. And then how singularly people differ in their ideas of comfort on these occasions! One twists a yellow bandanna round his head for a night cap, while another puts on *the real thing*, in the shape of a red silk bag, a white knit skull-cover, or a black velvet toupee. One fellow sleeps in his clothes like "my man John," in the nursery song, who "went to bed with his trousers on."

* This road is now finished, and in all its apartments is one of the very best in the United States.

Another is very particular in arranging himself to rest, with all the minute particularity to the little observances of the toilet in which he is so fond of indulging at home,—he places his watch and pocket-book under his pillow, folds away his coat smoothly, and puts his boots orderly under his “cot” in such wise as to keep them out of the reach of that shilling loving caitiff, *John*, who brings them all shining in the morning, and looks glowering if he gets not his *avonims*. One lies on his pillow as Nero reclined on his, laughing at the woes of the good citizens around him, who, as he grows merry and boisterous in his enjoyment of the varied scene before him, toss about as if on the rack to get one wink of sleep under his merciless inflictions: while another sneaks off quietly to bed, and from mere habit drops to sleep in despite of all the noise and bustle that surround him. The lucky berth-holders retire with a kind of dignified reserve to their respective places of comparative ease,—the aristocrats of the steamer,—while the deck passengers lie about on the luggage and freight, covered with old plaid cloaks, with carpet bags for pillows. Thus the Steamboat is but a map of busy life—and furnishes to the contemplative mind a lesson not unworthy of its study.

* * * * *

Steamboat Trenton, July 9.

The warm weather is beginning to thaw people out from their winter quarters, and to set them in motion towards the North, South, East and West, for recreation and health. The steamboats, railroads, and public houses literally swarm with travellers, and all seem determined to make up for the lost time which the cruel cold weather has caused to hang so heavily on their hands.

Arriving at New York this morning, and finding the city empty and hot, and the hotels full and incommensurable, I concluded to hasten onward, and accordingly took the steamer *Swan*, at seven o'clock, reached Amboy in the usual time, and proceeded at the leisurely pace of fifteen miles an hour upon the railroad, as far as Bordentown, where we again take steamboat. Pray tell me if the hot weather is any excuse for such tardiness in locomotive engines? Here was I flying over those Providence rails at the rate of five and twenty miles, but yesterday—*voilà!* the difference! And now I am in the bragging vein, let me remark that the railroads from Boston, are incomparably superior to these Jersey ones. There is more care in the construction, the cars are far more commodious, and the whole is quite another affair, in every respect. I suppose there is no more perfect railroad in the country than that from Boston to Lowell, if indeed there be in the world.

The general appearance of that part of New Jersey through which we journeyed this morning is by no means indicative of much susceptibility of cultivation. The soil is red and clayey,—and for the most part barren, on the track we traversed to-day. There are interspersed here and there, spots of something more promising in the way of farming and gardening,—but they are rare. The place of Joseph Bonaparte is the most elegant of any on this part of the route—but it struck me that it appeared to less advantage, and in worse condition than formerly. There evidently wants the careful, tasteful and interested supervision of the proprietor. Near this, we were much gratified and

refreshed by the reception of an abundance of ripe cherries and other fruit from the children that surround the cars at every stopping place, and earn their *tips* by these grateful dispensations. Fruit of all kinds is abundant and good here, and we are promised a profusion of it in Philadelphia.

The Delaware upon which I am now sailing, looks lovely, in this clear summer afternoon. The beautiful farm houses, country seats, and villages with which it is studded on each side, form a succession of picturesque landscapes, unrivalled by any which were presented during yesterday's sail. At the pretty village of Bristol, we took in and landed passengers, and among several taken up at Burlington, a short distance lower down, were several good humored, jolly Dutchmen, and their brisk buxom frouws, going to carry the produce of their gardens to Philadelphia. The former spoke not, but smoked their pipes in silent quietude, while the good women arranged their tidy baskets upon the deck, and sat down to watch them, and see the fashions. But the city of Brotherly Love is in sight, and I must break off.

Philadelphia, July 10.

After being bandied about from pillar to post, from the United States to Head's, from Head's to the Tremont (for they have a “Tremont House” here too) and from thence to the Congress Hall, I at length obtained a room sufficiently large to hold my bed and myself, and learned to be thankful for even so much. The travelling mania has really begun to rage with a violence proportioned to its restraint hitherto. The city is filled with strangers, while its own citizens are fast deserting it.

I cannot like Philadelphia. I have given it a fair trial, and many fair trials,—but I do not “cotton to” its stiffness, its preciseness, its coldness, its cold water washings, its white wooden window shutters, its everlasting red brick walls, unrelieved by anything light or lively in the shape of Venetian blinds, verandahs, porticoes, porches, or piazzas. It looks very well on a printed plan, but it is a very odd city in reality. And then its narrow paved streets, innocent of McAdamsization and gas light,* its thousands of watch boxes for people to break their heads against at every corner, and its toleration of that disgusting nuisance,—cigar-smoking, by men calling themselves gentlemen, in its streets at evening,—combine to render it far from delightful to me. It is true, there are the United States Bank, the Mint, the Fair Mount Water Works, and the new Exchange, to relieve all this sameness and monotony: but I am constrained to confess that I consider the constant self-gratulation and boasting of the Philadelphians upon the score of these attractions as almost destructive of the pleasure to be derived from an examination of them. I hope I am not too censorious.

The melancholy news of Judge Marshall's demise met me as I came from the steamboat yesterday. It is certainly a great event in our history. The loss of John Marshall is a public incident, and viewed aright is full of public interest. As the historian of Washington, he is the historian of America,—as the presiding justice of the highest court in the United States during a long and most interesting period of its history,

* This was in 1835, be it remembered.

he is to be considered as the father as well as the administrator of its jurisprudence. * * *

Baltimore, July 11.

After a very fine passage from Philadelphia in the noble steamers Robert Morris and George Washington, and by the locomotive Virginia,—during which I may truly say I enjoyed the very first pure breath of real summer that has been vouchsafed to me as yet during this backward season; after a delightful sail upon the beautiful Delaware, a ride through a country looking more like a garden than any thing that has as yet greeted my eyes since I left New England,—and a charming trip down the Elk, and over Chesapeake Bay; I arrived at “the City of Monuments” at noon this day. My quarters are at Page’s, and I hope those of my readers, who intend to travel, will not forget a name, the remembrance of which will secure to them the best of accommodations when they visit Baltimore—the most gratifying attentions—and every comfort which can possibly be desired by the traveller. The city is hot, as other cities have been on my route—but not so full of strangers, at present. Many of the citizens who can afford to enjoy their “otium cum dignitate,” are seeking the cooling breezes on the Eastern Shore, or have preceded your correspondent to the Hot Sulphur, or the White, Red, Yellow, Blue, and Salt Sulphur Springs of Virginia. They complain very much here of the backwardness of the season, of the failure of the crops, the badness of the grain, and the necessity of coal fires (sometimes) at night. So you see you “down-easters” have nothing to complain of in the way of partiality against “our good mother nature.”

July 12.

The first thing that particularly struck me upon walking through the streets of this city, was the frequency with which I met ruins of buildings by fire. Here lie strewed the displaced stones of one edifice that lately towered aloft in all the beauty of perfect architectural proportion; there smoulder the scarcely exhausted cinders of a more recent conflagration. Many of these wrecks are fast disappearing, and giving place to new and modern structures—but still enough remain to bear melancholy witness to the ravages of the ruthless incendiaries. While I was thus musing, at night-fall, over the ruins of former beauty and elegance, the cry of fire was raised, and soon the engines and the hose carriages, boys, men, and horses, were rattling and tramping along the streets, over which the moon was just rising. The scene, though startling, appeared to be looked upon, by all but the firemen, as an affair of every day occurrence, and of hardly sufficient importance to deserve more than a passing glance—while the firemen did not dash along with their engines with all that impetuosity and enthusiastic defiance of fatigue and danger, which are generally noticeable in such cases. This no doubt arose from the actual commonness of these alarms in Baltimore of late: a melancholy thought, but I am inclined to think it is the only true solution of the rare apathy which seemed to pervade the whole of this devoted city upon the occasion referred to. I believe the fire was gotten under without difficulty.

They are digging a cellar, over which to lay the foundation of a new Custom House here—and have opened a constantly flowing spring of water, which

they are endeavoring now, night and day, to pump dry. Uncle Sam is employing a multitude of honest Irishmen to perform this labor, equal in difficulty to that of the Danaides. Last night there was nothing heard all over this part of the city, but pump, pump—pump, pump—pump, pump—incessantly from sunset to cock-crowing; occasionally relieved by the chanting of some of those sweet Irish ballads, which, sung in chorus at Donnybrook Fair, or at the Cove of Cork, would doubtless have been received with unbounded applause, and encored into the bargain. But they were not so welcome to the tired traveller, whose windows being open on account of the heat, drank in the dulcet sounds with very much the same effect upon the feelings of the would-be slumberer within, as would have been produced by a concert of cats, or the ululations of a convocation of owls. As I write, the pumps are still audible, and give promise of a repetition of my night’s delights.

The business of Baltimore strikes me as on the increase. There are tokens of improvement visible in every part of the city. Real estate, if certain operations which have casually come to my knowledge are to be relied upon as tests, is improving every day. Many new structures are in the progress of erection, and there is a decided air of business enterprise pervading the city. They laugh at the late Canton excitement in the northern cities, and describe it as mere mid-summer madness. There is no very lively expectation here, that Baltimore is very soon to be eclipsed by the great city of Canton!*

July 13.

It is very amusing to sit at a large public table—unknown and unknowing,—and to watch the progress of events during that great festive occasion,—a dinner at an ordinary. The *gourmanderie*, the epicurianism, the Apician smacking of the lips over a new and rare tit-bit, are to me far less striking and full of moral than the gusto displayed upon these occasions by the critics in wines. I was much moved to these reflections by the course of incidents at Page’s ordinary to-day. Mr. P. himself, a pleasant, gentlemanly, attentive host, sits at the head of his own table, and in a very elegant and genteel manner does its honors. But he is the unfortunate butt at which every body else levels a glass, and a challenge to a trial of “the very best of wine” he ever drank. Every sample is “the very best,”—and the polite host sips here a drop of claret, and there a drop of hock,—swallows now a glass of champagne,—and now a bumper of burgundy,—with one, tastes sherry, and with another, Madeira—until at length it seems to me, he must have lost the taste of all, by tasting so many. The game goes on among all the other guests at the same time—and by the time the cloth is removed, there is one general guzzle, all round the board. What a ridiculous custom! I have seen pretenders to a very accurate taste in, and judgment of wines, most egregiously hoaxed by the waggishly disposed. A great lover of the juice of the grape, who pretended to be a great *connoisseur* in the matter, and who invariably smelt, and sipped, and looked with one eye through the up-raised glass, as he held it between his optic and the light, I once saw taken in this way, by the substitute of

* Canton is still *in statu quo*. 1838.

a very fine claret for a low-priced, inferior article, which he was drinking. His own was pronounced far superior so long as it was thought to be the more expensive wine. But when the fact came out that the substituted article was worth eight or ten times as much money as the other at the vintner's, the critic was fain to shelter himself behind the plea of having lost his taste by reason of a very bad cold! "Of all the cants in this canting world, the cant of criticism," says the satirist, "is the worst," and of all criticism, methinks, the criticism of gourmanderie is the most absurd. There is a gentleman at this table who seems to be a general puffer of every dish that comes upon it, from the soup to the desert. He must be a proprietor, or part owner, or perhaps he gets his dinners *gratis*, for this sort of duty, which he so faithfully discharges every day. Splendid soup, charming chickens, delightful ducks, delicious hams, fine puddings, rich pastry, nice strawberries, uncommon sweet butter, prime cheese, and unrivalled wines! are epithets constantly issuing from his mouth—as if no one else at the table could discern its luxuries but himself. How inferior is this kind of ambition in a full-grown man—to keep a bill of fare at his fingers' ends,—a vintner's invoice registered in his memory, and the *tang* of wines on the tip of his tongue! To be proud of knowing and calling all the tavern-servants by name,—to criticize cooking, and "chronicle small beer."

I have been to see the lions of Baltimore this afternoon. The Washington monument stands on the summit of a hill at the upper part of the city, a tall white column of marble, surmounted by a statue of the venerable sage to whose memory it is erected. I did not ascend to its summit, for I am *going to*, not *returning from* the Springs. The monument commemorating the names and bravery of the officers and men who fell at the battle of North Point, and the bombardment of Fort McHenry, in 1814, is certainly a beautiful structure. It is by Capellano, and was erected in 1820. Its situation is central, and its execution tasteful, appropriate and elegant. I walked all around it,—studied its *relievos*,—read the names of the fallen soldiers,—admired the fierceness of the griffins, without clearly comprehending what they had to do there, and came away with the reflection that Baltimore had indeed done more to perpetuate the memory of our two wars than any other city in the Union. I next went to view the far-famed Catholic Cathedral. I had always imagined it to be a most splendid building externally as well as internally: but I was disappointed. Its exterior has too much flagree and composition work about it. Indeed, that is a fault with most of the public buildings of Baltimore. I was unsuccessful in my attempt to view the interior of this church, being told that it was the hour of "confession," and that that service was then performing within.

The private houses of Baltimore are neat, commodious, well built, and many of them expensive: but there is not one *splendid* dwelling in the city, that I have yet seen: I mean of the stamp of the Beacon street houses, in Boston, and those in Lafayette and Waverly places in New York. They are built of handsome brick, sometimes with, but oftener without blinds or shutters of any kind on the outside, and many of them with the purest white marble door steps and posts,

which are kept as clean and polished as if they were a portion of the interior of the mansion. There is a great deal of taste displayed here in equipage,—there being but few coaches in the streets, with the usual retinue of liveried coachmen and footmen,—a thing supremely ridiculous in our country,—but many tasteful and elegant barouches, phaetons, carriages and gigs, of beautiful construction,—as often driven by the owner, as by a servant. The manners of the mass of the Baltimore population are in the highest degree civil and respectful to strangers,—I do not mean upon acquaintance, merely—that of course: but such manners seem to pervade the whole city,—the people being uniformly obliging, orderly, attentive and quiet. There is much elegance of style observable in the private establishments of the citizens of Baltimore,—more, I should think, as a general remark, than in other cities—and their hospitality is boundless. * * * * *

Off the Rip Repe, July 14.

Here we are, on board the good steamer "Kentucky," passing Fort Monroe at a fine rate, and distancing the "Columbus," in which we came very pleasantly from Baltimore yesterday: She has just put us on board this boat, and is herself going to Norfolk, while we pursue our way to Richmond. The "Kentucky" is a swift boat, and belongs to the established line between Baltimore and Richmond; but there is a competitor, dignified with the appellation of "Thomas Jefferson," which has just been put upon this route by an opposition company, that is now nearly abreast of our boat and gaining rapidly upon us. Of course we are passing Old Point Comfort in great style; three steamboats of the first class being within hailing distance of each other.

This is the day appointed by the President of the United States, at the request of the officer in command, for a grand review of the troops and inspection of the garrison at this point. It is now about 8 o'clock, A. M. and the parade, I learn, is to begin at 10. Of course we shall see nothing of the show. There is to be target firing from the fort. It is by no means to be wondered at that the old gentleman prefers Old Point Comfort as his summer residence; for a more beautiful locality does not exist, I verily believe, in our country. We were all yesterday afternoon sailing over Chesapeake Bay, and saw little to interest or amuse us, though the night on the waters was quiet, serene and mild. But we were richly repaid for the monotony of the scenes through which we passed yesterday by the glorious view that burst upon us as we looked from the upper deck of our boat, this morning. The sun was shining brightly,—the waves were brilliantly illustrated by his beams, and danced gaily under their sparkling influence. The porpoises were gambolling in the clear light, and, fearless of our approach, seemed to greet us amid their frolic play, as they surrounded our prow in shoals. Two gallant boats, both well stored with passengers, are gradually nearing us,—and now we are all three abreast. Passengers going to Norfolk are transferred, the utmost regularity being observed,—the boats are again sundered, and each goes on its several way at full speed. We pass between two garrisoned points: that on our left is an artificial island of sunken stone, upon which there is, in the progress of erection, a strong fortification defending this important approach to Nor-

folk and Richmond, in conjunction with that point on our right, on which stands fort Monroe, and over whose batteries floats the proud ensign of our country. These two forts secure the impregnability (by the seaward enemy at least,) of those cities. * * * *

James River, 12 o'clock, M.

We are now beginning to see the beauties of opposition lines in travelling. The "Thomas Jefferson," having dropped behind to leave some passengers at one of the thousand little landing places that are continually occurring from the Roads up James River, has given us an opportunity of coming up with her, and Captain Chapman of the "Kentucky" is fast raising his steam and our fears, as the strife of speed waxes warmer. The "Thomas Jefferson" shows fair play, and although she knows that we can keep ahead, yet she sees that it is by but small odds, and her backers have bragged that she can beat the "Kentucky" ten miles in the trip. Of course she is nettled at our holding her a pretty equal poll; and as she nears us, our helmsman keeps steadily in the mid-channel. The enemy turns,—her Captain is crazy,—she is crossing our bows! Every foot on our decks is set; every breath drawn; every voice hushed, in apprehension of certain concussion. The stern of our opponent clears our bows by a single inch—but only by the noble and praiseworthy forbearance of our Captain, who, rather than endanger the lives of those on board the "Jefferson," stopped both his engines, as the foolish infatuation of the opposing Commander seemed securing for him and his passengers a dreadful fate. Thus she clears the "Kentucky," and runs stern-foremost towards our left, and drops far behind. She must have touched the bottom, as she has lost way considerably, and is vainly endeavoring to get up with us once more. Whatever may be the comparative speed of the two boats—of this truth the proprietors of the line running the "Thomas Jefferson" should hereafter enjoy the full benefit—that there is less danger to life and limb incurred by passengers in the old line. James River presents the traveller with but very few objects of interest. Its waters are turbid and reddish, and run in a broad full stream between shores of beech and birch, with here and there a pleasant plantation interspersed. There is no such thing here as a division of that part of the State lying in the interior country, into the innumerable small villages and towns into which the northern States are subdivided. *Jamestown*, somewhat noted in the old history of this country, is now but a landing place for passengers to Williamsburg. A but or two, and the ruins of a brick church, the first ever built in Virginia, alone designate the *locale*. This ruin is really quite picturesque: trees have grown up to a great height on the site of the aisles; and a small remnant of the tower overgrown with ivy, alone marks the worshipping place of the earliest settlers of Virginia.

We arrived at Richmond at sunset, and took lodgings at the Eagle.

HERETICAL BEASTS.

In the "Erotemata de malis ac bonis libris," of Father Raynaud is an 'Alphabetical Catalogue of the names of Beasts by which the Fathers characterized the heretics.'

THE GOVERNESS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE "CURSE."

"Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there."

Byron.

"Ah little will the lip reveal
Of all the burning heart can feel."

L. E. L.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Mathews to Mrs. Somers.

"You would oblige me very much, my dear Louisa, if you would procure a teacher for my children. I should prefer a lady, on account of my loneliness since the death of my husband. I should wish her to be very accomplished, of course; to be a perfect musician, and a good French scholar; also a graceful dancer, for in this out of the way place, it is impossible to procure a teacher of that delightful art. The minor branches, such as grammar, philosophy, &c. of course, she must be qualified to teach. She must be perfectly good tempered, and always ready to read to me, and bear me company when not engaged with the children; they, poor little dears, have been used to so much indulgence, that a cross governess would never suit them. If you can find such a person as I have described, pray engage her to come to me. The terms I leave to yourself, though as there will be only three scholars, I should not think they ought to be very extravagant."

Mrs. Somers read aloud the above extract from a letter she held in her hand, to a young fair girl, dressed in deep mourning, who was seated beside her.

"Since you will leave me, my dear Constance," she continued, "I do not know of any situation that would suit you so well. I should prefer your living in a private family as governess, to being an assistant in a public seminary. I think you will like it much better."

Thus spoke Mrs. Somers, to Constance Beverly, a young orphan, whose father had died a short time before, and left his only child dependant on the cold charities of the world. Until the death of Mr. Beverly, his daughter was considered an heiress; when his estate was wound up, she was penniless. In her distress, an old friend of her mother stepped forward and offered a home to the afflicted girl.

Possessing great independence of character, and an education which she knew would enable her to gain her own subsistence, Miss Beverly had resolved to leave the friend by whom she had been received, so soon as she could obtain a situation which suited her views. When she mentioned her determination to her kind protectress, it was opposed with ardor, but finding Constance resolute, Mrs. Somers was compelled to yield an unwilling consent.

"Mrs. Mathews was one of my early acquaintances, for friend I can scarcely call her," continued Mrs. Somers. "Owing to a distant connexion, we were thrown much together in youth, and thus a sort of intimacy sprung up between us, though there was little congeniality in either our dispositions or pursuits. Caroline is not such a woman as will suit you, my dear, with your fine taste and cultivated manners; but that is a matter of little importance; you are to teach her children, not herself. I have the utmost confidence in her good feelings, or I would not intrust you to her."

She is a woman who has managed to appear well in the world, without the advantages of education, or early intercourse with good society. A spoiled child, and a fortune, she married young, and returned to her native state as ignorant as when she left it to receive the advantage of a year's polishing in one of our eastern seminaries. I am told that her husband improved her very much, and of late years she rather affects the *bas bleu*. He died about a year since, and left her with three children—two daughters and a son; the last a little spoiled to be sure, as he is an only one, and the youngest child, but that can easily be got over; and you, with your winning ways, can soon gain his affections, and manage him through his feelings."

"If he has feelings," said Constance. "Spoiled children are usually too selfish to have much feeling for any one but themselves. But you have not told me where Mrs. Mathews resides."

"Ah true—I forgot—she is a native of Louisiana, and the interests of her children compel her to remain where their property is situated. She cannot bear to be separated from them, and therefore wishes for a private teacher who can devote herself to them."

"But it is so far away from all I love," said Constance, sighing deeply. "Could I not be as well situated nearer home?"

"I think not: and, besides, your health has suffered lately. I have observed that you have a bad cough, and I do not like the lassitude of your step. Remember, my love, that your mother died with consumption, and you should be careful of yourself. She was scarcely more than your age when she died."

"True," said Constance, an expression of anguish passing over her features, which Mrs. Somers scarcely believed could have been caused by her allusion to her mother's fate; "true—and perhaps it had been better had her child have gone with her. Say no more, my dear madam, I will go to Louisiana, if Mrs. Mathews will accept my terms."

There was a silence of some moments; and Mrs. Somers laid her hand impressively on that of her young companion, and spoke—

"Constance, I would not be impertinent; but, my dear child, confide in the friend of your mother. There is something painful weighing on your mind: I know it is not your situation—that you can struggle against—no, I see with pain, it is concealed anguish, which robs your cheek of its bloom, and darkens your spirit with a deeper sorrow than even the losses you have sustained should warrant."

The pale cheek of Constance became scarlet, and she sank back on her seat, for some moments incapable of speaking. She at length commanded herself sufficiently to say—

"I will not conceal from you, dear Mrs. Somers, that you are not mistaken; yet, believe me, had the cause of my sorrow been such as sympathy could alleviate, I should long since have confided it to my best and dearest friend. Time will enable me to conquer the weakness in which I have indulged. Say no more on the subject—I cannot bear it just now. Pray let us talk of my intended journey."

Mrs. Somers kissed her affectionately, as she murmured,

"Be it so, my Constance; yet, remember the duties

you owe to those who love you, and arouse yourself from the indulgence of feeling that may unfit you for all enjoyment."

In about three months from the time of the above conversation, Miss Beverly was nearly at the end of her long journey. It was autumn, yet few of the evidences of the dying year were around her. An unclouded sun was pouring his last rays on the verdant foliage of the trees, whose giant arms overshadowed the road through which the carriage wound its way, and the bland air which came wooingly to her cheek, brought with it no chill to the frame of the young stranger.

It was night when she arrived at the plantation of Mrs. Mathews, and she had little opportunity for making observations on the appearance of her new home. When the carriage drove up to the door, nearly a dozen black servants rushed from the house to see who the new comer was; and as Constance alighted from the vehicle, she heard one of them say to his mistress, who was standing on the gallery, "dat it was dat young lady comed, who was to gib young massa and young missuses dere larnin'."

Mrs. Mathews advanced to meet her, with outstretched arms, exclaiming, in an affected tone—

"I am delighted to welcome you to Allingham manor, Miss Beverly. Your society will lighten the tedium of many weary hours; and I am certain, that you will prove a congenial friend—such a friend as my forlorn heart has sighed for since it lost its dear partner. Such a man! my dear Miss Beverly. Ah! my too keen sensibility!" and the lady put her handkerchief to her face, as if much affected.

During this nonsensical tirade, Mrs. Mathews conducted her astonished companion through a wide hall into a large and handsomely furnished parlor, where a fire dispelled the damps of evening. Determined on playing the sentimental, Mrs. Mathews threw herself on a sofa, and sighed deeply, while her sable handmaidens disencumbered Constance of her shawl and bonnet. Miss Beverly then turned to take a look at her hostess.

She was a small, thin woman, with sharp features and a cadaverous complexion: there was nothing striking in her face except its extreme insipidity. She wore black for her husband, but her person was loaded with ornaments; even her large chalky forehead was made to look yet more chalky by having a black band passed across it, and fastened in front by a clasp of jet. She had read of marble brows, and imagined her own one of that class. It was easy to perceive that a desire to shine was her ruling passion, unfortunately combined with no ideas either natural or acquired, except such as had been gained from reading novels. Constance sighed at the prospect of such a companion, but Mrs. Mathews did not long allow her to indulge in reflections.

"My dear Miss Beverly, I have sinned against friendship in not before inquiring of my charming and tenderly beloved Louisa—Mrs. Somers I mean. My eldest daughter is called for her. A charming child, I assure you—such eyes too! exactly like her poor, dear father. (Here the handkerchief was applied.) But about Louisa, she was my *chceramy*, as the French say; we were very intimate—like "two cherries on one stalk," as my favorite poet Gray says. A charming poet—don't you think so?" She stopped to take breath, and Constance

answered, that Mrs. Somers was well, and had entrusted her with a letter, which she would deliver to her as soon as her baggage was brought in.

"Run—fly, Sylvia, and see if Miss Beverly's things are in. I tremble with eagerness to read the missive of my beloved Louisa."

The letter was soon produced, and Sylvia held the light, while her mistress perused the contents of it.

"What a horrid cramped hand Louisa writes! I declare I can scarcely make out what she says."

"Do you think so?" said Constance. "I admire her writing very much. She usually writes well."

A flush passed over the face of Mrs. Mathews, and she hastily answered—"I am no judge perhaps of good writing: I usually judge a hand by the ease with which one reads it."

Constance felt that she had offended, and was at a loss what to say, when two children burst into the room. The boy was screaming at the top of his voice—

"Ma—ma—has that 'oman come to make me stay in the house, and learn bad lessons? I won't learn—I will play with Pooto, and go with big Jim to shoot squirrels."

"Yes, my dear love, you may, but you can say your lessons also, won't you my son? I know mama's pet, her own dear pet, will be a good child and mind Miss Beverly, won't he?"

"No, I won't," screamed the child. "I don't choose to learn, nor to mind nobody but big Jim, when he tells me to come with him and shoot squirrels."

"Go away then, you naughty boy. Mama won't have you for her boy. I will send you out to mammy Sue, and tell her to keep you with the little negroes."

"But I shan't go, Miss. I'll knock mammy Sue down." So saying, the young hopeful rushed out again.

In the meantime, the little girl had drawn close to Constance, and was gazing on her with a mixture of admiration and fear.

"Come here, my dear," said she to the child, "I wish to become acquainted with you."

She approached timidly, and raised her large soft eyes to her face. She was about eight years of age, with a fairy-like figure, and a face which promised to be beautiful. Pleased with the softness of Miss Beverly's manner, she was soon won to stand beside her, and answer the questions she put to her. Mrs. Mathews left the room to call her eldest daughter, and the little girl came closer to her new acquaintance, and whispered—

"Mama has gone for Louisa—pray do not love her so much more than you do me. I should like you to love me."

"Why should you think so, my dear? If you are good, I shall love you both alike."

"Ah, no—you cannot. I try to be good, but mama loves Loo the best. She never calls her a little pest, or refuses to kiss her."

Constance imprinted a kiss on the fair brow, whose brightness was shadowed, even at her age, by the culpable preference of a parent for one child before another.

At that moment, Mrs. Mathews returned, leading by the hand a girl of ten—the very counterpart of herself. "I bring you a new claimant on your affections, Miss Beverly. My dear Louisa, hold up your head, and

speak to your governess. She is very bashful, and you must excuse her. You will find her quite a different child from Mary—much more tractable. Mary, I am sorry to say, is not all I could wish—you will find her difficult to manage—I can do nothing with her."

"Oh, mother!" said Mary, bursting in tears.

"There it is! you great baby, you cry if any one looks at you. Go to bed—get out of my sight—you cannot behave yourself!"

Thus was a child of great promise, and extreme sensibility, treated by her only parent, while the two who needed correction were suffered to act as they pleased, and completely tyrannized over their weak mother.

"I flatter myself, that you will find Louisa all you could desire a pupil to be," continued Mrs. Mathews. "Her mind is admirable, I assure you: I am qualified to pronounce a judgment on it, for I have taught her for some time myself. Come here, my dear love, and let Miss Beverly hear how well you understand geography."

Miss Louisa sullenly approached her mother.

"Tell me, my dear love, what is the shape of the earth?"

"Flat."

"Flat! my love, you forget—try again."

"I say it is flat; for, if it wasn't, we'd all fall off it."

"Fie, fie, Louisa! you should remember better. Now tell me where the Mississippi (that great river we sailed down in the steamboat) empties?"

"In the Pacific Ocean."

"Very well said; now come, and give mama a kiss. Now, tell Miss Beverly, what range of mountains that is which crosses Africa."

"The Andes," said the child, "the loftiest mountains in the world."

"There is a charming child. You will really be quite a prodigy. Go now, with Sylvia, and get an orange for your cleverness."

Away ran Miss Louisa, and Constance sat in mute astonishment, at the extent of the mother's ignorance, while Mrs. Mathews went on:

"Louisa is so much like her father, that really my heart glows with unremitting affection for her. Like the tendrils of the vine clasping the oak, she has wound herself around my heart until it would be death to part us. Oh, Miss Beverly, no affection yields so much delight as parental affection! To see the sweet blossoms opening around us, gives brightness to the darkest hours."

Constance assented with a smile, hoping that something like natural feeling was concealed beneath all this affectation and folly. Alas, for poor Constance! condemned to associate with a being so much beneath her in the scale of intellect, she looked forward to a life of wearying duties uncheered by companionship of mind or feeling. She wept bitterly on retiring to rest; but she gradually became more calm as she prayed for support from "Him who heareth the orphan's cry," and resigned herself to his care.

The following morning was calm and bright—the sun was just gilding the tree tops, as she stepped out on the gallery and looked around her. It was yet early in autumn, and the trees wore not their "sere and yellow" livery. Allingham manor was one of the finest plantations in the state, and the late proprietor had spared no expense to render it a pleasant residence for

his family. The house was spacious and airy: in front of it was a large reservoir of water, surrounded by the most beautiful shrubbery. China trees, with their bright green leaves and yellow berries, were scattered in groups over the large yard, beyond which, were the extensive fields, spreading on three sides, as far as the eye could reach, white with the cotton balls, which about a hundred negroes were engaged in gathering, while their merry songs greeted the ear.

While leaning against one of the pillars which supported the roof of the gallery, and thinking of her absent friends, Constance felt her dress pulled, and looking down, she saw Mary with a bouquet of beautiful flowers—many of them entirely new to her.

"Thank you, my dear. This is a charming bunch of flowers—I must pay you for them with a kiss. As she spoke, she seated herself beside the child on the upper step of the gallery. Mary threw her arms around her, and, exclaiming, "Ah, if you will only love me!" burst into a hysterical passion of tears.

"Poor little dear," said Constance, folding her in her arms, "you must have been strangely neglected by those whose duty it was to love and cherish you. I will love you, indeed, my sweet Mary, if you will be a good child."

"Indeed—indeed, I will try. Father loved me, and why should not you?"

At that moment, Mrs. Mathews issued from the house. After the usual salutations of the morning, she commenced—

"So you have been looking around you this morning. I hope you are pleased. I flatter myself that Allingham manor has one of the most *demanding* prospects in the country, and I consider myself a good judge, as I have travelled entirely over the state of Rhode Island, and through New York and Ohio, besides coming down the Mississippi: I call that being pretty much of a traveller. My poor dear husband was always wishing to travel: he desired to go to Europe. Every body talks of Europe, and wants to go there; but for my part, when I go a travelling, I am determined to be singular; I shall not put my foot in Europe, I shall only go to Italy. That is the land of "beauty and of bloom," as that divine writer, Sir Walter Scott, says. Have you ever read his "Pleasures of Hope?"

"No, madam," said Constance, I did not know that such a work had been written by him."

"Bless me, Miss Beverly, you don't say so. Mrs. Somers told me that you knew everything, and I certainly expected you to be acquainted with the literature of the day. I wish you to form the literary taste of my daughters. Loo is passionately fond of poetry, and already repeats some sweet poems by heart."

"I am pleased to hear that she has a taste for reading, as I shall have less difficulty in teaching her. Your youngest daughter appears to be a very interesting child."

"That is what Colonel Maitland says; but for my part I cannot see what anybody can fancy such a dull little animal for. She is always moping about, and never has anything amusing to say, like her sister. Now Loo is as lively as a cricket. Mr. Mathews was very fond of Mary, and called her his little genius; but what she has a genius for, I never could discover. I could never teach her anything; she would not even

learn that charming ode to the Robin Redbreast, which her sister repeated for Col. Maitland the last time he was here."

"But mother," said Mary, timidly, "you know Col. Maitland laughed at Louisa's mistakes, and told me not to learn to make myself ridiculous."

"No, Miss, I did not know it. Ridiculous, indeed! I would thank Col. Maitland not to be making you more unmanageable than you already are, by such speeches. I shall tell him of it. Ridiculous, indeed! Come, Miss Beverly—I hear the bell for breakfast; let us go in."

During the time they were at the table, Mrs. Mathews continued to pour forth the same volume of words, and Constance wondered when she found time to eat. The silly conversation of the mother was varied by occasional reproofs to her daughters for any little improprieties; but the son Bad (as she very affectionately called him,) was allowed to act as he pleased. He reached over the table and helped himself—called to the attendants every moment to bring him what he could not get hold of, and ended by throwing a fork at one who did not move fast enough to please him.

"What independence! what charming spirit he has!" said the mother, addressing Miss Beverly. "I would not check him for the world; it would destroy the germ of that dignity and independence which the manly character should always possess. My son, I flatter myself, will be a noble fellow."

"How am I ever to manage this creature?" thought the dismayed Constance. "He seems to me beyond the pale of civilization."

When she was ready to go into the school-room, she inquired of Mrs. Mathews if her son must be taken in school with the two girls?

"Oh, by all means. I will send him in, but you must be kind and affectionate to the dear child. He has never been used to severe measures. I will accompany you to the library, which I have converted into a school-room. Here is food for the mind," continued she, as they entered a large room, the walls of which were lined with book cases and maps. She threw open the doors of a case filled with novels and poetry. "Here you will find everything in the literary line. Here are *The Forty Thieves*, written by the inimitable Scott. I wonder if he was a native of Turkey—he knew so much about the manners and customs of the Turks. Ah no, I forgot; as you are not *or fide* to the literary characters of the day, as the French say, I will tell you his history. He was not a Turk, but an Englishman, who kept guard over Napoleon, and wrote his life from his own confessions. Because his name is Scott, he took a fancy to Scotland, and wrote some pretty things about the people. *The Cotter's Saturday Night* and *Tam O'Shanter* are his most creditable productions, though for my part I think he is very much overrated. What can be more vulgar than to write about a dirty cottager coming home from his daily labor? There is no fancy—no elegance in such stuff. Talking about poetry, reminds me of a piece given to me last week by a friend. I think it a sweet, pretty effusion—it was written on my performance on the piano. I will show it to you."

She took a rose-colored note from a small basket on the centre table, and opening it, commenced—

"Ah little did you know the feelings of me,
As I stood by the side of your piano-forte."

What was to follow this precious morceau, can never be known; for at that moment a terrible noise was heard coming toward them, and Mrs. Mathews escaped from the room, exhorting Constance to be "gentle to the dear little creature." An athletic black entered, bearing Master Hopeful on his back, kicking and screaming with all his might. The negro's face bore evident marks of a conflict with his turbulent burthen.

"I tell you, big Jim, put me down, and let me go, or I will put my ten commandments in your face," making an effort, as he spoke, to claw the cheeks of the negro.

"No, no, young massa—me no let you go. You cum say you lesson fust. Missus say you mus stay in de school room."

So saying, he deposited the boy on a cricket, by the side of Constance. The servant went out, and the child made an effort to rush after him, but was prevented by the key being turned on the outside. Constance suffered him to lie on the floor and kick against the door, until he became exhausted, and fell asleep. She then selected a large book, filled with colored engravings, hoping by degrees to interest him in acquiring the elements of education.

It is not my purpose to give an account of the many weary days she spent in bringing her pupils into anything like subjection. Henry showed both good feeling and quickness when they were fairly brought into play. Louise, in character, as well as person, resembled her mother. Superficial, vain, and fond of display, she thought more of adorning her little person, than of attending to the instructions of her governess. Mary had many faults, but they were those of an ingenuous and high-spirited child, who had been treated with injustice by her parent. Highly gifted she certainly was; she possessed all that precocious talent which is said by the superstitious to be given only to the early doomed; and when one looked into her deep dark eyes, they could not but yield to the belief, that their sad expression betokened the early fate of their interesting possessor. She attached herself entirely to Constance, and in all her rambles, Mary was her constant companion.

"What can be the reason Col. Maitland does not call?" said Mrs. Mathews some weeks after the arrival of our heroine. "I never knew him to stay away so long before. You will find him a man of fine information, Miss Beverly—quite a savañ, as the French say."

"Who is this Col. Maitland?" thought Constance, for his name was so continually rung in her ears that it was impossible not to think of him. That he was a man of sense and judgment she was certain, from the remarks she had heard quoted, as coming from him. Some superannuated bachelor, thought she, "who wears a wig and takes snuff." We always form our beau ideal of a person who has been much spoken of to us—this was Miss Beverly's of Col. Maitland.

He at last called. She was sitting alone in the parlor when a servant threw open the door and announced Col. Maitland. Constance looked up: a man who could not have numbered more than twenty-six summers was before her, strikingly handsome, yet strangely awkward; for he stood as if transfixed to the spot.

Constance sunk on the seat, from which she had

risen on his entrance—one moment pale as death, and the next, cheek, neck, and brow in a crimson glow. Maitland was the first to recover; he advanced, and bowing, said with assumed coldness—

"Will not Miss Beverly recognize an old friend under a new name?"

"I did not know—I was not aware that—that—"

"That I had changed my name, you would say. I believe it is not often customary with my sex. You are aware that I went to Scotland to visit my maternal grandfather: by a clause in his will I took his name, when I inherited his estate."

There was a pause which was broken by Constance. Putting considerable constraint on her feelings, she endeavored to speak calmly. "I was not informed of your residence in this neighborhood, or I should not have accepted the situation in this family which has brought me here."

"Situation! Good Heavens! Con—Miss Beverly! You are not the governess who is engaged by Mrs. Mathews?"

"The same."

"What! you! Constance Beverly—the courted—the admired—the accomplished coquette, a governess! How came this to pass?"

"By a common reverse. My father died insolvent. I would not be dependant on others, while I possessed the means of procuring my own subsistence; and Miss Beverly in her hour of triumph never felt prouder than now, for she feels that she is independent."

"Noble—admirable Constance! Yet, I see that the pride of your nature is not subdued. To that pride I owe—"

"Say no more," said Miss Beverly, rising with dignity. "I was not aware until we met, that you had returned from Scotland. Let the past be buried in oblivion by both. We must meet as strangers; I could not bear that our former acquaintance, and all connected with it, should be known to Mrs. Mathews."

"Oh, Constance!" said Maitland, with an impassioned air, "why bury the past in oblivion? To me it has been the talisman to preserve my heart from all other impressions. You once said that—yet why recal it to your mind, cold, proud beauty—trifling with the hearts you have won with as little remorse as—"

"Col. Maitland you forget yourself—I must leave you. Remember that we meet as strangers." And she glided from the room and hurried up stairs. Poor Constance! what a tide of deep emotion was struggling in her heart!

Three years before, she had parted with George Ogilvie almost a plighted bride. He had been summoned to Scotland to see his grandfather, whose heir he was, previous to the old man's death. The father of Ogilvie and Mr. Beverly were friends, and at an early age George was placed in the counting-house of the latter to learn the routine of business. His father died, and from that time young Ogilvie became an inmate in the family of Mr. Beverly. Constance was then a fair girl, just bursting into womanhood. She was not strictly beautiful, but few looked on that charming face who did not look again with renewed delight.

"Where were such dark eyes as hers?
So tender, yet withal so bright,

As the dark orbe had in their smile
Mingled the light of day and night.
And where was that wild grace which shed
A loveliness o'er every tread,
A beauty shining through the whole,
Something which spoke of heart and soul."

The radiant expression and brilliant eyes of Miss Beverly, made her the belle of the season. Followed, flattered, almost worshipped, Constance laughed, flirted and danced with every cavalier, though it was only in her home that she really suffered her feelings to come in play. Ogilvie was proud, sensitive and retiring; and it was not until the eve of his departure, that he unfolded his feelings to the being in whose presence he had only lived for months past. Constance—the proud—the admired Constance, listened with a cheek suffused with blushes, and a trembling of the heart which sufficiently informed her of the state of her feelings. Her father would not permit a positive engagement to be formed. He suffered the lovers to correspond, and on the return of Ogilvie, if both continued true to their vows, he was willing that they should be united.

They parted, and Constance was to all outward seeming still the same; "yet a change had come o'er the spirit of her dream." Her heart was no longer in the revel, though her eye shone brightest, and her step was lightest, where all was gay and fair to view: even when music filled the gay saloon, and the voice of flattery was pouring its honeyed words in her ear, her spirit was on the deep waters with her betrothed—her fancy picturing him to her as dreaming of his absent love.

Letters came from Maitland, breathing the most passionate devotion, and Constance read them again and again, and thought, that until absence had proved the depth of her affection, she had not known what love was. The absence of her lover was prolonged from month to month, until a year had elapsed. He then wrote that his grandfather would not consent to part from him, and the old gentleman might linger for years in the state in which he then was. He told Constance that it wrung his heart to give up the only hope that made life desirable; yet, he could not be so ungenerous as to ask her to spend her youth in waiting for the return of a lover, who might be detained from her for years by the imperative claims of duty.

Constance was wounded where she was most vulnerable. She had never dreamed of any contingency that could influence her to break the engagement which had been formed from the purest motives of affection. She compared the feelings of Maitland with her own, and in her heart she felt that "man's love is of man's life a thing apart," and not worn as hers had been, in the inmost sanctuary of the spirit, until it had become to her as a part of her existence. He was willing to give her up, without leaving her the liberty of choosing between the evil of waiting years for his return, or seeking in newer ties forgetfulness of the dreams which had woven their spells around her soul. Had she loved him less, her pride had not felt the blow so keenly, but the wound was dealt by the hand which should have been raised to shield her.

She wrote to him a cold, formal letter. It seemed to her as if an ice-blast had passed over her soul, chilling and desolating it forever; and the language she

addressed to Maitland, was well calculated to leave the impression on his mind that she considered herself freed from a galling chain, in breaking the engagement she had formed with him. Several letters subsequently came, addressed to her by Maitland, but she did not open them. She had determined to obliterate the past from her memory as far as possible, and every memento she possessed of her absent lover, was either destroyed or returned to him with all the letters he had ever addressed to her.

In their envelope, she merely wrote—"Let the past be forgotten. You are free. It is useless to address me again, as I have determined to return all letters unopened."

A few months afterwards Mr. Beverly died, and his daughter found herself reduced from the station of an envied heiress, to the necessity of using her talents for her own support.

In the meantime, the elder Maitland had also died, bequeathing his estate to his grandson, on the condition of his assuming his name. A few days after his death, the young heir received Miss Beverly's answer to the letter, which he now bitterly regretted having written. He accused her of being fickle, cold hearted, and tried to think he was well pleased that such a woman would never be his wife, but it would not do. He remembered the pride of Constance, and attributed her coldness to the right source. His answer was all that the most exacting affection could have required, but it was never read by her. It was not until every trifling gift that he had ever bestowed on her was returned, that he felt the uselessness of endeavoring to rekindle the flame of love from the ashes of a former passion.

He returned to his native country, rich in the gifts of fortune, yet without a tie to bind him to the life which her smile had once brightened. He could not bear to visit the city in which Constance resided, and after landing in New York, he proceeded on a tour through the western and southern states. He had been well acquainted with Mr. Mathews some years before his departure from America, and was induced by him to purchase a plantation adjoining his own. There he had been residing a year when he was introduced to the reader.

Had Maitland met Constance in her former sphere, sought for and caressed by all, he would have shunned the renewal of all intercourse, believing that she would have been best pleased by his apparent neglect; but he had seen her now pale and dejected—far from all who had loved and cherished her in her days of prosperity. He observed that her figure had lost much of the elastic buoyancy which once distinguished it, and there was an expression of subdued sorrow in the countenance that spoke to his heart. Was it for him she sorrowed, or only for the station she had lost? He recalled Constance Beverly to his mind all radiant in beauty, health and happiness, as he had last seen her; and as he stood there alone where she had left him, he unconsciously murmured—

"Since we were doomed to part,
They say that changed thou art.
Oh, can they speak of change for one like thee?
Is that brow pale and worn
Where once there sat such scorn?
Is that step fettered, once so glad and free?"

"Oh, Constance—Constance! never half so dear as now: you must—you will be won to listen to me again."

Mrs. Mathews entered.

Months passed by, and Constance and himself indeed met as strangers. All Maitland's efforts were ineffectual to overstep the line which she had drawn between them. His advances were met with such coldness, that at times, he was almost tempted to doubt that she had ever loved him. Yet he saw that when he entered, her pale cheek flushed, and he had detected a tremor in that small, fair hand when he approached, and praised the drawing on which she was occupied. All these signs convinced him that the past was not a forgotten dream.

One evening Mrs. Mathews left the room a short time—the children also were absent. It was the only time they had been alone since the morning of their first interview.

"Constance," said Maitland, "is this fair?—is it generous, thus to trample on my feelings? Do not look incredulous or surprised—you know I love you still."

"The love that wanes in absence is not such as I can prize," she replied, in a low unflinching voice. "Had we never met again, I had not been thought of but as one with whom it was pleasant to amuse an idle hour."

"By Heaven, this is too much! After all I have suffered, to be thus addressed! Oh, Constance, was it nothing to see my aged relative—the only one I knew in the world, raising his palsied hands to me, and begging me to have pity on his age—his grey hairs, and stay with him so long as life was given him? I struggled as long as I could against his entreaties. I consulted his physicians—they said he might linger for years—could I do less than free you from the ties that bound you? I fondly hoped that your answer would convey to me the assurance of unchanged love, and tell me that time and absence could not dim your affection. Oh, Constance, how different were your words!"

"Yes—they told you that you were also free. Think you that I could have held you by the ties of honor, when I saw that those of affection were already broken? No, sir—cease your endeavors to recal feelings which for my own happiness should be forgotten. Had you loved me as I would be loved, that letter had never been written—your own heart would have taught you to trust in the fidelity of mine."

At that moment, Mrs. Mathews returned, and Constance immediately retired.

"Well, Miss Beverly," said Mrs. Mathews, some weeks afterwards, "what do you think of Col. Maitland? You have known him now quite long enough to form a judgment of his character."

"I think he is a gentleman, and a man of great intelligence," said Constance quietly.

"Ah, everybody can see that; but don't you think him very handsome? For my part I think he is the handsomest man I ever knew, except my poor dear husband. Don't you think Mr. Mathews was finer looking?"

As she spoke, she raised her eyes to a portrait of her husband which hung in the room. Constance could scarcely refrain from laughing, as she looked at the fat jolly Falstaff of a man which the picture represented, and mentally contrasted him with the elegant intellec-

tual Maitland. Without waiting for her answer, Mrs. Mathews went on.

"The Colonel is a fine man, and takes such an interest in all that concerns me and my children. He is their guardian, you know; but that can scarcely account for the deep interest he takes in the children. He was praising their improvement yesterday, and he said you controlled them admirably; but you cannot think how astonished he was when I told him you did not know who wrote the Pleasures of Hope. He said that was very extraordinary for a young lady of your acquirements."

For an instant the brow of Constance was scarlet, and a dimness came over her vision as she listened to the insinuations which Mrs. Mathews desired to throw out, regarding the admiration of Col. Maitland for herself; but she recovered immediately, and only smiled at the close of the speech. She had long seen that little persuasion would be necessary to induce Mrs. Mathews to throw aside the widow's weeds and become the bride of Maitland, but that such persuasion would ever be offered she had every reason to doubt. It was not without pain that Constance heard Mrs. Mathews go on with her revelations; for in the months of almost daily intercourse, since her arrival in the country, she had in vain endeavored to keep her feelings under her own control. In spite of herself, her heart bounded, when she heard that step for which she had been unconsciously listening, and her eye would light up with a welcome she would fain have concealed. She feared that Mrs. Mathews had penetrated the veil she sought to throw over her feelings; and the present confidence was intended to crush in the bud every hope she might have cherished.

"Col. Maitland has not made any propositions to me yet, but I think his daily visits warrant the expectation of his soon doing so, and my duty to my sweet children would not allow me to refuse so unexceptionable an offer. My dear Mr. Mathews would, I know, be pleased to see our union, could he look down from his bliss abode and see what my motives are for marrying a second time."

Constance had no reply to make, and so soon as she could escape, she went to her own room to commune with her own thoughts, but not "to be still;" for what peace could there be for her heart, when she found it so deeply enthralled by a passion which she had made every effort to conquer? Pride had proved but a feeble barrier when opposed to the whisperings of affection. Maitland was daily beside her, offering the delicate flattery of unobtrusive attention to all her wishes, and looking the language which he would not permit his lips to utter: yet, when tempted to yield to the suggestions of her heart, the remembrance that he had once voluntarily resigned her, would cross her mind, chilling her again, and enabling her to support her outward show of calmness and indifference.

That evening Maitland spent at Allingham manor, and poor Constance felt that the small unmeaning eyes of her hostess were fixed on her with a scrutinizing expression whenever he addressed her. Mary, as usual, was hanging around her; and wishing to play the amiable before Maitland, Mrs. Mathews called to the child—

"Come here, Mary; Miss Beverly has entirely won

your affections from me: come, and read to me out of this pretty little book, and let the Colonel hear how well you read."

The child obeyed, and read a short description of a pastoral scene. Maitland complimented her on her improvement, and turned to address Constance.

"But mama," said Mary, "when I read to Miss Beverly, she tells me the meaning of all the words I do not understand. What is meant by ruminating animals?"

"Ruminating animals, my dear—why ruminating animals are—how shall I make you understand what they are? A familiar illustration will do I suppose. Why my child, Sylvia's little baby is a ruminating animal—all little babies are ruminating animals."

"La! ma," said Louisa, "how can you say so? Miss Beverly told me, only yesterday, that cows and sheep were ruminating animals."

"Well, my dear Louisa, are not innocent little babies lambs? I am sure that makes them ruminating animals."

"But I don't think it does, mama, for I am sure——"

"Hold your tongue, you impertinent! Go up stairs directly, and stay there. You shall learn how to believe what I tell you without *dementing* on it."

Louisa walked off in a sullen manner, and Constance endeavored to look as if she had not heard what was said. She glanced at Maitland, and saw that in spite of his habitual self-command, a smile was on his lips.

The heats of summer now prevailed, and for some weeks Mary had appeared languid and dull. She was, at length, seized with a violent and infectious fever. Terrified at the prospect of taking it, her mother seldom entered her apartment, or allowed either of her other children to do so. Constance, assisted by the faithful slave who had nursed the child, watched over her without intermission. Maitland called every day, and regularly came up to the sick room to see his little favorite, in defiance of the remonstrances of the unnatural mother. After a week of intense suffering, she awoke from her delirium, and recognized Constance.

"My dear Miss Beverly, is this you? I have been very ill—I believe I am going to die and leave you; but I am not sorry to live in Heaven with angels, for they will be kind to me as you and Col. Maitland are. Don't you love him, Miss Beverly? I am sure, as good as you are, he loves you."

"Hush—hush, my sweet Mary, and do not talk so wild."

"But I must talk now, for it is the last day I shall be with you to talk. I am going away to see father."

Thus the gentle child conversed with the weeping Constance until near night, when she closed her eyes from exhaustion. Suddenly she started, and exclaimed, "Is he come?"

"Yes, my dear Mary, I am here," said Maitland, as he entered.

"Bend down your ear to my lips," said Mary. She then whispered, "Now I am going away, you will love Miss Beverly as I love her, won't you? She will have nobody but you to love her when poor Mary is gone."

"Yes, my dear little girl," said Maitland, in an agitated tone, "I will love her much better than you do, if she will suffer me to do so."

Constance was supporting the head of the sufferer on

her bosom. Her eyes met those of Maitland, and that tearful glance repaid him for many moments of unhappiness. Claspings the hand that lay on the white coverlid, he exclaimed—

"Sacred be the contract formed over the bed of the dying innocent. May Heaven forsake me, Constance, when I prove untrue to the sacred trust."

The tears of Constance were flowing fast, but the pale face of the child lighted up with an expression of affectionate joy, as she turned her dying eyes on the face of her beloved governess, and murmured—

"I am very happy: kiss me, dear Miss Beverly"—and with the words her spirit passed away.

When Mrs. Mathews was informed of the engagement between Maitland and Miss Beverly, she accused the latter of treachery; said she had warned a serpent in her bosom who had stung her to the heart. In short, acted all the extravagances of a silly, disappointed woman.

Constance could not think of remaining in her house after such language had been used to her, and she accepted an invitation from the lady of a neighboring planter with whom she had formed an intimacy, since her residence in the country, and remained with her until claimed as a happy bride by her early lover.

A few weeks after her marriage, a letter from Mrs. Somers reached her. The following is an extract:

"Well, my dear Constance, for once in my life I practised a successful *ruse*. You will forgive me for entrapping you into living with such an unideal piece of affection as Caroline Mathews, when you know that I was aware of your attachment to Maitland, and was informed of his residence near her. All has turned out as I anticipated, and now accept the heartfelt congratulations of your friend, and her prayers for your future happiness."



THE FAR WEST,

AND ITS NATIVE INHABITANTS.*

The region thus named, has receded from the view of dwellers near the Atlantic, as Will-o'-the-wisp, or the horizon does, before the advancing traveller. Men of thirty five years old can remember, when central Kentucky was the 'Far West.' Then, the shores of the Mississippi became so: then, the country some fifty or a hundred miles towards the interior of Missouri: then, successively, the Osage, and Kansas, and Yellow-stone regions. But now, nothing short of the vast and diversified territories west of the Rocky Mountains, answers to that expressive term. There, stopped by the Pacific ocean, the Far West must perforce cease its flight; or, should it essay a passage yet further, and perch upon the islands in that broadest expanse of waters, it will encounter the 'Far East,' a long prior occupant of them.

* The paper which follows, relates mainly to Washington Irving's late work, "*The Rocky Mountains, or Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Far West*:" digested from the journal of Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, U. S. A., and illustrated from various other sources." 2 vols. 12mo.

Of all entertaining and intelligent explorers of the present "Far West," namely, the Rocky Mountains, and the regions beyond,—commend us to Captain Bonneville, of the United States Army; especially, with Geoffrey Crayon to sketch the history of his travels for him. Having been deeply interested by hearing the Captain recite the incidents and adventures of several years spent by him in a most romantic and spirit-stirring exploration of that region, Mr. Irving (nothing loth, it may be conjectured) took upon him the task of reducing those written and oral narratives to an attractive form. Adding to these, much gathered elsewhere, he produced the two volumes mentioned in our note.

CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE went, with the sanction of the United States' government; but all that it gave him was a poor leave of absence from his military duties, from August, 1831, till October, 1833; the whole enterprise to be at his own cost. With the object of exploring the country, he combined that of trapping beaver and shooting buffalo: and such were the dangers and difficulties in prospect, from the distance and character of the region to be traversed, the jealousy of rival hunting companies (English and American), and the hostility of Savage tribes; that a strong corps, well armed, equipped, and provisioned, was indispensable. Captain B. was so successful in his preparations, as to set out early in May, 1832, from Fort Osage, on the Missouri, with one hundred and ten stout and active men; many of them expert hunters. Instead of pack-horses, usually employed in such journeys, twenty wagons carried the baggage. The advantages of this plan were almost from the first counterbalanced by the necessity it produced, of bridging, or digging roads, over innumerable deep ravines cut through the prairies by winter torrents: and soon after attaining the high, rugged tract which may be regarded as the base of the Rocky Mountains, the dryness of the atmosphere so contracted and loosened the joints of the wheels, while the ground became so impracticable for wagons, that they were necessarily thrown aside. Our adventurers, from near the mouth of the Kansas River, struck off due West; instead of ascending the Missouri, which would have led them more northwardly. Their journeyings, almost entirely over vast plains more or less undulating, though constantly rising towards the west; sometimes sterile, sometimes rich, and generally destitute of tree or shrub; brought them, on the 2d of June, to the Nebraska, or Platte River, far above its junction with the Missouri. On the 11th, they reached the fork of the Nebraska; one of its branches coming from the south-west, near the head waters of the Arkansas, the other from the west, where lay the Rocky Mountains. Up this latter they resolved to go. Still ascending the southern prong however for two days, to find a practicable crossing place, they ferried their goods over it (where it was six hundred yards wide) in extempore boats, made by covering the wagon bodies with buffalo hides, besmeared with a compound of tallow and ashes. Thence they passed, over high-rolling prairies, swarming with buffaloes, to the north fork, nine miles distant. On the 17th, they reached a small but beautiful grove, where they heard, with inexpressible delight, the first notes of singing birds that had greeted them since they left Missouri. 'It was a beautiful sunset, and a sight

of the glowing rays, mantling the tree tops and rustling branches, seemed to gladden every heart.' They pitched their camp in the grove, kindled their fires, partook merrily of their rude fare, and resigned themselves to the sweetest sleep they had enjoyed since their outset upon the prairies. Mounting higher and higher towards the mountains, they began to see the black-tailed deer, a large kind, frequenting mountainous countries. From a commanding peak, Captain Bonneville saw the surrounding plains, as far as his eye could reach, blackened by countless herds of buffalo. Near this place is a natural curiosity called the Chimney. From the top of a conical mound four hundred feet high, rises a shaft or column of nearly petrified clay, with alternate layers of red and white sandstone; one hundred and twenty feet high. It is visible thirty miles off. The scenery grew at every step more wild and striking. Towards the 26th of June, flocks of the *aksakta*, or *bighorn*, occurred. This animal, sometimes called the mountain sheep, frequents cliffs and crags; 'bounding like goats from crag to crag; often trooping along the lofty shelves of the mountains, under the guidance of some venerable patriarch with horns twisted lower than his muzzle; and sometimes peering over the edge of a precipice, so high that they appear scarce bigger than crows.' The bighorn has the short hair and the shape of a deer; but the head and horns of a sheep: and its flesh is excellent food.

By observations taken about this time, Capt. B. ascertained his latitude to be $41^{\circ} 47'$ north; and his longitude $103^{\circ} 57'$ west of Greenwich, or $25^{\circ} 57'$ west of Washington.

Our adventurers were now in the territory ranged over by the Crow Indians: 'one of the most roving, warlike, crafty, and predatory tribes of the mountains; horse-stealers of the first order, and easily provoked to acts of sanguinary violence.' The hunters one day came galloping in, waving their caps, and giving the alarm cry of "Indians! Indians!" Instant preparation was made for battle; the Captain leading on, slowly and cautiously.

"In a little while he beheld the Crow warriors emerging from among the bluffs. There were about sixty of them; fine martial looking fellows, painted and arrayed for war, and mounted on horses decked out with all kinds of wild trappings. They came prancing along in gallant style, with many wild and dextrous evolutions, for none can surpass them in horsemanship; and their bright colors, and flaunting and fantastic embellishments, glaring and sparkling in the morning sunshine, gave them really a striking appearance.

"Their mode of approach, to one not acquainted with the tactics and ceremonies of this rude chivalry of the wilderness, had an air of direct hostility. They came galloping forward in a body as if about to make a furious charge, but, when close at hand, opened to the right and left, and wheeled in wide circles round the travellers, whooping and yelling like maniacs.

"This done, their mock fury sank into a calm, and the chief approaching the captain, who had remained warily drawn up, though informed of the pacific nature of the manœuvre, extended to him the hand of friendship. The pipe of peace was smoked, and now all was good fellowship."

After some further friendly intercourse, the parties separated, and continued their respective marches. The elevation now attained, had become manifest by

"the effect of the dryness and rarefaction of the atmosphere upon his wagons. The wood-work shrunk; the paint boxes of the wheels were continually working out, and it was necessary

to support the spokes by stout props to prevent their falling asunder. The travellers were now entering one of those great steppes of the far west, where the prevalent aridity of the atmosphere renders the country unfit for cultivation. In these regions, there is a fresh sweet growth of grass in the spring, but it is scanty and short, and parches up in the course of the summer, so that there is none for the hunters to set fire to in the autumn. It is a common observation, that 'above the forks of the Platte the grass does not burn.' The great elevation of these plains, and the dryness of the atmosphere, will tend to retain these immense regions in a state of pristine wildness.

"In the course of a day or two more, the travellers entered that wild and broken tract of the Crow country called the Black hills, and here their journey became toilsome in the extreme. Rugged steepes and deep ravines incessantly obstructed their progress, so that a great part of the day was spent in the painful toil of digging through banks, filling up ravines, forcing the wagons up the most forbidding ascents, or swinging them with ropes down the face of dangerous precipices. The shoes of their horses were worn out, and their feet injured by the rugged and stony roads. The travellers were annoyed also by frequent but brief storms, which would come hurrying over the hills, or through the mountain defiles, rage with great fury for a short time, and then pass off, leaving every thing calm and serene again."

We will not trace their route minutely; far less attempt to abridge the interesting account of its varied incidents. Suffice it, to give a faint outline of the movements of Captain Bonneville himself; without regard to those of the various bands or 'brigades' of hunters, trappers, and explorers, detached by him from time to time.

Leaving the Nebraska, or main branch of the Platte, he crossed over to the Sweet-Water, a more southerly prong of that river: and on the 20th of July, caught a near and distinct view of the Rocky Mountains. It was that part of them, called the Wind River Mountains. Passing around the south-eastern extremity of these, he, on the 24th of July, left the Sweet-Water; and in seven hours and a half more, arrived upon a stream running south-westwardly, containing very fine trout. This he knew to be a tributary to the Pacific; and it proved to be a branch of the Colorado of the West, by the Indians called *Seeds-ke-dee*, or *Green River*; falling into the Gulf of California. On this river he remained encamped, hunting, and acquainting himself with the country, its Indian inhabitants and its white visitants, until the 22d of August; when he moved northward, towards Salmon River, a branch of Snake River, which by uniting with Clarke's, forms the Columbia. His baggage was carried in packs, three to a mule, or pack-horse. The route lay along the western, or rather south-western side, of the Wind River Mountains; which were capped with perpetual snows. Indeed, the next year, Captain B. ascended one peak of them, which he supposed the highest in North America. But it is doubtless exceeded by one in the more northwardly part of the Rocky Mountains; recently ascertained by trigonometry and the barometer to be 25,000 feet high: overtopping Chimborazo, and any other known mountain, except the highest of the Himalah chain. With the Wind River Mountains on his right, and varying scenes of knobs, forests, prairies, and an immense lava plain spreading south of Snake River, on his left, Captain B. pursued his difficult and perilous march until, in September, he reached the waters of Salmon river, and the roaming ground (rather than the domain) of the Nez Percés (or Pierced Nose) Indians*.

* Called by the trappers, *Neperey* Indians.

His whole intercourse with this tribe leaves it doubtful whether the reader should most pity their wretched poverty (the consequence of their total want of energy), or admire their docility, and kindness of nature. At the first meeting, they had been hunting, but all their provisions were exhausted, except a few dried salmon; and they were nearly famished. 'Yet, finding the white men equally in want, they offered to share even this meagre pittance; and frequently repeated the offer, with an eagerness that left no doubt of their sincerity.'

On the 28th of September, Captain B. halted, to go into winter quarters. Among the twenty men whom he kept with him (sending out the rest in detachments, to hunt), extreme scarcity prevailed, as the buffalo had been driven away by the Indians. Hunger often had to be appeased with roots, or the flesh of wolves and muskrats. Some Nez Percés families who joined them exhibited a still greater degree of suffering. They had not a morsel of meat or fish; nor other food, 'excepting roots, wild rose buds, the barks of certain plants, and other vegetable productions.' Yet they neither murmured nor complained; and even gave a part of their poor supplies to our travellers. These rude and poor people had a deep infusion of religious principle. They refused to join a hunting party of Captain Bonneville's men, on a day which the Great Spirit had made sacred; even though starvation imminently threatened them. And their honesty, and purity of purpose, were truly extraordinary. They had derived, perhaps from California, perhaps from Canada, some idea of Christian doctrine, which had fixed deeply in their minds, and operated strongly upon their conduct. To these gleams of knowledge and faith, Captain B. added largely by his instructions; which were imbibed with greediness by his docile disciples.

In December, Captain B. was induced by the scarcity of provision, and the hope of successful hunting, to go southward again, as far as Snake River; where, as he heard, deer, beaver, and buffalo all abounded. He remained in that region till July, 1833, trapping many beavers, and killing immense numbers of buffalo; when, breaking up the camp, he returned to the Colorado, near which, in *caches*, or subterranean hiding places, he had concealed his surplus stores, on his first arrival in the country. As his route

"lay through what was considered the most perilous part of all this region of dangers, he took all his measures with military skill, and observed the strictest circumspection. When on the march, a small scouting party was always thrown in the advance, to reconnoitre the whole country through which they were to pass. The encampments were selected with the greatest care, and a continual watch was kept up night and day. The horses were brought in and picketed at night, and at day-break a party was sent out to scour the neighborhood for half a mile round, beating up every grove and thicket that could give shelter to a lurking foe. When all was reported safe, the horses were cast loose and turned out to grass. Were such precautions generally observed by traders and hunters, we should not so often hear of parties being surprised by the Indians.

"Having stated the military arrangements of the captain, we may here mention a mode of defence on the open prairie, which we have heard from a veteran in the Indian trade. When a party of trappers is on a journey with a convoy of goods or peltries, every man has three pack-horses under his care; each horse laden with three packs. Every man is provided with a picket with an iron head, a mallet, and hobbles, or leathern fetters for the horses. The trappers proceed across the prairie in a long line; or sometimes three parallel lines, sufficiently distant from

each other to prevent the packs from interfering. At an alarm, when there is no covert at hand, the line wheels, soon to bring the front to the rear and form a circle. All then dismount, drive their pickets into the ground in the centre, fasten the horses to them, and hobble their fore legs, so that, in case of alarm, they cannot break away. They then unload them, and dispose of their packs as breastworks on the periphery of the circle; each man having nine packs behind which to shelter himself. In this promptly formed fortress, they await the assault of the enemy, and are enabled to see large bands of Indians at defiance."

Captain Bonneville's precautions made his march safe. In the Colorado country, a general meeting took place, not only of all his brigades, but of some rival bands of trappers, connected with the American, and Rocky Mountain Fur Companies; and several weeks were spent in hilarity and convivial enjoyment. His next movement was back to the navigable part of the Bighorn River, a large southern branch of the Yellowstone, itself one of the main prongs of the Missouri; to send homeward the furs he had collected. West of Green River, and southwest from the camp, lay a large salt water lake, called in the map attached to Mr. Irving's book, 'Lake Bonneville.' It is said to be 150 miles long, and 50 wide: and to be situated one mile and three fourths, above the sea. Desirous to ascertain the whole truth concerning this lake, the captain equipped forty men, under the command of his lieutenant, Mr. Walker; with instructions to go, trapping, around its margin, to record in a journal everything worth noting that might present itself, and to make maps of the country. He then set out upon his journey to the Bighorn. Below the American Falls, which are just after that river has passed through the Bighorn mountains (a sort of eastern vanguard to the Rocky mountains), his peltries, and those of some rival trappers who accompanied him, were committed to boats made by stretching buffalo hides over wooden frames; and these were launched upon the stream which was to carry them on its long and winding course to St. Louis. Captain B. then returned, with those of his men who remained, to the Colorado; hunting by the way, and expending much time with extreme toil in a vain attempt to shorten their route by crossing the Wind River mountains, instead of going round their south-eastern end, as before. After struggling with difficulties which almost startled the reader to contemplate; climbing rocks and peaks presenting every variety of ruggedness and every degree of elevation; it was found impossible for men, much less for horses, to proceed; and regaining the eastern side of the chain, they pursued their former, more level route, to the camp and buried stores upon Green river. We omit various movements, around the Wind River mountains, to Bear river (falling into Lake Bonneville); and to the Portneuf, a branch of Snake river, where, in November 1833, the party encamped for the winter. Hence the captain took the bold resolution to visit the lower part of the Columbia, on which stands fort Vancouver, held by the Hudson's Bay Company. He began this perilous journey on Christmas day; with only three men, all on horseback. Their general course was nearly westward, down the southern side of Snake river; through forests, over bleak prairies, and mountains both lofty and rugged. All former hardships and difficulties were trivial, compared with those which attended this journey. In the vain attempt of the pre-

ceding September, to cross Wind River mountains, the reader's credulity is heavily taxed by the narrative of ravines and precipices passed by unshod horses; and in several other parts of the captain's enterprise, one is puzzled to perceive how those poor beasts could subsist, and travel with heavy burthens, upon no food save twigs, and bunches of grass growing out of the snow or found by raking it away. But now, all former marvels of this kind recur, combined; and with increased magnitude. The cliffs and crags up and down which horses and men clambered, amid deep snows and over sheets of ice, make credible whatever is told of mule journeys over the Andes, or even the startling wonders of Captain Riley's Narrative. And the scanty fare upon which they lived and labored, reminds us of knight-errant times, when many days often elapsed, without any food taken by knight or steed. Bread does not appear to have been tasted by Capt. B. during his three years' toils. At length our four travellers reached a village of the lower Nez Percés; by whom they were treated with a kindness even greater than that which they had received the previous winter from their 'cousins,' the Upper Nez Percés.

Some amusing incidents here occurred. The Indian style of naming is well known. As a party of Sacs and Foxes lately at Washington, are said to have bestowed upon a high functionary there, the sobriquet of 'The Little Fox; so the Lower Nez Percés, observing Captain Bonneville's baldness, called him the "Bald Chief;" and they were exceedingly puzzled and curious to know whether he had been scalped in war, or enjoyed a natural exemption from that mischief. Again—they fed him plentifully on roots, their own usual food; but he and his train pined for dried salmon and venison, which they had reason to believe were in secret store. To draw out these, he adopted this plan: Having a trusty plaid, somewhat tarnished by years of hard service, but still richly enough variegated to excite great admiration among his simple hosts, (especially the squaws,) he cut it into numerous strips; which he made into Turkish-fashioned turbans, and other fanciful head-gear. 'These, judiciously distributed among such of the women-kind as seemed of most consequence,' speedily brought 'abundance of dried salmon and deers' hearts.' The next laughable occurrence had a mixture of the provoking. The aged chief of the village had been particularly kind to the captain: and, as they were about to part, took him aside to shew him, both by words and deeds, how much he loved him. He had resolved to give him a fine horse.

"So saying, he made a signal, and forthwith a beautiful young horse, of a brown color, was led, prancing and snorting, to the place. Captain Bonneville was suitably affected by this mark of friendship; but his experience in what is proverbially called 'Indian giving,' made him aware that a parting pledge was necessary on his own part, to prove that this friendship was reciprocated. He accordingly placed a handsome rifle in the hands of the venerable chief; whose benevolent heart was evidently touched and gratified by this outward and visible sign of amity.

"The worthy captain having now, as he thought, balanced this little account of friendship, was about to shift his saddle to this noble gift-horse, when the affectionate patriarch plucked him by the sleeve, and introduced to him a whimpering, whining, leathern-skinned old squaw, that might have passed for an Egyptian mummy, without drying. 'This,' said he, 'is my wife; she is a good wife—I love her very much. She loves the horse—she loves him a great deal—she will cry very much at

losing him—I do not know how I shall comfort her—and that makes my heart very sore."

"What could the worthy captain do, to console the tender-hearted old squaw; and, peradventure, to save the venerable patriarch from a curtain lecture? He bethought himself of a pair of earbobs; it was true, the patriarch's better-half was of an age and appearance that seemed to put personal vanity out of the question: but when is personal vanity extinct? The moment he produced the glittering earbobs, the whimpering and whining of the sempiternal beldame were at an end. She eagerly placed the precious baubles in her ears, and, though as ugly as the Witch of Endor, went off with a sideling gait, and coquetish air, as though she had been a perfect Semiramis.

"The captain had now saddled his newly acquired steed, and his foot was in the stirrup, when the affectionate patriarch again stepped forward, and presented to him a young Pierced-nose, who had a peculiarly sulky look. 'This,' said the venerable chief, 'is my son: he is very good; a great horseman—he always took care of this very fine horse—he brought him up from a colt, and made him what he is. He is very fond of this fine horse—he loves him like a brother—his heart will be very heavy when this fine horse leaves the camp.'

"What could the captain do, to reward the youthful hope of this venerable pair, and comfort him for the loss of his foster-brother, the horse? He bethought him of a hatchet, which might be spared from his slender stores. No sooner did he place the implement in the hands of young hopeful, than his countenance brightened up, and he went off rejoicing in his hatchet, to the full as much as did his respectable mother in her earbobs.

"The captain was now in the saddle, and about to start, when the affectionate old patriarch stepped forward, for the third time, and, while he laid one hand gently on the mane of the horse, held up the rifle in the other. 'This rifle,' said he, 'shall be my great medicine. I will hug it to my heart—I will always love it, for the sake of my good friend, the bald-headed chief. But a rifle, by itself, is dumb—I cannot make it speak. If I had a little powder and ball, I would take it out with me, and would now and then shoot a deer: and when I brought the meat home to my hungry family, I would say—this was killed by the rifle of my friend, the bald-headed chief, to whom I gave that very fine horse.'

"There was no resisting this appeal: the captain, forthwith furnished the coveted supply of powder and ball; but at the same time, put spurs to his very fine gift-horse, and the first trial of his speed was to get out of all further manifestation of friendship, on the part of the affectionate old patriarch and his insinuating family."

Through the remainder of the tribe, our adventurers experienced more solid and disinterested kindness. The journey was pleasant and easy, to Fort Wallah-Wallah, on the Columbia, about a hundred miles from its mouth, and not far below the junction of Clarke's with Snake River: where they arrived on the 4th of March, 1834. It was held by the Hudson's Bay Company: whose superintendent there, with the jealousy characterizing all the competitors for the peltry trade of that region, refused to Captain B. all supplies or facilities for further exploration, or for opening any commerce with the natives. He therefore set out in two days, upon his return: and, after a journey, less toilsome and distressful 'tis true than the outward one, but still abounding in perils and sufferings, he rejoined his main body, on the Portneuf River, about the middle of May.

In a curious plain of white clay, near Bear River, are many mineral springs, variously impregnated. Several of them have the appearance, and even (with a little aid from fancy) the taste, of beer; containing it is said, a strong carbonate of soda. Though there was hourly danger of an attack from the Blackfeet, the men, in passing these springs, resolved to have a sham drunken frolic.

"In a few moments, every spring had its jovial knot of hard drinkers, with tin cup in hand, indulging in a mock carouse; quaffing, pledging, toasting, bandying jokes, singing drinking songs, and uttering peals of laughter, until it seemed as if their imaginations had given potency to the beverage, and cheated them into a fit of intoxication. Indeed, in the excitement of the moment, they were loud and extravagant in their commendations of 'the mountain tap'; elevating it above every beverage produced from hops or malt. It was a singular and fantastic scene; suited to a region where every thing is strange and peculiar:—These groups of trappers, and hunters, and Indians, with their wild costumes, and wilder countenances; their boisterous gaiety, and reckless air; quaffing, and making merry round these sparkling fountains; while beside them lay their weapons, ready to be snatched up for instant service. Painters are fond of representing banditti, at their rude and picturesque carousals; but here were groups, still more rude and picturesque; and it needed but a sudden onset of Blackfeet, and a quick transition from a fantastic revel to a furious *mêlée*, to have rendered this picture of a trapper's life complete. The beer frolic, however, passed off without any untoward circumstance; and, unlike most drinking bouts, left neither headache, nor heartache, behind."

Another hunting season, followed by another journey to a still lower point than before upon the Columbia, in hopes of negotiating a connexion in trade with the natives—which hopes were again foiled by the jealousy and influence of the Hudson's Bay Company—brought the month of November.

Besides the adventures of Captain Bonneville and his immediate companions, passed over thus lightly by us, interesting episodes are formed of the expedition sent to explore the great salt lake (lake Bonneville); and of a party associated with one Captain Wyeth, of Boston, in various enterprises worthy of Yankee boldness, and talent for *contrivance*. The explorers of the salt lake wholly failed in that object. They wandered into California; and there, amongst the Spanish settlers, wasted the time and substance which they ought to have employed in Captain Bonneville's service.

Having wintered on Bear River, he, in April, 1835, removed to the Colorado; and thence to Wind River, which runs from the mountains of that name, eastward, into the Bighorn, a tributary of the Yellowstone. There, in June, a general rendezvous took place, of all his remaining forces; and they set out homeward. On the 22d of August, they reached the frontier settlements.

"Here, according to his own account, his cavalcade might have been taken for a procession of tatterdemalton savages; for the men were ragged almost to nakedness, and had contracted a wildness of aspect during three years of wandering in the wilderness. A few hours in a populous town, however, produced a magical metamorphosis. Hats of the most ample brim and longest nap; coats with buttons that shone like mirrors, and pantaloons of the most liberal plenteude, took place of the well-worn trapper's equipments; and the happy wearers might be seen strolling about in all directions, scattering their silver like sailors just from a cruise."

Everywhere through his two volumes, Mr. Irving has interspersed numberless incidents and descriptions, which, graced by his inimitable manner, render the work deeply engaging. The costumes, equipments, and characters, of the several kinds of trappers, and tribes of Indians; sketches of scenery; geographic and geological descriptions; narratives of hardships, battles, and escapes; anecdotes illustrative and entertaining; keep the blood of any man who has aught of Sinbad's or Robinson Crusoe's roving propensity, in a

constant fermentation; and render him full fain, like Captain Bonneville, to make his "bow to the splendors and gaieties of civilized life, and plunge again amidst the hardships and perils of the wilderness."

All the Indians of the Upper Missouri, and of the Columbia region, hunt and fight on horseback; and seem to be the best riders in the world. A frequent feat is the one described as performed by a Crow warrior, when he and his brethren had driven a band of their enemies, the Blackfeet, into a thicket, whence the aim was to dislodge them. Force having been found ineffectual, the Crow 'Brave' thought to provoke them out. He therefore 'advanced alone, with that martial air and equestrian grace for which the tribe is noted. When within an arrow's flight of the thicket, he loosened his rein, urged his horse to full speed, threw his body on the opposite side, so as to hang by but one leg and present no mark to the foe; in this way, he swept along in front of the thicket, launching his arrows from under the neck of his steed. Then regaining the middle, he wheeled round, and returned whooping and scoffing to his companions, who received him with yells of applause.' The same was done by several others; but the Blackfeet were not to be tempted from their covert.

Two most unwelcome conclusions force themselves upon the mind, in reading this book; both of them, opinions long held by many; but ascribed by many also to the jaundiced vision of a morbid philanthropy. First, that the aborigines of this continent owe most of their vices to contact with Europeans: second, that four-fifths, at least, of our wars with the Indians, are attributable to the perfidy or violence of white men. The first conclusion is demonstrated by the views here presented, of the guileless kindness, and the temperance, of those tribes who have had little or no intercourse with the whites. The second is confirmed by at least three glaring instances of blended treachery and cruelty, practised by men either connected with Captain Bonneville, or engaged in pursuits like his, at the same time. One of these instances was the shooting of a chief, on his advancing, alone, to meet a flag of truce borne by his murderer. Another was the burning alive of several Indian captives, because their countrymen would not restore some stolen horses. One such act might pardonably be deemed, by unlettered savages, justification for a hundred retaliatory atrocities.

Before we part with Mr. Irving, a duty remains to be done, for which no thanks are to be expected. Censures are to be dealt out. But in what writer is it half so important that faults of style should be noted for his correction, as in the most admired, and therefore the most likely to be copied, of all living Americans?—Nowhere, save in the effusions of Mr. Charles Phillips, can a more enormous instance be found of alliteration, that poorest rhetorical artifice,—than in the following phrases, employed in shewing that "a man who bestrides a horse, must be essentially different from a man who cowers in a canoe." The former is "heedless of hardship; daring of danger; prodigal of the present;" &c. How far beneath Mr. Irving is such a jingle! Again; in the two volumes, there are probably a dozen applications of a single pet phrase; and that, drawn from the slang dictionary. It is the word *game*, used thus—"his game look;" "a game warrior;"

"a game bird" (applied to a man); "game feather;" "game qualities;" &c. &c. Again; does Mr. I. design a playful mockery of Sir Piercie Shafton, or is it downright serious affectation, when he twice uses the verb *dominate*, for *overlook*, or *overtop*? One more cavil, and we have done. The book seems to us too minute, and over-embellished. There are too many details of personal adventure; too much recital of unimportant events; too many high-colored delineations of local scenery. A travelling artist would not have charged his portfolio with more landscapes; and when it is considered, how far the pen falls short of the pencil in conveying just images of such scenes to the mind; the indiscreetness of a writer's attempting them so frequently, is manifest. Throughout the work, there is so much circumstantial and apparently fanciful garniture, that a shade of discredit is thrown upon the verity of Captain Bonneville's facts. The reader half suspects that he is reading another "Conquest of Granada;" a tale, 'founded on fact' instead of a true narrative of a plain and sensible man's travels through an interesting country. Divested of these excrescences, yet retaining all becoming ornament, the work might have been of but half its present size, and have had thrice its present number of gratified readers.

THE PILGRIM.

"Wherefore, put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6, 13-18.

Arm thee, pilgrim! 'tis no strife
With earth's legions to thee given;
Foes, through every stage of life,
Stand between thy soul and heaven.
See, beneath, behind, before,
Bent the bow, and poised the dart;
Outwardly dost thou explore?
Lo! they garrison thy heart.

Arm thee, pilgrim! but can earth
Furnish weapons to withstand?
Trust not their untemper'd worth,
Lest they crumble in thy hand.
Arm thee! see thy foes arise!
On they come, (and know they're ruth?)
Headed by the sire of lies;
Haste! be girt about with truth.

Arm thee, pilgrim! they advance!
Stay thy foot, and bend thy knee!
Calumny uplifts her lance;
Malice has a shaft for thee:
Narrower now the circle draws;
Hard upon thee now they press!
Take it! for thy sinking cause!
The breast-plate of righteousness.

Baffled oft, but not subdued;
Rising fast, where late they fell;
See the charge again renew'd,
And new allies brought from hell.
Up! behold yon fiery dart,
Wing'd with lightning, on its path;

Quench it! ere it strike thy heart!
Lo! thou hast the shield of faith.

Haste thee! charge the prostrate host!
There was virtue in thy shield!
Seize the moment, ere 'tis lost!
Be God's word thy sword to wield.
Slumber not; the field is thine,
But thy labor just begun;
Seek at heaven's appointed shrine,
Strength to keep what faith has won.

Camden, S. C.

N. N. N.

THE DESERTER:

A Romance of the American Revolution, founded on a well authenticated incident.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER X.

The toll which stole from thee so many an hour
Is ended,—and the fruit is at thy feet!

Shelley.

Strange as it may appear, the increased obligation under which Colonel Brookville now lay to Champe, only served to redouble his exertions to bring about a marriage between his daughter and Birdsall. It is true that his desertion from his countrymen, and his enlistment in so vile a band as that which Arnold had raised, was enough to disgust him, although he was, as we have said, no real friend to the cause of America. Having been foiled in his former attempts to traduce him, it is not to be supposed that he did not eagerly seize upon the subject offered him by a fact, in itself enough to blast the Virginian's reputation, and degrade him even in the partial, but honorable, mind of Emma. From the moment the news of Champe's desertion reached the villa, no allusion had been made to his rank in life, or the *sin*—viz. misfortune—which had placed him there. There was no occasion for this. His real crime—his perfidy, his treason, were unanswerable arguments.

Soon after his return to the villa, Birdsall received the long expected letter with the black seal; and it became necessary that he should visit England as soon as possible. Consequently every art was essayed by the Colonel to hasten the marriage. The luckless Emma was allowed no peace, morning, noon, or night; and at length, worn out with their importunity, and fully persuaded that Champe—from whom she had not heard since his broken promise, a month before—had indeed lost all that love of honor and principle, which she still believed he had once possessed—she, in a moment of despondency and utter hopelessness, agreed—since her own happiness was gone—to gratify her father.

No opportunity was given to retract the hasty sentence, which, indeed, she had but half uttered. The eager Colonel, himself, named the day; and—every preparation having been made in the interval—it arrived. And dreadful were Emma's feelings when it dawned upon her wakeful eyes.

"Suppose," whispered insidious hope, "he should

yet be worthy of me!"—and a shudder ran through her frame.

Another moment allayed the wild thought. Champe *could not* be worthy of her. He was a deserter, and in open arms against his country! *She had seen it.* There was nothing to be hoped from any explanation he could make. Logic might exhaust itself, and still he would be guilty—so plain, so simple was the evidence of the fact. It had been demonstrated to *herself*; and not alone to witnesses, who might, for sinister purposes, misrepresent the case.

Rising from her bed, ere yet the sun had mounted the cloudless sky, Emma hastily dressed herself, and, without being observed, left the house. It was a mild June morning; the birds were singing their welcome to the day so cheerfully, that it seemed to mock her misery. For the first time in her life, she tried to shut out their blithe carol; and pressing her bonnet closely upon her ears, she quickened her pace.

But there was an object in her path, that would far more powerfully and painfully remind her of happier days. Unusual as it was, at that early hour, a group of men were already abroad; but they were those whom a life of activity and usefulness had taught the value of time, and to whom habit had made watchfulness easy. It was a party of Lee's dragoons, who—after having valiantly served in the arduous duty of reducing the enemy's chain of posts in the South, just as the latter flattered themselves they were masters of that portion of the Union—had obtained leave to visit, for a short period, their native country.

As the maiden passed them, every cap was raised, and many were the looks of surprise with which she was regarded. Each man of the party had before seen her; but never, until that moment, had they beheld the wan countenance and wasted form they now encountered.

With an undefinable and vague feeling, Emma eagerly looked at every face, and ran her eyes hastily over the glittering uniform of each individual.

"If *he* were only there!"—she thought—"aye, and the meanest soldier among them——" And a profound sigh banished the vain and transitory illusion.

She passed on, full of bitter reflection. She was going, for the last time, to visit the graves of the virtuous parents of an unworthy son. There might have been, at least, a weakness—perhaps something injudicious, if not a decided relaxation of maidenly dignity, in the act; but Emma had fallaciously persuaded herself that it was to the virtues of the relatives *alone* that she paid this tribute—for there lay the remains of all the immediate friends of the Deserter—his parents, two brothers, and an only sister, with the latter of whom it had almost unmanned him to part, strong and inflexible as was his mind.

The spot she sought was a little secluded place, surrounded by trees, which cast over it a calm and solemn shade, fitting for the last repose of the virtuous dead. As she passed through the trees, she suddenly started. The slender form of a youth, in the gay uniform of the Legion, leaned against an oak, directly before her; his right arm rested against its huge trunk, and on that reclined his bowed head. Though, in this situation, his face was necessarily concealed, the maiden knew him at once. Buxton's letters to his sister had made a

deep impression upon Emma; and the mutilated right hand of the youth before her plainly enough revealed who he was. She shuddered at the sight, while she deeply admired the magnanimity of the boy, who could thus sink the injury received from the son, in remembrance of the upright character of the parents.

Suddenly raising his head, Buxton started as he beheld her. Saluting her, by raising his cap in the precise manner of his profession, he quietly turned toward the adjacent burial place; but as quickly changing his mind, he turned again, passed her, and hurried away from the spot. Precipitated into overwhelming reflection by this incident, for a short time our heroine found herself unable to proceed; but recollecting that a prolonged absence from the villa might become the subject of remark, she summoned fortitude and went on.

Once more she started. A stranger, in a rich suit of mourning, knelt at the grave of the mother of the Deserter. His clasped hands were raised in prayer, but the words he uttered were inaudible. Directly his voice swelled into a clear, full tone, as he fervently petitioned Heaven to shower its choicest blessings upon her who had planted that grave with flowers! Those tones could not be mistaken by Emma. The same manly voice that had, on two memorable occasions of extreme danger and distress, spoken comfort to her, was now interceding with that Power to whom the strongest on earth must bow, that she "might know danger and distress no more!"

"Now," thought the maiden, after her first wild gust of feeling had partially subsided—for she was still unperceived by Champe—"now the time has come to return at least one of the obligations I owe him. The dragons I met have no doubt been detached to capture him. They have appreciated his character better than I; they know, that deserter as he is, he is not lost to all feeling: and taking advantage of that, they would ensnare him here. Yes! even here—at the grave of his mother! What monsters war doth make of christian men!"

"Fly!" was the first startling exclamation that fell upon the ear of the Deserter. "Fly! John, your motions are watched."

Champe sprang to her side. "Who dare watch me?" he asked with a flashing eye.

"There are a dozen of Lee's dragoons at a short distance, and I passed one this moment in the wood. Why do you not fly? Do you not believe me?"

The manner of her companion suddenly assumed its usual composure. "I never disbelieved a word you uttered, Emma; nor ever will."

"Then why not believe me now?" she asked hurriedly. "Are you insensible to danger? I beseech you fly—you have not one moment to lose."

"I fly not," returned Champe firmly, and smiling at her fears. "The Virginians seldom fly unless it be to lead their enemies into error. But why so anxious for my safety, Emma? From what I have heard since my return, I thought the days for that had passed away."

The words brought overpowering thoughts upon the mind of the maiden. "No matter," she answered in intense feeling. "But go. Do not waste the precious time. Would you die upon a gibbet?"

"I fear not the gibbet," he answered proudly. "If

my country's good bade me die there, her enemies should never see me shudder at the manner of my death."

Emma surveyed the unbending expression of countenance of the inflexible being before her with a wonder she could not control. "I believe you, John Champe," she cried; "from my soul I believe you. Even now is death awaiting upon your every step; and still you linger here, calm and unmoved as though you were in the midst of security. Be wise and fly. Believe me, you have no friends here."

"I know it," he replied, fixing upon her a scrutinizing gaze. "I believed I had one that would ever have been true to me. But I was wrong: I had no right to believe it. Perhaps I have not deserved that her esteem for me should continue."

"Perhaps!" repeated Emma. "Is there then a doubt of it? But it avails nothing to speak of this, now. I am another's! And if I were not——"

"I have heard so," said Champe seriously, but with a strange composure. Then perceiving that her feelings prevented her from speaking farther, he asked kindly—"You said, Emma, if you were not another's—What then?"

"Desertion can never be explained away," returned the maiden, repeating his own sentiment, of which, as well as the occasion on which it was uttered, she had learned from one of Buxton's letters to his sister.

The cheek of Champe flushed; but his emotion was, to all appearance, but momentary. "I said so once," he said, smiling; "but I have changed my opinion, Emma. Patriotism itself may——"

"Talk not of it," interrupted the maiden indignantly. "I like not '*Arnold's sophistry*.' I am one of those who continue to believe his famous letter of defence 'an insult to an injured country.'"

"You are mine, then!" cried the Virginian, folding her in his arms ere she was aware of his intention. "You are mine, Emma. I have sworn, and you have promised it. Neither the oath nor the promise shall be broken. I am no deserter, Emma, except from Arnold's Legion!"

An uncontrollable shriek burst from the wretched maiden, as she tore herself from his embrace. "Tell me not so," she cried wildly. "Have mercy upon me, John, and tell me not so. A few days ago, I would have yielded my life to hear these joyful, joyful words. But now—Oh horror! horror! You have done wrong, John, to deceive me thus; but I have done worse to doubt your rectitude."

"There was a state secret involved," said Champe, affected deeply at her distress.

"I might have known it," returned Emma. "She who occupies yon grave said with her dying breath you were innocent: but I thought trouble had caused her to rave. Yet, until I saw you in British uniform, and you deceived me again, I could not believe you guilty. I knew not why; but at times there came upon me, despite my better judgment, a conviction of the truth of that death-bed prophecy."

"Did she say that?" asked Champe, his countenance beaming with delight, while a manly tear bedewed his eye. "Ah she knew I could not be false to my country. But we will talk of her, and your kindness to her, Emma, hereafter. I cannot dwell upon it now; for

remembrance of her, and gratitude to you, overcomes me. Let us now seek that happiness for which we have so long waited in vain."

"It is too late!" cried the agonized girl. "This very night I am to become Birdsell's bride!"

"So help me Heaven, you shall not," exclaimed her lover solemnly. "They have meanly extorted the promise from you—I am sure of it—and I blame not you. But you have engaged to be mine, as well since as before you were of legal age to act for yourself. If you desire not to recall the promise, after I have given you the clearest proof of my innocence, I swear I yield not up my rights nor you to such a thing as Birdsell. No, nor to mortal man."

"It is too late," repeated Emma in despair.

"It is *not* too late," returned Champe; and he spoke in the same energetic and impressive manner, that had, in days long past, taught Emma to put a firm reliance upon his words. Indeed, it appeared to her when he thus spoke, that he spoke *truth*—incontrovertible, unconquerable truth; that it was impossible he could err; and that, much as his words seemed to promise, he neither boasted, nor overrated his power to make them good. It gave her not only encouragement and hope, but assurance. There was so much of modest firmness, of self-dependence and of manliness in his manner.

"It is yours then, Emma, and yours alone, to decide," he continued, passing an arm around her unresisting form, drawing her towards him, and fondly patting her pale cheek, "whether you will be his, whose duty to his country has compelled him, while his heart smote him for it, to drive the roses from here; or the wife of one who cannot appreciate, and therefore cannot love you as you deserve. It is yours, I say, merely to decide. The means of carrying into effect that decision, if in my favor, may be left to me."

Emma thought of her recent engagement, of the dangers of the bold step she knew her lover could and would take to claim her, of her father's probable anger at her disobedience, and shuddered.

"Look here, girl, look here!" cried the impatient Virginian, drawing a packet of papers from his pocket and scattering its contents on the grass at her feet. "Here," he continued, his manly countenance glowing with patriotic pride while he selected one of the papers and held it for her inspection, "here, in the first place, is Lieutenant Colonel Lee's testimonial that I have never swerved from my duty to my country—this, is Greene's letter of compliment on my services that accompanied his present of a sword and a noble war-horse. Here, is the handwriting of Hamilton, above Washington's own signature! This, with a blue ribbon, is a lieutenant's commission in the Legion, and with it, a paper that secures me the emolument of the office, and, at the same time, releases me from actual service; for his excellency was pleased to recommend me not to appear in arms, lest the chance of war throws me in the way of the gibbet: not an American gibbet, Emma, but a British. This, with a large seal, is a deed from the Legislature of Virginia, for lands—more than enough to satisfy a far more ambitious man. This is a certificate of Congress, granting me a pension for life. I went not into New York, Emma, to join Arnold, but to *seize the detestable traitor!*—to pluck him from his strong hold, and to deliver him to Washington! I went

to *save Andre* from the gallows, and to clear up the character of one of our best generals from aspersions cast upon it by the scheming Clinton. The latter I accomplished; and, but for an accident, similar to that which caused me to disappoint you at Petersburg, I should have taken Arnold from the midst of his friends, and brought him to the American head-quarters. A few hours more of time at that crisis—and my name, Emma, would have resounded through the army—aye, through the thirteen republics, as the avenger of our army's reputation which Arnold has so basely sullied, uncoupled with the odium of desertion!"

Emma forgot her engagement with Birdsell and her father's anger, as she listened with rapture to his glowing recital. But the sudden burst of pleasing intelligence was too much for her. She trembled with emotion, her pale cheek became still paler, and she fell fainting in the arms of her lover. She recovered only to reflect and weep.

The soothing arguments of the Virginian soon restored her to hope. He had not expected this interview with her, but had already resolved upon a course, from which he did not now depart. He advised her, therefore, to pass the day as she had intended, and to expect his interference at the hour appointed for her union with Birdsell.

She consented implicitly to follow his directions; bade him remember that a moment, should he be too late, might seal her doom; forbade him to accompany her then; and, feebly resisting his glowing kiss at parting, darted through the wood and soon arrived at the house.

In the course of the day, Champe's story became known throughout the neighborhood, and old and young alike sought to congratulate him, and listen to a narration of his adventures from his own lips. In due time it reached the villa, and great were the endeavors of Colonel Brookville to keep a knowledge of it from his daughter. In the meantime, Emma, though greatly agitated by alternate hope and fear, resolutely upheld her spirits to meet the approaching crisis.

The appointed and dreaded hour drew near. Emma strained her eyes in the dim twilight to catch a glance of Champe, stealthily moving through the park: but she saw him not. Night wrapt the scene without in impenetrable darkness; she was summoned to perform her engagement with Birdsell; and yet Champe came not! "Will he deceive me *now*?" she inquired of herself; "*Dare* he thus trifle with me? Yes," was the mental answer; "for he has proved he *dare* do anything; but he *will* not—I *know* he *will* not. I have done him injustice heretofore in doubting him: but if an unavoidable accident should *again* prevent him—Mercy, mercy, Heaven!"

Again she was informed that Birdsell and the clergyman awaited her approach, and resolving, if any unforeseen circumstance should detain her lover, boldly to refuse to take the matrimonial vow, when called upon to do so, with a reluctant step, she obeyed the summons.

But Champe had intended she should be called upon to do nothing that could bring upon her the displeasure of her father. He had resolved to rescue her from the engagement that he knew had been forced upon her; but he had determined to do this in such a manner that whatever censure might follow, it should fall upon him

alone. He would not persuade her to elope with him; for that would seem her wilful act; he sought only to obtain her secret concurrence, and then assume in the eyes of her friends the responsibility of taking her from them without her consent. Then, when the shock of displeasure and anger came, he would meet it alone, as he had before met crosses and misfortunes—but cheered by the reflection that he had preserved her happiness from sacrifice. He was confident that the success of the plan he had conceived was insured by its very boldness. It was in character with the spirit of the men who formed Lee's Legion.

As Emma passed through an anti-room, toward a parlor prepared for the performance of the matrimonial rites, she looked through the open windows vainly hoping to penetrate the darkness without, from the brightness of the apartment in which she was. Suddenly she paused. A naked sabre glittered in the light of the room, as it moved steadily past the windows. The footstep of him who carried it, however, was noiseless, as was his form invisible.

The heart of the maiden throbbed with wild ecstasy; but her feelings were not unmingled with apprehension. The powerful assistance of Champe was undoubtedly at hand, as it ever seemed to be in the hours of her severest trials; but there could be as little doubt that he was not alone; that her father's house was guarded, and its unconscious inmates surrounded by armed men, insured to carnage and full of determination. Trusting to the discretion, and the mild and unrevenged, though resolute, disposition of Champe; and, above all, to that power who had guided *him* through so many scenes of extreme peril, and appeared to have ever placed him near *her* when she had most needed assistance, she stifled her feelings and proceeded.

When she entered the parlor the clergyman arose, and her father advanced in order to lead her to the upper end of the room, where the family and two or three guests were assembled—there formally to give her hand to Birdsall. Any interference that could save her now, must, she thought, indeed, be sudden and bold. It did not fail to come—and in time.

A loud voice gave orders to some unseen subordinates, and the frightened menials of the villa rushed through the doors of the parlor. Dragoons with drawn sabres followed close upon them, formed in line across the centre of the apartment, and at the same instant, the trembling Emma was raised in the arms of one, whose encouraging whisper she well knew, and borne from the house.

"Who commands here?" cried the enraged Brookville, after in vain endeavoring to force his way through the line of dragoons that separated him from his daughter.

"I do," answered a voice rendered powerful more through anger than natural strength. "We cover the retreat of Lieutenant Champe, and not a soul leaves this house to-night. But we will speak of this matter directly, Colonel Brookville. In the meantime there is justice to be done. Where is this Birdsall?"

"I will let you know, sir," cried the Colonel furious with rage, "that neither your authority nor that of your lieutenant is acknowledged here. I command you to leave the house."

"Is this the wretch?" rejoined the youthful Buxton,

disregarding the useless anger of the master of the villa, and rudely dragging forth, from the corner of a sofa, where he had slunk, the trembling form of Birdsall. "Where is your boldness now, miscreant? Stand forth and treat an injured *brother* with the same impudence that yesterday marked your conduct to his defenceless *sister*. Swear to me, and in this presence, if you dare, that you *detest* Miss Brookville, as you did then, to Isabel Buxton. Thought you, because her father was in his grave, a Virginian maiden could find no protector? Or thought you if a *nobleman* but condescended to speak, she must be flattered? Away! fool, dastard, away!" And dashing him from him with passionate violence, he continued, "I have solemnly promised Lieutenant Champe I would not do it, or by Heaven I would, even now, cleave you in twain with this good sword, that has already tasted of the proud blood of overbearing England."

"The Colonel frowned angrily upon the cowering Birdsall; but soon turned again toward the intruders upon his domestic privacy. But his commands and arguments were alike unavailing:—as there are none so difficult to convince as those who *will not* be convinced, the dragoons were equally unmoved by his threats, or his appeals to them, in regard to the justice of their proceedings, or their right to interfere with his liberty. They merely replied that they acted upon the responsibility, and by the orders of their lieutenant, and were perfectly indifferent as to consequences. All the satisfaction he could obtain from them was that his guests, his household, and himself, would be suffered to act their pleasure at daybreak the next morning; but not one instant before; and that, until that time, every avenue from the house would be strictly guarded.

This promise was fulfilled. At daybreak, the dragoons started in a body for the south, to rejoin the Legion; and, in a short time, were far beyond the reach of any pursuit in his power to order. He well knew also that it was too late to prevent a marriage between Champe and his daughter, unless the latter had strongly opposed the wishes of the lieutenant; which, upon reflection, he felt very much inclined to doubt.

His judgment did not deceive him. It was already beyond the power of his silly pride to destroy his daughter's happiness. Within the hour that was to have given her to Birdsall, Emma, impressed with a deep sense of the dreadful alternative delay might produce, became the wife of THE DESERTER.

APPENDIX.

By consulting Lee's "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States," chapter xxx., it will be found how little we have been indebted to invention for the materials of our story; or rather, that, in the principal incidents, we have not at all departed from historical fact.

It appears by that work, that Washington, after the defection of Arnold, "the moment he reached the army, then under command of Major General Greene, encamped in the vicinity of Tappan, sent for Major Lee, posted with the light troops some distance in

front." Lee repaired at once to head quarters, when the Commander-in-chief requested him to select a suitable person to undertake a highly dangerous enterprise, which he (Washington) had conceived. His confidential agents in New York had informed him that "many of his officers, and especially a Major-general named to him, were connected with Arnold." His plan, therefore, was to engage some person of tried courage, intrepid daring, persevering industry, and acute perception; who, with all these qualities, should possess a patriotism so elevated, that he would, if the case should require it, and, at all events, for a time, sacrifice his private reputation for the good of his country. Champe was at once named by Lee, who at the same time expressed his doubts whether his sergeant-major's keen and high sense of honor would allow him to take the first step in the proposed plan, which was desertion: but after listening to a minute description, not only of the character, but the manners, appearance, place of birth, &c. of Champe, Washington, with his usual penetration, exclaimed, "He is the very man for my purpose," and determined that Lee should use his utmost efforts to induce him to attempt the enterprise. Lee immediately returned to his quarters; and in his *Memoirs* feelingly describes the dialogue that ensued between himself and the ardent but repugnant Champe. From this it appears that the design of Washington, "by getting Arnold, to save Andre," had more weight with the generous Virginian than any other. But even this could not induce him to forego his reputation, and the strong desire he felt for promotion—of which desertion would deprive him. At length, Lee informed him that since he declined the offer of obliging the Commander-in-chief personally, as well as of greatly serving his country at large, he would inform Washington that the proffered honor must be transferred to some other corps, as there was not spirit enough in the Legion to furnish him with a man willing to risk its consequences. "*The esprit du corps*," observes Lee, "could not be resisted: united to his inclination, it subdued his prejudices:" and the noble-minded soldier departed the same night.

How well he executed the arduous duty he had undertaken, may be inferred from the first sentence of a letter from Washington to Lee—Oct. 13th, 1780: "I am very glad," he says, "your letter of this date has given evidence to my conviction of the innocence of the gentleman" (the nameless Major-general) "who was the subject of your inquiry."

The same letter directs Lee to meet the Commander-in-chief the next day, at the Marquis's quarters, when Champe's communications were closely examined by them, "and the distrust heretofore entertained of the accused forever dismissed."

Having thus satisfactorily executed one part of his business, the sergeant set himself to work fully to achieve the rest; and in connection with an agent of Washington's in the city, soon laid a plan for his capture. The agent was a different person from him who had assisted in tracing the authenticity of the aspersions cast upon the Major-general above mentioned; and so deep was the secrecy deemed requisite by Washington, that Champe was ordered not to let either of these two men know that the other was in his confidence.

Unfortunately, Andre's imprudent but high-minded

confession shortened his trial; and ere the sergeant could consummate arrangements for bringing off Arnold, much to the chagrin of the generous soldier, who was himself risking a gibbet in order to save the British officer from the same disgraceful end, Andre was executed. But notwithstanding this unfortunate intervention, Champe was directed to persevere, and still bring off Arnold if possible. This will be seen from the following extract from Washington's letter to Lee, of the 30th October:

"Dear Sir,

"The plan proposed for taking A——d, (the outlines of which are communicated in your letter, which was this moment put into my hands without date,) has every mark of a good one. I therefore agree to the promised rewards; and have such entire confidence in your management of the business, as to give it my fullest approbation, and leave the whole to the guidance of your own judgment, with this express stipulation and pointed injunction, that he (A——d) is to be brought to me alive.

"No circumstance whatever shall obtain my consent to his being put to death. The idea which would accompany such an event, would be, that ruffians had been hired to assassinate him. My aim is to make a public example of him: and this should be strongly impressed upon those who are employed to bring him off. The sergeant must be very circumspect: too much zeal may create suspicion, and too much precipitancy may defeat the project. The most inviolable secrecy must be observed on all hands."

The night for the execution of Champe's plan of seizing Arnold was soon appointed. He and one of Washington's secret agents were to seize and gag the traitor; and placing themselves, each under one of his shoulders, carry him through the most unfrequented streets and alleys to a boat waiting to receive them. If questioned, they were to answer that he was a drunken soldier, whom they were conveying to the guard-house. In the meantime, Lee, having been informed of this, spent the night at Hoboken, with a few of his trusty followers, and provided with three extra horses, one each for Champe, his comrade, and Arnold.

Lee was disappointed; for the day dawned and no boat was descried upon the waters of the Hudson answering the description of that in which Champe was to arrive. "He was chagrined," he says, "at the issue, and apprehended that his faithful sergeant must have been detected in the last scene of his tedious and difficult enterprise." But he was obliged to keep his disappointment to himself; for so strict was the secrecy of the whole affair, that not one of his followers knew why their commander conducted them to Hoboken, or for whose use they led the three extra horses.

Another extract from his "*Memoirs*," will suffice to end this article.

"In a few days, Lee received an anonymous letter from Champe's patron and friend, informing him that on that day previous to the night fixed for the execution of the plot, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the town, to superintend the embarkation of troops, preparing (as was rumored) for an expedition to be directed by himself; and that the American Legion, consisting chiefly of deserters, had been transferred from their barracks to one of the transports; it

being apprehended that if left on shore until the expedition was ready, many of them might desert. Thus it happened that John Champe, instead of crossing the Hudson that night, was safely deposited on board one of the fleet of transports, from whence he never departed until the troops under Arnold landed in Virginia! Nor was he able to escape from the British army until after the junction of Lord Cornwallis at Petersburg, when he deserted; and proceeding high up into Virginia, he passed into North Carolina near the Saura towns, and keeping in the friendly districts of that state, safely joined the army soon after it had passed the Congaree in pursuit of Lord Rawdon.

"His appearance excited extreme surprise among his former comrades, which was not a little increased when they saw the cordial reception he met with from Lieutenant Colonel Lee. His whole story soon became known to the corps, which reproduced the love and respect of officer and soldier, heightened by universal admiration of his daring and arduous attempt.

"Champe was introduced to General Greene, who cheerfully complied with the promises made by the Commander-in-chief, as far as in his power; and having provided the sergeant with a good horse, and money for his journey, sent him to General Washington, who munificently anticipated every desire of the sergeant, and presented him with a discharge from further service, lest he might in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the enemy's hands; when, if recognized, he was sure to die on a gibbet.

"When General Washington was called by President Adams to the command of the army, prepared to defend the country from French hostility, he sent to Lieutenant Colonel Lee to inquire for Champe: being determined to bring him into the field at the head of a company of infantry.

"Lee sent to Loudoun county, where Champe settled after his discharge from the army; and learned that the gallant soldier had removed to Kentucky, and had soon after died."

HALLAM'S MIDDLE AGES.*

It is surprising, that this work is not more admired, and more read, than it seems to be. It is surpassed, nay, equalled by no historical production in the English language, since the times of the great British three, of the last century. Indeed, several merits tempt us strongly, to place it above even their works. It is more candid than Hume; more simply and pointedly sententious than Robertson; more clear, and infinitely less pompous, than Gibbon. Nothing can be more striking, than the contrast between Hallam's distinct, straightforward statements, and shrewd, concise, often pungent remarks,—and Gibbon's elaborately swollen and balanced periods, that after thrice reading, leave it still doubtful what fact he tells, or what opinion he expresses. If it had not become vulgar to compare historians to Tacitus (Dr. Ramsay has been called "The Tacitus of America"), we should say, that no where

have we seen the best characteristics of the illustrious Roman half so well displayed, as in the "Middle Ages." The same burning yet well tempered love of liberty; the same hatred of tyranny and injustice; the same vein of sage remark, developing in a single sentence, momentous political truth; the same power of sarcasm, conveyed usually in the very words which carry forward the narrative; the same condensed and forcible brevity of recital. Oftener than in Tacitus, or in Hume, there occur in Hallam passages of eminent rhetorical beauty; much resembling these occasional observations, at once elegant and profound, in which Burke abounds. But they are neither frequent nor long enough, to violate the becoming chastity of historical composition. Far from being excrement ornaments, which lead off the reader's mind from the facts detailed, or suggest a doubt concerning the truth of a story so embellished, they enliven and rivet his attention, by illustrating the subject; and interrupt not, for a moment, the course of the narration. The work takes a wide range. It gives the History of France—Italy—Spain—Germany—the Greek Empire and the Saracens—Ecclesiastical Power—the Feudal System—the English Constitution—and the State of Society in Europe—during the Middle Ages; that is, for about eight or nine centuries. The manner in which it groups and details the multitude of facts comprised in this great outline, is lucid and happy. With equal judgment are the instructive or important selected, and the trivial or useless passed in silence.

But it is above all as the enlightened friend of liberty, that Mr. Hallam deserves the esteem of American readers. Some extracts we propose making, will evince this, and also the Tacitus-like pith and pungency we have ascribed to him. The italics and small capitals are ours.

EXTRACTS.

'A generous disdain of one man's will, is to republicans governments what chastity is to women; a conservative principle, never to be reasoned upon, or subjected to calculations of utility.'

Rienzi's 'character was not unusual among literary politicians; a combination of knowledge, eloquence, and enthusiasm for ideal excellence, with vanity, inexperience of mankind, unsteadiness, and physical timidity.'

'The most deadly hatred, is that which men exasperated by proscription and forfeiture bear to their country.'

On the triumphant return of Cosmo de' Medici, in 1434, from the exile into which the opposite faction of Albizi had driven him, Hallam remarks,—'It is in vain to expect that a victorious faction will scruple to retaliate upon its enemies a still greater measure of injustice than it experienced at their hands. The vanquished have no rights in the eye of their conquerors. The sword of returning exiles, flushed by victory and incensed by suffering, falls successively upon their enemies, upon those whom they suspect of being their enemies, and upon those who may hereafter become such.'

(Policy of employing Foreign Mercenaries.) 'Considered with reference to economy, almost any taxes must be a cheap commutation for personal service. But economy may be regarded too exclusively; and can

*View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By Henry Hallam, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

never counterbalance that degradation of national character, which proceeds from intrusting the public defence to foreigners.'

'Historians have in general more indulgence for splendid crimes, than for the weaknesses of virtue.'

'None of Charlemagne's wars can be compared with the Sarsenic history of Charles Martel: but this was a contest for freedom; those for conquest; and fame is more partial to successful aggression than to patriotic resistance.'

In the unswerving probity, strictness of conscience, and benevolence, of Louis IX. (St. Louis), he found all the effects of far-sighted policy. 'But it is the privilege only of virtuous minds, to perceive what wisdom dwells in moderate counsels. No sagacity ever taught a selfish and ambitious sovereign to forego the sweetness of immediate power.'

Hint to Historical Students. Intestine tumults, &c. 'are among the eternal lessons of History: for the unjust encroachments of courts, the intemperate passions of the multitude, the ambition of demagogues, the cruelty of victorious factions, will never cease to have their parallels and their analogies; while the military achievements of distant times afford, in general, no instruction; and can hardly occupy too little of our time in historical studies.' *Note.*

Hint to Statesmen. 'It is difficult to name a limit beyond which taxes will not be borne without impatience, when they appear to be called for by necessity, and faithfully applied: nor is it impracticable for a skilful minister to deceive the people in both these respects. But the sting of taxation is wastefulness. What high spirited man could see without indignation the earnings of his labor, yielded ungrudgingly to the public defence, become the spoil of speculators and parasites? It is this, that mortifies the liberal hand of public spirit; and those statesmen, who deem the security of government to depend not on laws and armies, but on the moral sympathies and prejudices of the people, will vigilantly guard against even the suspicion of prodigality.'

'The very virtues which a state of hostility excites, are not proof against its long continuance; and sink at last into brutal ferocity.'

A vindication of Republics. 'In a superficial review of history, we are sometimes apt to exaggerate the vices of free states, and to lose sight of those inherent in tyrannical power. The bold censoriousness of Republican historians, and the cautious servility of writers under a despotism, conspire to mislead us as to the relative prosperity of nations. Acts of courage and tumultuous excesses in a free state, are blazoned in minute detail, and descend to posterity: the deeds of tyranny are studiously and perpetually suppressed. Even those historians who have no particular motives for concealment, turn away from the monotonous and disgusting crimes of tyrants.'

The very dangerous Precedents arise. [The Pope at first claimed no right to appoint to church benefices. Adrian IV. began, by requesting some bishops to confer the first vacancy on a particular clerk. Recommendations like this (called *Mandata*) became more and more frequent, and were usually followed, through respect for the holy See: even Innocent III. the most ambitious of pontiffs, regarded it only as a courtesy.] 'But,'

says Hallam, 'as we find in the history of all usurping governments, *time changes anomaly into system, and injury into right: examples beget custom, and custom ripens into law; and the doubtful precedent of one generation becomes the fundamental maxim of another.*' So far had this natural progress taken place, that in England, under Henry III., the 'Church seems to have been so richly endowed only as the free pasture of Italian priests; who were placed, by the mandatory letters of Gregory IX. and Innocent IV., in all the best benefices.'

Utility of Party Names. About A. D. 1200, 'the two leading parties which had divided the cities of Lombardy, and whose mutual animosity, having no general subject of contention, required the association of a name to direct as well as invigorate its prejudices, became distinguished by the celebrated appellations of GUELF and GIBELIN.' * * * 'Terms of this description * * * are always acceptable to mankind; and have the peculiar advantage of precluding altogether that spirit of compromise and accommodation, by which it is sometimes endeavored to obstruct their tendency to hate and injure each other.'

'There is in general room enough for skepticism as to the characters of men, who are only known to us through their enemies. History is full of calumnies that can never be effaced. But I really see no ground for thinking charitably of Peter the Cruel.' *Note.*

'The Arabian monarchs of Cordova found in their success and imagined security, a pretext for indolence: while, according to the nature of despotism, the fruits of wisdom or bravery in one generation were lost in the follies and effeminacy of the next.'

'Alvaro de Luna, the favorite of John II. [king of Castile], retained for 35 years an absolute control over his feeble master. The adverse faction naturally ascribed to this powerful minister every criminal intention and all public mischiefs. He was certainly not more scrupulous than the generality of statesmen; and appears to have been rapacious in accumulating wealth. But there was energy and courage about Alvaro de Luna, which distinguished him from the cowardly sycophants who usually rise by the favor of weak princes: and Castile probably would not have been happier, under the administration of his enemies.'

'John II. did not long survive his minister; dying in 1454, after a reign that may be considered as inglorious, compared with any except that of his successor. If the father was not respected, the son fell completely into contempt.'

Of JOHN HUNYADY, the Hungarian patriot, who 'frequently defeated, but unconquered in defeat, stood in the breach for twelve years against the Turkish power,' and to whom the regency was confided during the king's minority,—Hallam says, 'He surrendered to young Ladislaus a trust that he had exercised with perfect fidelity: but his merit was too great to be forgiven; and the court never treated him with cordiality. [Does not this irony rival that of Tacitus, where he says, the father of Agricola was 'studio eloquentie sapientisque notus,isque virtutibus iram Caii Caesaris [Caligulae] meritus?']

We have marked many more specimens, of equal truth, pointedness, and force: but to extract them all, would extend unduly what was designed to be a very short article. From scarcely any other historian, not

(except Burke) from any other writer of any other class, could a larger number of sentences be culled, harmonious in structure, graceful and impressive in phraseology, and rich in sound political philosophy.

REMORSE.

LINES WRITTEN BY MARIAN HORTON,

And set to music by C. E. Horn, as an answer to Beethoven's celebrated "Adelaide."

In grief we met—in tears we part;
Our dream of happiness is o'er;
And wild despair throbs through my heart,
To know that we must meet no more!

No more? Yes, we may meet perchance,
But oh! how changed the scene will be;
Eyes that once fondly met my glance,
Will dart suspicion's glare on me:

The heart that throbb'd at my approach,
With torpid coldness shrinks away:
And every look conveys reproach,
Which speaks affection's fast decay.

Thou canst no more recall the hour,
When sweet confiding hope was thine;
Full soon the charm hath lost its power
Which seem'd to link thy fate with mine.

* * * * *

Yet not unmov'd I mark that cheek
With melancholy gloom o'ercast;
And tears I shed, could they but speak,
Would plead a pardon for the past.

A tear is all I have to give—
Thou wilt not then despise the gift;
Nor let in thy remembrance live
The wrongs that have our hopes bereft.

But why again recall the madd'ning hour?
Why on the mem'ry of our love thus dwell?
Teach me, oh Heav'n, (while yet I have the pow'r,)
'To breathe a first, a last, a fond farewell!

DR. JOHNSON'S IRENE.

The merits of this tragedy are not generally enough known. For the interest of its story, and still more for the frequent beauty and grandeur of its language, it falls not much below Cato. Take a few of its passages, as examples. But first, to make them better understood, see the plot, or argument of the play.

Mahomet, Emperor of the Turks, had recently conquered Greece, after a severe struggle, in which DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS, two Greek nobles, had fought with distinguished valor for their country. Prisoners now, in Constantinople, though not closely confined—they conspire with Cali, the chief vizier, to overthrow Mahomet; in the hope of thus redeeming Greece. Prisoners also, though still less restrained, are Irene,

the beautiful heroine of the tragedy, whom the Emperor woos to be his sultana; and Aspasia, another noble Grecian lady, beloved by Demetrius. The plot fails; but all the conspirators for whom any reader feels solicitude, escape into Asia; while some of the subordinates, who meditated a double treachery by betraying their comrades, fall victims to Mahomet's wrath. Aspasia escapes with Demetrius. Irene, yielding to the sultan's courtship, is scarcely invested with her imperial state, before, on a false accusation of being engaged in a conspiracy, she is strangled by his order. Now for the extracts.

(Criteria of true Greatness.)

Cali. [Speaking of Leontius, and inquiring into his fitness for the enterprise they were planning.]

'His mien is lofty, his demeanor great;
Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,
Nor dull serenity becalms his eye.
Such had I trusted once, as soon as seen;
But cautious age suspects the flattering form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has silence pressed her seal upon his lips?
Does adamant faith invest his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not soften in a friend's embrace,
Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears?

Demetrius. Sooner the trembling leaves shall find a voice,

And tell the secrets of their conscious walks;
Sooner the breeze shall catch the flying sounds,
And shock the tyrant with a tale of treason.
Your slaughtered multitudes that swell the shore
With monuments of death, attest his courage:
Virtue and liberty engross his soul,
And leave no place for cowardice or fear.'

(Procrastination.)

'To-morrow!
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward and the fool, condemned to loss
A useless life in waiting for to-morrow;
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect.'

(Influence of Beauty.)

'See, Irene comes:
At her approach, each ruder gust of thought
Sinks, like the sighing of a tempest spent:
And gales of softer passion fan my bosom.'

(Ecstasy.)

'The present, past, and future, swim before me,
Lost in a wild perplexity of joy.'

(The true value of Life.)

'Life and death
Are only varied modes of untried being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone.'

(A struggle of Passion with Conscience.)

'In this dubious twilight of conviction,
The gleams of reason and the clouds of passion,
Irradiate and obscure my breast by turns.'

(Ambition defended.)

'Irene. Ambition is the stamp impressed by Heaven
To mark the noblest minds: with active heat
Informed, they mount the precipices of power,
Grasp at command, and tower in quest of empire;
While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger.
Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons and revolving skies,
And ask what guilty power's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the ponderous orbs:
While some archangel, nearer to perfection,

In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careless nod,
Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.'

(Effect of virtuous Love.)

'Tis love, combined with guilt alone, that melts
The softened soul to cowardice and sloth:
But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
And fans the slumbering spark of heavenly fire.'

(To one about to be executed.)

'The fraudulent moments ply their silent wings,
And steal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
Already shakes his bloody sabre o'er thee.'

(War's uproar.)

'The roaring Danube
Rolls half his floods unheard thro' shouting camps!'

(Sound Political Maxim.)

'Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendor.'

(A Despot's Wrath.)

'A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.'

(Nihilum ne crede color.)

'Not always do the fairest flowers diffuse
The richest odors; nor the speckled shells
Conceal the gem.'

THE TRUCE GROUND.

FROM THE DIARY OF AN INVALID.

NO. III.

In travelling, last summer, through the southern country, I passed the well known section of land lying between the Pedee rivers, which Gen. Marion assigned as a temporary *truce ground*, during the revolutionary war. The friends of loyalty possessed unbounded influence between these rivers, and kept the whig inhabitants actively employed in checking their depredations. This induced Marion to enter into a temporary truce, by which it was stipulated, that neither party should be guilty of any aggression for the time limited. Having settled the articles of agreement, he hastened to assist the operations of Greene; but no sooner was he at a distance, than the insurgents broke the treaty, and petitions were presented to Marion, that he would march his brigade into the neighborhood, and reduce the disorderly to submission. I halted for the night at Burch's mills, the spot from which the terror of his avenging sword brought the crowd of deluded fanatics, to solicit with earnestness written protections from his own hand. Standing on a spot which was once the theatre of so much military prowess, my thoughts reverted to the many interesting reminiscences associated with the actors in a scene of deep and fearful interest, now almost swept away by the rapid march of human existence. My sole object in travelling, being the recovery of health, by change of place and diversion of mind, I felt inclined to pause at this point of my journey, and inquire for the ancient landmarks of the southern campaign—the Ebenezers of the mighty interposition and protection of the Divine Being, during the times that tried men's souls.

I made my quest first to the boniface of the little inn where I put up for the night, but I soon found that the fumes of the mug had drowned everything like sober

reflection in the man's mind. To my inquiry, whether his family dwelt in this part of the country during the revolutionary war, he answered, "Not exactly, thank God. I hear you whig rebels blocked out every drop of the creature comfort. Old Erin was my birthplace, bless her, she keeps a can to make the heart merry," and reeling to a chair, he began to troll the old song, "Erin's my country."

But his son, a lad about 14 years old, hearing my question, called out to him, "Father, if the gentleman wants to hear about the old war, I'm sure granny Kate could tell him a tale long enough, if he'd listen."

"Oh! ah! she mought, if he could catch her in the mind," replied the dozing voice of the other.

"Who is granny Kate, my boy?" I asked playfully.

"Ah! she's the old body that lives in the little hut just below here; there's the smoke coming out of her chimney now—jest say Marion to her, and you strike the trail, she'll go on upon it, till she runs through, unless somebody stops her. Daddy says, mammy Kate is dafst, but I'll tell what two gentlemen said, as went down to see her while ago—it seems as how they were old friends of hers; for they named many things as had happened, and set her agwine intirely; and when they'd heard her out, says one to the other, its as correct entirely as a printed book; and much truer, says the other."

"My little man," said I, "here is a trifle if you will show me the way to the old crone's, for I should like to hear her stories myself."

The boy was quite proud of being cicerone on the occasion, and went on without prompting to relate all he knew of the old woman's history.

"Granny lived in a much finer house than this once. Her master, I expect was a kingsman, for they had great doings, but that didn't bar out trouble it seems, for they got it o' both sides entirely."

We reached the door of the cottage, which was opened by a middle aged woman, of pleasing countenance, who recognizing Jamie, invited us politely to enter. With characteristic freedom he opened our business, by saying—

"Maggie, the gentleman has heard of your old mither, and would like to hear her crack of the long war."

"Just walk in, sir—our mother is passing old; but her memory, like a candle in the socket, burns brighter the nigher it is to the end."

We entered softly; for some how or other I felt a sort of awe in approaching a being, whose sympathies, and very existence, seemed to belong to a former race.

"Is that your mother?" approaching an attenuated figure, sitting on a wicker chair, in the deep recess of the fire-place; her form attired in a black gown, and a coif, or rather hood of green silk, shading her head and shoulders. She appeared absorbed in thought, or so intent on the blue knitting which employed her fingers, as to be unconscious of our entrance.

"Your mother is deaf," I said to the matron.

"Ah! no, that has passed away, with her dimness of sight; she hears and sees clear, for a few years past, but yet her thoughts seem to roam back into past times; and unless we rouse her attention, she pays little regard to what is passing around her. Her eyes are almost as tender as a baby's, since her eyesight came

back, and we are obliged to shield them from the light. Step this way, sir, it will please her to go over old times. Mother, this gentleman wants to ask you about the old truce ground—he is travelling that way, and would like to hear what you can tell him about Gen. Marion and his men."

The old woman raised her head, and revealed a visage in which the outlines of deep thought and masculine beauty were still discernible. The sunken eye seemed to kindle at the moment with some sudden recollections, that came athwart the mind, and lighted up her countenance with animation.

"A traveller, Maggie, did you say? Do I dream, or has Constance Norwood's son come at last? Sir, I have kept the papers, as I promised the angel on her dying bed; and many a weary year has my life been spun out, waiting your coming; for God has spared my life to fulfil her last request."

"Madam," I replied, "I am sorry you must be disappointed—I am not the person you suppose me, but only a passing visiter of these regions; and I may say, an enthusiastic admirer of the heroes of our revolution; but pray go on, and tell me who the gentleman is, you expect;" for at the moment the thought struck me, that I had heard the name of Constance Norwood before.

"Who should it be, but the son of my dear lady, whom I nursed at my breast, and dandled on my knee? Sydney Norwood, is his name, and a bright boy he was for the eye to look on, and the heart to love. Woe is me that they sent him back to the old country, to toil in their school, when he drank in learning like water. My dear lady never saw him more—she lived but two years after he was gone; but I heard years ago, that he was come back and settled a great man in New York. Why he has never sent or come for my lady's papers, I can't tell; maybe, he never got Sweeney's letter about it."

"My dear woman," I said, "is it possible that you speak of my deceased friend Sydney Norwood? Yes, it must be the same. I have heard him mention his mother as a southern lady, and dying while he was yet young and abroad. I am sure he never received any intelligence from you respecting her. I was with him frequently, and often heard him regret knowing so little of his own early history."

"Then, sir, it is all over, and I must die with a burden still on my heart."

"Would you have any objection," I said, "as the person nearest concerned is gone, to my looking over these manuscripts in your presence? Perhaps they may contain something important, which it may be necessary to keep no longer concealed."

"Certainly, sir, it will be a great relief to my mind. I hope the fear of God will be before your eyes. Bring the portmanteau, Maggie, and put it before the gentleman. Here are the keys," (drawing out of her pocket a leathern pouch.)

The trunk contained several packets; the private correspondence of the lady with the distinguished officers of the southern army. Besides these, there was a roll inscribed, "a brief memoir of my own life, as it has been connected with the eventful era in which I have lived, dedicated to my son, Sydney Norwood."

"Ah, that is the paper!" exclaimed the old woman. "Shall I break the seal, madam?"

"Do, sir, do—my heart will answer to every word of it."

The memoir was prefaced with a short letter to her son, concluding with these words:

"Feeling that the days of my earthly pilgrimage must be few, and that I must be denied the only blessing I desire in this world, that of embracing my dear and only child, I have solaced my heart, and employed the failing moments, by writing a faithful account of the events of my life, as it has been connected with the interesting and perilous times in which I have lived. Receive it, as the last and most precious memorial of a mother, whose latest breath expires in prayer for the eternal happiness of her beloved son.

CONSTANCE NORWOOD."

My mother was the celebrated Constance Geraldine, the rose of Camden, and the beauty of the south. Envied, admired and courted, with fantastic singularity she disdained all the trappings of splendor and gifts of fortune, profusely scattered in her path, and bestowed her heart and hand on the unaspiring George Marion, the playmate of her childhood, and earliest lover of her youth. Though he was not formed to figure in the ranks of fashion, or bow at the shrine of mammon, my father was fitted to adorn the circle of private life in refined society, or to serve his country with undaunted bravery, had not death's sudden and untimely call summoned him from the bower of love, and the hopes of "thick coming joys," to the awful realities of eternity. Though my existence was then hid in darkness, well can I picture the grief of her, who scarce a bride, was now the widow of the dead. But her widowhood was of short duration: sorrow had sowed the seeds of disease in a constitution naturally delicate; and in three short years, was my infancy deprived of the care of both parents. There existed between my father and his elder brother, Gen. Francis Marion, the most devoted attachment, which was extended in all its warmth to my mother and her helpless babe. He left the pleasing toils of agriculture to watch at her dying pillow, and soothed her departing spirit with the solemn promise of being a father to her orphan child. A faithful dependant of the Marion family was selected as a nurse, by my uncle, who, being at that time a bachelor, thought it best to place me in the family of my maternal relative, Sir John Heywood, then residing in the vicinity of Charleston. His household consisted of himself, his maiden sister Rachel, and an only son, now abroad for the completion of his studies. My arrival was greeted with something like pleasure in the old family residence; the old gentleman, pleased at having a new subject for the exercise of his quaint humor and stale conceits, and my aunt Rachel at the prospect of rearing a young scion, according to her own ideas of female propriety.

The first ten years of my life were passed in so quiet happiness, as scarcely to leave any impression of their flight. Aunt Rachel thought me too young to be put into leading-strings, and Sir John was generally too much absorbed in the musty volumes of the old school, to check my gambols, while the arms and heart of my good nurse, Kate Sweeney, were always open to protect and comfort me. It is not with a feeling of vanity, that I say I possessed, even at that early age, a pene-

tration of mind and a decision of character far beyond my years. The weak and ridiculous points of aunt Rachel's character afforded me infinite amusement, and gave rise to many ingenious tricks of annoyance. Though already rather *passé*, she assumed all the airs of girlhood, and her vanity was flattered by the very persons who elicited, and then ridiculed her folly. She wished to be thought altogether exclusive in her preference of everything British, and her utter abhorrence of American manufacture. This extended to even the smallest articles of comfort or traffic, and was a constant vexation to my *amor patriæ*. I remember one occasion, in which I felt a good deal of exultation, in seeing this spirit of haughty predominance checked in a ludicrous manner. The excellence of various wines was debated at table, and Sir John, having extolled the cup, in his usual classic vein, from the time of Ganymede to the present, my maiden aunt took occasion to express her surprise, that the culture of the grape had hitherto been neglected in England, when it was so evident that in the manufacture of wines, as in everything else, they might excel every other nation. "Only think," she continued, "of the perfection to which the single matter of snuff-making has been carried. Positively, nothing would tempt me to take a pinch of that article, which had not the signature of 'Fintalaton Cushaw, snuff-maker to his sacred majesty.' Have you a box at hand, Colonel?" she said, addressing a British officer next her.

"No ma'am," he replied, with a sarcastic smile, "I have given up the use of it since poor Cushaw was hung."

"Hung!" shrieked aunt Rachel.

"Yes, by one act of disloyalty he lost his office, and his life; he suffered under the game law, poor fellow; he was suspected of shooting deer in Windsor forest."

"To be sure!" exclaimed she, affecting the sublime, "how inflexible is justice in England!"

Sir John was a loyalist, more from habit and affection than principle. The fountains of ancient lore, the Pyrean springs of Oxford and Cambridge, were in old England—a galaxy of ancient authors adorned her literary horizon; his heart throbbed with joy in claiming citizenship with them. The old gentleman would sometimes unbend from his stern mood, and indulge his natural turn for witty conceits and satirical innuendo. These he bestowed lavishly on aunt Rachel, whose *outré* decorations and fantastic manners afforded too good a mark to be missed; but me he encouraged to speak with all the artless freedom of childhood, without censure or rebuke. I often fled from the starched formality of female domination, to the library, where I was always welcomed by a smile from the old antiquary, whose harshest words were, "Have you come again, my blue eyed maid, to spread confusion in the ranks," looking at his books overthrown by my heedless movements. "But I suppose it must be so—your sex have ruled the world, from the time that Juno raised a din about old Jupiter's ears, to the present. But where is that thing compounded of pomatum, starch and loyalty, that you are so soon let off from the attitudes?"

"Puff, do you mean, uncle? He is lying in Mr. Posey's lap, who is fanning aunt Rachel."

"Not the dog, child, but the woman, I alluded to—

Oh tempora! Oh mores! Oh nature! how art thou outraged! when not even a dog can walk in his own *bona fide* person, but is so bedizened and transformed by folly, as to make it doubtful whether he be a canine brute, or an evil spirit. I tell thee, child, if it were not for those blue eyes, and that arch smile, which make it doubtful whether Venus or Minerva presided at thy birth, I would abjure the sex."

These incidents will give you some idea of the peculiarities of my maternal relatives, Sir John and his sister. I was not neglected by my uncle Marion: he frequently called to see me, and to direct my education, which was conducted under the best teachers in the city—so that by the time I had attained my fifteenth year, I was said to have arrived at great proficiency in the accomplishments of the day, to which were added in *set form*, the graces, as practised by my maiden aunt.

A great change was now to come over my future prospects. The disastrous fall of Savannah, was soon followed by the capture of Charleston. This seemed to prepare the way for the subjugation of the whole southern country, and it was only a few bold spirits who dared to think of resistance. Marion was one of them. Joining several other zealous patriots, they travelled northward, beating up for recruits to oppose the enemy. But while our heroes were mourning over the state of things, and some of them gone to petition assistance from the sister states, our city was invested by the British army, and converted into the theatre of fashion and gaiety. The whig officers, nearly all prisoners of war, were sent out of the town, to the prison ships, or to St. Augustine, while the British officers, now masters of the surrounding country, spared no expense in the splendor and luxury of their entertainments. The loyalists, of which there were numbers in the place, joined in these festivities; but the noble feelings of the whig ladies, revolted at this degradation, and even foreign splendor and arrogance were often obliged to cower beneath the frown of indignant beauty. I do not mean to include all the British officers in the charge of presumption; there were some noble exceptions—some gentlemen of feeling and delicacy, who would have spurned the idea of wounding the national pride of even a lady. Among these, several visited at Sir John's; for aunt Rachel literally worshipped whoever wore the trappings of loyalty, and Sir John allowed all to enjoy the hospitalities of his mansion, who did not cross his prejudices or opinions; but he was pre-eminently a man of peace, at war with whatever interrupted the pure stream of Helicon. I was the only discordant string in the general harmony; I did not disguise my sentiments, which were warmly enlisted on the side of my oppressed country, and my earnestness in the cause gained me the title of the *little rebel*. Aunt Rachel endeavored to satirize my fervor, by throwing contempt on the military resources of the rebels; while Sir John, teased with an argument which ran not in his own vein, would exclaim—"Child, child, your head is turned with that phantom—honor. What saith that prince of poets, the ingenious Cowley, addressing this illusion of the brain:

'Nesley nothing, walking shade,

'By what witchcraft wert thou made,

'Empty cause of solid harms!'

And then again, how admirably he changes the metaphor:

'Should I fame's trumpet hear,
'Pd march the muses' Hannibal.' "

And striding in dramatic style, he would disappear behind the curtains of his library.

I said there were some generous and noble sons of Britain engaged in this direful contest; but entering as I did into the warmest feelings of the whig party, I regarded with prejudice, amounting to aversion, every one who espoused the other side. Such was the cold and haughty spirit with which I first met Col. Webster. I had heard of his noble bearing and courage in the field, and thinking of him as one of my country's dreaded foes, I saw him with the flush of resentment on my cheek. I shall never forget the moment, for it was one of complete triumph on his part—the triumph of the calm and generous feelings of our nature, over the proud and vindictive. Instead of the arrogant victor, I beheld a countenance full of benignity and grace, accompanied with a courtesy of manner so sincere, that even my disdain was softened, and I was compelled to regard him, though a British officer, as a gentleman of worth and feeling. That he did not ever afterwards view me as a supercilious and narrow-minded being, is a proof of his amiable and forgiving disposition. Soon after our introduction, I expressed my sentiments without the least reserve, and expected to meet fully as much warmth on the side of loyalty. On the contrary, he spoke with deep sympathy of the evils of war, and lamented that the spirit of discord and hatred should be kindled between kindred nations, whose sons were born to be brethren by blood and friendship; "and while this," he smiling said, (touching the bright steel that hung at his side,) "forbids me to say that my king's rebellious subjects have justice on their side, I sincerely wish them a happy issue out of this disastrous contest."

Not long afterwards, the king's birthday was to be celebrated in Charleston, with great pomp. I suppose the design was to charm the loyalists, and dazzle the whigs, by this pageant. Aunt Rachel was more than a month busily engaged in rearing a triple crown with which to decorate her temples on the occasion. I could not help being amused at her folly, while I despised the spirit she evinced in the affair. Having completed the head-dress, the ultimatum of her wishes was to surmount it with some loyal device. She first applied to Col. Webster to confer the honor, but he, casting a furtive glance at me, declared there were so many rebels among the ladies of Charleston, that he feared not only the crown, but the wearer, would be torn to pieces, if it appeared at the ball. Nothing daunted, she turned to Capt. Dawkins, who after much circumlocution, produced what he called a lion rampant trampling the eagle. She was charmed with the execution, and walked off in triumph, while Col. Webster and myself were nearly choked with laughter at the ridiculous effect. To conceal his diversion from the company, he turned to me and asked, if I was waiting to see the eagle triumphant before I engaged the services of Capt. Dawkins in the same line. In a moment I experienced a complete revolution of feeling, and my cheeks burned with resentment, to be put in comparison with such a compound of folly and presumption, but worst of all, to have the true American eagle so vilified and degraded.

"The eagle and myself," I replied, trying to suppress

a tear, "would both be content to relinquish any honors in your gift, Capt. Dawkins."

"Certainly me'am, certainly I wouldn't wish to——"

He was interrupted by Colonel Webster—"Forgive me, Miss Marion, nothing was farther from my thoughts than offering the slightest injury to your feelings. I would die sooner; but I had imagined that our acquaintance, our friendship, may I say, if it is not too late, would have allowed an innocent jest. But I see that I have offended you, and wounded those sensibilities which though the charm of your sex, are too delicate to be appreciated as they deserve by ours."

Before he was done speaking, I felt the impropriety of my resentment; and, covered with confusion, hid my face in my handkerchief, while tears of unaffected remorse flowed down my cheeks. Capt. Dawkins had retreated at the first flash of my temper I suppose, for when I had gained sufficient courage to look up, I found myself alone with Col. Webster. I was attempting to apologize for my conduct, when he seized my hand, and pressing it to his lips, said, "Let us both forget what has just passed, or remember it only as the time when a mutual fault and mutual forgiveness cemented the bonds of a friendship as enduring as life."

I could only reply, "Your generosity is heaping coals of fire on my head; I had much rather you should resent, even defy my unpardonable petulance."

"Who could fail to admire that ardor of disposition that knows no cold medium? and how happy must he be, who wins the first place in such a heart, too proud to stoop, too noble to disguise—too true even to deceive, and may I not add, too generous not to forgive?"

"Add whatever is necessary to complete the climax, and make me perfect, however foreign to the truth."

"Then let me utter what my heart has long confessed, that there is an irresistible charm around you, and that by those bright pearls which strive vainly to dim the sweet azure of your eyes, I do confess its power over this heart of mine."

"Who would ever suspect Col. Webster of speaking nonsense to a girl of sixteen, and she too a rebel, and the niece of the arch-rebel, Marion?" I said, endeavoring to turn what he had said into jest.

"My dear Miss Marion, the heart seeks not its conquests in the battle field, but in the bower of love. However, you speak truly; it is nonsense for a soldier, an adventurer whose life hangs on the fortunes of war, to aspire to the smiles of beauty, or the return of affection. Accident has betrayed me into the confession of a passion which I have vainly striven to smother in my own bosom, until a more propitious hour should arrive—a time when even Constance Marion might hear with honor the fervent expressions of my love."

"The time will come," I replied, "when Col. Webster will find what he so richly deserves, a heart as warm and true as his own, which will respond to those feelings which it is impossible I ever can——"

Here I was relieved from the embarrassment of finishing the sentence, by the fortunate return of aunt Rachel with the tiara on her head. I hoped to escape observation, and retreated behind her, not without her remarking as I passed, that my cheeks were this evening what she should call "vulgarily red." I made no reply, or even looked up, until I reached my chamber, where I threw myself down, heartily vexed with my-

self for having forced Col. Webster to the declaration of a passion in which I could feel no interest, except that of being the cause of unhappiness to a mind so noble and disinterested. I had never thought of love as associated with Col. Webster, though his society afforded a feast of the highest intellectual entertainment, which fascinated my mental taste, yet it moved not the spell which, long ere I saw him, had been spun around my youthful heart and fancy.

The grand birthnight ball passed, and none of the whig ladies attended. I heard, through my aunt's gossip, that Col. Webster, though the "observed of all observers," was not in his element, and retired early. From this time his calls were less frequent, and his manner towards me reserved, and almost cold.

I have dwelt thus long on the conduct of Col. Webster towards me, to contrast it with that of another person, who was destined to be the persecutor and bane of my life. This was Thomas Heyward, the only son of Sir John—who being sated with the pleasures of foreign courts, returned to America; and obtaining a commission in the British army, sought excitement in the stirring scenes of a camp. His conversation was brilliant and entertaining, though interlarded with too much of the court slang; but making due allowance for the fashionable extravagance of the continent, the gallantry of his manners might pass for the height of *bon ton*. His knowledge of the world, and insight into character, amused me; and attributing the freedom of his deportment to his having mixed much with the world, I gave him credit for that artlessness and sincerity in his intentions, which experience had not yet taught me to suspect. I pitied him too, for it was evident his society was the aversion of both Sir John and aunt Rachel—so that I was his only refuge in the family, and regarded him, perhaps on that account, with a more favorable eye. While awaiting his commission, he mixed in the gaieties of the city, and was the *beau ideal* of the loyalist ladies. He affected perfect indifference towards the flattering tokens with which his presence was greeted in the halls of beauty and festivity; and declared, on returning from these gay resorts, that simplicity was now his *beau ideal* of all that was lovely in woman; and this he would say in a way to make me suppose he was contrasting my manners with the heartless beings, whose life was spent in weaving attractions for the other sex. I remember the first time I believed Heyward in earnest in the flattering expressions he used towards me. We were looking at some prints, in which love and pleasure are represented under the same figure.

"I once wooed them as the same," he said, "but now I feel the deception. Do you know why, Constance?"

"No, I cannot imagine."

His glance was directed as if to search my inmost soul; even that impassioned look did not reveal to me the secret, until pressing my hand, he exclaimed:

"I had not then seen love and innocence combined in my own dear cousin."

"Oh! hush, Heyward," I replied, "I have never listened to the voice of flattery, and never will," tearing away and running up stairs.

I felt a chill of horror come over me, at the idea of being loved by him, that almost petrified me. It was an undefinable feeling, which seemed to forbode evil. I

never met Heyward afterwards without shrinking. From this time he practised less freedom, but more assiduity, to make himself agreeable. I tried to conduct myself so as to keep up the appearance of friendship, while I kept as little of Heyward's company as possible in the position I then occupied. Kate Sweeney was my only confidential friend; to her I communicated the disagreeable circumstances in which I was placed—obliged to bear the attentions of a man whose principles and manners I began to detest. She prudently advised me not to irritate the passions of one who, she believed, would revenge, if it were possible, every slight offered him. She then told me that Sweeney had heard from Gen. Marion, who had joined the northern army coming to the assistance of their southern brethren, and that they were marching to the defence of Georgetown.

"This is too good news to be true," I exclaimed. "My uncle Marion, from whom I have not heard for six months, coming with an army to deliver me from a thralldom worse than death! I am transported, Kate, at the very thought. I will seek his protection, even in the embattled field."

"Not so fast, my little mistress; he'll do his best—but God only knows, whether our little handful of men can prevail against these dare devils, helped on as they are by the tories. Bless you, child, Sweeney was off as soon as he got wind of it. I think as how the General has work for him; but you know he's no blab-tongue—so I never says a word, because I know he's doing his best for the General and the country, for a poor man as he is. He'll likely be home in a day or two, and then I'll step round and bring you down to see him."

"Mammy, a thought has struck me, that under Sweeney's protection, I might reach my uncle's quarters. I do not believe the soldiery would molest me; indeed nothing could terrify me more than the thought of being in Heyward's power."

"God send you, my sweet mistress, speedy help; but don't be too rash: your uncle an't ignorant of the snare set for you, and he'll consider of the matter, and I'm pretty sure, send some word by Sweeney. He has enough friends in the country to take care of you and keep you out of harm's way, if he does but speak the word, and so Sweeney said when I was a grieving over your situation."

"Well, mammy, your words have both reason and comfort; would that I could listen to them longer—but the evening shadows warn me to my prison again."

"Not with that tear in your eye, sweet one; I will go with you, if you will dash away that drop, that almost makes one come into my own, and think only of the pleasure in store for you, when you have the free country to bound over, and all the General's men to do you reverence. I'll tell you there's one of them an't forgot the blue eyes that shone on him that evening he met you and Miss Edith stroaming out on the sands. Ah! I see that tell-tale blush; so you remember it too, do you?"

"Ah! mammy!" I replied with emotion, "it was only past happiness returning for a moment that brightened my cheek." At the instant, I was carried back to other days, when hope scattered her roses in my path. "But, as you say, I will think of the future, and hope

it may be as bright as your love for me would picture it."

A fortnight elapsed, and still Sweeney did not return. I began to fear that in some fatal encounter he had fallen. I felt lonely and desolate, and the wantonness of my soul was painted on my countenance. Col. Webster came—he had not called for sometime. He asked for me; and though I was too unhappy to enjoy society, I could not slight a friend such as he was, so I constrained my feelings and went down. After a few minutes' conversation, he came up to me, and inquired if I had been really ill, that the bloom had faded from my cheeks.

"I should say," he continued, "that your looks mock the happiness that report says you are shortly to realize, in an union with Lieut. Heyward."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, trembling at the idea, "could you believe it possible, from his knowledge of my character? It is only as a victim that I can ever stand at the altar with Heyward."

"I see, Miss Marion, that this is a painful subject. God forbid that I should ever add to anything that distresses you; on the contrary, what is there that I would not attempt to relieve you from any embarrassment or cause of uneasiness? Hesitate not to tell me, in any way I can aid your wishes."

"There is one wish, in the execution of which your goodness might possibly assist me."

"Speak! only speak, and it shall be done," he said, with great warmth.

"I hear that Gen. Marion is approaching Georgetown; could I procure safe conduct to his quarters, my only wish on earth would be gratified. I see your astonishment, but think not that I resolve rashly. There, and there alone, can I look for repose and happiness."

"Have you any attendants, in whose fidelity you can trust, in the expedition?"

"Ah! yes, my foster parents, Sweeney and his wife, who love me as their own souls."

"Then at such time as you may appoint, a sufficient escort from my own troop, shall conduct you safely into the American lines. In the meantime I will use every effort to ascertain the exact position of Marion."

"Thank you," I replied, "your kindness surpasses words."

He made no answer, but pressing my hand to his lips, departed. With a lighter heart than usual I walked down to my nurse, Kate Sweeney's. She met me with a smile, telling me Sweeney had come, and brought me a letter from the General.

"A letter! where is he?"

"Just making himself decent like, to see you; he's had rowdy work, poor soul, dodging through the swamps to keep out the way of the enemy; not for that he is afraid of one of the insolent rogues, when he's free, as you may say, to hold his own; but you know he's business on hand that requires him to keep clear of interruption." Sweeney now came with the letter in his hand. I pressed it to my bosom, and then opening it, read its contents.

"My dearest Constance, I hear by John Sweeney of the painful circumstances in which you are placed. Nothing but the city's being invested by the enemy, prevents my hastening to your relief. I have considered the matter, and think it best that you should leave

Charleston and come to me at my quarters, near Georgetown. I confide you to the care and safe conduct of Sweeney, who understands, better than any one else, eluding the enemy. He and Kate will accompany you to our lines, where I will await you. I rejoice to hear that you spurned a man who is notorious for his gallantry; you will soon be freed from his presence, and the embarrassing situation in which you are placed. I am retreating towards the Pedee, where we hope to lie covertly secure from the enemy, and ready to seize any advantage that may be in our reach. Fear not to trust yourself to the courtesies of my brigade; there is not a man in it that would treat a lady with rudeness. I have many warm friends between the Pedee rivers, who will do you every hospitality until we see better times. I wish you to observe secrecy in your movements, until you are out of Heyward's vicinity: I have no confidence in a man of his principles."

I considered a moment, whether I should accept Col. Webster's offer, or abide by my uncle's directions, and give myself up entirely to Sweeney's guidance. I appealed to him to tell me sincerely, whether he thought I might venture to undertake the expedition with no defence but such as he could render me.

He answered, "You know I am not a man of many words; but, God willing, I'll see you safe into your uncle's arms. I've laid my plan,—we must get the pass of the British officer Webster; he'll do anything for you, Miss Constance; for his very eye dances at the sight of you. But my pretty bird, you must cover up that snowy face, that the blood seems to sparkle through, and dye them glistening brown curls, so as to look more like a blackamoor than a lady born as you are, for I tell you, my queen, beauty is a dangerous thing to fall among these English dogs."

"Would to Heaven, foster father, I had been gifted with something less annoying—less fatal to my happiness."

"Don't discomfort yourself, child; I can manage it very well. Kate must take it upon her to play old Molly Druggot, the doctress, who is free to put her foot where she pleases; for the folks all believe she carries a God-send with her; and you, I ask pardon, must for the time go for her daughter,—both travelling to the help of the sick in Georgetown hospital. But as Molly and her gal Peg are both smartly colored with mulatta blood, you must "take part of the same," as the blessed scripture says, and I think I have the thing that will do it, having been driven to these shifts before this day."

"And you, Sweeney, what will you do to escape detection? I shall fear most for you, as you must be well known in these parts."

"La, an't I tricked 'em before to-day, I reckon? Why I can put on the devil's cloak, and not be hurt by it, if there's a need be? And why not pass for a real red coat? It an't the first time I've slipped in and out of it as slick as an eel in its skin. Kate, show Miss Constance the real thing there, none the worse for coming off the back of a deserter. And now let's eat too, and fix by to-morrow evening, for remember we are night strollers. I've three as nice footed tackers as ever trod turf. Kate and I must both swing a wallet of necessities on our beasts, not for that we shall want much, but you must keep up the state to which you was born, Miss Constance, its not fitting for the like of

you to stint yourself. Let's see—first of all, get the permit of the Colonel, for you ken this place is a kind of devil's hole; none can get out or in without passing through the fire. You jest signify, my mistress, as how you wish to come to the speech of him, and I'll underwrite you; he's sure as death; but wait here for him, for let but that glossy black-hearted foreigner get wind that you have any private talk with any gentleman but him, and Beelzebub can't hold him. Here's the bit paper, but steady that little white hand, or I am afraid the Colonel can't read your chicken flutters."

"I will try, Sweeney," I said, feeling the blush of wounded pride suffuse my cheeks, as I thought of being about to solicit a clandestine interview with Col. Webster. I transcribed a few lines, and Sweeney set off for the British quarters, while I turned my steps towards Sir John's, to make arrangements for my journey. What was my horror to see Heyward reclining on the balcony, and watching me as I advanced. It was impossible to pass without encountering him; so I endeavored to assume a careless air as I entered the piazza. As I was passing, he caught my hand, exclaiming, "How now, little Zephyr, did you think to flit by me thus, when you know my soul lives only in the beam of those bright eyes? I cannot endure this coquetry longer, or allow you to waive my suit, when every day increases the intensity of my passion."

"Heyward," I replied, with indignant feelings, "no more persecute me with this language, or I shall believe you mean to offend me. I can never listen to a tale of love from you, and I esteem it an ungenerous thing to press the matter farther, when you know it is impossible I can ever think of you otherwise than as a friend and relation."

"Remember, Constance Marion," he said, "that you are the first woman to whom I ever proffered my hand; and, by Heaven, you shall rue the hour you rejected it, if a thousand devils were to stand between me and the accomplishment of my wishes."

I was near sinking on the floor while he spoke. I saw the fell demon in his eye as he rushed by me out of the house. When he was gone, I crept softly into my own apartment, and with trembling hands arranged my apparel in a portable form. I could not trust myself to see poor Sir John, but commending him to the protection of Heaven, left the portals of a mansion where I had known the first throb of delight, and felt the first pang of sorrow. I reached Sweeney's humble abode, and had time to compose my spirits, before Col. Webster's arrival. He met me with emotion, and seemed deeply concerned at the resolution I had taken to commit myself to Sweeney's protection alone.

"My passport," he said, "will secure your party from any interruption from our regular troops; would to God it could shield you from all danger of insult and impertinence from the hordes of lawless marauders. You know how joyfully I would provide you an escort, had not you preferred the plan laid by Marion. My only hope is in the unrivalled tact of your faithful friend Sweeney, with whom I wish to have a few words in private."

He retired a few moments with Sweeney, and then returned with a more cheerful countenance. Day was near dying away before he departed; when he did so, it was with every expression of hope that no evil might

befall me in this momentous undertaking, and that we might again meet in happier times; but this was said with a deeper cadence of the voice.

We immediately set about assuming our different disguises. After I was painted and habited, Sweeney declared he should have no misgivings, unless he caught a glimpse of my slender foot or hand. About dusk we started, and found no difficulty in passing the sentinels around the city. Sweeney being well practised in giving the countersign, no inquiry was made which his ingenuity could not answer. We passed all the foraging parties of the enemy without molestation; and Sweeney, thinking we had gained a secure resting place in the dark morasses of the Santee, called a halt, that we might refresh ourselves and horses. He struck a light, and we were in the act of discussing our wallet of provisions, when my guide sprang to his feet, and intently listened to a distant noise, which his practised ear soon ascertained to be the tramp of horses. His first action was to blow out the light; the next, to put our horses in motion.

"Those," he said, "must be the videttes returning to camp, or that devil Butler."

"Not the marauder, I trust in Heaven!" I exclaimed.

"Never fear, lady; I got that will make him move backwards faster than he ever did forwards before. Sweeney don't travel without his pass neither."

"God preserve us! what can you do, dear foster father, against such a gang of banditti?"

"Never flinch, dear lady; run your beast up between Kate's and mine, and say nothing, for I hear 'em coming right ahead."

They quickened their pace on perceiving us, and a rough voice called out, "Who goes there?"

"A servant of the king's, on duty bound," was the answer.

"By what warrant do you prove it? for I swear no cursed rebel shall escape the sword of Tom Butler."

"And Tom Butler is the very man I want," was the ready answer.

"Why, fool, what can you want with him? You seem to be in no case to fight with him, or for him."

"Why," rejoined Sweeney, "it's a long story, which as time don't wait, I'll try to make short. You see as how we English folks has a great notion of being comfortable."

"And what's that to the purpose?" rejoined the impatient ruffian.

"A great deal: it's the reason I'm fetching Molly Drugget and her gal Peg to nurse the men in the hospital."

"And who gave you permission to do this?"

"Who, but my superior officer, Colonel Webster? Here's his pass, if you want to see it."

"It may all be a lie, for what I know. Strike a light there, sergeant. Let me see the paper."

"Well, here it is; but what's the use of cogitating on what no consarns you, man; when here's the raal scrip under the hand of Cornwallis, which he sent you by the safest hand he could hit on."

He fumbled in his breeches pocket, and presented Butler with a sealed paper, purporting to be from the British General, and warning Butler of the rapid movement of three detachments of the American army with the intention of surrounding him, and warning

him of the only safe quarter of retreat. A panic seemed to seize the bandit, when he heard that Marion was one of the pursuers. He only halted long enough to order a counter march, and wheeling his troop around, the whole gang soon were beyond the fear of molestation.

When we were quite clear of them, Sweeney roared out in a hearty fit of laughter, to see how completely the deception had succeeded; the whole affair being a fabrication of his own, executed by the same deserter whose uniform served his purpose.

The next day we travelled through by-ways, but still were often obliged to resort to Webster's passport for protection, so completely was the country infested with the friends and allies of the enemy. Night found us still plodding our weary way, our only beacon the twinkling stars above, and the dashing of the river, whose course we were following. Sweeney kept his eye fixed on the unerring lights above; and calculating time by the progress of these silent travellers in the heavens, guessed the hour to be midnight. His speculations were interrupted by the sound of a distant bugle.

"Hush!" exclaimed he; rein up your beasts a spell. I think, if my ear be true, that is McDonald's note."

"What, Sweeney, another ruffian? I tremble at every sound."

"Tremble, indeed! I'm thinking it's the sweetest sound as ever come over my ear yet; and I'm no way surprised neither. It's jest what I looked for, as soon as I got word to the General that we was on the way. As sure as my mammy's name was Grace, its jest Sergeant McDonald coming to marshal us all to head-quarters. So you see, Miss, we an't folks of small account neither. And tho' the Sergeant's a rampagious sort of fellow, he an't guine to run his head agin a post, not he; he's as true steel as ever bent, and that's why the General sent him. The British run from him like Lucifer, because they think he smells of the brimstone. Listen, he's tooting again, and making right up to us."

In a few moments the party came up with us, and McDonald demanded who we were.

"Jest the stragglers, honey, you are looking after, I guess," replied the lively voice of Sweeney, "for you are nobody if you an't McDonald, come to squire us on to head-quarters."

"Exactly as you say; the General was rather uneasy when he heard Butler was prowling in these parts; and he said to me, 'McDonald,' says he, 'there's no man in my brigade can cope with that marauder like you.'"

"You a little more than hit it off, Mac," replied Sweeney, with suppressed humor; "something like it, I dare say. But go on."

"Take jest such men as you choose from the troop, and scour the road to Charleston, until you overhaul John Sweeney, who has my niece, Miss Marion, under his care, and conduct them safe to my quarters."

"Not them, Mac; the General knowed I was up to conducting myself, and you too, if there was any occasion. Don't stretch your commission, man; it was the lady the General had in mind."

"I'm an officer under commission, remember that, and speak by authority. 'I charge you,' says he, 'that no evil befall her while under your protection.' 'I swear, General,' says I, 'that by every saint in the calendar, and that's not a few, she shall be the jewel of

my eye and worship of my soul, until I hand her safe to your presence.'"

"Well, that's another thumper, by your leave, good Mac; howsomever, go on to the end," muttered Sweeney.

"As I was saying, with the General's favor I broke ground, and kept our steeds up to their mettle the whole way; for who dare say, McDonald stay your course, unless I've a mind to it? But, honored lady," he said, addressing me, "you have but to command, and all we," pointing to his troop, "obey. Pardon the rude manner of a soldier, while I greet you in the name of my commander, and offer you the service of my hands and devotion of my heart."

I thanked the rough soldier for his kind intentions, and told him my only desire was to lose no time in reaching the place of our destination.

About day-light we halted to renew our strength by rest and taking some refreshment, from which I had abstained while beset by dangers. I observed the men to eye me with surprise and curiosity. Doubtless the singularity of my appearance struck them as something incomprehensible. Sweeney soon took an opportunity to explain all, but in so low a voice as to escape my ear, and afterwards they preserved the most respectful silence.

At mid-day we came in view of the American lines. I shall ever retain a lively impression of the effect on my feelings. My heart bounded with joy when I beheld the star-spangled banner waving above the camp, where every heart beat in unison for country and home; and I forgot my own petty cares, when I thought that the weal or woe of a great nation hung on one single movement of this army. Marion met me as we entered the American lines, and clasping me to his bosom, assured me of his love and protection.

The army was soon in progress towards its rendezvous between the Pedee rivers. My uncle obtained me very agreeable quarters every night among the whig inhabitants, who rallied around his standard, while the loyalists fled at the terror of his name; so that our march was without interruption until we reached Snow's Island, where Marion took up his quarters. This was one of the most impervious fastnesses imaginable; surrounded by morasses and running streams on every side; the only accessible point of approach lying concealed from common view. We had to wind our way through a canopy of evergreens, from whose leafy arms hung a drapery of mossy fringe, decorating and shielding our sylvan retreat. Gen. Marion selected an eminence on this island as the spot of encampment. Tents were soon erected, and lights struck, in the deep green solitudes, which seemed hitherto to have been the fairyland of a poet's dream. In its labyrinths I enjoyed delicious repose, and felt a companionship with its secret haunts, which told me that nature has a voice. In every "leafy bough and bursting rill," she replies to the sympathy of the human heart.

I had quite forgotten I was in the camp of Mars, when my uncle came to tell me of the arrangements he had made for my accommodation. I saw satisfaction and complacency beam on his brow, as he began:

"Dear Constance, I have not told you yet, where your quarters are to be during this campaign."

"No, uncle," I replied, "and yours there are so

romantic, that I think I am spell-bound. But, to speak seriously—who has courage to harbor a rebel and run-away?"

"Who would you guess? I have been silent, until I could give you the agreeable surprise."

"How, uncle, can I imagine the person, in a land of strangers?"

"Do you call Edith Norwood, your old school-mate, a stranger?"

"My sweet Edith! Ah, uncle, would you mock my heart's early affection? You know her father was obliged to leave the country, because he espoused the cause of liberty too warmly."

"I know he left the hot-bed of toriyism: but what if he settled peaceably in the *truce ground*? and what if Edith should meet you at the Black-river ford to-morrow, and conduct you to her residence, only a few miles distant, would you not think me as great a wizard as the British do?"

I could scarcely reply. Joy and surprise held me for a moment speechless. Should I meet again the friend of my heart, and taste again that communion of soul, which my lonely spirit had pined for so long! The thought was transporting—I lived on it until the hour of my departure arrived.

I was accompanied by my uncle, my old attendants, John and Kate Sweeney, and Lieut. Stuart, whom Marion introduced to me as my protector to Col. Norwood's residence, it being out of his power to proceed farther than the ford.

When I first encountered the glance of the stranger's eye, I almost shrunk from it, such was the awe inspired by his presence. And it was not until I entered into conversation with him, that I found united with this power and decision of mind, all the gentle kindlings of the heart. His figure was tall and athletic; the keen gray eye and high forehead, marked the daring of a soul fearless in danger and untiring in effort.

The taciturnity of the General, left the conversation chiefly to Lieut. Stuart and myself; and I found that he could lay aside the stern warrior, and unbend his mind to all the grace and elegance of polished society. As all the ceremonials of fixed life were out of the question in the circumstances in which we were placed, making our way through the impediments of the wild wood, we soon improved our introduction into the openness and pleasure of unrestrained intercourse. He gave me a history of the war waged on the unsuspecting inhabitants of the frontier, by the marauders under British colors, which had induced General Marion to enter into a truce for a limited time.

"And my dear Edith lives in this truce ground, I think my uncle said."

"Yes," he replied with pleasure beaming in his eyes, "Col. Norwood's family, I hope, are now secure from all danger; but they have suffered severely from the ravages of this barbarous warfare. It was in defending their persons and property from brutal violence, that I first saw the lovely daughter of Col. Norwood."

"So then you are personally acquainted with Edith," I said, looking archly towards him; for I imagined there was something like pathos in the tones of his voice as he spoke of her.

"I have seen Miss Norwood in the most interesting of all situations—in adversity and tears; and again I

have known her in prosperity and joy. I cannot say in which she was most lovely."

"Oh, in both," I replied with warmth; "her charms are surpassing: in which declaration, I think I can perceive with a woman's penetration, you will agree."

The conscious glow passed over his cheek, and lent a momentary smile to his countenance, as he answered, "Certainly, I will not refuse to confess, Miss Marion, if you will be priestess."

"That I will," I said, "and promise to give you hearty absolution for the sin in question."

My uncle broke on our discourse, by calling out that he perceived Col. Norwood had reached the ford before us. We quickened our pace, and looked forward to the spot, which now began to appear through the spreading growth that overhung the river. Could that tall and graceful figure, whose plumes floated on the breeze, while with fearless skill she reined in the fiery spirit of the steed on which she was mounted, be Edith, my little playmate, who used to bound over the sands or hedges to pluck a favorite flower or gather shells on the beach, at the risk of frock or bonnet? The question was not answered satisfactorily until we embraced each other, when I found the same soul, warm and true, inspiring a more mature and perfect beauty.—After our mutual salutations were over, she greeted my uncle most cordially, and then turned to speak to Lieut. Stuart. I thought her color brightened, as their eyes met; but in a moment she regained her self-possession, and gaily inquired of Gen. Marion, whether his treaty with the insurgents forbade his acting the squire of dames within the prescribed limits. My uncle replied in his dry vein of humor, that he had made no treaty yet with duty, which told him that he must not purchase even Miss Norwood's smile at so great an expense. Edith's look of pleasure showed that she accorded with the sentiment; and with hearty wishes on both sides, we parted with my uncle, who returned to his quarters.

A few hours' ride brought us to the residence of Col. Norwood. It was a sweet sequestered spot, crowning a gentle eminence on the Pedee. Its embellishments were only such as suited the simplicity of rural life, assisting, but not deforming nature. I was welcomed by all with heart and tongue, and felt that I was giving as well as receiving pleasure by coming into this happy family.

We had poured out our thoughts in gushing flow on various subjects, and yet the one name nearest my heart had not been mentioned. At length Edith said, with something like mortification, "Constance, have you forgotten Sydney? I am sure you have, or you would at least have missed him from our little circle."

I endeavored to make some excuse; but the truth was, that I feared betraying more interest than I wished any one to discover. I suppose my blushes emboldened Edith to go on, for she wound up by saying, "Well, I will tell you, my lady, if he has faded from your memory, you have not from his. By the way, I expect him in a few days from Charleston, where he has gone to gain intelligence of the movements of the enemy."

It had been two years since Norwood and myself had met, and yet I felt a sort of consciousness when he was named, as if he were present and reading my

heart. That full blue eye, which seemed but the portal of a noble soul, that high forehead, shaded with clustering ringlets, that arched lip, now curled in disdain, now melting into an ineffable smile, that form of slight but graceful proportions, still lived in the fond record of youthful memory; but they were like the sacred relics which the heart of the devotee cherishes too much to suffer them to be gazed on by others.

I had told Edith of young Heyward, his character for gallantry, and the horror and dislike I felt at being the object of his admiration or love, and my joy at escaping from his presence; but I had never spoken to her of Col. Webster. I felt a sort of self-reproach when I thought of him, as if I had requited his kindness with ingratitude; and when Edith inquired about him, as an exception to the generality of the British officers for generosity and honorable feeling, I spoke of him only as a casual acquaintance, in whom I felt no particular interest, and dismissed the subject as soon as possible.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN ADDRESS ON THE UTILITY OF ASTRONOMY:

Delivered before the "Young Men's Society" of Lynchburg, Sep. 26, 1837, by Professor Landon C. Garland, of Randolph Macon College; and published by request of said Society in the Southern Literary Messenger.

GENTLEMEN,

Had I not in my judgment fully approved the method by which you hope to excite a deeper literary interest among yourselves as well as others; and had I not felt it to be my duty to contribute, when called upon, even in my humble measure, towards the attainment of so worthy and important an object, I could not have obtained my own consent to occupy a place, for which I am conscious I possess but little fitness. But how I may best discharge this duty, I have been at some loss to decide. Among those subjects, to which from choice or profession, my mind has been particularly turned, I have found it difficult to select one, which will admit of being clearly presented in a popular form and within the compass of a single hour. Believing, however, that an interest in the sciences generally, is to be excited and maintained only by pointing out their applicability to the common affairs of life, I have ventured on this occasion, to press upon your attention the claims of one branch of physical science, which in this country has not been duly appreciated.

The chemist unfolds the wonderful properties of steam, and exhibits its almost creative energies as a prime-mover of machinery. With those beautiful laws, which control the combination of substances, both simple and compound, he connects the application of the substances themselves to a thousand useful purposes both in medicine and the arts. The geologist interests us with the structure of our globe and the fossil contents of its strata, which like the medals and inscriptions of an ancient empire, are supposed to point out those tremendous convulsions by which whole continents have been at successive periods up-heaved from the bosom of the ocean, and others buried beneath its waves. He regards them, indeed, as historical records of the changes to which the earth has been subjected in assuming its present physiological character, which, notwithstanding the obsolescence of the language, he considers as unequivocal and satisfactory. The mineralogist unfolds the hidden riches of the crust of the earth—examines its materials—their respective localities—and shows their various applications to the useful

and ornamental arts. The theoretical mechanician, by giving verbal expression to his analytical formulas, has in many instances furnished the practical mechanic with his most useful and comprehensive rules. Thus, by pointing out the available resources of these branches of science, considerable importance has been attached to their acquisition, and the learning of books has been duly respected and prized. But the epithet of *stargazer*, is still somewhat sneeringly applied to one, who, upon any subject, entertains fanciful and extravagant notions; as though astronomy were of no real worth, and had contributed but little to the progress of civilization and to the comforts and refinements of life. One would have thought that its assiduous cultivation by such men as Newton, Halley, Delambre, Lagrange and Laplace, might have rescued it from a contempt like this; for what department of science can boast of names such as these? The truth is, astronomy is not only the queen of sciences, but in the stricter sense of the word, is the only perfect one. In other sciences, it is probable that succeeding ages will continue, as they have hitherto done, to modify, if not wholly to change the expression of laws now considered general and well established. Important revolutions are likely to take place in the sentiments of the learned relative to many of the present received laws of chymistry, optics, geology and other departments of science; while, on not a few points, even involving the elementary principles of these subjects, there exists much diversity of opinion. The atomic theory cannot yet be considered as uncontestedly established. Chymists are not agreed as to the nature of caloric—and of chymical attraction. As to the constitution of some of the acids, as well as the existence and relation of the sulpho and chloro salts, there are many questions undecided; and an obscurity still rests upon several important processes, as upon that of combustion as far as the production of light and heat is concerned, and upon all the cases of disposing affinity. Even the best established laws of chymistry cannot conduct us to results, on which we can rely without subjecting them to the *experimentum crucis*. In physical optics, "the representation of all the series of polarized tints and the colors of natural bodies by a certain universal scale—the Cartesian law of refraction when applied to the extraordinary ray in crystallized media—together with innumerable other laws, simple, natural, and resting on extensive inductions, have all been either overset, extended, or materially modified by the progress of the science." (J. F. W. Herschel.) Though the discussion has been carried on with renewed interest of late, it is yet difficult to decide between the rival claims of the theory of *undulation* and of *emission*. In *crystallography*, we know not what modifications may take place, when the facts of *dimorphism* and *pleiomorphism* shall have been collected and classified, and the laws they follow discovered. Geology, in many of its most important features, is still more unsettled; and the cultivators of a science can scarcely be more at issue than geologists have been, or even than several very distinguished ones now are. This can be hardly otherwise, since but a small portion of the earth has been examined, and that to a depth not bearing to its whole diameter a proportion greater than that of the thickness of a coat of varnish to the diameter of an eighteen inch globe.

But how different is it in physical astronomy! Here our first conclusion is our last. Here particulars have been completely subjected to generals, effects to causes. The united wisdom and experience of succeeding generations will add nothing to its theory. The only remaining work for future astronomers, is to determine with the extreme of accuracy the consequences of its rules, by the profoundest combinations of mathematics; and the magnitude of its data by the minutest scrupulousness of observation. And in this last respect, but little may be hoped for, unless instruments can be constructed and adjusted with a nicety which seems almost incompatible with the productions of the most

consummate skill. All the phenomena of this science depend upon a *single law*, which may be deduced from the simplest among them and by the rudest observation; and which has been put repeatedly to the severest trial, by a series of discoveries unparalleled in number and delicacy:—such as the precession of the equinoxes; the nutation of the earth's axis; the aberration of light; the oscillations both of the ocean and the atmosphere—and those variations in the elements of the planetary motions and orbits, termed *secular*, requiring in some cases the lapse of ages for their development. In all these instances we have not only seen every anomaly disappear, but each become a striking confirmation of the law it seemed likely to subvert. Nay, farther, this law itself has been our most efficient instrument of discovery. Many variations in the planetary motions, so delicate and refined as to elude the nicest observation, have been brought to light, by being first deduced as mathematical consequences from the general law. Such instances as these are among the triumphs of science; and we cannot put from us the consideration of them in an essay on the importance of astronomy. To do so, were to reject the noblest use of the sublimest of sciences.

I would here remark, that it is only by viewing astronomy in this light of stability and perfection, that we are prepared to appreciate its value as a branch of education. Since it is the object of education, as the word itself implies, to unfold the powers of the mind, and to prepare them to take deep root in any soil selected for their growth; it is of great consequence to introduce into a course of instruction such subjects, as by the nature of their principles and the rigor of their demonstrations, are best adapted to this purpose. Unquestionably, the study of morals and the principles of human action, is at once the most important and dignified; but we should err greatly in supposing that one can acquire a really philosophical and well balanced mind, without the cultivation of the physical sciences. It is conceded, that they draw most largely upon our powers of attention, abstraction and combination. It is said of the great founder of the Pythagorean school, that he would receive no pupil who had not attended to mathematics. He placed an inscription over his door—*Ουδεις αμαχητος εστιν*—("Let no one unskilled in geometry enter here.") And this sentiment of the philosopher has been confirmed by the experience of all succeeding ages: that those studies requiring difficult and refined applications of the mathematics are among those best adapted to the expansion of the intellectual powers:—and at the head of them all, "as the most difficult and the best perfected, as embracing a class of phenomena the most various and complicated, and as presenting a generalization the most complete, and a final result the most simple, sure, and imposing," stands physical astronomy.

Furthermore, man has been constituted a speculative being. Study is one of the wants of his humanity. He contemplates the world and the objects around him, not with a passive and indifferent gaze, as a set of phenomena in which he has no interest; but as a system which evidently has been contrived for his comfort and happiness, and for the exercise of his intellectual powers. It is for this reason, that I regard the *pleasure* which science brings to the mind, as a proper and sufficient motive for its cultivation. And when we have experienced a curiosity intense and devouring, leading us to penetrate into the recondite and beautiful relations of the physical world, we can never hear without a feeling of humiliation, the question—"to what profit is all this?" Is it not enough, that the Maker of the Universe has created all things in wisdom and in goodness—has endowed us with faculties capable of tracing in some measure the operations of his skillful hand—and has so constituted us, that such researches bring to us emotions which are among the most pleasurable our existence furnishes? Shall he have made the sun to rule by day—the moon by night;—shall he have drawn out the

"hosts of heaven," and regulated their rapid, yet calm and harmonious motions, by laws the most beautiful and simple, and evidently the mere extension of those which are in daily operation around us; and we be not allowed to investigate these things, because they do not directly place shillings and pence in our pockets? This were not only to extinguish a source of the highest pleasure, but to bury some of the richest talents committed to our care; and to yield up some of the most ennobling impulses of our nature to motives of the most sordid selfishness. I repeat it, that on this fair and elevated ground we might take our stand and vindicate the cultivation of astronomy, though it had not one useful application.

But a very eminent modern writer has justly remarked—"that in every department of natural science, the speculations of the philosopher, however remote they may for a time lead him from beaten tracks and every day uses, being grounded in the realities of nature, have all, of necessity, a practical application—nay more, such applications form the very criterions of their truth."

I cannot possibly in the time devoted to this essay, touch upon more than three or four of the many important results derived from astronomical science; and even these but hastily and imperfectly. In doing this, I shall be compelled to employed scientific terms to an extent greater than I wished. As far however as may be, I shall endeavor so to express myself, as to render my remarks intelligible to all who retain only so much of knowledge upon this subject as any elementary treatise will furnish.

In the first place, it ought not to be regarded as a small thing, that the cultivation of astronomy has removed the apprehensions and fears which so frequently seized upon the public mind on the occasion of any remarkable phenomenon among the celestial bodies. We have read of whole armies being panic-struck by an eclipse of the sun or moon. A delay in evacuating the island of Sicily on account of an eclipse of the moon, was the occasion of the death of the Athenian general, Nicias, and the destruction of his whole army; a loss so ruinous to his country, that it may be stated as the catastrophe which led to its subversion.

Alexander the Great, before the battle of Arbela, was so terrified at an eclipse of the moon, as to order sacrifices to the sun, moon and earth, as the deities which produced these phenomena. In 1686, the astronomers of all Europe agreed in announcing a conjunction of the whole planetary system, which they supposed would be accompanied by the most terrible ravages, and perhaps by the destruction of the world. On the occasion of the furious wind and remarkable heat of Oct. 30th, 1736, it was announced in the public gazettes that the sun had retrograded through several signs; and it actually became necessary for the scientific to undeceive the public mind. It was universally agreed at the close of 1768 that saturn was lost: and 1773 and 1788 were each spoken of and published as the end of the world. (See *Astronomie par Lalande*.) The comets especially have been looked upon as objects of terror by all people. They have been supposed to be ominous, and to shake from their fiery train wars, pestilence and famine. Pope Callixtus II exorcised a comet and the Turks in the same bull. (*Delambre*.) They were thought to make their appearance at the birth or death of distinguished men. Justin relates, that at the birth of Mithridates, there appeared a comet surpassing the sun in brilliancy and occupying one quarter of the heavens. One, scarcely less remarkable, is said to have appeared at the death of Julius Cæsar, and another at the birth of Mahomet. And perhaps the fears of some who now hear me, were but a year or two since excited by an expected collision between our globe and the comet of Dr. Halley. These days of superstition have either passed or are passing rapidly away. All the phenomena relating to eclipses are thoroughly understood and are susceptible of being precisely pre-

dicted. If some obscurity still rests over the nature of comets and their trains, yet we know that they constitute one family with the planets. They all move in elliptic orbits; for as to parabolic orbits, we may always substitute elliptic ones more or less elongated, which will satisfy observations equally as well. Much less has any orbit been proved to be hyperbolic. This bids all of them to our system as component parts, and subjects them to the same dynamical laws which govern all the rest. On account indeed, of the great eccentricity of their orbits, and the smallness of that portion of each which is visible to us, we cannot calculate their periodical times with the same precision as in the case of the planets; still the returns of several have been determined with sufficient accuracy to warrant the assertion, that if our data could be obtained more precisely, their periods might in all cases be truly estimated. In regard to a collision between one of these bodies and the earth, it may be shown to be impossible, so far as the 117 comets whose orbits have been calculated, are concerned. If the perihelion distance exceeds the distance of the earth from the sun, the orbit of the comet, though in the plane of the ecliptic, must include that of the earth; so that in this case there cannot possibly be a collision. If the perihelion distance be less than the distance of the earth from the sun, and the orbit still in the plane of the ecliptic, there will be two intersections, and consequently two chances of encounter; but this case is not to be found in nature. All of the known orbits are inclined to the ecliptic, and generally at a very considerable angle; in such a manner, that when the radius vector is equal to that of the earth, its latitude is so great, that the comet will pass at a considerable distance either above or below the earth. But are we not in danger of being enveloped by one of those vast luminous appendages extending so many millions of miles? Not at all. The tail is always upon the prolongation of the radius vector, so that to envelop the earth, it is necessary for the comet to be at the same time in its inferior conjunction and at one of its nodes; conditions difficult to be united, if not wholly incompatible. Neither have we any thing to fear from the perturbing force of such comets as approach the nearest to us. The nearest of all was that of 1770, which approached within 800,000 leagues; but Dusejour has shown that the effects would be inconsiderable at the distance of 13,000 leagues. And we do certainly know that our astronomical tables have needed no corrections on account of the attraction of comets; a sufficient proof of the smallness of their nucleus and the extreme tenuity of the matter composing their trains. If additional evidence of this fact were required, it is furnished by the comet of 1770; which actually became entangled among the satellites of Jupiter, and yet produced no perceptible derangement in their motions. (*See Astronomie par Delambre, T. III. Ch. 20.*)

Furthermore, chymistry and its kindred sciences have been very justly considered important, by reason of the erroneous impressions they have served to remove relative to the constitution of the material world; nor has astronomy been less serviceable in this respect. The stars are no longer believed to preside over the destinies of men. We consider it of no great consequence now-a-days under what aspect of the planets a man be born; and the points of the horoscope are mere objects of curiosity. The sun, planets, and assemblage of fixed stars are no longer linked severally to transparent shells, by the revolution of which they are carried about us in twenty-four hours. The earth is no longer the centre of the universe, essentially endowed with immobility and extending indefinitely beneath and around us: but takes its place as an inconsiderable satellite to the sun, and by a double motion, the one on its axis, and the other in its orbit, gives rise to the succession of day and night, and the recurrence of the seasons. We no longer stand in need of *vertices* to explain the celestial motions, but are perfectly assured that the falling of a leaf, and the running of a

brook, are only familiar and particular instances of a great law extending throughout the universe, and controlling alike the mote which glitters in the sun-beam and the planet which sweeps its ample rounds through the regions of space.

In the second place, astronomy furnishes us with our measure of time. We have no adequate means of measuring time but by motion; and motion for this purpose must be perfectly uniform. If the force of gravitation is always the same at the same place—which is not only very probable but susceptible of experimental proof—it can be mathematically demonstrated, that the oscillations of a cycloidal pendulum, as well as those of a pendulum vibrating in extremely small circular arcs, are isochronous. Such a pendulum therefore might furnish us a unit of time: yet it would be an objectionable one in several respects. In the first place, there is nothing requiring us to adopt a pendulum of one length rather than another; the unit of time then would be different at different places, unless mankind agreed universally to adopt one of the same length. In the second place, should they thus agree, to say nothing of the practical difficulty of making two pendulums of precisely the same length, these pendulums will not vibrate equally when suspended at different points upon the earth's surface. In the third place, the oscillation of a pendulum, is a portion of time too small to serve as a unit. While then the pendulum in the present improved state of its application to clocks, is of very essential service in dividing time into minute portions, for the reasons just stated it cannot afford a convenient standard of time.

Writers on physical astronomy have proved that among the ever varying elements of the solar system, the period of the earth's rotation on its axis is immutable. Many causes indeed might be conceived to affect the truth of this statement: such as the descent of rivers—the ascent of vapors—the projected matter of volcanoes—the constant friction of the trade winds—and the action of the sun, moon and planets, which is known to be quite considerable in modifying its motion in its orbit. But not one of these singly, nor all combined, can produce any perceptible effect upon either the period or the axis of rotation. By this uniform rotation then, we are furnished with as perfect a standard of time as we could wish. Yet its practical application is encumbered with some difficulties. If the stars were absolutely fixed, the successive returns of any one of them to the meridian of a place, would mark the period of that rotation, and the sidereal days would all be equal among themselves. But there are deranging causes, variable in their effects, both as to degree and direction, which render the transits of all the stars unequal, when compared, the one with another. These inequalities are indeed extremely small, and altogether imperceptible in the course of a few days. But still they exist, and become perceptible in their accumulations. If, however, we define a sidereal day to be the time of the earth's rotation, although it is not equal precisely to the interval between the transits of a star, yet it is a quantity which may be calculated from that interval, and therefore available as a unit of time. But our daily occupations and our seasons of labor and of rest being regulated by the motion of the sun, it is very desirable to adopt its transits as our measure of time, instead of those of a fixed star. For if we were to reckon the day as commencing at the arrival of any star on the meridian, in the course of a year this arrival would happen when the sun would be at all possible angular distances from the same meridian, and consequently our days so reckoned would be commencing at different parts of the *working day*, which is naturally determined by the sun. Hence mankind have universally agreed to make use of the motion of the sun as a standard of time; the returns of which to the same meridian and equinox, constitute the day and the year. But the solar days are not equal among themselves, for two reasons: the first is, because the proper motion of the sun is unequal, owing to the eccentricity of its orbit;

the second is, because its proper motion is not in the plane of the apparent revolution of the heavens, owing to the obliquity of the ecliptic.

To make the inequality of the proper motion arising from the eccentricity of the orbit disappear, we imagine a second sun to move uniformly in the ecliptic, and to arrive at the extremity of the major axis, at the same instant with the true sun. To make the inequality arising from the obliquity of the ecliptic disappear, we imagine a third sun to move uniformly in the equator, so as to pass the equinoxes at the same moment with the second sun. The interval between the transits of the third sun constitutes the *mean solar day*; that between any two consecutive transits of the true sun, the *true solar day*; and the difference between these days is the *equation of time*. It is to the motion of this third sun, or to mean time, we adjust our clocks and watches; and we obtain it always from the true time by applying the equation of time, which is beforehand accurately calculated for every day and hour of the year. In these remarks, we have supposed the position of the equinoxes and the obliquity of the ecliptic to be constant. They both however are variable; and it is important to ascertain the effect which their variations will have on the length of the mean day. This has been done by Laplace, who has proved that its length will be altered only a few seconds in the course of many millions of years. (*Mécanique Céleste*. B. V. Ch. 1.)

The return of the second sun to the vernal equinox determines the *tropical year*. I ought properly to say something here relative to the determination of the length of the year, and to the several revisions which have been had of the calendar. I have already, however, unduly extended my remarks upon this branch of our subject, and must pass on to others.

In the third place: although the appearances both on land and sea, and particularly the changes in the zenith distances of the stars, which are so very observable in travelling towards either pole, did at an early period suggest the idea of the earth's surface being in some manner curved; yet the notions entertained were generally fanciful and incorrect; as that of Aristotle's, for instance, who supposed the curvature to extend but in one direction, or in other words, that the earth was shaped like a drum. Further observation soon, indeed, corrected this, and other equally absurd notions, and induced the scientific of those early ages to settle down in the opinion that its shape was a perfect sphere. Under this supposition, we find Anaximander, Eratosthenes and Posidonius, making rude attempts at its measurement and the location of places upon its surface. It was not, however, until astronomy had attained a greater degree of perfection, that the true figure and size of the earth became known. Modern astronomy furnishes four methods by which this important problem may be solved.

The first is, by the actual measurement of arcs of meridians and of parallels on different parts of its surface. The principle on which this method is founded, is extremely simple. The difference between the zenith distances of the same star observed at any two places on the same meridian, is the celestial arc which measures the distance between the zeniths of these places; and the distance between the places themselves is the length of the corresponding terrestrial arc; and as this celestial arc is to 360 degrees, so is the length of the terrestrial arc to the whole circumference of the earth. Thus, on the day of the summer solstice, Eratosthenes observed at Syene, that the sun shone perpendicular into a well, and that the tallest objects had no shadow. The sun, therefore, was in the zenith of that place. On the same day the sun was observed at Alexandria to be $7^{\circ} 12'$ to the south of the zenith, and consequently this was the difference between the zeniths of the two places. Then as $7^{\circ} 12' : 360^{\circ} :: 5000$ stadia (the measured distance between Alexandria and Syene) : 250,000 stadia nearly,—the circumference of the earth. This method as applied by Eratosthenes was very de-

fective. The zenith distance of the sun at Alexandria, was observed with a very imperfect instrument; no allowance was made for atmospheric refraction—for the parallax and semi-diameter of the sun—and the distance between Alexandria and Syene was rudely measured along the surface of the earth. But modern science has brought this method to a great degree of perfection, and as conducted in England by Colonel Mudge, in France by Delambre and Mechain, in Peru by Bouguer and La Condamine, and in Lapland by Clairaut and Maupertuis, is one of the proudest monuments of the scientific character of the age. The lengths of a degree of the meridian, when thus measured under different latitudes are found to be unequal. They increase from the equator to the pole, and very nearly in the ratio of the squares of the sines of latitude. These data being ascertained, it is a simple mathematical problem to determine the solid of revolution which is best adapted to them. We thus find the earth to be an elliptic spheroid, whose equatorial radius is equal to 3962.6 miles, and polar radius to 3949.7 miles; its compression being represented by the fraction $1-300$ nearly.

The second method is, by observing the intensity of gravitation at different points on the earth's surface; which is done very accurately by means of the seconds pendulum. The length of a pendulum vibrating seconds is found to increase from the equator to the poles in the ratio of the squares of the sines of latitude. Instead then of the measured length of a degree on different parts of a meridian, as in the former case, we may employ the lengths of a pendulum which vibrates seconds at these same points; since they increase according to the same law. And this method indeed is to be preferred somewhat to the former one, because it is easier of application, and the irregularities of the earth, affect the observations in a much less sensible manner.

The third method is, by observing the inequalities in the motion of the moon, which result from the want of perfect sphericity in the earth, and comparing the values derived from observation, with those which result from theory, on the supposition that the earth is an elliptic spheroid, which exerts upon the moon an action modified by its figure. Pontécoulant considers this as the most wonderful result of the application of analysis to the law of universal attraction, and as meriting a very important place in the history of the progress of the human mind. Laplace first conceived the idea, and in his immortal work, the *Mécanique Céleste*, has developed it in all its details. Employing the observations of Burg, he finds the compression of the earth equal to $1-304$; which, considering the difficulties encumbering every other method, is to be relied on as the most correct determination.

The fourth and last method is, by the nutation of the earth's axis, and the precession of the equinoxes. This does not determine the ellipticity of the earth precisely, but defines limits within which its value must of necessity lie. These limits are $1-279$ and $1-578$. (*See Théorie Analytique du Système du Monde, par Pontécoulant. T. II, p. 475.*)

In the fourth place: how may we ascertain our true position on this globe of ours? In principle just as we should ascertain the position of any point upon that floor. By measurement we should obtain its perpendicular distance from two adjacent walls. This would perfectly define the point, so that we could locate it accurately upon a plot of the floor, were it required. So it is with regard to places upon the surface of the earth. We refer them to two fixed circles at right angles to each other; the one, any assumed meridian, and the other, the equinoctial line. The only difference is, that instead of measuring, as in the instance of a point on the floor, in a straight line, and reckoning in feet and inches; we measure along circles, and reckon in degrees, minutes and seconds. The distance of a place from the equinoctial line we call *latitude*, and its distance from the assumed meridian we call *longitude*. I can here but

briefly allude to some of the simplest methods of finding these two elements; and shall confine myself entirely to the principles upon which they are based. During the apparent revolution of the heavens, there are two points which have no motion. These are called *poles of the heavens*, and the one which is visible to us is the north pole. Upon any clear night the stars near this pole may be seen to describe circles whose circumferences are greater in proportion to their distances from it; and all, whose distances are less than the altitude of the pole above the horizon, will never set. Such are called *circumpolar stars*. It may be readily proved that the latitude of any place is equal to the altitude of the pole above the horizon of that place. If then the pole were a point visibly marked out in the heavens, we should only have to take its altitude with a suitable instrument and apply the correction for refraction, nutation, &c. to obtain the latitude of a place. But the pole is not thus visibly marked, though there is a star of the second magnitude very near to it. It however will add but little to the difficulty of the problem, to observe the greatest and least altitudes of a circumpolar star: the mean between which will be evidently the altitude of the pole, or which is the same thing, the latitude of the place. Again, the distance from the zenith to the equator (which is the latitude,) is equal to 90° minus the altitude of the plane of the equator above the horizon. But the meridian altitude of the sun, plus or minus its declination, according as it is south or north, is equal to the altitude of the equator. This then is another very ready method of observing the latitude of a place; and is by no means confined to the sun. Any planet or fixed star will serve our purpose as well. Other methods, as by the altitudes of any two fixed stars—by two altitudes of the same star—by the hour angle and azimuth of the sun, while they are simple enough in practice, are too complicated to explain in a popular way.

The problem of finding the longitude of a place is not quite so easily resolved, although several methods have been devised for this purpose. They all, however, are based upon a common principle, to explain which, we must first draw a distinction between *absolute* and *local* time. *Absolute* time is reckoned from some epoch common to the whole earth, as for instance, the arrival of the sun at the equinox; while *local* time is reckoned from some epoch peculiar to a place, such for example, as the arrival of the sun to the meridian of a place, and is different for different places. Every well adjusted clock shows *local mean* time, and without alteration, would not answer for any other place under a different meridian. A watch, for example, adjusted to the mean time of Lynchburg, would not answer for Richmond or Nashville. Now, in what does this difference between the local times of any two places, consist? In nothing more than the lapse of time which the sun requires to pass from the meridian of the one place to that of the other; and since it passes over 360° in 24 hours, it will pass over 15° in one hour, and so on proportionally for shorter intervals of time. So that if we knew the difference of the local times of any two places, we should know their difference of longitude, by simply converting the difference of their times into degrees, minutes and seconds, on the principle above explained. If a watch then, perfectly regular in its motion, were adjusted to Lynchburg time, and being transported to Richmond, were placed by the side of one equally regular and adjusted to the time of that place, a simple comparison of their faces would give us the difference of the longitudes of the two places. But watches and clocks cannot be made to run with perfect regularity. Much indeed has been done to bring them to a considerable degree of perfection, and for the space of a few hours their irregularity may be rendered quite imperceptible. To have the full advantage, however, of a time-piece, it must be stationary and its rate of going tested frequently by delicate observations. This is incompatible with its removal from place to place, as above spoken of;—but this difficulty may be thus obviated. Suppose, that on

the night of the 28th it is agreed to explode a sky-rocket in the neighborhood of Cumberland Court House, and that it may be seen from both this place and Richmond. On the appointed night, two observers, the one in Lynchburg and the other in Richmond, take their stations at clocks nicely adjusted to the local times of the two places, and keep a look out for the expected explosion. On account of the great velocity of light, they will both see it at the same instant of absolute time; and each notes down the moment of its occurrence as indicated by his clock. By comparing these moments with each other, the difference of longitude in time is at once determined. Now in place of the sky-rocket, substitute an eclipse of one of Jupiter's satellites, or an immersion of one of them into the shadow of its primary, or the beginning or ending of an eclipse of the moon, or the true conjunction of the sun and moon in an eclipse of the sun, and you will have the principle of several valuable and practical methods of finding the longitude.

But the phenomena just spoken of, occur but occasionally, and require a telescope of moderate power. And considering how frequently the longitude is required at sea, it is highly desirable to devise a method which may be employed daily if circumstances demand. Such a method we have in *lunar distances*, first hinted at by Werner, and applied by Frisius; and afterwards perfected by Halley, La Caille and Maskelyne. The principle of this method is simple, though its application is laborious. If the face of a clock were visibly traced out in the heavens in characters so legible that all the world could read them, (See Herschel,) and were nicely adjusted to Greenwich mean time; from the remarks which I have made it is obvious, that by the comparison of the local time of any place with that indicated by this celestial clock, we should at once obtain the difference of longitude between Greenwich and that place. Such a clock we have, unlike indeed our artificial ones in its construction, yet free from their errors and derangements, and therefore greatly to be preferred, although a little more difficult to be interpreted. The apparent concave sphere is the dial-plate—the fixed stars are the figures engraven upon its face—and the moon is the moveable index, which points out by its position among the stars the local time of that place to which this celestial clock is set. It is adjusted to Greenwich time in the following manner. The lunar tables have been brought to such a degree of perfection by the analytical researches of Laplace and the numerical calculations of Delambre, that we may ascertain years before hand and for any given moment the precise angular distance of the moon from any fixed star. These calculations are made for very short intervals of time and for the meridian of Greenwich and inserted in the nautical almanac. Then if at any place, as at this for instance, by means of a suitable instrument, we observe the distance of the moon from any noted fixed star near to and in the direction of its path, together with the altitudes of the moon and star, we have the data necessary for calculating the precise hour of the observation and the true distance corresponding to that hour. Opposite this true distance in the nautical almanac, the corresponding Greenwich time is tabulated. The difference of these times, is the difference of longitude, as in the former methods. It may be well to remark here, that though the details of this method are numerous and tedious, its accuracy in the hands of skilful observers, has been abundantly tested—especially in the voyages of Maskelyne and Rossel. These are the most important methods of calculating the position of places on the earth. And of what immense advantage are they to the interests of mankind! Without them, each one's knowledge of the earth would have been limited to his own narrow observations and the vague and uncertain information of itinerants. Maps and charts, and a science of geography, would have been unknown. No whitening sail would have been seen upon that vast expanse of waters which

separates our continents: and no country could have had any other commerce than such as might be carried on along its winding shores and its inland streams.

In the fifth place: the interests of every commercial people, require that all measures of length, weight and capacity in use among them be uniform. They cannot be so rendered unless proper units be assumed, by comparison with which all others may from time to time be tested, and if erroneous, corrected. New measures are not generally taken immediately from these assumed units, but from others which have been so taken; and as it is extremely difficult, if not impossible to cut two rods of precisely the same length, after a while, errors of a considerable magnitude arise: as one may convince himself by referring to a Report made to the U. S. Senate in 1821, on "Weights and Measures," by J. Q. Adams; or to one more recently made in accordance with a resolution of Congress by F. S. Hassler. For example, the Winchester bushel was made, by an act of Congress, the standard dry measure of capacity, and ordered to be used in all the custom houses throughout the Union. But in Hassler's "Report," we find the bushel measure at Newburn, N. C., containing 87 lbs. 8 oz. of distilled water at 40° of Fahrenheit, while that at Washington, N. C. contained only 73 lbs. 12 oz. Here we have a difference of 14 lbs. 12 oz. between these two measures purporting to be the same. Again, the capacity of the bushel at Bath, Me., is recorded as being 1925 cubic inches—that at Norfolk, Va., 2325½ cubic inches—and that at Plymouth, Mass., 2359 cubic inches. Between the two former, there is a difference of 300½ cubic inches; and between the first and third, a difference of no less than 434 cubic inches. These reports show similar diversities among the measures of length and weight. With a view to correct these errors, proceedings were instituted by Congress in 1831, under the personal supervision of Mr. Hassler, by whom the necessary units were procured and laid up in the Department of State, and correct copies distributed to the various custom houses. The units of measure to be employed in this adjustment, were declared by an act of Congress to be as follows: viz: the troy pound, made by Capt. Kater, in 1824, for the U. S. Mint, and as the special request of Mr. Gallatin, was adopted as the unit of weights. This pound is subdivided into 5760 grains, and the pound avoirdupois made to consist of 7000 such grains. The bushel was made the unit of dry measure, and contains 77.6274 lbs. avoirdupois of distilled water at 40° Fahrenheit. The gallon was made the unit of liquid measure, and contains 8.33888 lbs. avoirdupois of distilled water at the same temperature. A copy of the yard laid up in the Exchequer of England, and made by Thomas Jones of London at the request of our State Department, was made the unit of length.

It is evident that all our measures of length, weight and capacity are referred to these particular units, and by comparison with them, are to be corrected. But these units are liable to be lost by fire, by foreign invasion, or by some other accident. And if not so; yet by use and by corrosion, the metals of which they are composed may perceptibly wear away. How important then is it to fix some standard of measures, which will be independent of moral revolutions, so that it may be consulted centuries hence with the same results we obtain now; and to which the units above spoken of may themselves be referred for correction if erroneous, or for restoration if lost. In not containing a provision of this sort, the act of Congress on "Weights and Measures" is manifestly defective. The governments of England and France have paid very special attention to this point. The former has adopted as a standard, the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds on the parallel of London in the vacuum of an air-pump and at 60° of F. The latter the one-10,000,000th part of the quadrant of a meridian. These are the only standards as yet known; and their accuracy depends upon the improved state of astronomy and the arts. This beautiful appli-

cation of the pendulum, depends upon two principles immediately deduced from the law of gravitation. The first is, that the vibrations of a pendulum are isochronal, provided the arcs of vibration be extremely small. The second is, that the same pendulum will perform an equal number of vibrations in equal portions of time, provided its length remains unaltered. The immediate deduction from the last mentioned property is, that the length of a pendulum made to vibrate seconds at any place is an invariable quantity. Now by an act of Parliament, the yard is declared to be made up of 36 equal parts, the length of each of these being such, that 39 of them and 134-1000 of a part shall constitute the length of a seconds pendulum vibrating under the circumstances above mentioned. Should every measuring rod in the kingdom, together with all measures of weight and capacity, be destroyed, how easy would be the task to restore them. For this purpose, we have only on the prescribed latitude, in the vacuum of an air pump and at 60° F., to so adjust the length of a pendulum, that it shall perform 86,164 oscillations during the revolution of a fixed star. Then if the length of this pendulum be divided into 39,134 equal parts, thirty six of these will be the yard. Having thus restored the unit of linear measures, those of weight and capacity follow of course, since by the act of Parliament above referred to, they are made to depend upon linear measurement. It may be well just here to remark, that the mutual convertibility of the points of suspension and oscillation in the compound pendulum, as practically applied by Capt. Kater, enables us to measure the length of the seconds pendulum with extreme accuracy. The standard above explained is not without its objections. One far more elegant and scientific, though not so readily applied, is that employed by the French. The 1-10,000,000th part of the quadrant of a meridian they assumed to be the *metre*—their unit of linear measure. In order to recover it at any time, it is only necessary to measure the quadrant of the meridian with a rod of any arbitrary and unknown length. Suppose the length of the meridian proves to be 8,000,000 of this arbitrary rod. This rod then is to the *metre* as 10,000,000 to 8,000,000, or as 10 to 8. In other words, if this rod be divided into 10 equal parts, 8 of them will be the length of the *metre*. Doubtless an error will occur in measuring the quadrant of the meridian: but only the 1-10,000,000th part of this can effect the *metre*. (For fuller details see *Basis du Systeme Metrique*.)

In the sixth place: the application of astronomical science to the determination of chronological dates, is one in which the learned have always been deeply interested. To such a degree of perfection have the solar and lunar tables been brought, that the state of the heavens at any former period may be ascertained with great precision. Any well attested observation, therefore, made by ancient astronomers, enables us to ascertain the time at which the observation was made. I must limit myself to two or three illustrations.

In an ancient volume, which escaped the general conflagration of the Chinese books by order of the emperor Tsin-chi-hoang, 246 years before the Christian era, there is recorded an observation of Tcheou-Koung: by which he ascertained that at the city of Loyang, a gnomon of 8 Chinese feet east, on the day of summer solstice, a shadow of 1.5 feet: and on the day of winter solstice a shadow of 13 feet. These measured lengths of the shadows at the two solstices, enable us to deduce the extreme distances of the sun from the zenith of Loyang. Indeed, in each case the zenith distance is nothing more than the angle which the solar rays made with the axis of the gnomon, the tangent of which in the first, is expressed by 1.5-8, and in the second by 13-8. After making the necessary corrections for the semi-diameter of the sun, parallax and refraction, we find the zenith distance at the summer solstice to be 10° 53' 7.51"; and the zenith distance at the winter solstice to be 58° 41' 13.81". The half sum of these distances, viz: 34° 47' 10.66", is the latitude of Loyang;—the half dif-

ference, viz: $23^{\circ} 54' 3''.15$, is the obliquity of the ecliptic at the time of observation. But this obliquity is a variable quantity, whose law of variation is well known, and by which we can determine what the obliquity was at any given time past, or at what time the obliquity was of a given value. The time corresponding to its value as deduced from the above observation, is 1100 years B. C. This determination is altogether accurate, provided the observation of the Chinese philosopher be so. This, however, can be tested; and as follows. Geographers agree that the place formerly called Loyang, is now called Hou-an-fou. Three observations on the latitude of this place, performed by Father Gaubie, a learned missionary to China, give for its value $34^{\circ} 47' 13''$; which differs but $2''$ from the result of Tchou-Koung. (See *Biot or Freret*.)

The next example I will introduce in the words of Bailey as quoted by Brayley. "There is probably no fact in ancient history, that has given rise to so much interest as the solar eclipse, mentioned by Herodotus, and which, owing to a singular coincidence, put an end to a furious war that raged between Cyaxares, king of Media, and Alyattes, king of Lydia. According to the account given by that historian, the contest had continued five years: in the sixth, there was a sort of nocturnal combat. For, after an equal fortune on both sides, and whilst the two armies were engaging, the day suddenly became night. The Lydians and the Medes, seeing that the night had thus taken the place of the day, desisted from the combat, and both parties became desirous of making peace. The fact is here very clearly related; but, unfortunately, there is nothing, either in the statement itself, or in the contiguous passages to determine, with any degree of accuracy, the time wherein this singular phenomenon took place. And this is the more to be regretted, because the dates of several other events, might be determined if the era of this eclipse were correctly known."

From other sources we know that this eclipse must have occurred between the years 580 and 650 B. C. It is only necessary then to calculate all the solar eclipses visible in Asia Minor during this interval of 70 years: a labor which has been performed with ability by Bailey. And in all this time, he found only one eclipse which fulfilled the conditions required. This happened on Sept. 30th, 610 B. C. It was total, to part of Asia Minor, Armenia and Media; "and the path of the moon's umbra lay in the very track in which the two hostile armies probably met. For it passed over the mouth of the Halys, just at the point at which Cræsus, the immediate successor of Alyattes, crossed that river in order to attack the Median empire."

The last illustration, I shall give, under this head of our subject, is the detection of an error of upwards of four years in the vulgar era of our Saviour's birth—an era which owes its origin to Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot.

Josephus records an eclipse of the moon as happening during the last illness of Herod. This eclipse by computation, must have occurred on March 13th, 4710 of the Julian period. Our Saviour was born at that time; for Herod sought the life of the young child. The latest time, therefore, at which we can fix the era of his birth, is about the end of the year 4708 of the Julian period; whereas our vulgar era places it in the year 4713—at least four years too late.

These instances will serve to show, in what manner history owes its best established dates to astronomy.

In the sixth and last place: passing by many very interesting relations which astronomy bears to other sciences, I will conclude this lecture with a few remarks upon the vast conceptions of the power of God, which this science above all others impresses upon the mind—to say nothing of his wisdom and goodness which we find everywhere displayed in the laws which he has chosen for the government of all those various motions which we observe in the universe. It is too frequently supposed that the estimates of astronomers relative to

the magnitudes and distances of the heavenly bodies, are fanciful and false. This, however, is a mistake. By measuring the height of the building we now occupy, and by taking the angles at its summit and base between a vertical line, and an imaginary one drawn to any distant point, as for example to the top of the Peaks of Otter, every schoolboy knows that the distance of that point from us becomes known. Such precisely is the solution of the problem for finding the distance of the earth from the sun. And I venture to assert, that a mechanic could not by means of a foot rule, ascertain the length of this floor, without making a proportionable error greater than that which enters into our estimated distance from the sun. For, if in applying the rule successively along the floor about 50 times, he should make an error of only the one fiftieth of an inch, this will allow an error of 3,200 miles in an equally accurate measurement of the distance of the earth from the sun—an error so great, that it is excluded by the perfection of modern astronomical instruments. This distance is thus found to be about 96,000,000 of miles: and its diameter, which is readily deduced from its distance, such that if its centre coincided with that of the earth, its radius would extend to nearly double the distance of the moon from us, although the distance of this satellite is not less than 237,000 miles. Far as the earth seems to be from the sun, yet it is near compared with the distance of the planet Uranus. At this point our progress is stayed—a point, seen from which, our own sun is reduced to a mere speck. Beyond this utmost verge of our own system, and between it and the nearest star, "there is a great gulf fixed," which it is impossible for calculation to pass. Forsaking the infinitesimal dimensions of our own globe, we eagerly seize upon the diameter of our orbit as the base of a triangle whose apex shall extend to the stars. But sublime as the assumption is, it proves ineffectual: for our orbit itself, whose diameter is 192,000,000 of miles, dwindles to a mere point compared with the distance of the nearest fixed star. But there is abundant reason to believe that the fixed stars are of the same nature with our sun, and made to fulfil similar offices of shedding light and heat to attendant planets; and from what we know of our own system, we cannot put from us the conclusion that all of the others are contrived for the abode of animated and rational creatures. How magnificent is the scale of creation here presented to us! Where shall we find a parallel? Whether we consider the number—the magnitude—the distances of the heavenly bodies—or the ends they probably subserve, we are at once elevated to conceptions by far too vast for the grasp of a finite mind. Here is an exhibition which overwhelms us with the omnipotence of Him who spake, and it was done! I cannot forbear to add, that the use made of such contemplations by the eloquent Psalmist, was no less philosophical than devout. Feeling the full force of the argument of the existence and the power of God drawn from the grandeur of the universe, he exclaims—"The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." That many very eminent cultivators of this science have been infidels, and some of them atheists, I am ready to admit. But this is only another confirmation of the well established truth: that without the light of Revelation and those corresponding affections of heart which it is intended to produce, man sees not God in the works of his power. The whole history of our species abundantly confirms this remark. To take but one instance, and that a very familiar one: in what age or portion of the world, was there ever exhibited a development of mental energy, surpassing that which adorned the republic of Greece? It was the country of a line of heroes from Codrus to Philipem. There, the sculptured marble and the painted canvass were well nigh made to breathe. There flowed the majestic numbers of a Homer, and the exquisitely po-

lished measures of a Sophocles. There the spirit was either soothed by the melting tones from the lyre of an Orpheus, or aroused by the all-kindling and irresistible eloquence of a Demosthenes. And yet, in this land of philosophy, and patriotism, and eloquence and song—in the midst of Athens, that metropolitan city of all that was refined and elegant, we find an altar to the "Unknown God." So likewise it is with individuals. However refined and learned a man may be—however vast his intellect—however extensively and accurately he may acquaint himself with nature and her manifold operations; yet, if his heart be not prepared by a process of a different character, to look through all these things up to nature's God, he will invariably stop at the laws of these operations, and setting them up as gods, will bow down himself unto them and worship them. It is not right to charge this or any other branch of science with the infidelity of its votaries. They are such, not because of philosophy, but in spite of philosophy and revelation too. Let but the religious affections be properly cultivated—let Christ but lay the hand of his healing power upon the human heart, then will the understanding be prepared to see in all things the finger of God, and to praise him not only in the "firmament of his power," but in the "tints and texture of every petal that drinks the dew, and in the wings and antennæ of every gnat that hums in the evening air:" or as the inimitable Shakspeare has it, to

Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

SOMETHING ON SONNETS.

"Scorn not the Sonnet! Critic, you have frown'd
Mindless of its just honors: with this key,
Shakspeare unlocked his heart: the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound:
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound:
Camdens soothed with it an exile's grief
The Sonnet glittered, a gay myrtle leaf,
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways: and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!"

Wordsworth.

A most admirable review of the poetry of William Wordsworth, in the first pages of the December Messenger, contains some reflections upon the Sonnet, which have set me upon the whim-wham of weaving a chaplet of those delightful poems for the pages of the February number. I do not mean to prove, or disprove anything in this undertaking, more than to prove my own love of that species of verse, and to disprove, if I can, the validity of the arguments which critics are too much in the habit of using, while attempting to decry it. The remark, for instance, of the Wordsworth critic in the Messenger, in relation to Milton, that his sonnets "have been nobly redeemed from oblivion by a few happy ideas, grand thoughts, and eminently poetical lines: but—not wrought with the fine polish and artist-like finish which become the Sonnet;"—is one to which I must begin this (anything but critical) article, with taking a decided exception. And I shall transcribe one of the great poet's Sonnets to bear me out.

"ON MY BLINDNESS.

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me, useless, though my soul were bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide:
'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies,—'God does not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke,—they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean, without rest.
They also serve, who only stand and wait.'"

Nor can I quite agree with the critic when he describes the merits of Shakspeare's sonnets as "independent, if not in despite, of their form." I had occasion to turn over Steevens the other day to find some clue to one of Shakspeare's disputed passages, while preparing an article upon the Text of Shakspeare for the Messenger, and I remember to have met, among the notes of that critic, this same idea, in a more extended form: and I could not help turning to the following, as pregnant proofs of the invalidity of the criticism. He is addressing an imaginary mistress, the eidolon of nearly all his sonnetizing.

"Oh how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,—
Hang on such thorns,—and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked bud discloses:
But, (for their virtue only is their show,)
They live unwood'd, and unrespected fade,—
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so:
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth."

But if that be all a Sonnet should be, what degree of worth shall this be measured by, that follows?

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh for lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I now pay, as if not paid before.
But if, the while, I think on thee, my friend,
All losses are restored, all sorrows end."

I have in my possession a beautiful edition of "Specimens of English Sonnets," dedicated to Mr. Wordsworth, in the notes of the editor of which, the Rev. Mr. Dyce, I observe the Sonnets of Wordsworth clas-

sified as "in power and poetic feeling, superior to all similar compositions in the language, *save those of Shakespeare and Milton*." Of Milton's, the same editor remarks, that "in easy majesty, and severe beauty, they are unequalled by any other compositions of the kind:" and of Shakespeare's, he says: "they contain such a quantity of profound thought as must astonish every reflecting reader; they are adorned by splendid and delicate imagery; they are sublime, pathetic, tender, or sweetly playful; while they delight the ear by their fluency, and their varied harmonies of rhythm." Wordsworth himself says of the Sonnet,

"—With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart:"

And, again, that,

"—when a damp
Fell round the path of *Milton*, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few!"

But all this is apart from the main object of this paper. I have only indulged in this seeming controversial strain, by way of claiming for those two noble poets that justice in comparison, which the otherwise very discriminating critic of the Messenger is willing to allow them, by themselves considered. With every word he says of the Sonnet, *per se*, the writer I have mentioned will find me fully and deeply sympathizing;—and as to Wordsworth's sonnets, he has but deepened the admiration I have always felt while poring over those richest gems of modern poetry. He has copied many of the best of these in his sparkling article. Yet there is one, he omits, but which, from its very resemblance to those of his two illustrious exemplars in Sonnet-writing, has ever been supreme upon my list of favorites. I mean that which he addressed "To the Lady Beaumont."

"Lady! the songs of spring were in the grove
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers:
While I was planting green unfading bowers,
And shrubs to hang upon the warm alcove,
And sheltering wall; and still, as fancy wove
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers
I gave this paradise for winter-hours
A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shall rove.
Yes! when the sun of life more feebly shines,
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom,
Or of high gladness, you shall hither bring:
And these perennial bowers, and murmuring pines,
Be gracious as the music and the bloom,
And all the mighty ravishment of spring!"

The Lord Surrey first introduced the Sonnet into the English language, about the middle of the sixteenth century. He published his "Songes and Sonnettes" in the year 1557. But it is the most ancient form of Italian poetry: and at a still earlier period was in use by the Provençals. In Italy it was first cultivated by the poet Fra Guittone, and was nearly a century in attaining the perfection, (for so it must be considered,) to which Petrarch elevated it. In France, the Sonnet has never gained a worthy celebrity, being, in that country, a mere vehicle for that sportive kind of verse which we call *crambo*,—(or something like it,)—a de-

secration, indeed! In Germany, it has been cultivated to some extent, but the language of that country is ill-adapted to its rules. In Spain, as in Italy, it has been more successful, although, in both those countries, there have been poets who have done that beautiful form of verse no honor. The same may be said of many of the writers in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, both in England and at home, who have essayed

"To bend the iron bow of *Cœur de Lion*,
And wield the club of *Hercules*."

These "climbers upon Richmond, fancying it *Parnassus*," to borrow a quaint conceit of Charles Lamb, (dear Elia!) look at the Sonnet, and, finding it mathematically described in the books, as consisting of so many lines, and so many parts, and so many syllables, and so many rhymes, take comfort to themselves that they know their Cocker, and can count their fingers and thumbs, and form capital letters, in round Italian hand; and so they settle themselves to write Sonnets: and—"*hinc illæ lachrymæ*!"

Lieber very tersely defines the Sonnet thus: (after describing the proper construction of the lines, &c. according to the rules, q. v.) "it generally contains one principal idea, pursued through the various antitheses of the different strophes, and adorned with the charm of rhyme."

Montgomery (the elder) in his beautiful Lecture on "The Form of Poetry," says, "There is not a popular one in the English language: there are hundreds in the Italian." This is true, yet deceptive. It is true, just as it is to say that poetry is popular in Italy, but not in England; and if it applies to the Sonnet more than to any other verse, it is only because that, in Italy, there is no verse so commonly in vogue. Yet the English Sonnet is as popular, perhaps, as any other form of English poetry, if we except the Ballad; and the preference given to that form arises more from the story of which it is usually the vehicle, than from the verse itself. The native language of the Italian is Music—Poetry, and he

"Lisps in numbers, and the numbers come."

Yet even our rigid critic, just quoted, agrees that there are some specimens extant, which "have redeemed the English language from the opprobrium of not admitting the legitimate Sonnet, in its severest, as well as its most elegant construction." And here is one in proof, by Wordsworth, which the critic of the Messenger and myself have both as yet left unquoted. It is the Answer of the Men of Tyrol to the French foe, who has demanded the surrender of their Alpine homes.

"This land we, from our fathers, had in trust,—
And to our children will transmit,—or die!
This is our maxim: *this* our piety!
And God and Nature say that it is just!
That which we *would* perform in arms, we must!
We read the dictate in the infant's eye,—
In the wife's smile,—and in the placid sky,
And at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us. *Sing aloud*
Old Songs,—the precious music of the heart!
Give, herds and flocks! your voices to the wind,

While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons in the fearless hand, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind."

This is beyond, above, and out of all reach of comparison or of criticism. It is *THE SONNET, per excellence*. Yet, reader, stay one moment longer for this jewel of John Leyden's: and those of you who do not remember who John Leyden is, read Lockhart's *Life of Walter Scott*.

"ON THE SABBATH MORNING.

"With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by, in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales, that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move.—
So smiled the day when the first morn arose!"

Who says that this is not a genuine Sonnet?
But I have detained my patient (perhaps I should
say my sleepy) reader, too long, and must even now
let go his button; but this I will not do without again
repeating the *refrain* of my droning song about Son-
nets in his ear:

"Scorn not the Sonnet!"

J. F. O.

SPECIMEN OF CAUSTICITY.

In an old *Edinburg Review* (No. 31), is an article in reply to an abusive pamphlet written against the *Review* by some tutor or Fellow in the University of Oxford. Judging merely by the article itself, without seeing aught on the other side of the controversy, it is one of the most overwhelming in power of ridicule, satire, and argument, that the annals of controversy afford. The following is among the strongest concentrations of bitterness:

"This Oxford gentleman is always burning candles by daylight; proving what no human being ever called in question, and making the most pompous display of the most trite and insignificant truths. In p. 106, is a long dissertation to shew, that *some general Literature* is useful in all professions. In p. 126, he praises Locke and Milton; and soon after informs us, that Adam Smith is a writer of merit. In p. 127, he proves that composition is useful. He then demonstrates, that a man's abilities depend a good deal upon what nature has made him, and a good deal also upon how he has been taught. He convinces us, moreover, that not the wealth only, of nations, is to be attended to, but their happiness; and makes it quite clear to the most skeptical mind, that all human institutions are liable to error. And all this is not done carelessly, or despatched in a

few words, as a man gets rid of a commonplace which is a necessary passport to an important truth: but our tutor gets warm, and cackling; and when he has laid his little truism, makes such an intolerable riot, that we might suppose he had produced a diamond instead of an egg." (p. 181.)

SHAKSPEARE AND THE CRITICS.

The bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful, and of soul sublime,
Who, from the flowing mint of fancy, pours
No spurious metal, fused from common ores,
But gold, to matchless purity refined,
And stamped with all the god-head in his mind;
He whom I feel, but want the power to paint.
Gifford's Juvenal.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

Essay on Criticism.

The Grecian drama, until the days of Shakspeare, surpassed in dignity and excellence that of any other people, ancient or modern. And it owed this supremacy to its inherent strength and vigor, borrowing no meretricious graces from abroad, but gradually developing its innate energy and resources. The tragic Muse of Greece, like its own infant Hercules, soon seized upon the snakes; and in the darker, and wilder, and more terrific explosions of passion, in the drama of the better days of that gifted people, she is yet unimitated, perhaps inimitable. When the Grecian arts and sciences were led in captivity to Rome, they failed to impart to the conqueror their *creative* spirit; and the lyre of the Muses, like the harp of the Children of Captivity, seemed to have lost its powers. The efforts of the Roman dramatists appear to have been confined to a servile copy of Grecian models; and with them, superlative excellence consisted in the perfection of that copy. So, among the European nations of the continent, their dramatic genius has been fettered by learned and critical rules deduced from writings of the master-spirits of the Grecian stage. But neither nations nor individuals can attain excellence in this department of literature by the imitation of ancient models. Bursting through their fetters, such writers display occasional beauties, but the general character of their productions scarcely transcends mediocrity. Addison, in his *Cato*, bowed to the rigor of this rule, and although in many passages he is touchingly eloquent, and always chaste, yet the tragedy, as a whole, is cold and formal. But the divine Shakspeare, in the true spirit of Anglo-Saxon freedom, surrendering himself to the glowing inspirations of the Muse, and "of imagination all compact," soars at once to sublimity, and wins for himself, his language, his country and his age, imperishable renown.

The English, like the Grecian drama, attained its highest perfection by the development of its own plentiful and inexhaustible resources. Original in its inception, and essentially national in its character, it steadily progressed in its own peculiar path, until, in

the days of Shakspeare, it had attained supreme excellence. The soaring genius of the English dramatists could not be confined within the *triangle of the unities*. By a bold disregard of the unities of time and place, and by a happy and judicious admixture of tragic and comic scenery, they have given scope to their genius and range to their fancy; but, by the use of this license an extraordinary degree of taste and judgment was required to maintain a just proportion, and to preserve the proprieties of the drama. The study of ancient models was pursued to give extent and scope to genius, and to chasten and control the powers of invention. The productions of the Grecian drama, far from being considered inimitable, constituted the salient point, whence the untamed and soaring spirits of the English have soared beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame!

Shakspeare is at once the founder, and the great master of the English drama. He is the pride of the English nation: he is the "Genius of the British Isles." He was the light of his age. The sublime outpourings of his genius felt for a season the chilling influence of ignorance and bigotry: but as the returning rays of genial truth fell upon the frozen fountains of dramatic eloquence, they were unsealed, and gushed forth,

"Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont."

Shakspeare cannot be translated into any foreign tongue; in the attempt, even the hardy genius of Voltaire is rebuked in his presence, and pales before him. His indomitable spirit refuses to submit to any foreign yoke; it is in the broad and manly freedom of the Anglo-Saxon alone that his ardent and impetuous genius delights to range in illimitable sweep, and unmeasured compass. He has no equal—no imitator. He is alone in his glory. Like the CHILIAN CONDOR, he "*floats in the solitude of the higher heavens!*"

Modern writers are content to admire, to study, to illustrate—but never to imitate. Some however have presumed to criticise;—*Quos Ego*.

Is it not strange, that public opinion, bowing to the dogmatism of Johnson and to the cynical moroseness of Pope, should have permitted the character of Shakspeare and his dramatic writings to be traduced and misrepresented? It is not for us, at this enlightened day, to quote from the multitude of passages in the dramatic works of Shakspeare, to refute the charge of his being unlettered and unfamiliar with the classics. It reposes upon the naked authority of the "*author of Irene*." It is true that Ben Jonson has said or sung, that Shakspeare had "small Latin and less Greek;" but in that pedantic age, this is no light admission. I appeal from the impressions and fancies of men to the productions of the poet, which are rife with all the spirit of classical beauty. Among his more finished dramas there is scarcely an animated scene, which does not carry with it internal and conclusive evidence of a mind deeply imbued with the purest inspiration of the classics. How laboriously he may have investigated the intricacies of the Greek or Latin tongues is immaterial; but throughout his productions, miscellaneous and dramatic, his thoughts are robed in a classic drapery, and reflected in classic imagery, inimitably chaste and appropriate.

He has been censured as an erratic genius, whose unconnected and incoherent productions were formed without system or order. Be it remembered that these charges are preferred by those secondary geniuses and imitative formalists, who would build the modern drama on the model of the ancients. Worshipers of the olden time, such men bow down with reverence before the "scarf of the shrivelled mummy." Shakspeare's was a *creative* genius—his censors were *imitators*. It was impossible that a man like Alexander Pope should appreciate the loftier beauties of this transcendent *Poet* and *High Priest of Nature*. The characteristic of Pope's mind was neatness and polish. In the minor beauties of composition, in the department of order, euphony and elegance, he was an adept. Smooth, placid, and refined, his measure was music, and his style was grace and beauty. But he could never lift his frittered mind to the awful sublimity of the great dramatist, when like the Pythoness, he warmed with celestial fire, and shook with the pregnant inspiration of the Deity. The march of Johnson's style was stately and measured, but his turgid and pompous mind moved too heavily to overtake the electric nimbleness of Shakspeare's outpourings of genius; and, like Pope, the operations of his intellect were restricted within a prescribed circle of order. Hence, when this erratic genius wheeled along the paths of literary space, they mistook the eccentricity of his movement for confusion; and unhesitatingly censured what they could not appreciate or comprehend. It was impossible that the cold skepticism of Hume's mind could be warmed and expanded into admiration by this bright luminary; for Hume's was a mind as insensible as the nether mill-stone to all the finer emotions of our nature. An outcast from grace—not even the celestial fires of inspiration could animate the frozen viper. Neither could the infamous depravity and prostitution of Voltaire's intellect catch the enthusiasm of this *divine* writer; and having miserably failed to translate, he seemed to envy and to hate him.

The most thrilling—the sublimest passages of Shakspeare spring from the operations of conscience; and this poet's great wand of power, is the mystical relation between the Deity and man. To such a voice these wretches were as deaf as the adder. They had labored to erase the image of God from their souls, and there was no longer left with them even a taste for anything pure, chaste, beautiful or holy; for the spirit had gone forth from the sanctuary, and the shrine was desecrated. Their hearts were corrupted in their most intimate recesses, and every current of moral feeling flowing therein, had either stagnated into insensibility, or was poisoned unto bitterness. We are angered at these men; but it is with a holy indignation. "*Iracundini*," says the Apostle, "*Iracundini—sed nolite peccare*." But the pious, the patriotic, the kindred spirit of Milton could, even in the gloom of national degradation, in the storm of civil strife, and amid the mists of religious intolerance and fanaticism, appreciate and proclaim the beauties of this "child of fancy:"

"Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native woodnotes wild."

It was by a just appreciation of the merits of Shakspeare, and by a study of his works that Milton acquired that originality of expression and boldness of thought,

which has enabled him to scale the walls of heaven. The flaming sword of the cherubim prevailed not against his genius. He trod the path to Paradise, and threw around the stupendous truths of revelation all the witchery and all the sublimity of the epic.

It is no part of our intention to point out the excellences of Shakespeare; yet there is one reflection we may be allowed to make. It is upon the striking *individuality* of his characters. In this respect he vastly excels Sir Walter Scott, who, next to Shakespeare, is the most graphic delineator of character Britain has ever produced. Scott is deficient in this distinctive portraiture of personages of the same species or class. In Scott it is always the same character with a shade of difference: in Shakespeare, they resemble in the main, but are as distinct and separate as the opposite sexes. Lovel in the Antiquary, and Harry Bertram in Guy Mannering differ only in name and circumstance—they want *individuality*. So, with Norna of Fitful-Head and Meg Merrilies, the gipsy-woman—Dandie Dinmont and Bailie Nicol Jarvie—Ravenscroft and Redgauntlet. Flora McIvor and Rose Bradwardine contrast with each other in Waverley, as do Rebecca, the Jewess, and Rowena, the Saxon, in Ivanhoe. But in Shakespeare every character is a new and distinct creation, though of the same order. Richard of Gloster, Hamlet the King, and Macbeth are all “bloody and remorseless,” yet how different! The fair Juliet and the gentle Desdemona, how lovely, yet distinct! He has sketched two deliberate villains, Richard and Iago; but they are painted with the pencil of a master, who knew every spring of the human heart. Besides the *individuality*, Shakespeare is remarkable for the *intensity* of his characters. They are developed at every point, and fulfil their whole destiny. In this point of view compare Iago with Rashleigh Osbaldistone—Shylock with Trapbois, and the monster Caliban with Elshender, the recluse. The gross deformity of “Cannie Elshie” shocks the imagination; but every one feels that if monsters were, Caliban would be a veritable monster. The same distinction exists between the White-maid of Avenel in the Monastery, and Ariel in the “Tempest,” who does his “spriting so gently” as to make us regret that he is but a shadow. Let us tear ourselves away from the admiration of those powers, which, at one moment chill our blood with horror, and at another,

“Make a swan-like end,
Fading in music!”

Shakespeare has been heavily censured for the gross indelicacy of his language. Yet it is a subject of grave inquiry whether by that coarseness, which is so harshly condemned by the present generation, he offended the moral sense of the people of the age of Elizabeth. The standard of decency and propriety of language varies with the outline of territory, as well as with the refinement and corruption of a people. What might have been approved in the presence-chamber of the Virgin Queen, and repeated by her maids of honor, would, in our days of artificial refinement and delicacy, transuse a glowing blush over the cheek of beauty. These things are conventional. And it will be readily perceived by a comparison of Shakespeare's writings with those of his contemporaries, that he has not transcended the mode of his day. Nay, it may well be questioned

whether the prudish delicacy of our day is not rather an evidence of corrupt imaginings than of superior virtue. At all events there was less refinement in the age of Elizabeth. And what right has the exquisite refinement of the 19th century to erect as a standard of propriety its code of morals, by which to judge of those of the 17th century? The age which succeeds us may, with equal justice, erect its wiser standard, and condemn in us the surpassing virtue, which would shrink from the utterance of many passages of that divine revelation, which has been promulged for our moral improvement, and which contains every lesson of morality and every rule of action. But if the ravening appetite of criticism must have food, surely the corruption of the age will furnish abundance, without assailing the common privilege of the poet. Excessive vigilance argues conscious weakness. The dragon was sleepless in the gateway because the Hesperian fruit was always in danger. Our first parents in the garden of bliss were not touched with shame and fear until they had lost their innocence. But it was only in the comic scenes that this coarseness of expression was expected by his auditory, or was used by Shakespeare. In the graver passages of the drama, when it was the poet's will “to hold as ‘twere the mirror up to nature,” there can be nothing more sublimely chaste than his conceptions of character. Radiant with celestial innocence and beauty, his female characters approach angelic excellence. Whether it be the grave Portia, the injured Cordelia, the fanciful Rosalind, the beauteous Imogen, the sorrowful Ophelia, the tender Juliet, or the gentle Desdemona,—each is the very incarnation of purity. Perhaps it never was before given to mortal so clearly to conceive the angelic purity of the female character; certainly no dramatist of any age has been able to display at a single touch, as it were, by the inflection of a single ray of light, the conscious purity of female virtue. For an example, let us turn to the 2nd scene of the 4th act of the “Moor of Venice.” The explosion of Othello's jealousy had taken place, in which he called Desdemona that “cunning whore of Venice.” Stricken to the earth, and as if sensible that the life of the body could not survive the imputation of departed virtue, she prays Emilia to “lay on her bed her wedding sheets.” Emilia, in the presence of Desdemona informs Iago, that Othello had “so bewhored her as true hearts cannot bear.” What is the thought of that pure and innocent being in that hour of affliction?

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

That epithet was blasphemy upon her virtue—and her pure spirit could not breathe, neither could her chaste lips syllable the unhallowed word.

Where is there to be found a more touching tribute to virgin purity than at the burial of the hapless Ophelia?

Laertes. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling!

We have already declared that it was no part of our design to speak of the beauties of Shakespeare; it was simply our intention to have protested against the great

injustice done to the character of Shakspeare's writings by commentators and critics, who, without the soul to appreciate his beauties, have exaggerated his faults; and to complain of the pertinacity with which the readers of Shakspeare vex the public ear with proposed corrections of his text. To discover an error in the text of Shakspeare, to proclaim it to the world, and to suggest an emendation, seem to flatter the hypercritic with a portion of the poet's immortality. These corrections, for the most part, are trifling in themselves and annoying to the public. Many of them would be rendered unnecessary if these critics would supply themselves with approved editions of the author. The truth is, that most of the obscurities in the text of this writer have been occasioned by this *letter of innovation* among readers. Instead of being engaged in the contemplation of the sublime beauties of the drama—instead of being wrapt in the whirl and eddy of the passions, or observing their masterly and fearful development; these "Pucks of commentators" are employed in critical observations of words and phrases, almost beneath the notice of the petty scavengers of literature. We apply these remarks generally. But we must also be permitted to examine impartially certain proposed readings of Shakspeare in former numbers of the Messenger; and although the game may be scarcely worth the candle, pause and reflect, before we approve or adopt them.

In the August number of the Messenger there is a passage cited from Macbeth, the reading of which is censured upon the *reported* authority of Macready. With due deference to the histrionic fame of Macready (if his *reputed* be his *real* diction), we cannot surrender the established reading except upon sounder reasoning than that contained in the article in the Messenger, or upon higher authority than that of the tragedian himself. Our first reason is, that we are unwilling to change, upon every frivolous suggestion, a reading which has stood the test of two centuries, and has escaped the censure of more than six generations of the children of men, as well as the mordacious teeth of the whole swarm of critics that have preyed upon the text of Shakspeare as if it had been the land of Egypt. Moreover, we are decidedly of opinion that a reading which has pleased a Garrick and a Kemble, may be tolerated by Macready. The passage is from the 5th act, 5th scene.

Macbeth Wherefore was that cry?

Servant The Queen is dead, my lord.

Macbeth She should have died *hereafter* :

There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow

Creeps in this petty space from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;

And all our *yesterdays* have lighted fools

The way to dusty death!

Read, says your correspondent, *meo periculo*, and, we suppose, by virtue of the conjoint authority of Macready and himself,

"She should have died *hereafter* :

There would have been a time for such a word

To-morrow! *Aye*, to-morrow, and to-morrow," &c.

Let it be borne in mind that the plot rapidly approaches the catastrophe, and that the poet, glowing with his theme, dallies not by the wayside, but hurries

to a conclusion. Had he inclination or leisure to check the whirl of passion to specify the precise time at which such intelligence would have been less painful? No, he merely intended to show the tendency of the human mind to postpone the hour of pain or retribution, and says,

"She should have died *hereafter* :

There would have been a time for such a word."

And in an instant, struck with the folly of desiring to postpone that which is inevitable, he very naturally and very appropriately continues :

"To-morrow, and to-morrow—and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our *yesterdays* have lighted fools
The way to dusty death!"

In plain prose, Macbeth, distressed by the desertion of his friends, alarmed for the issue of the approaching contest upon which depended his throne and existence, when he hears the cry of the woman occasioned by the death of his queen, very naturally wishes, that this blow might have been withheld until *another time*, when, being less oppressed, he might have borne it with more fortitude. But recovering his self-possession, he says in substance: thus it is, that we are always disposed to consider *anytime* more appropriate than the *present* for affliction, and we look forward to *to-morrow*, though experience teaches us that "all our *yesterdays* have lighted fools the way to dusty death." To our understanding no correction is required, and the text of Shakspeare is far more intelligible and natural than the fastidious commentary of the critic, or the supposed reading of the tragedian. In the November number the reading of Shakspeare, Garrick, and Kemble, the reading of two centuries is fully sustained in opposition to the reading of the critic and the tragedian by the note of Johnson, as quoted on page 674, of that number of the Messenger. It will be remembered that this note of Johnson was written in support and explanation of the text of Shakspeare, long before the suggestion of this new reading. The note is in these words: "Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful time. There would have been a more convenient time for such intelligence. Such is the condition of human life, that we always think to-morrow will be more seasonable than to-day; but to-morrow, and to-morrow steal over us unenjoyed, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All those days, which have thus passed away, have sent multitudes of fools to their graves, who were engrossed by the same dream of future felicity, and when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to-morrow." Upon the plain signification of this note we are well content to repose. With this explanation Johnson was satisfied with the text of the poet, and Johnson was a critic too. Let him be the arbiter between Shakspeare and the modern critic. We will adhere to the text.

The difference between the amendment proposed and the established reading in the Comedy of Errors is too unimportant to occupy our attention; and the emendation, if adopted, would neither improve the text, nor immortalize the critic. We prefer "*falling* to "*falling*,"

the text to the amendment—the bard to his reviewer. The lines are from the 2nd scene of the 1st act.

"I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, *failing* there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, *inquisitive*, confounds himself."

If we adopt the word *failing*, we reduce the poet to the absurdity of making the drop of water *inquisitive* for his fellow in the *fourth* line after having *failed* to find him in the *third*; for it will be observed that the poet makes him *inquisitive* to the last, until he "confounds himself;" but the proposed amendment throws him into *flat despair* at the conclusion of the third line.

From comedy let us return to tragedy. A correspondent in the October number of the Messenger proposes an amendment to the text of Shakspeare in the 7th scene of the 4th act of Hamlet.

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laertes. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is *begun* by time,
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a *pleurisy*,
Dies in his own too much.

It is proposed to substitute for the word *begun* in this passage the word *beguile*; and this forsooth, because in sundry lines of other plays of Shakspeare the word *beguile* is used in the sense of *amuse*, *deceive*, &c. The note on this verse in the Chiswick edition of these plays is decisive of this question; and this is decidedly the best edition of Shakspeare extant. The note is in these words: "But that I know love is *begun* by time," &c. "As love is *begun* by time, and has its gradual increase, so time qualifies and abates it." It is apparent that the poet designed to speak of the *origin*, *progress*, and *decline* of love, and to say that as love *begins* in time, so time *abates* it, and in the course of time it *perishes*. The good sense of the reader will perceive at a glance, that to adopt the word *beguile* as proposed, would be to render that obscure upon the suggestion of the critic, which is now perfectly clear. Not even the authority of Mr. Macready could so far *beguile* us, as to induce the adoption of this amended reading.

J. F. O. in the December number of the Messenger, after approving of the preceding amendments, which we have marked with such decided reprobation, proceeds to "criticise a little on his own hook." He commences with the two concluding lines of the last quotation from Hamlet:

"For goodness, growing to a *pleurisy*
Dies in his own too-much."

For *pleurisy* he proposes to substitute *plurisy*. And here, at length, we agree with the critic, not because of any merit in the criticism, but because in the approved editions, *plurisy* is the established reading. He says he thus marked the margin of his old Steevens a few years ago: "Quere, *plurisy*—from *plus—pluris*?" He

might have found this emendation, or rather this established reading, not only in his Steevens' edition a few years ago; but also in Webster's Dictionary many years ago. And in the Chiswick edition, published in 1825, he may have seen the following note: "*Plurisy* is *superabundance*; our ancestors used the word in this sense, as if it came from *plus—pluris*, and not from (*ryspe*) pleura. The disease was formerly thought to proceed from too much blood flowing to the part affected:

"In a word,
The *plurisy* of goodness is thy ill."—Massinger.

We confess that we are prone to judge impatiently these verbal criticisms upon this gifted child of nature, and consequently may have done less than justice to the preceding suggestions of the correspondents of the Messenger. We prefer surrendering ourselves up to the inspirations of this divine poet, who, at one moment involves us in the whirl and tempest of the passions, and at another breathes to the lascivious pleasings of a lute. In sweetness and tenderness, vigor and sublimity of style he is unequalled. He transcends the form and figure of speech permitted to less gifted men; but he sanctifies his errors. In the imagery of his thought there is a characteristic excellence. Though there was no English style in his day, he has created one, and it will perish with his writings. In conclusion we would recommend to your correspondents, who profess a warm admiration of Shakspeare, to withdraw their attention from mere verbal emendations, and occupy a field worthy of their talents. There is yet a book to be written, the spirit of which every admirer of Shakspeare feels in advance, but whose execution is reserved for some master-workman, upon the transcendent excellence of this sublime dramatist. Such a book would attract attention not only to the *individuality* and *intensity* of his characters, but also to their *truth*, *keeping*, and *correspondence* with all the relations and circumstances in which they live, move, and have their being. The surpassing splendor of his *supernatural machinery*, (the wondrous progeny of his own creative imagination,) whether the fairies flutter in a moonlight scene, or repose in the bell of a cowslip,—or whether the blasted heath trodden by the wierd sisters is lit up with frequent lightning, disclosing the infernal caldron, around which they mutter their hellish incantations—all this is a theme worthy of the pen of the most gifted among us.

The inimitable fidelity with which he depicts the operations of madness, from the ravings of a mind in ruins in the person of Lear, to the melancholy wailing of the sweet Ophelia; all the wonderful creations of this child of nature in the Merchant of Venice, Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet, Lear, Hamlet, Othello, and The Tempest, furnish gratifying evidence to man of the loftiness of the human intellect, and place this unrivalled author upon an eminence, around which the aspirations of the human mind may be poured forth in all future ages. To contemplate, to study, to unfold the beauties of this "bard of every age and clime," is fit employment for the man of taste; "but these verbal criticisms," says Steevens, "only betray the ambition of each little Hercules to set up pillars ascertaining how far he had travelled through the dreary wilds of black letter." In fine, these verbal commentators, says a judicious writer, "attach themselves to the mighty body of Shakspeare,

like barnacles to the hull of a proud man-of-war, and are prepared to plough with him the vast ocean of time; and thus by the only means in their power endeavor to snatch themselves from that oblivion to which nature has devoted them." We make no unkind application of these quotations to the clever correspondents of the *Messenger*. They have only to translate their comments from the phraseology to the beauties and to the spirit of the drama, to become public benefactors. For our own part, the testimony said to be necessary to convict a cardinal, would scarcely induce us to disturb the time-honored remains of the *SWEET SWAN OF AVON*!

Independent of all creeds, we like the fervent piety which follows the beloved object beyond the grave, and holds communion with the departed spirit; and thus, in breathing a ritual over the departed spirit of the *GREAT DRAMATIST*, we unite with the pious catholic in the touching aspiration, "*REQUIESCAT IN PACE!*"

ATTICUS.

Frederick, Md. Dec. 30, 1837.

A FAREWELL TO MARY.

Here's a sad farewell to the lovely guest

Who has cheered our loneliest hours—

Who with sweetest of smiles our board has blessed,
And has strewed our threshold with flowers.

Oh! that maiden around my heart has twined;

For she's gay, and she's gentle, and artless,
And prefers the shade with a friend who is kind,
To the glare of a world that is heartless.

And though rapt, I could gaze on an angel's face,

With celestial intelligence gleaming;

Yet something far sweeter I think I can trace
In a woman's with tenderness beaming.

And what should I care for a sparkling e'e,

Who grow every day older and older?

And what are sweet dimples and kisses to me,
Whose bosom is colder and colder?

But I love the heart that's attuned to play

Every note or of joy or of sorrow;

That can merrily laugh with the joyous to-day,
And weep with the wretched to-morrow.

Then here's a farewell to the lovely guest,

Who has cheered our loneliest hours—

Who with sweetest of smiles our board has blest,
And has strewed our pathway with flowers.

Yet let us not still too selfishly grieve,

Nor let her young spirit be saddened,

Since the home of her friends the fair maiden will leave,
That a mother's fond heart may be gladdened.

But rather we'll mingle a smile with a tear;

What union can ever be sweeter,

Than a tear of regret for a maiden so dear,
And a smile for the joys that will greet her?

Then a last farewell to the lovely guest

Who has cheered our loneliest hours—

Who with sweetest of smiles our halls has blessed,
And has strewed our threshold with flowers.

Richmond, Va.

THE LYCEUM—NO. VI.

ADVICES TO SUNDRY KINDS OF PEOPLE.

BY GULLIVER THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER III.

RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

Always begin with the weather. Settle, distinctly, in the first place, what sort of weather it is *now*: whether wet or dry, cool or warm, hot or cold, clear or cloudy, bad, or pleasant. In the next place, determine how it has been for the last few days, or weeks: and lastly, decide what it probably will be, for at least two days to come. Then, if you are a countryman, or take an interest in country matters, pass to the crops; and consider how they will fare from the weather, past, present, and future: whether they will be short, or plentiful; and what prices they will bring. If you are a town lady or gentleman, or take no interest in Clodpole or his concerns, treat of the weather as affecting the roads and streets; as cutting off visits, preventing parties of pleasure, and sinking the spirits: and wind up with concluding, that if you had the regulation of the skies, you could manage them a great deal better.

By this time, you will be fairly afloat on the stream of talk. Subjects now rise up fast and thick before you. The dress of this lady or that gentleman—the prices and beauty of furniture—the courtships going on among your acquaintance—the marriages that will, or that will not take place—in short, those hundreds of nameless nothings that make up the charming dish called *little-tattle*—will enable you to kill hours on hours of the great enemy, Time, every day, for years: until at length, as some body has somewhere said, Time turns the tables, and kills you. But meanwhile, you will have the comfort of being revenged upon him beforehand; and of selling him your life as dear as possible.

But let your main theme of discourse be the characters, especially the faults, of your neighbors and friends. Morose and squeamish people blame this practice; nicknaming it *scandal*. But they do not consider its uses. What is the surest way to root out vice and folly from the world? Why, to hold them up to view, and thus warn both old and young against them; 'as the Spartans used to shew drunkards to their boys, in order to make them hate drunkenness. Let mothers, aunts, and sisters then, eye and fathers too, be diligent in exposing to the view of youth, all the slips, foibles, and vices of the neighborhood. Let these be the standing theme around every tea-table, and fireside. A pupil so warned, will never be guilty of them. And you, who thus hold up evil-doers to justice, will be no less honored than the beadle or hangman is, who uses the lash or noose for the public good. You will be a moral scavenger to society; and will stand as high for your services, as that functionary does, who cleans away impurities from the streets. Besides—how largely will such conversations add to that important science,—the knowledge of human character!—You need not be particular about the truth of the stories you tell, or of the facts you comment upon: because, although false,

they serve your end, of exciting abhorrence in the young mind, as well as if they were true. You know, the moral of a story in Esop is none the less wholesome for the story's being a fable.

If, therefore, Miss Flirt has coquetted with Mr. Dash; or Mr. Tipple, (being a member of the temperance society), mixes too much brandy with his wine; or Mr. Skinfint has overreached an honest neighbor in a bargain; or Mr. Thresher corrects his wife with a larger rod than the law allows; or Mrs. Rawhide is too severe towards her servants; or there be undovelike and unconjugal jars between Mr. and Mrs. Turtledove; or Mr. Afterday wears false hair; or Miss Tabitha Evergreen paints; or Mrs. Henpeck bears it with too high a hand over her dutiful and obedient spouse;—or if you, or any body else, suspect any of these things;—let your social circle ring with them. Turn them over, and examine them in every point of view. Discuss their probabilities, their causes, their effects, consequences, and incidents; their degrees of blame-worthiness, and their likelihood of continuance. Conclude with a doubt whether, after all, strong and clear as the proof seems, the scandalous story is not false: but protesting at the same time how much you are shocked if it is true; and lamenting the apparent force of the evidence.—I might sum up all my advice on this head, by bidding you copy the conversation of some ladies and gentlemen who met together at a picnic, in the time of Queen Anne, a hundred and twenty-five years ago; as mentioned by a certain poet of that day:

'In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd:
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word, a reputation dies.
Snuff, and the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.'

In talking upon debatable subjects, always bring on a dispute, or argument (as it is called), if you can. It is a great whether of the wits; strengthens the lungs by exercise; and gives you the best opportunity for shewing off your learning, subtlety, and eloquence.

In disputing, or argument, there are several important rules; all growing out of one leading principle—namely, that 'the object of argument is not *truth*, but *victory*.' Make this maxim your polar star; and you will see the needfulness of the following rules.—Never concede any point to your adversary, if it will aid him in the least. Though half of what he says be self-evident, yet either deny it, or (if that exceeds all power of face) pass it by unnoticed, or treat it as if immaterial. Many people, by weakly yielding all points which they see to be against them, are defeated in half their disputes: whereas, by keeping possession of those points, they might at once enlarge their own foothold, and lessen that of their adversary—thus greatly increasing their chances of victory; as, in war, it is half the battle to get a stand in the enemy's camp.

Make long speeches: as long, as if you were in Congress. It answers four useful ends. It shows you off; improves your style; strengthens your lungs; and ensures the defeat of your adversary, by either

consuming all the time that he and you can spend together, or confounding him by the noisiness and number of the things you say, so that he cannot possibly remember what he has to answer. But if he wish to make speeches also, do not let him. Cry out against it, as a monstrous unfairness. Interrupt him, at every sentence.—Indeed, it is a capital manoeuvre to interrupt him often, though he shew no wish to speechify. If he pauses at a period, or even at a semicolon, to take breath or to spit,—especially if he is modest, or has a weaker voice than yours,—cut in upon him without scruple. You may thus hinder him from unfolding half an idea; much less half his argument. He will be reduced to a mere interjection now and then, if not to an inglorious silence; and your victory will be no less complete than easy. By this means, you may vanquish one who otherwise would overmatch you entirely. It is the simple aling and stone, with which a stripling may conquer a Goliath in debate: or rather, it resembles a dexterity at cards, (much practised by certain itinerant, sporting gentlemen), by which a weak-handed player may win the game from one, whose hand is full of trumps.—Some old-maidish people maintain, that each speaker should be allowed a pause of half a minute, to consider what more he has to say. But the Shawanee Indians have that practice among them: and I presume, nobody would have us copy savages.

Of all subjects for disputation, you cannot fail to see that *party politics* is the best. Opinions are most apt to differ about it; and, owing to the opposite sides from which our newspapers accustom us to view every question, that difference is the most fixed and irreconcilable. Hence, disputants on that subject may stand justified, to themselves, in the most unsparing bitterness towards each other; and in most unscrupulously taking every advantage. Hence also these disputes have the peculiar recommendation of never coming to an end: there being no instance of either party's convincing his antagonist; so that the theme is inexhaustible.

There is one very pleasant sort of conversation, practised sometimes by country gentlemen, though oftener by elderly, unmarried ladies: it is, where three, four, or even more, talk all at once; producing an effect like that agreeable musical entertainment, called "a Dutch concert," wherein all the company sing together, but each a different song.

If you have no wit, but would fain pass for having it, be what is sometimes termed a *runner of rigs*: in other words, a professor of ridicule. Be constantly on the watch for odd ways in your acquaintance, or odd incidents in their lives, or peculiar circumstances in their condition; no matter, if they be misfortunes: and turn these into subjects of laughter. Though none such exist in the person you single out, still you may feign to see or know them, and raise a laugh against him as effectually, as if the oddity were there sure enough. A notable and successful branch of this art, is the practice of teasing bashful young women or young men about their love affairs, or about anything else, concerning which you perceive them to be sensitive. I have known girls thus made to blush and wriggle, until the very sight of their tormentor would throw them into agonies: and his triumph would be completed by their falling into awkwardnesses, which would last them through life.—In all these cases, the

wit consists in the frequency and heartiness of your laugh. Repeat it, therefore, till be you laugh at is tired, and every calm looker on, also. But, as 'gentle dulness ever loved a joke,' people of your own calibre will join you; and perhaps others, through sympathy: until at length every body, seeing you and your set always giggling at something, will believe you a marvellous wag: so that, whenever your lips open, all other mouths will be fixed to laugh. This is the cheapest way in the world, of becoming a wit. By such means, one with scarcely a thimbleful of brains may keep the mastery over a person having ten times as much sense.

There are other rules that ought to be given: such as rules for browbeating—for quizzing—for the display of learning—for raising blushes in a modest face—&c. &c. But my paper is so nearly out, that I have only room to mention them thus briefly; and to lay down one maxim, which gives the clew to them all, as it is the end for which they all should be practised upon: namely,—'Converse, not to please, instruct, or learn; but to divert yourself, and display your own consequence.'

THE DEAN OF BADAJOS.*

'Dear Rogers, at your hint I have been fain
To verify this pithy tale of Spain,
Perhaps the growth of a more Southern shore,
Transplanted thither by invading moor;
Which, being grafted where it has taken root,
Hath changed the form and color of the fruit.
Yet stringing rhymes upon a tale which flows
So neatly and so naturally in prose,
May seem to some (and some who know what's what)
Akin to tying bladders to a cat:
Since—wind and wings to boot—when all is done,
She cannot fly so well as she can run;
But you (I find) are backed by La Fontaine;
He in a preface says, "that stories gain
By being versed," and—what might make me bold,
And them, whose stories, like my own, are old—
"That stories gain by being often told."
His word and yours should justify my deed;
But, as few now his pleasant pages read,
Yew warranty must keep my bark afloat;
And victualled for short venture is the boat.

* In the poetical department we have heretofore confined ourselves to original matter. We insert this selection at the suggestion of a gentleman whose classical attainments and good taste, are a sufficient guarantee, that it will not be an unacceptable treat to our readers. It is a spirited and easy poetical version of a popular Spanish tale, which through the medium of a translation furnished by Richard Cumberland, has long been known to readers of the British classics.

The Dean of Badajos, has an anxious desire to perfect himself in magic. With this object in view he visits Toledo in order to become a pupil of Torribio, a famed sorcerer. Torribio at first refuses his request, on account of having been so ungratefully requited by former pupils. The Dean after declaiming against their ingratitude, and affirming his own generosity, by his pressing entreaties, obtains his consent to become his pupil. By his art Torribio throws him into a deep sleep, in which in the course of one hour, the succeeding events of his life are pictured to his eye, and he rises by successive steps from a Dean to the Pope, and by various pretences defers the reward he had promised Torribio, until at last he is about to banish him, when the spell is removed, his ingratitude demonstrated, and he returns home humbled and abashed. Independent of its humor, the moral is a good one.—[Ed. Mew.

'The Dean of Badajos was (report hath said)
A scholar and a ripe one, and well read
In all the arts and sciences which rank a
Man highest in the schools of Salamanca,
Coimbra or Alcalá; nor was to seek
In Law or Logic, Latin or in Greek:
In schoolmen versed, in poets, epic, tragic,
And comic—he knew everything but Magic.
To lack such knowledge was a source of pain,
For none (he deemed) could show that secret vein,
Of all the learned men that lived in Spain.
At last, and when least hoped, within his reach,
He heard of one that could the science teach,
Who at Toledo lived, of little fame;
And Don Torribio was his style and name,

'Scarce of his name assured and his abode,
The Dean was on his mule and on his road.
He lighting at Toledo, to a lone
Moor dwelling by his muleteer was shown;
And, as if all was moulded on one plan,
Such as his modest mansion found the man;
To whom, due congees made, he thus began:—
"I am the Dean of Badajos. Is none
In Seville, the Castiles, or Aragon,
Nay—not from Cadiz to the Pyrenees,
(Whatever are his honors, or degrees)
But calls me Master; yet were I by thee
Called scholar, it a higher praise would be:—
Instruct me but in Magic, I entreat,
And bind me to thy service, hands and feet."

'Although he piqued himself, as he might well,
On keeping the best company in hell,
Torribio dealt not (as my story teaches)
In candied courtesies and flowery speeches;
But bluntly said, "he had met such ill return
From all that had repaired to him to learn,
It was his firm resolve, that never more
Would he reveal his prostituted lore."
—"And has the great Torribio been repaid
In such base coin?" the dean of Badajos said,
And—as if such a thought had fired his blood—
Foamed forth so loud, so long and large a flood
Of saws and sentences against the crime
Of foul ingratitude, in prose and rhyme,
All on a foam with honest hate and scorn,
That by the furious torrent overborne,
The sage confessed, "he could no more repel
The advances of a man who spoke so well:
He would instruct him; he would be his host;"
And from his window cried—"Jacinta, roast
A brace of partridges;" (this window looked
Upon the kitchen where Jacinta cooked;
His cook and faithful housekeeper was she.)
Adding, "the dean of Badajos sups with me."
Next touched his pupil's brow, and said, (let not
The words by thee, good reader, be forgot.)
"Ortobolan, Pistraster, Ormagriouf;"
Then of his zeal and art gave present proof;
Opened his books; and with his pupil fell
To work on sign and sigil, spirk and spell.

'Master and scholar like time had read,
Before a knock, strange voice, and heavy tread
Were heard; and lo! Jacinta, and with her
A squat, square man, that seemed a messenger.
Breathless he was, and fiery hot with haste,
Splashed to the eyes, and booted to the waist.
This courier was postillon to my lord
Bishop of Badajos; and he brought word,
"The bishop!"—(who had for a long time been
Ailing, and who was uncle to the Dean)---
"Had had an apoplectic stroke and lay
Upon his death-bed when he came away."
The dean, intent upon his long-sought art,
Cursed messenger and uncle—but apart---
And gravely bade the man return; "he would
Follow (he added) with what haste he could;"
But hardly was he gone before the twain,
Wizard and Dean, were at their work again.

'Vainly, for lo! new messengers! but more Worth hearing were the tidings which they bore. This new arrival was a deputation, Sent by the Chapter, who, in convocation, Since the dean's uncle, their right reverend lord, The bishop, had been called to his reward, Had chosen him---as fittest found---to keep And feed and fold his houseless, hungry sheep. Upon this hint Torribio spake; he paid The bishop a brief compliment, and said, "He upon this occasion might fulfil His promises; nor did he doubt his will. He had not yet informed him he had a son, Who, wanting not in mother wit, had none For the dark sciences: whom he had ceased To press upon this point, and made a priest: Nor better count his beads, nor said his *crede*, In all the many churches of Toledo. Then, since his pupil could not be at once A bishop and a dean, and *must* renounce The lesser dignity, he would outrun His wishes if he gave it to his son."

'Embarrassed was the dean; but cleared his eye And cloudy forehead, and thus made reply: "It grieves me---grieves me greatly to refuse The first small boon for which Torribio sues; But a rich cousin, by my kin well seen, One that is only fit to be a dean, And who has promised I shall be his heir. Looks to my deanery; and, should I dare Withhold the prize for which he hopes, I should Anger each man and woman of my blood. But a poor deanery in Extremadura Ill fits *his* son, to whom I would assure A more fitting and more profitable boon!-- And surely this could compass late or soon:-- Sooner or later, some new prize must fall; And, since I must obey my clergy's call, Follow me, I beseech, and you shall be Friend, counsellor, and all in all to me: Leave not, dear master, ('tis my prayer) half done The work you have so happily begun; And reckon on *his* gratitude, who knows The measure of the mighty debt he owes."

'After some pause, Torribio gave consent, And with him to his *see* of Badajoz went; Where, as if he had filled the high vicar's stall, He was to the new bishop all in all: Nay---by his conduct earned, and tongue and pen, Golden opinions of all sorts of men.

'Beneath the guidance of so good a master, The bishop, if more cautiously, moved faster In magic, (for more steady was his pace) Than when he first began to run that race; Learned studies with his duty to combine; And shaped himself within so just a line That throughout Spain, in country, town, and court, Fame of his worth and wisdom made report. When lo! into his lap---unlooked for---fell a New plum, the archbishopric of Compostella. I should want words to tell, how at their low Men---priests and people---mourned in Badajoz: Whose Canons (their last tokens of respect) Besought their parting prelate to select One from among his many friends, to be His successor in that afflicted *see*.

'The occasion was not by Torribio lost; Who for his son again besought the post; And was again refused the vacant place: But that with all imaginable grace: "The archbishop felt such sorrow, felt such shame, At so postponing his preceptor's claim: But could he a yet older claim withstand? That of Don Ferdinand de Lara, grand Constable of Castile: for service done, He sought the windfall for a natural son.

Bound to this Lord" (though visible relation Was none between them) "by old obligation, He paid a debt; and hence might be inferred How well with all he kept his plighted ward." This fact, however it might make him grieve, Torribio had the goodness to believe; At his rare fortune that had gained the good, Which he had lost, rejoiced as best he could; And, as before at Badajoz, went to dwell at His *see* of Compostella with the prelate.

'So little there those two were to remain, That the remove was hardly worth their pain. Soon the archbishop to a better home Was summoned by a chamberlain from Rome, With scarlet hat and brief; "the holy father" (That brief declared in full) "desired to gather Wisdom and knowledge from his mouth, whose name Was noised through Christendom by clamorous fame; And left him power again to appoint---that lesser Might be his church's sorrow---his successor."

'Torribio was not with his reverend chief When the pope's chamberlain brought hat and brief. He to Toledo for some days had gone, It chanced, upon a visit to his son; Who (for his course had been more slow than sure) Was living there upon a paltry cure: But, being now returned, was spared the pain Of suing for the vacant *see* in vain: Him the arch-prelate went to meet; he prest With open arms Torribio to his breast; And cried; "you have heard good news; now hear the best! Now have I two to tell instead of one; I have been made a cardinal, and your son A cardinal as well shall briefly be; Or I have no credit with the holy *see*. I had predestined him my vacant throne: But mark *his* evil fortune, nay, *my* own; My mother, left at Badajoz, when we Were called to Compostella, wrote to me, While you, dear sir, were to Toledo gone, Unless my mitre was bestowed on Don Pablos de Salazar, her ancient friend And her confessor, it would be her end. And such, I well believe, would be the case. Now put yourself, dear master, in my place: Say; would you kill your mother?" and he sighed.---Not of a kind to counsel matricide, Torribio was, in truth, or in appearance, Content, nor cursed the beldam's interference. But---would you sift the story---she whose will The pious son pretended to fulfil, This earnest advocate was old, and fat, And foolish, seeing but her maid and cat; And, as on all sides it was said, (Heaven bless her!) Knew not the very name of her confessor. Was it not rather at the instigation Of a Gallician lady, a relation Of this Don Pablos, it was brought about, A hospitable widow and devout? Thus much is sure; the prelate used to vaunt This pious woman's wine of Alicante; Called her unfailing flask "the widow's cruse," And often blest her oiled and ragous.

'However this might be, in friendly sort Master and pupil sought the papal court: Wherein as well the cardinal was seen, As everywhere he heretofore had been; As popular with priest as pope, a vote, a Word from his lips sufficed to rule the *rota*. While thus acknowledged, pope and priesthood's guide, Yea, in his height of fame the pontiff died. And lo! unanimous the conclave were In calling him to fill St. Peter's chair.

'The holy father solemnly proclaimed--- A private audience Don Torribio claimed; And wept for pleasure while he kissed *his* feet, Who filled so worthily the sacred seat.

'He then to faithful services referred,
And to the pope recalled his plighted word;
Scarcely hinted at the hat he had laid down;
When he exchanged it for the triple crown:
But limited his suit to one short prayer;
Would he now make his helpless son his care?
He would be well contented with possessing
The means of life, if sweetened with his blessing.
He on his part renounced each brighter vision;
And sought but for his needs such small provision
As might supply (enough would be a feast)
The wants of a philosopher and priest.

'Meanwhile to him, that deem'd he'd gain'd his scope,
And knew enough of magic for a pope,
And now could ill frequent the sabbath revels
Of witches with hobgoblins, ghosts, and devils,
His friend Torribio had become a thorn
In the flesh, a thing no longer to be borne:
The holy father took his line, and stout
In the resolve forthwith to pluck it out,
Eyed the magician with a mien severe,
And to his supplicant cried, "I grieve to hear,
You under false pretences of appliance
To hidden studies and mysterious science,
Dabble with spell, and deal with demon; crimes
The Christian church hath punished in all times.
It would much irk me to pronounce your doom:
But, if you four days hence are found in Rome,
Beware the secular arm, lest you expire,
As well your sins deserve, in penal fire."

'He ended frowning; but, unmoved in look,
Torribio heard the threat; and simply spoke
Anew the three mysterious words reversed,
(Words not to be forgot) by him rehearsed:
When he received the dean beneath his roof;
Ortelius, Pistranger, Ormagrius:
And called aloud (as he whilere had done)
From the open window, "You need dress but one
Partridge, Jacintha; for my friend, the Dean,
Does not sup with me." Then vanished clean
The scholar's vision: on the clock he cast
His eyes, and saw but one short hour had past,
Since, with intent to study magic lore,
He had first darkened Don Torribio's door:
An hour which seemed to fill his every wish up:
That made him from a simple dean a bishop;
Bishop, archbishop, cardinal, and pope:
Yet all was but a bubble blown from soap:
He in that hour had stirred not from his stool:
And that short hour had stamped him knave and fool.'

SELECTIONS.

[We fortunately possess three or four old volumes of *Blackwood's Magazine*, containing many things worthy to be snatched from the oblivion that usually attends the productions of periodical literature. Some of these we intend to select, for the Messenger.

The following dialogue, published in 1818, must strike every reader, as happily characteristic of the persons who carry it on. Shakspeare's natural and simple explanations of his own intellectual processes, Bacon's more profound philosophizings, and the exquisite though exaggerated flatteries of the Queen by both of them; are word for word such as might be expected from the real Shakspeare and Bacon, could some actual colloquy of theirs be handed down to us. There is, however, an anachronism in making Bacon Lord Chancellor in Queen Elizabeth's time. He was not even Lord Keeper until 1617; nor Lord Chancellor

till 1620; 15 or 16 years after her death.—And the worthy chaplain errs (perhaps intentionally, to flatter his master) when he connects with Lord B.'s name a tradition respecting the arch at Cambridge, which properly belongs to the Friar Roger Bacon.—*Ed. Mess.*]

DIALOGUE BETWEEN LORD BACON AND SHAKSPEARE.

Lord Bacon (in his study.) Now, my pen, rest awhile. The air of this dark and thought-stirring chamber must not be breathed for too long at a time, lest my wits grow sluggish by reason of too much poring. I will go forth and walk. But first let me restore to their shelves these wormwood schoolmen. Come gray-beard Aristotle, mount thou first, and tell the spiders not to be astonished if their holes are darkened, for a seraphic doctor is about to follow. Scotus and Ramus, why these dog's-ears? It was once a different sort. And now, as I lift each book, methinks its cumbrous leaves club all their syllogisms, and conspire to weigh down that feeble arm, which has just been employed in transcribing the *Novum Organum*. Alas! that folly and falsehood should be so hard to grapple with—but he that hopes to make mankind the wiser for his labors must not be soon tired. My single brain is matched against the errors of thousands; and yet every time I return to reflect upon the laws of nature, she meets my thoughts with a more palpable sanction, and a voice seems to whisper from the midst of her machinery, that I have not inquired in vain.—Ho! who waits in the ante-chamber there? Does any one desire an audience?

Page. The Queen has sent unto your Lordship, Mr. William Shakspeare, the player.

Bacon. Indeed!—I have wished to see that man. Show him in. Report says her Majesty has lately tasked him to write a play upon a subject chosen by herself. Good-morrow, Mr. Shakspeare.

Shakspeare. Save your Lordship! Here is an epistle from her Majesty.

Bacon (Reads.) "The Queen desires, that as Mr. Shakspeare would fain have some savor of the Queen's own poor vein of poesy, he may be shown the book of sonnets, written by herself, and now in the keeping of my Lord Chancellor, who indeed may well keep what he hath so much flattered; although she does not command him to hide it altogether from the knowing and judicious."

Shakspeare. How gracious is her Majesty! Sure the pen, for which she exchanges her sceptre, cannot choose but drop golden thoughts.

Bacon. You say well, Mr. Shakspeare. But let us sit down, and discourse awhile. The sonnets will catch no harm by our delay, for true poesy, they say, hath a bloom which time cannot blight.

Shakspeare. True, my Lord. Near to Castalia there bubbles also a fountain of petrifying water, wherein the muses are wont to dip whatever poesies have met the approval of Apollo; so that the stender foliage, which originally sprung forth in the cherishing brain of a true poet, becomes hardened in all its leaves, and glitters as if it were carved out of rubies and emeralds. The elements have afterwards no power over it.

Bacon. Such will be the fortune of your own productions.

Shakspeare. Ah, my Lord! Do not encourage me to hope so. I am but a poor unlettered man, who seizes whatever rude conceits his own natural vein supplies him with, upon the enforcement of haste and necessity; and therefore I fear that such as are of deeper studies than myself, will find many flaws in my handiwork to laugh at both now and hereafter.

Bacon. He that can make the multitude laugh and weep as you do, Mr. Shakspeare, need not fear scholars. A head naturally fertile and forgetive is worth many libraries, inasmuch as a tree is more valuable than a

basket of fruit, or a good hawk better than a bagful of game, or the little purse which a fairy gave to Fortunatus more inexhaustible than all the coffers in the treasury. More scholarship might have sharpened your judgment, but the particulars whereof a character is composed are better assembled by force of imagination than of judgment, which, although it perceive coherences, cannot summon up materials, nor melt them into a compound, with that felicity which belongs to imagination alone.

Shakespeare. My Lord, thus far I know, that the first glimpse and conception of a character in my mind, is always engendered by chance and accident. We shall suppose, for instance, that I, sitting in a tap-room, or standing in a tennis-court. The behavior of some one fixes my attention. I note his dress, the sound of his voice, the turn of his countenance, the drinks he calls for, his questions and retorts, the fashion of his person, and, in brief, the whole outgoings and incomings of the man. These grounds of speculation being cherished and revolved in my fancy, it becomes straightway possessed with a swarm of conclusions and beliefs concerning the individual. In walking home, I picture out to myself what would be fitting for him to say or do, upon any given occasion, and these fantasies being recalled, at some after period, when I am writing a play, shape themselves into divers mannikins, who are not long of being nursed into life. Thus comes forth Shallow, and Slender, and Mercutio, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Bacon. These are characters who may be found alive in the streets. But how frame you such interlocutors as Brutus and Coriolanus?

Shakespeare. By searching histories, in the first place, my Lord, for the germ. The filling up afterwards comes rather from feeling than observation. I turn myself into a Brutus or a Coriolanus for the time; and can, at least in fancy, partake sufficiently of the nobleness of their nature, to put proper words in their mouths. Observation will not supply the poet with every thing. He must have a stock of exalted sentiments in his own mind.

Bacon. In truth, Mr. Shakespeare, you have observed the world so well, and so widely, that I can scarce believe you ever shut your eyes. I too, although much engrossed with other studies, am, in part, an observer of mankind. Their dispositions, and the causes of their good or bad fortune, cannot well be overlooked even by the most devoted questioner of physical nature. But note the difference of habitudes. No sooner have I observed and got hold of particulars, than they are taken up by my judgment to be commented upon, and resolved into general laws. Your imagination keeps them to make pictures of. My judgment, if she find them to be comprehended under something already known by her, lets them drop, and forgets them; for which reason a certain book of essays, which I am writing, will be small in bulk, but I trust not light in substance. Thus do men severally follow their inborn dispositions.

Shakespeare. Every word of your Lordship's will be an adage to after times. For my part, I know my own place, and aspire not after the abstruser studies; although I can give wisdom a welcome when she comes in my way. But the inborn dispositions, as your Lordship has said, must not be warped from their natural bent, otherwise nothing but sterility will remain behind. A leg cannot be changed into an arm. Among stageplayers, our first object is to exercise a new candidate, until we discover where his vein lies.

Bacon. Do not those who enact what you write fail sometimes in rendering your true meaning?

Shakespeare. Grievously, alas! and yet methinks they often play well too. In writing, however, I strive to make the character appear with sufficient clearness in the dialogue, so that it may not lie altogether at the discretion of looks and gestures.

Bacon. In what esteem hold you the man who enacts Falstaff? Plays he not well?

Shakespeare. Indifferently, my Lord. He lacks the eye of a true jester, and does not speak the wit as if it were his own. Nevertheless, my shafts do not seem entirely blunted by his shooting them, since they are so eagerly waited for by the spectators. As for pregnancy in himself, he has none.

Bacon. Yet, by giving voice and utterance to your thoughts, he has pleased the Queen to a degree seldom known before. At each time of his reappearance, her majesty seemed to rejoice as if it had been the coming of a bridegroom, and the ladies of her court failed not to clap their hands. When they saw him fall down in battle at Shrewsbury, they cried out, "Alas! for our sport is ended!" but when he rose again, alive and well, the Queen began to laugh more than ever, and said she would know Falstaff better next time; and asked Essex, who stood behind her chair, if he had any such devices for saving himself at need. After the curtain fell, Essex brought Sir John a purse of angels, which the Queen said he would require, as Mrs. Quickly had now pawned all her plate, and could no longer support him in his debaucheries.

Shakespeare. Does your lordship sometimes honor these scenic pastimes with your presence?

Bacon. To say the truth, I have more frequently read your plays than seen them acted. Look round this narrow closet, Mr. Shakespeare. Behold these rows of books, in which are marshalled various samples of men's wisdom and folly. Here is the theatre which I love most to visit, although it be not always for sport or relaxation. This table is a stage, upon which these grave doctors sometimes descend to play their pranks, until I grow weary, and cut short their logic by flapping their leaves together. These pens are what once served them for swords and daggers; and this wax is like the human understanding, which they have run into a mould, and stamped with the head of Aristotle.

Shakespeare. Touching that matter I have the advantage of your Lordship. I care not whose head they stamp it with, or what doctrines and opinions are current; for, so long as men are born with the same passions and dispositions, the world will furnish the same handles to the tragedian. Therefore, while my Lord Verulam is vexing his brain with subtle questions, William Shakespeare lives with little thought, except it be to gather fresh fuel for his fancy. To the poet who has a ready-going pen, there needs not much painful preparative, since his best impressions are often got in the midst of idleness and sport.

Bacon. I am told that you do not invent the plots of your own plays, but generally borrow them from some common book of stories, such as Boccaccio's Decameron, or Cynthio's Novels. That practice must save a great expenditure of thought and contrivance.

Shakespeare. It does, my Lord. I lack patience to invent the whole from the foundation.

Bacon. If I guess aright, there is nothing so hard and troublesome as the invention of coherent incidents; and yet, methinks, after it is accomplished, it does not show so high a strain of wit as that which paints separate characters and objects well. Dexterity would achieve the making of a plot better than genius, which delights not so much in tracing a curious connexion among events, as in adorning a phantasy with bright colors, and eking it out with suitable appendages. Homer's plot hangs but ill together. It is indeed no better than a string of popular fables and superstitions, caught up from among the Greeks; and I believe that they who, in the time of Pisistratus, collected his poem, did more than himself to digest its particulars. His praise must therefore be found in this, that he reconceived, amplified, and set forth, what was but dimly and poorly conceived by common men.

Shakespeare. My knowledge of the tongues is but small, on which account I have read ancient authors mostly at second hand. I remember, when I first came to London, and began to be a hanger-on at the theatres, a great desire grew in me for more learning than had

fallen to my share at Stratford; but sickness and impatience, and the bewilderment caused by new objects, dispersed that wish into empty air. Ah, my Lord, you cannot conceive what a strange thing it was for so impressive a rustic, to find himself turned loose in the midst of Babel. My faculties wrought to such a degree, that I was in a dream all day long. My bent was not then toward comedy, for most objects seemed noble, and of much consideration. The music at the theatre ravished my young heart; and amidst the goodly company of spectators, I beheld, afar off, with dazzled sight, beauties who seemed to outparagon Cleopatra of Egypt. Some of these primitive fooleries were afterwards woven into Romeo and Juliet.

Bacon. Your Julius Cæsar and your Richard the Third please me better. From my youth upward I have had a brain politic and discriminative, and less prone to marvelling and dreaming than to scrutiny. Some part of my juvenile time was spent at the court of France, with our ambassador, Sir Amias Paulet; and, to speak the truth, although I was surrounded by many dames of high birth and rare beauty, I carried oftener Machiavelli in my pocket than a book of madrigals, and heeded not although these wantons made sport of my grave and scholarlike demeanor. When they would draw me forth to an encounter of their wit, I paid them off with flatteries, till they forgot their aim in thinking of themselves. Michael Angelo said of painting, that she was jealous, and required the whole man, undivided. I was aware how much more truly the same thing might be said of philosophy, and therefore cared not how much the ruddy complexion of my youth was sullied over the midnight lamp, or my outward comeliness sacrificed to my inward advancement.

Shakspeare. The student's brain is fed at the expense of his body; and I suspect that human nature is like a Frenchman's lace;—there is not enough of it to be pulled out both at the neck and the sleeves.

Bacon. What you observe is in part true. Yet if we look back upon ancient times, we shall find exceptions. Plato's body was as large and beautiful as that of any unthinking Greek; and so also was the body of Pythagoras, whom men had almost deified for his conjunct perfection of mind and person. To mention Alcibiades, Epaminondas, Cæsar, and others, would be unseasonable; since, although these men had ability enough for the great advancement of their own or their country's fortunes, the same portion might have gone but a small way toward the extension of knowledge in general. But here we touch upon the distinction between understanding and those energies which are necessary for the conduct of affairs.

Shakspeare. Speaking of bodily habitudes, is it true that your lordship swoons whenever the moon is eclipsed, even though unaware of what is then passing in the heavens?

Bacon. No more true, than that the moon eclipses whenever I swoon.

Shakspeare. I had it from your chaplain, my lord.

Bacon. My chaplain is a worthy man; he has so great a veneration for me, that he wishes to find marvels in the common accidents of my life.

Shakspeare. The same chaplain also told me, that a certain arch in Trinity College, Cambridge, would stand until a greater man than your lordship should pass through it.

Bacon. Did you ever pass through it, Mr. Shakspeare?

Shakspeare. No, my lord. I never was at Cambridge.

Bacon. Then we cannot yet decide which of us two is the greater man. I am told that most of the professors there pass under the arch without fear, which indeed shows a wise contempt of the superstition.

Shakspeare. I rejoice to think that the world is yet to have a greater man than your lordship, since the arch must fall at last.

Bacon. You say well, Mr. Shakspeare; and, now,

if you will follow me into another chamber, I shall show you the Queen's Book of Sonnets; which, not to commend up to the stars, would show much blindness and want of judgment. Her majesty is a great princess, and must be well aware of the versatility of her own parts, which fit her no less for a seat among the Muses, than to fill the throne of her ancestors.

Shakspeare. Were her majesty to listen to all that might be spoken of her good gifts, she would find the days too short for expediting any other business. The most her subjects can do with their praise is, to thrust it upon her by snatches; and, as Jupiter is said to have had a small trap-door in heaven, through which, when open, ascended the foolish prayers and vows of mankind, so might her majesty's presence-room be provided with a golden funnel for receiving the incense of those innumerable worshippers, whose hearts are full of her, although their quality enables them not to approach her person.

Bacon. Walk this way, Mr. Shakspeare. The Queen's book is not to be found among ordinary classics.

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND DAVID HUME.

These two remarkable individuals, although contemporaries, never came personally in contact. Dr. Johnson was looked upon by his friends as the colloquial champion of England; and probably the exultation which they felt in seeing him thrash every opponent, could have received little addition, except from betting. If they had met, David Hume would probably have declined the contest. There is something extremely ludicrous in this headlong pugnacity, when manifested by an individual who is supposed to make reflection his business; and Dr. Johnson seems to have been the only modern philosopher whose propensities were likely to have revived those scenes described by Lucian, in his Banquet and other pieces. This was not altogether owing to bigotry. His character seems to have been originally endowed with an overplus of the noble spirit of resistance; so that even had his temperament been less morbidly irritable, and his prejudices less inveterate, he would still have betrayed an inclination to push against the movements of other minds. Upon the whole, it is probable that the cultivation of his conversational powers was not favorable to his powers of composition, because it habituated him to seek less after truth in its substantive form than truth corrective of error, and to throw his thoughts into such a form as could be most conveniently used in argument. Although gifted with great powers, both of observation and reflection, he passed his life in too great a ferment ever to make any regular philosophical use of them. He was full of those stormy and untoward energies peculiar to the English character, and would have required something to wreak himself upon, before he sat down to reflect.

This English restiveness and untowardness, with which the Doctor was somewhat too much impregnated, makes a ridiculous figure in literature, but constitutes a very important element when introduced into active life. It is in a great measure a blind element; but in the political dissensions of a free country, it is a far safer one than the scheming and mischievous propensities of personal vanity and ambition. It is a quality which rather inclines sturdily to keep its own place, than to join in a scramble.

David Hume's temperament was well calculated for a philosopher of the Aristotelian class; that is to say, one who founds his reasonings upon experience, and upon the knowledge gathered by the senses. His whole constitution seems to have been uncommonly sedate and tranquil, and no part of it much alive or awake, but his understanding. Most of the errors of his philosophy, perhaps, arose from his overlooking elements

of human nature which were torpid within himself, and which could not be learnt by the mere external observer of mankind. He knew more of the virtues in their practical results, than he knew of them as sentiments; and his theory of utility resembles that explanation of musical concords which modern physics have enabled us to draw from the vibrations of the atmosphere, but which is merely an external supplement to the musical faculty within us, which judges of the harmony of sounds by totally different means.

The coldness of David Hume's character enabled him to shake off all vulgar peculiarities of thought and feeling, and to ascend into the regions of pure and classical intellect. No English writer delivers his remarks with so much grace. The taste which he followed in his compositions was founded upon the most generalized principles, and the most extended considerations of propriety; and the consequence is, that they possess a beauty which, whatever may be the fluctuations of human opinion, will never decay. He was utterly beyond the contagion of contemporary notions, and seems to have habituated himself to write as addressing a remote posterity, in whose eyes the notions which during his time had stirred and impelled the world, would perhaps be considered as the mere infatuations of ignorance and barbarism. The worthy David is entitled to less credit for those passages where he seems impressed with a belief that his own writings might continue to be perused at some future era, when christianity would only be remembered as an exploded superstition. However, there was perhaps more skepticism than vanity in this. His writings are elaborately perspicuous. He thought he saw the foundations of all human opinions sliding so fast, that he was determined to give his own works as fair a chance as possible of being understood, if they survived the wreck.

David Hume had too little personal character about him, to bear the marks of any particular nation. The sedate self-possession for which he was remarkable, has sometimes, however, been ascribed to Scotsmen in general, and his countrymen have always been notorious for dialectical propensities. It is remarkable, that no particular intellectual faculty has ever been set down as predominating in the English composition. Her great men have excelled in every different way, both in isolated faculties and in the aggregation of them. Englishmen have long been the first, both in delighting and instructing the nations; but owing to constitutional causes, they have also, like Dr. Johnson, been the most miserable of mankind. Dr. Johnson thought that all foreigners were comparatively fools.

If we compare the lives of Hume and Johnson, we find Hume spending his years in a manner well enough suited for the cultivation of his metaphysical powers, but too secluded, and too much at ease, to make him practically acquainted with human passions. In all his writings, Hume appears as a philosophical spectator, capable of estimating the wisdom or folly of men's conduct in relation to external circumstances, and of prognosticating its result; but not very capable of entering sympathetically into their feelings, or of strongly conceiving the impulses by which they are guided. Johnson had better opportunities of observation, of which we see the products in his writings; and he might have observed still better, had his attention not been so often engrossed by the fermentation of absurd prejudices in his own mind. He was generally more anxious to know whether a man was a whig in politics, or a high-churchman, or a dissenter, than to understand the mechanism which had been implanted in the individual by nature.

Johnson, during his lifetime, enjoyed more fame than Hume, and more personal authority in the world of letters. His growling was heard all over Parnassus. The influence he had on English literature consisted, not in disseminating any new system of opinions, but in teaching his countrymen how to reason luminously

and concisely, and in making the taste for reflection more popular than it was before.

Johnson had certainly more of what is commonly called genius than Hume. Possessing a stronger imagination and warmer feelings, it would have been less difficult for him than for the skeptic to have mounted into the regions of poetry; as may be seen in his tale of *Anningait* and *Ajut*, and some other pieces. Hume is said to have composed verses in his youth, which would probably be written in imitation of the coldest and most artificial models. Although Johnson had imagination, there was no native grace or elegance in his mind, to guide him in forming poetical combinations; and perhaps there is not in any English book a more clumsy and ungainly conception than that of the *Happy Valley* in *Rasselas*. Any thing that Hume had, beyond pure intellect, seems to have been a turn for pleasantry, which his strict taste prevented him from ever obtruding gratuitously upon the reader.

During the time when these men flourished, it may be safely averred, that the influence of intellect was completely predominant over that of genius in this country. No great poet arose, who produced moral impressions fit to be weighed against the speculative calculations to which the times were giving birth.

ODE.

Among the happiest specimens of modern Latin, is Dr. Johnson's ode to Mrs. Thrale, from the Island of Skye. It begins,

"*Permeo terras ubi nuda rupe,
Saxæa miscet nebulae ruinas,*" &c.

Sir Walter Scott says that he landed some years ago on Skye with a party of friends, and had the curiosity to inquire what was the first idea on every one's mind at landing. All answered separately it was this ode. If the following translation, which makes no attempt to give a conception of the extreme elegance of the original, shall direct to it the attention of any of your classical readers, whose recollection it may have escaped, you will be rewarded for the space it fills.

FROM THE ISLE OF SKYE.

I tread the land where rocks piled high
In gloomy ruins threat the sky,
Whose clime unblessed and sterile soil
Deride the famish'd laborer's toil.
Among fierce highland clans I stray,
Where science sheds no cheerful ray,
Where rags and squalid want are found
Within their smoking hovels round.
While thus o'er regions wild and drear,
Remote I roam, condemned to hear
An unknown tongue's discordant noise,
I meditate what now employs
Sweet Thralia's hours. With kindest smile
Does she her husband's cares beguile,
While round her feet her children play,
And love and gladness fill the day?
Or, anxious novelty to find,
From various books adorns her mind?
Whate'er thy joys—be sacred yet
Thy plighted friendship, nor forget
The bard whose wandering muse still true,
In all her wanderings turns to you—
So shall thy rocks, O Skye, proclaim
To murmuring surges Thralia's name.

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T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE INFLUENCE OF MORALS

ON THE HAPPINESS OF MAN, AND THE STABILITY OF SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

By a native (but not now a resident) of Petersburg, Va.

Although it is impossible to foresee the ultimate consequences of the action, we can readily appreciate the motives of those master spirits of the latter ages, who gave resistless motion to the reformation or religious revolution of the sixteenth, and to the French or political revolution of the eighteenth centuries. It is no part of our design to dwell upon the virtues or the excesses of the prominent actors in the reformation of the ecclesiastical and political establishments of the world at these respective periods; but we feel irresistibly inclined to discuss the probable influence of these revolutions upon the happiness of man and the stability of his institutions. The period has not yet arrived to investigate the full extent of their influence in this regard; and the bias of public opinion is at this time too strong to render it an agreeable task to inquire whether they have exercised a beneficial influence over the destinies of social man, and if so, whether the purchase has not been dearly made. When time shall have shed its mellowing influence over these stupendous events, and they cease to loom up before us in deceptive magnitudes through the mists of passions, which have been too deeply agitated to subside speedily, the world will be prepared to inquire whether these revolutions have elevated the social and moral condition of the world to the extent so generally believed, and in fine, whether they were not the mere results of causes, which would have produced equal or greater benefit to mankind if these had never occurred.

Before the nineteenth century closes, it will be gravely asked whether these revolutions have retarded or promoted the social interests of the human family. The present generation, being composed for the most part of religionists, is unfitted for sober inquiry upon this subject; but when sectarian feeling shall have subsided, and these religionists shall have become religious, and the wild and speculative philosophism of the day shall have been subdued by the calm and sober spirit of philosophy, this great question will be settled. The contemplative mind is already inclined to attribute the wonderful change in the social condition of man within the last three centuries to the discovery of printing, and to look upon these two great convulsions as among the numberless results of that art which imparted to the operations of the human intellect electric activity and resistless energy. The fountains of living waters had been sealed up for ages, and man wandered in arid and uncultivated deserts; but no sooner was the rock smitten with the wand of Faust, than the whole wilderness was watered. Refreshed with the draught, man, prone to wander, resumed his journey with renovated strength; but whether he has been misled by the false lights of a

presumptuous understanding, or has meekly followed the pillar of truth in his pilgrimage, is the great question which is to decide the extent of the influence of these revolutions on his happiness. From the morning of life, even in the blissful walks of Eden, man was inquisitive and rebellious. When is it that the strong man fails to exert his strength, though he shake the horns of the altar or the pillars of the temple until himself shall perish in the common ruin?

The debasement of our species in the middle or dark ages has been the fruitful theme of declamation with modern writers; yet the discovery of arts the most useful to mankind was made in this period of universal gloom. The sceptre of the churchmen, who are accused of having usurped unbounded dominion, was twined with wreaths when it was broken; and when the tiara was smitten with the rod of innovation, many of its precious jewels were preserved by the thoughtful reformers. In our zeal to vindicate the necessity of religious reformation in the sixteenth century, we have been mindful only of the excesses of the clerical order; but the clear head and the upright heart, will also give them credit for signal blessings and benefactions to the human family. When the spirit of man had been crushed by the rude domination of the feudal barons, the clergy interposed the sanctity of the mitre to shield them from oppression. The feudal system was admirably adapted to the maintenance of unbridled power, and while it fenced around the few with insurmountable barriers, it reduced the many to unqualified submission and dependance. The arts and sciences were totally neglected by the mass of the people, and would have perished but for the clerical order, who watched the fitful flame with the devotion of the early vestals.

Mind is power. And whatever factitious aid or distinction physical endowments may borrow from the depraved taste or corrupt morals of a people, there is a resilient and recuperative energy in the powers of the intellect, which will, in due season, assert its supremacy. Hence when the chivalry of Europe returned broken and discomfited from the wars of the Holy Sepulchre, the gentle but resistless dominion of the lettered priesthood was substituted for the iron yoke of the barons. The clergy derived their power from the influence of cultivated intellect, and could only maintain themselves by its display and exercise. While by their great influence they were the rulers, they were also the teachers of their fellow mortals; and the powers of mind they exerted were caught by reflection, and gradually extended. With the ascendancy of the clergy letters slowly revived. The world was comparatively dark and void, but as the sun of science gradually lifted itself above the horizon, its light was spread around, until blazing forth in meridian splendor, the genial influence was felt throughout the habitable globe. The privileged classes under the rigor of the feudal law, having been shorn of a goodly portion of their power,

and the spirit of equality breathed forth in the doctrines of the christian dispensation, having been infused into the people, the middle classes rapidly arose, and assumed a prominent station in society. As the light of science was diffused, and the benefits of education were extended to the multitude, they acquired a knowledge of their natural rights, and became inquisitive concerning the authority of their rulers. It was not probable that in this improved condition of intellectual man, he should tamely submit even to the mild dominion of the priesthood; and the sovereign pontiffs, long before the days of the tenth Leo, felt that their temporal power could not survive the growing intelligence of the people.

At this propitious period the art of printing was discovered, and there was no temporal power so firmly established, or so securely intrenched as to resist its powerful assaults. It was perhaps unfortunate for mankind, that the first eruption of the volcano, should have been beneath the altars of religion. It would have been far more salutary, if the revolution in government had preceded instead of following the revolution in religion; for the clergy, having been the first who were assailed by the spirit of innovation, were placed unwittingly in an attitude of hostility to the projected reformation, and were opposed to the assertion of what were deemed popular rights. Unhappily there was a divorce between the people and the established clergy, and thus those, who, by their superior prudence and intelligence were best calculated to bear upon their consecrated shoulders the ark of the covenant, and conduct it to the promised land, were proscribed and denounced. It became necessary, therefore, for the people, unaided by these lights, to institute new forms of worship better adapted than the old to the spirit of the age. But after the attachment of men to the sacred institutions of their forefathers had been shaken, and the hierarchy had been weakened, it was long before they could be united in any settled form of worship, as a substitute for that which they had thrown down. And in their journey to the land of promise, there was no cloud of smoke by day, no pillar of fire by night, to conduct them in their weary pilgrimage. The ark with its holy symbols was no longer with them, for the people had turned to the left hand, while the Levites pursued the right. Having lost the priesthood, they were no longer restrained by authority in religious matters. Hence the necessity of *universal freedom of opinion*, the true spirit of religious liberty; but, alas! like all boons bestowed upon erring man, it was the fruitful source of abuse and misery in the fruition. We have intimated that it would have been better if the revolution in governments had preceded the revolution in religion; because, after the result had been attained, and the storm had wasted its fury, the disturbed elements of society might have once more blended peacefully together beneath the auspices of a common religion. In consequence of this separation of the clergy from the people in the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, it was not effected without a strong infusion of bitterness. Under the new doctrine of freedom of religious opinion, which, on account of this separation, it became necessary to establish, a thousand new creeds sprang into being; but, forgetful of their common origin, they were not less hostile to each other than to the an-

cient establishment; and the bitterness of this cup has not yet passed away. And if the ancient church discipline forbade religious freedom, the new codes were compelled to tolerate the propagation of the most destructive and licentious dogmas. Infidelity stalked naked through the world. Availing themselves of the great engine with which this revolution in religion had been effected, and protected by the genius of universal toleration, the disciples of the philosophists and illuminati poured forth from a teeming press their blasphemous doctrines, subversive alike of religion, morals, and all social institutions.

Although religion advanced with her hundred banners, the Holy Sepulchre could not be protected from the infidel. The opinions of men became unsettled; there was no longer any reverence for the institutions of antiquity; and though age called to age from the bottomless abysses of time, her hoarse voice was lost amid the tumult of noisy innovation.

The Papal hierarchy, seated on the seven hills of the Caesars, had been shaken to its foundations; and the fragments of its temporal power, like those of the monuments of the palmy days of imperial Rome, were crumbling in the dust. The storm of revolution now began to roll back from the altar to the throne,

Retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis;

and the restless spirit of revolution sought out the ruins of other establishments, upon which to erect a trophy to the rights of man.

It soon became apparent that man, in the pride and excess of his newly acquired powers, was rushing madly forward to another revolution, which threatened to engulf all existing establishments, social, moral, and political. Freedom of religious opinion had been attained, but the price was yet to be paid. There was no establishment so sacred as to escape the indiscriminate ruin. The veil of the temple was rent asunder, and breaking into the innermost recesses of the sanctuary, these frantic levellers of the second or political revolution placed their sacrilegious hands upon the horns of the altar, questioned the attributes, limited the powers, blasphemed the name, and denied the existence of the unavenging Deity! The French philosophists, fostered by a profligate nobility, whose ruin they precipitated, had corrupted the national morals by their licentious writings. The social virtues had been shaken by the speculative productions of the learned Encyclopaedists. In the wild delirium of infidelity, *denuded beauty* usurped in the city of Paris the worship of the Deity! And the whole frame-work of society, "like the city of Persepolis, perished amid the vapors of wine, and by the seducement of courtizans." Yet a moment, and the lilies of France were as scarlet.

It was only by the abuse of the privileges conferred by the first or religious revolution, that designing men were enabled to produce the second or political revolution. The freedom of religious opinion enabled the philosophists and infidels to propagate their destructive doctrines, and poison and corrupt the morals of a whole people. At the head of this band of ruffians was the detestable Voltaire. "Let us contemplate the wretch," exclaims a beautiful writer, filled with holy indignation,

as he looked upon his bust. "Behold that repulsive countenance, over which modesty has never spread her glow, and those eyes, like two extinguished volcanoes, yet glimmering with the lurid glare of lust and hatred. That mouth, extending from ear to ear, and yawning like a fearful chasm; those lips compressed with malice, ready to pour forth the bitterness of sarcasm, or the mad ravings of blasphemy. Alas! what mischief has he not entailed upon us? Like that poisonous insect, the scourge of the garden, which attacks none but the most precious plants, Voltaire, with his rankling sting, never ceases to wound those two germs of society, women and young men. He infuses his poison into them, and thus transmits it from generation to generation. The great wickedness of Voltaire consists in the abuse of his talents, and the prostitution of a genius given him for the praise of God and virtue. He cannot, like so many others, allege in extenuation of his crimes, inconsiderateness, the seducement of the passions, or the frailty of our nature. His corruption is of a character peculiar to himself; it is seated in the innermost recesses of his heart, and is upheld by all the powers of his understanding. A sacrilegious wretch, he braves God to destroy his creatures. With unexampled frenzy the insolent blasphemer has dared to declare himself the personal enemy of the Redeemer. In the depth of his nothingness he applies a contemptuous epithet to the Saviour, and pronounces that law which he brought upon earth *infamous*. Abandoned of God, he knows no restraint. Other blasphemous railers have astonished virtue, Voltaire shocks vice. He surrenders up his imagination to the enthusiasm of hell, which lends him all its powers to lead him to the uttermost excesses of wickedness. A wretch, who would have been banished from Sodom, he is crowned at Paris. Insolent profaner of his native tongue and of the greatest names of France, he is the most contemptible of mankind next to those who admire him. When I contrast what he might have done with what he has done, his unrivalled talents only inspire me with a holy indignation, which I have no language to express. Hesitating between admiration and horror, I feel sometimes as if I would like to erect a statue to his memory—by the hands of the common hangman."

One of the necessary consequences and afflictive results of the reformation was the toleration of doctrines utterly subversive of religion, morals, and society; and the invention of printing and cultivation of letters have placed at the disposal of the wicked, irresistible means of poisoning the manners and morals of a whole people in the very gush of the fountain. The mind of man no sooner became unfettered, freedom of religious opinion no sooner became his priceless heritage, than straightway he proceeds to the most signal abuse of these inestimable blessings. Who shall control the powers of the free and gifted intellect? Springing into life from amidst the gloom of barbaric ages, like the electric flame from the dark bosom of the tempest, if it sometimes invigorates and purify, it is as often the herald, and the messenger, and the agent of desolation. Does the imprisoned eagle demand a whirlwind to lift him in the clouds? No—he only asks that his ligaments may be loosed, and that his wings may be unfurled. Aided by the formidable power of the press, and impelled by the restless and feverish condition of the public mind, then

beginning to expand with unwonted energy, the reformers shook the temporal and spiritual power of the Roman hierarchy, which had swayed its sceptre over the civilized world from the age of Constantine. So with the second revolution, or the revolution in government, which unsettled and upheaved the foundations of society.

In his farewell address to the people of this country, the first president, whose patriotic heart yearned for the perpetuity of our institutions, but whose sound understanding taught him to apprehend their speedy dissolution, exhorts us to indulge cautiously the belief that sound morals or integrity can be preserved without the aid of religion. He made law, order, and government repose upon morals, and held religion to be indispensable for the protection of morality. Whenever opinions utterly subversive of religion, and publications destructive of morals are freely tolerated, as in the period immediately preceding the French revolution, it follows as a necessary consequence that the bonds of society become as bands of flax before the flames of revolution. The world has not yet recovered from the effects produced by the writings of the philosophists. The Deity seemed in regard to that fated people, to have withdrawn for a season his superintendence of human affairs, and left to men the inevitable consequences of their own depravity. The morals of the French people had already been corrupted. There remained for Voltaire and his school nothing but to deny the existence of God. Alas! for them there was no God. He had already abandoned them!

Since the invention of printing the influence of men of genius over the public mind is incalculable. That which the great reformers and their associates effected in the religious world in the sixteenth century, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert and their abettors repeated in the political world in the eighteenth. How frightful then is the responsibility of men of talent? What tremendous agency do they not exercise over the destinies of the children of men? And how important is it, that the public press should vigilantly guard the public morals, and restrain the publication of licentious works, or, if that be impracticable, labor at least to counteract their baleful influence? We have endeavored to show that the revolutions of the sixteenth and of the eighteenth centuries were the mere results of the discovery of the art of printing, and consequent improvement of intellectual man; or, in other words, that the press, by whose agency they were effected, is, in the hands of men of genius, a resistless agent for weal or woe. If it sometimes improve the heart by informing the understanding, it not unfrequently happens that it is prostituted, first to sap public morals, and then to overthrow the establishments which repose upon them. The ardent Milton, glowing with his customary eloquence in defence of unlicensed printing, exclaims: "And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple: who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?" This is unquestionably a sound argument in favor of unlicensed printing in a political sense. But in the present condition of mankind the philosophic mind cannot admit its truth as applicable to social man. If the understandings of all men were as

clear as that of Milton, and if all men of sound understanding were so enamored of truth as to embrace her under all circumstances, we could safely admit the argument. But while the understanding of a vast majority of mankind is clouded by prejudice or overshadowed by ignorance, wisdom and truth may cry aloud in the streets, and few will hearken. The Bible contains in itself every lesson of morality and every rule of action: it is filled with the wisdom of inspiration, and breathes the spirit of eloquence; it is engrafted upon the civil code of every civilized nation, its copies are multiplied and circulated to almost infinite extent, it is the text book of religion, its lessons are enforced from the altar and the desk, it is to be found near every hearth and in the chambers of affliction and death; it has stamped upon it the broad seal of the Everlasting, and was delivered to man amid the thunders of Sinai; it has its thousands and its tens of thousands anointed for the propagation of its wholesome truths; and yet such is the perversity of man, such is the inability of the most imposing truths, revealed by the Deity himself, to wrestle with error, that myriads have been and still are seduced from the paths of truth and morality, by the apostles of untruth and infidelity.

From the two great revolutions of which we have spoken the world is supposed to have derived two invaluable blessings, freedom of religious opinion, and free political institutions. Let not our gratitude however deter us from speculating upon the ultimate operation of these transcendent gifts; let us endeavor to lift a corner of the veil which darkens the future, in order to gather a few salutary lessons. We do not limit our view to the present generation, but we speak of man, immortal in his essence, whose existence on earth will only cease when time shall be no more. In this enlarged sense man is not secure of these blessings. They are *experiments* in the midst of which we now are, and timorous men think the "beginning of the end now is." To have been delivered from the dominion of the priesthood seems to us in the midst of fruition a blessing vouchsafed; but inasmuch as by that deliverance it became necessary to recognize and establish freedom of religious opinion, christianity, religion, morals, and government have a new and formidable enemy to encounter in the shadowy monster *INFIDELITY*. And unless untried means be discovered to arrest the progress of this formidable foe in his desolating march, future generations will be startled with the question, what has religion profited by the reformation—in what has christianity been benefited by universal freedom of religious opinion? It will be remarked, that throughout this article we speak of religion generally—not of creeds, ancient or modern, reformed or otherwise. With the latter we have no concern.

We have been speaking of the unsettled experiment, which sprang from the first, or religious revolution: we will now proceed to the second experiment, which originated with the political or French revolution. And this latter problem is the "capability of man for self government." In this favored land it is a conceded truth, (may it be so ever!) which it is a species of treason to question. But the philosophic inquirer is not to be deterred from the investigation of wholesome truths by the partialities or prejudices of the age in which he lives. The prince of philosophers was a martyr in this

cause, but we have fallen upon better days. We are in the midst of the awful experiment. We have already remarked that the sagacious Washington doubted the stability of this government, and the characteristic of this truly great man was unerring sagacity. And ardent patriots have latterly been startled by the frequent and violent assaults upon the bonds of the Union. In stronger governments the centripetal power prevails, and the tendency of power is to the centre; but in our free institutions the repulsive power predominates to an alarming extent, and our most formidable enemy, as well as our national tendency, is licentiousness. Impatience of restraint, love of novelty, laxity of morals are alike opposed to the interests of true religion and the perpetuity of free institutions. Infidelity and licentiousness have increased in these latter days with frightful rapidity, and unless they be checked in their reeling and riotous career, they must ultimately stalk amid the disjointed fragments of desecrated altars and broken charters. Hence, it is the *FIRST DUTY OF EVERY CHRISTIAN AND OF EVERY PATRIOT TO OPPOSE EVERY THING, WHICH TENDS TO CORRUPT PUBLIC MORALS OR TO PROMOTE LICENTIOUSNESS OF OPINION.*

Time is not the great destroyer. Man is immortal, and his political and social establishments would, but for his licentiousness, endure until the voice of the Archangel, like to a passing-bell, proclaimed the funeral of time. The infidel Volney, while contemplating the ruins of the wilderness, which once blossomed as the gardens of Jericho; the unbelieving Gibbon, overshadowed by the ruins of the capitol, and meditating amid the fragments of mouldering columns,—beheld the *FRUITS OF LICENTIOUSNESS*. And the silent monitor within might have whispered to these unbelievers, that such as themselves had desolated empires.

Let it be the "first duty of every citizen to oppose everything which tends to corrupt public morals, or to promote licentiousness." History with her grave and solemn countenance constantly admonishes us, that whatever may have been the immediate cause of national calamities, licentiousness of morals and opinions has always preceded and precipitated the catastrophe. It is with individuals as with nations; the measure of chastisement is, for the most part, exactly proportioned to their delinquency. Man, being immortal, and capable of future suffering, and the extent of his malice and of the deliberate consent of his will being only known to the Searcher of hearts, appears sometimes to escape the penalties of this universal law, at least on this side of the grave. Moreover divine justice is not unfrequently appeased by submission and penitence. Not so with nations. They never escape the temporal punishment of crimes. National affliction and national degradation as assuredly follow national crime as effect follows cause. How beautiful is the moral of the Eastern allegory in relation to punishment? "The Brahmins represent Punishment as the son of the Deity, and the security of the four orders of the state. He rules with a sceptre of iron, and from the beast of the field to the children of men, the order of nature can never be violated with impunity. He is the perfection of justice. All classes would become corrupt, all barriers would be overthrown, and confusion would prevail upon the face of the earth, if punishment either

ceased to be inflicted, or were inflicted unjustly. But while the Genius of Punishment, with his dark countenance and fiery eye, presses forward to extirpate crime, the people are secure, if justice be impartial." From this avenging principle there is no escape, no mitigation for a guilty people; unless by a special dispensation of Providence, some inspired messenger should awaken them to a sense of impending ruin, and like the Ninevites of olden time, they should repent in sackcloth and ashes. But national worship, what is it for the most part, but sheer mockery? How often have we beheld injustice victorious, and bending beneath the weight of guilty laurels, leading subdued innocence a captive at her chariot wheels, lift up in the temple of the God of Justice canticles of rejoicing and thanksgiving to Heaven for its signal protection? In one of those genuine inspirations of genius, so rare with Voltaire, (*fas est et ab hoste doceri*), he exclaims with a just, we had almost said, with a holy indignation:

"Je n'ai cessé de voir tous ces voleurs de nuit,
Qui, dans un chemin creux, sans tambour et sans bruit,
Discrettement armés de sabres et d'échelles
Assaillent d'abord cinq ou six sentinelles;
Puis montant les toits aux murs de la cité,
Où les pauvres bourgeois dormaient en sûreté,
Portent dans leur logis le fer avec les flammes,
Poignent les maris, dishonorent les femmes,
Écrasent les enfans, et las de tant d'efforts,
Boivent le vin d'autrui sur des morceaux de morts.
Le lendemain matin on les mène à l'église
Rendre grâce au bon Dieu de leur noble entreprise;
Lui chanter en Latin qu'il est leurs digne appui,
Que dans la ville en feu l'on n'eut rien fait sans lui;
Qu'on ne peut ni voler, ni massacrer son monde,
Ni brûler les cités si Dieu ne nous seconde."

Greece was subdued by the Roman power, Rome was overthrown by hordes of barbarians. Yet it is admitted that these people were invincible while they were virtuous, and only perished when they had become licentious and corrupt. No matter what agency may have been employed in their desolation, we always find punishment, the avenger of crime, leading on the invader, and bruising guilty nations with his rod of iron. The warning is repeated throughout Holy Writ. The most sublime, the most affecting passages of Scripture, eloquently depict the lamentable consequences of national depravity. The most pathetic of the prophets, as he sat by the gates of the city, lifted up his voice in grief over the fallen fortunes of Israel, and spake of the sufferings and captivity of Judah. And invariably he attributes the afflictions of his people and their national degradation to their crimes and licentiousness. When the fair and fertile "valley of Siddim, once well watered, even as the garden of the Lord, became an arid and dismal wilderness, condemned to eternal sterility; when the graves of the once proud cities of the plain were dug by the thunders of heaven, and they were buried beneath the sluggish waters of that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean;" it was, in the expressive language of Scripture, **BECAUSE OF THE INIQUITIES OF THOSE CITIES.**

We are not of the number of those who consider political revolutions always beneficial to mankind, although popular rights and privileges may be extended

by them for a season. We are not of those, who would liken such convulsions in the body politic to the strife of the elements, which purify the atmosphere and restore a wholesome equilibrium. Their immediate results may be flattering to the patriot and philanthropist, and man, for a time, may enjoy a greater share of freedom. But in their ultimate effects, it is very questionable whether society is really benefited. We would rather compare these political shocks to a paralysis in the human system, from which the patient may recover for a season with renovated health, but only to await successive shocks in accumulative frequency, until he finally perish.

The political revolutions, which have most afflicted mankind, have been introduced by an era of national profligacy and licentiousness. Charles was the natural precursor of Cromwell, and Cromwell the fit successor of Charles. The libidinous Cavalier was aptly followed by the stern and formal Puritan. The morals, the literature, the religion of the English nation had become utterly depraved, and the interposition of the "Genius of Punishment, the avenger of crime, the security of the four orders of government," became necessary to chastise and to correct. The sufferings of the nation were terrific, but its crimes had been enormous. But as if to teach mankind a lesson, which tradition could never forget, the crimes of the French people were permitted to accumulate, until Paris rivalled Sodom in iniquity. And perhaps the sudden and consuming wrath which fell upon the city of the plain, was mercy compared with the protracted sufferings of this abandoned people. If the world shuddered at the enormity of their crimes, nations grew pale at the prolonged intensity of their sufferings. The Avenger of Crime again exacted the full measure of retribution.

A fact, which strikes us with great force in these latter ages, is the rapidity with which revolutions have been effected: a circumstance equally worthy of notice is the facility with which in modern times the morals of a whole people have been corrupted. This proceeds, as did the two great revolutions of which we have spoken, from the invention of printing, the agency of the press, that powerful engine, powerful alike for evil and for good. If revolutions thus destructive of the tranquillity and happiness of nations have been preceded by the prevalence of licentiousness, it becomes an important inquiry to ascertain the causes of the corruption of public morals. Alas! it is a matter of history. Prometheus stole the living fire from Heaven to inspire, to create a being like himself. But man, ever rebellious, has, in latter times, snatched the consecrated flame from the altar to fire the social edifice, and sought immortality in the enormity of his crime, and in the memorable beauty and sanctity of the building. With strange indocility and ingratitude, with unaccountable waywardness and perversity, he exerts the divine attributes of mind bestowed upon him by a munificent Creator, to mislead and destroy his creatures.

There are no periods in the history of England and France, in which corrupting and licentious writers were so freely tolerated, as those which immediately preceded the frightful revolutions that shook those kingdoms to their foundation. A licentious press has never failed to corrupt the people who tolerate the nuisance. The close contact into which the nations of the earth

have been brought by the cultivation of letters renders the action of the press electric. The attention of nations is no longer confined to the enemy within; there must be a warden at every gate, a watchman upon every tower. The electric influence imparted to one extremity of the chain is instantaneously felt throughout the lengthened links. As the powers of man have expanded, his dangers have increased. If to improve the understanding were in equal degree to purify the heart, if the tree of knowledge always bore the fruit of virtue, we would not be compelled to deplore the lamentable facility with which whole divisions of the human family have been latterly corrupted. Unfortunately the will of man is perverse. Hence he enjoys the freedom of religious opinion, and preaches infidelity; he exults in his political liberty, and teaches licentiousness and insubordination. When will he learn the whole lesson of wisdom and happiness, "*Sustine et Abstine*?" The press then is the great engine of good and evil—the press is the protector as well as the destroyer of morals—the press is the shield—it is also the leveller of nations. Tremendous engine! Frightful power! Can it be that Providence, stretching forth his kindly arm, has over-calculated the strength and skill, and virtue of his people, and has intrusted them with the guidance of the chariot of light, only that they may consume instead of enlightening the world?

But we must hasten to conclude an article, which has already transcended the limits of our design, by a few remarks peculiarly applicable to our own country, and addressed more particularly to the rising generation. There are deeply sowed in our soil seeds of destruction unknown to other lands; and it is therefore the more requisite for the preservation of our excellent institutions, that we, above all other people, should "*oppose everything which tends to corrupt public morals, or to promote licentiousness.*" Influenced by such considerations we feel impelled to censure the writings of EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, though we are filled with admiration for his transcendent genius. And yet the masterly style in which the immoral tendency of his works has been exposed and denounced by one of the most gifted correspondents of the Messenger, in the January number, has anticipated our design, and abridged our task. But the manner of Bulwer is so captivating and seductive, he wields over the youthful mind such overpowering influence at a season of life when their hearts and intellects are plastic and easily shaped, that we cannot refrain from superadding our testimony to that of the able reviewer to whom we have alluded. The lettered ease, the airy manners, the loose morality, with which he invests his striking characters, are well calculated to lead the youthful to erect a false standard of taste, and to adopt a perilous laxity of morals. He labors to substitute for the manly dignity of the educated gentleman the finical foppiness, the showy and superficial polish of a pert and puny *intellectualism*. He has done much to engraft upon the Saxon solidity of our language and character that frivolous levity, which seems only to have found a home in England and America, when it had been banished from France. But he has not only offended against the *lesser*, he has assailed the *greater morals*. Considering the toleration of immoral productions as evidences of the decline of any people, we have witnessed with no little

regret and alarm, the sensation this author has created. His example is even worse than his precept. Seduced from the path of duty by inordinate vanity, and bowing down before those conventional orders in Britain, which in his closet he seems to despise, Mr. Bulwer fails to fulfil his destiny. With creative powers beyond those of any living writer, with a free command and a beautiful fluency of language, deeply versed in the knowledge of political and social institutions, "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" the world had reason to require of this gifted man, that he should assert his proper station, and stand forth the eloquent champion of rational freedom, and like a tower of strength, defend against the fierce war of innovation, established institutions. Erect between contending parties, like the pillar of mingled darkness and flame, he should gild with cheering light the pathway of the friends of peace and order, and cast a withering shadow over the advancing footsteps of destroying anarchists. It is not enough that he should amuse or delight, he should be required to instruct mankind. The British parliament, and the British people, should be made to feel and to respect the powers of his genius. Alas! with all his endowments of mind, he is eminently deficient in that highest of human attributes, *moral courage*. Even the false gods he worships are of a secondary order. With less of ardor than the Persian, he turns from the great luminary; and with more than Babylonian idolatry, he bows down before the lesser lights. He is at once flattered and enslaved by the Aristocracy, and living but for their patronage and amusement, he adapts his morals to the lax standard of a profligate and unintellectual nobility. He is manifestly subdued by the social influences of a corrupt and corrupting metropolis. Instead of reposing with dignity upon the powers of his intellect, or lifting himself to useful eminence by their exertion, and fearlessly pursuing the high destiny that awaits him; he yields to the seductive influence of literary ease, and inhales the poisonous influence of that artificial and exclusive society, into which he only finds admission at the price of virtue. Yet he has not received even the full wages of iniquity, and his prostituted talents are not fairly compensated. Stung by the disappointment, his wounded spirit brooding in solitude over its fancied wrongs, sometimes breaks forth with resistless violence, and scourges with merciless severity those idols whom he despises in his soul, but whom he worships in all outward observance. Forming our estimate of his abilities from his writings, when we compare what he might have done with what he has effected, we feel impelled to inquire wherefore such talents should have been so unwisely bestowed. Far be it from us to detract from the full measure of his intellect. Radiant with celestial imagery, he breaks forth in his "Song of the Stars" with a wild burst of eloquence, which thrills the heart and leads captive the understanding. And in that other beautiful extravagance, "The Soul in Purgatory," how exquisitely, and yet how faithfully does he portray the constancy of woman's love? We have long since passed through the "May of youth and bloom of lustihood," and we begin to feel in our bosom the freezing influence of the snows that have fallen on our head; yet when in that beautiful fiction the "Angels string their harps in Heaven, and their music ascends like a stream of odors to the Pavilions

of the Most High," we seem to listen to the angelic minstrelsy, and feel that the harp of Seralim, sweeter than that of his fellows, had richly earned the "*gift, for the love that burned upon his song!*"

As productions of sheer entertainment, the works of Bulwer, the gay, the wild, the erratic, the voluptuous Bulwer, are inimitable. The outpourings of his wayward genius furnish some of the choicest specimens of sentimental epicurism. He appears in each succeeding volume to drink deep, and yet more deeply, of the bewildering draughts of that school, whose wildest errors have been consecrated and upheld by the transcendent powers of Goëthe. Would that we could stop here, or only turn aside to breathe a requiem over the departed spirit of the gentle LILIA! But beneath this bed of violets lurks the deadly serpent, in the vigor of his coil, and in the fulness of his sweltering venom. In a former number of this periodical, the immorality of Bulwer's works is ably displayed. We unhesitatingly pronounce the first and the last of the novels of Bulwer, the very worst books in the English language. In the expressive language of a beautiful writer, if any man arise from the perusal of "Falkland" and "Ernest Maltravers" with feelings of admiration for the writer, "*God does not love that man.*" They are the very breathings of licentiousness, and lewdness, and profligacy. The story of Ernest Maltravers is one of bald and denuded hawdery, unredeemed by one feeling of remorse, one touch of pity, on the part of the perpetrator of the most abominable and disgusting debauchery. It is impossible to unfold the dark abominations of this work in all their repulsive enormity, with due regard to the delicacy of those whose eyes will fall upon these pages, but whose glance, we fondly trust, will never be thrown upon the dark history of the wrongs of poor Alice Darvil, the motherless, the orphaned victim of the chilly profligacy of Maltravers. We have no language to express our reprobation of this outrage upon public morals and public decency. There is not to be found in English literature a more immoral and disgusting scene than is exhibited in the first fifty pages of the first volume of this work. In the third chapter of the second book of this same volume there is a sketch of maturer and more fashionable crime. Bulwer's heart is corrupt in its innermost recesses, and he pretends not to greater virtue for himself than he bestows upon Maltravers. For, notwithstanding the gentle protestation in the introduction to this shameful work, it is apparent that Ernest Maltravers is bound up in the self-love of the author, and that, by a pitiful imitation of Byron's worst vanity, there is a faint shadowing forth of Edward Lytton Bulwer in the reckless and icy profligacy of Maltravers. What a frightful audit awaits these enemies of the souls of the children of men! If we could be persuaded that the gross immorality of Bulwer was either tolerated or admired by the youth of our country, we would despair of the Republic.

Let us descend from the dignity of sober discussion, and address our concluding remarks to the rising generation, with that fervor of feeling, which has not yet ceased to animate us. The last hope of the Republic is in the rising generation: upon their prudence and integrity repose the destinies of our country. The world is no longer under the guidance of age and ex-

perience. There is a precocious vigor in the action—there is an unripe energy in the counsels of nations, which hurries to precipitate movements. The youth of the present generation enter too early upon the stage of life, and infuse into the elements of society an unwholesome degree of turbulence. Not unlike the son of the wise man, we spurn the counsels of the elders of the people, and listen to the suggestions of crude and hasty inexperience. The social, moral, and political world is in a restless and feverish paroxysm; and it is perhaps one of the most calamitous results of the two great revolutions of which we have spoken, that man, unwilling to submit to the superintendence of Providence, labors to control his own destinies. Weaned from the past, which he has been taught to consider the history of his debasement, he cares little for the present, and with the wicked curiosity of Saul, seeks to lift the veil which darkens the future. The waters of the great deep have been moved,—the Storm-God has smitten the caverns of the winds; and unless those who are to succeed us, will gather from the lessons of experience, wisdom for their future guidance, we shall scarcely survive the lowering tempest.

We live in an age of experiments—as a free people we are ourselves an experiment. Our excellent institutions seem to be no longer regarded as *republican settlements*, but as *nurseries of future revolutions*. In the brief period of sixty years from the foundation of our government, while our political establishments are yet in their infancy, reflecting men have been amazed at the alarming and gigantic strides of a youthful people in the paths of precocious corruption. The framework of our institutions—the sanctity of contracts—public faith and public credit—the arm of government—shrink and wither before the breathings of this turbulent spirit, like the sinew of Jacob's thigh beneath the touch of the wrestling angel. We repeat, that the last hope of the Republic is in the morals, the intelligence, the virtue of the rising generation. If they will impress deeply upon their youthful minds the stern truth, that the prosperity of a nation corresponds with the purity of its morals; if they will accustom themselves to reflect that our excellent institutions have been borrowed from the collected wisdom of successive ages, that they have descended to them from a long line of illustrious ancestry as a priceless heritage, to be transmitted unimpaired to their posterity; if they will steadily devote all the energies of their minds to rebuke that spirit of innovation, which, leaving all the ancient landmarks far behind, would plunge at once, without skill or experience, into the turbid and tempestuous waters of revolution; if they will look upon our frame of government as a kind of "family settlement, combining the interests of the state with the charities of social life, the affections of the heart, and with the sanctity of their hearths, their sepulchres, and their altars;" then may we confidently hope that the Eagle upon our banner, who has careered over so many fields of victory, and whose gaze has been gladdened by the stars that have been lit up around him, beaming with the mild lustre of freedom, will never behold one dark spot in the broad blaze of glory in which he floats, but bear them onward forever, the ever-burning type and emblem of that Union, which none but ourselves can put asunder!

WESTMINSTER HALL.

Westminster Hall, originally built by William Rufus, in 1096, was the place where Richard II feasted 10,000 guests,—where he was deposed in 1399, and also where sentence was pronounced on Charles I, in 1649.

Hail, antiquated hall! Methinks I mark
Thy Norman founder, his rude sceptre swaying,
With red elf-locks, and brow forever dark,
His unlov'd Saxon vassals still dismaying:—
Hark! To the chase! But Tyrrel's arrow speeds
The tyrant monarch where no hunted red-deer bleeds.

Thou wert the chosen spot, the vast area
Where he who claim'd the Black Prince for his air
A mighty banquet gave. (A bright idea,
Suggested by a royal brain on fire,
To feast ten thousand guests :) it puts to shame
The party or the ball of any city dame.

I marvel how they pack'd their dining-chairs,
Crickets, or stools, or whate'er else they sat on,
And where they pil'd their caps and roqueleires,
Unless they figur'd quaker-like, with hat on:—
Would I'd a yardstick, or some means of testing
The square amount of space, to separate truth from
jesting.

Amid the guests of royal birth, I see
Old John of Gaunt, musing with prophet-frown
On banish'd Bolingbroke;—while mad with glee
The giddy monarch shakes his rubied crown,
Reckless, as when he rush'd with beardless face
Amid Wat Tyler's mob, where Walworth rear'd his
mace.

Heard'st thou of Pomfret-Castle,—flaunting king?
Ah, breathe no thought to damp his hour of mirth!
To spoil a banquet is a sorry thing.
And could the wisest read their fate on earth,
With early gray the sunniest tress 'twould sprinkle
And plant the smoothest brow with many a rugged
wrinkle.

Poor Richard! Was it here, thy regal state
Was shorn, as woodman cleaves the forest-stem?
Here, did usurping Henry's vengeful hate
Rend from thy head its rightful diadem?
Whilst thou with trembling lip and tearful eye
Didst thrill men's wondering hearts, with powerless
sympathy.

The pageant fades. Slow ages seek the dead.
Plantagenets and Tudors disappear.
But see! What captive king is sternly led
From his drear prison, watch'd by guards severe?
Charles Stuart! Can it be! Alas, how vain
To seek for justice here, 'mid such unbridled train.

His doom is spoke. And must the headsman base
His life-blood shed, near his own palace-door?
Had pure-soul'd Marshall fill'd those judges' place,
Whalley and Goffe would ne'er have ventur'd o'er
To this New World, to prowl like birds of night,
And with outlandish feats, our Indian tribes to fright.

'Tis somewhat strange. For though I'm surely bound
As the true child of patriot parents born,
Of those who fought on Bunker's hallow'd ground,
The pride and pomp of kingly away to scorn,—
I ne'er could help the wish that woe and thrall
Had seiz'd on canting Noll and his queer roundheads
all.

Good night, old hall! With many a legend hoar
Hath Mother History hung thy vaulted roof,
And many a stolen thread from Fancy's loom
She deftly mingles with her crimson woof,—
Black passions, haggard crimes that shun the light,
And fierce ambition's spoils. Dim, ancient hall, good
night. L. E. L.

JOSEPH WOLFF, MISSIONARY.*

Few persons make good travellers: few journey with much profit to themselves, and still fewer to the advantage of others. The present generation is, indeed, well supplied with books of travels. A late number of the Edinburgh Review, taken up, at random, from among several others, contains, on its quarterly list of new publications, no less than fifty volumes of "travels and voyages." But the majority of these works are not fit even for light reading. Their details are too trifling and incorrect to be appealed to for important truth, and too insipid to be read as fiction. Very frequently their authors seem to imagine, that a voyage or journey of a certain number of miles entitles them to a patient hearing from the public, just as it is said to gain admission into the London Travellers' Club, and this whether they have made observations that are new and worthy of record, or not. If any vagrant wight has been so fortunate as to penetrate into a region before unvisited by book-makers, even though he can describe nothing more than his emotions on entering the unknown land, or the ceremony of taking possession thereof, for himself and his publishers, by inscribing his name on the bark of a tree, or the summit of a rock, his first business, after returning home, is to make a contract with a bookseller; and, then, drawing something from his notes, and memory, but still more from his imagination, he spreads out the issue in a watery film, over as many pages as it can be made to cover.

The prerequisites of a good traveller may be easily enumerated; not that they are few in number, but that they may be reduced to three general heads:—he should possess every possible bodily, mental, and moral accomplishment. No one needs to be more thoroughly furnished for his work. Strength of body and firmness of constitution are necessary to support fatigue, brave exposure, and sustain an eager and patient spirit of investigation. It is related of Volney, that, before he undertook his journey to the East, he imposed upon himself a regular course of physical training for the undertaking. He accustomed himself to every vicissitude of the seasons and of weather, to prolonged exer-

* Researches and Missionary labors among the Jews, Moham-medans, and other sects, by the Revd. Joseph Wolff, during his travels between the years 1831 and 1834. First American Edition. Philadelphia: 1837. 12mo. pp. 388.

tion and to coarse and slender diet. In this way, his naturally weak constitution was strengthened, so that he could endure hunger, thirst, long toil, and every hardship, with the Arab of the desert. He learned to walk at a measured pace, in order to calculate the distance of his marches. In fact, so unusual, unremitted, and long continued were these preliminary exercises, that he became the laughing-stock of his friends, and some entertained doubts even of his sanity. But, when the trial came, he reaped the full benefit of his perseverance. All bodily qualifications, natural, and acquired, most eminently assist the traveller's progress. A good outward appearance, acute senses, easy and polished manners, will greatly aid his investigations, while they add much to his comfort. The various arts of self defence and protection may, in various situations, be of incalculable service; and an expert hand will never long be unemployed.

What branch of human knowledge is there which the traveller does not need? To examine and describe the countries that he visits, even as to their physical aspect and productions, alone, requires a general acquaintance with the natural sciences. To become familiar with the character, habits and customs, governments, laws, religion, social condition, arts and sciences, and literature of their inhabitants, demands an extent of knowledge to which few have ever attained: above all, that knowledge of human nature, which is the most difficult of all to acquire. Let any one run over the whole circle of the objects of learning—he cannot lay his finger upon one, and pronounce it undeserving of the traveller's study. Our observations of foreign countries and people are, of necessity, comparative; and, if we have no standard of comparison, our labors must be fruitless. Narrow and prejudiced views of distant lands and institutions, are, always, the offspring of contracted minds.

And, besides that a great variety of studies is necessary to fit him for these comparative observations, knowledge is, in most cases, his surest passport and most efficient aid, in preparing the way for the accomplishment of his objects. Among an uncivilized people, learning, and, especially, scientific learning, exalts a stranger to the rank of a demi-god: gives him access to every class of society, and a thousand opportunities which were, otherwise, inevitably lost. We cannot illustrate our position more forcibly, than by instancing medical science, a knowledge of which has, doubtless, been a more fruitful source of correct and full information concerning the habits, condition, and institutions of barbarous and half civilized people, than any other accomplishment whatever. Even the jealously guarded prison of Mohammedan females—the harem—is thrown open to the enlightened physician. But we should tire ourselves and the reader, by attempting to enumerate, in detail, the various species of knowledge which the traveller should possess, and to show the particular use and importance of each.

But, again, exemplary morals are essential to the proper improvement of extensive foreign travel. How can a debauchee estimate aright the moral and social condition of the nations that he visits? Besides, those who journey in pursuit of objects to gratify avarice and lust, are always regarded with suspicion and dislike, where they should seek to cultivate intimacy and inspire confidence. Universal as is the reign of vice, virtue

always receives its meed of honor. In theory, at least, it is exalted, even by those who have left it at the greatest distance, in their erratic wanderings. And the traveller, whose immorality, in a measure, frustrates his own purposes, is also answerable for a still greater evil: the stigma which he casts upon the whole body of his countrymen, who are estimated by him as a standard, necessarily impairs the success of those who may follow in the same track. Who does not know, that the cupidity and manifold vices of English and American seamen, ranging the world in quest of riches, and holding no means for the attainment of this end, too base and degrading, have fixed a stain upon our national characters, which nothing can wash away, and rendered all bearing these names the abhorrence and detestation of many people? In the forcible language of the Patriarch, Jacob, we have been "made to stink" among the inhabitants of lands thus visited.

A traveller's moral and intellectual training should have rid him of that credulity, which swallows every thing without discrimination; otherwise he must often be led astray, not only by the mistakes of those really wishing to satisfy his curiosity with truth, but still oftener by the many, who are heartily fond of playing "tricks upon travellers." An acute and discerning mind, and a certain degree of skepticism are necessary, in order to see strange things in a true light, not shaded by clouds either accidentally or purposely cast over them. But here an extreme is to be carefully avoided. A man may come even to doubt his own being, if incredulity be too sedulously cherished. The traveller should follow lord Bacon's advice, and "Read (the book spread open before him) not to contradict and confute, not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

But we have rather pictured our *beau-ideal* of a good traveller, than described any one whom we have ever known; though there have been many, in whom we could point out a variety of individual features, which, if combined, would constitute this admirable whole. And, indeed, it is impossible that any person should possess all the important qualifications mentioned; therefore each should direct his attention to that kind of research for which his turn of mind and education have fitted him; but, still, we expect to find, in every traveller, a good degree of intelligence, in regard to all ordinary matters coming under his notice.

We have been led into these remarks, from a hasty glance at the book lately published in this country by Mr. Wolff, the Missionary. We have only glanced at it, and think that any one who does the same, will be satisfied, as we are, that this is quite enough for common readers. No foreigner, who has lately visited our country, has been more hospitably received and entertained, and has attracted more notice, than Mr. Wolff. He certainly was a *lion*, during his stay with us, as we heard some one remark, at the time when crowds were attending his lectures in Philadelphia. We had, before, known something of his singular history, his wonderful eccentricities, and his extensive travels, and, of course, regarded him as a real curiosity. We are not in possession of the means to give a very satisfactory account of his past life, but such facts as we have been able to collect may be not altogether uninteresting to the reader.

The father of Joseph Wolff was a Jewish Rabbi of

Bavaria, who, of course, educated his son "after the most straitest sect of his religion;" teaching him to regard Christians with abhorrence. But the child was of an inquiring mind, and, before the age when children often think of making inquisition into the peculiarities of religious belief, had so far profited by the occasional instructions of a village barber, as to purpose embracing Christianity. And, at fourteen years old, notwithstanding prejudices of birth and education, and his parents' violent opposition, he was baptised in the Roman Catholic Church. He seems to have been, after this, domesticated in the family of Count Stolberg, a German nobleman—how long, we cannot say; but, from thence, he soon proceeded to Rome, and entered the Propaganda, having determined on a Missionary life; his object, even then, probably being, to labor for the conversion of his own people, the Jews. He had not, however, been very long a student in this College, when he became dissatisfied with many things in the Romish faith; and, at length, after residing between two and three years in the imperial city, and receiving the "minor orders," he left his instructors, much to the apparent relief of both parties. Mr. Wolff was disgusted by the corruptions which he detected, and his teachers found him too disputatious, and too open in his denunciations. Indeed, the Pope's command was the immediate cause of the separation. Still he seems to have left some friends behind; and the Cardinal, through whom the order for his dismission was communicated to him, expressed sentiments of the warmest esteem and affection at parting.

From Rome he returned, we believe, to Germany, though without relinquishing the purpose of becoming a Missionary. Before, however, he had reached his twenty-fourth year, we find him at Cambridge, in England, under the tuition and enjoying the friendship of the Revd. Charles Simeon and Professor Lee. In the spring of 1821, at the age of about twenty-six, he left Great Britain to begin his travels in the East—the field of labor to which he had long looked forward with ardent desire. He was anxious, not only to preach to his acknowledged countrymen, but also to search after the ten lost tribes of Israel, in the regions where he thought it most likely that they would be found. Five years he spent in journeying through Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Crimea, Georgia, and the Turkish Empire. From 1826 to 1830, he labored among his brethren in Great Britain, Ireland, Holland, and the Mediterranean. He has published, in England, voluminous accounts of both these series of travels; and the book now before us, which, we believe was also first published there, contains the journal of his last adventures, from the year 1831 to 1834, in Turkey, Persia, Turkestaun, Bokara, Afghanistan, Cashmeer, Hindoostan, and on the borders of the Red Sea. Into some of these countries he penetrated much farther than any other modern traveller has done, and this at an eminent peril of life.

During one of his sojourns in England, we know not which, he married Lady Georgiana Wolff, a woman of noble birth, connected with the Walpole family, and a cousin of the celebrated Lady Esther Stanhope. She must have had a great deal of romance, or a wonderful zeal in the missionary cause, to have joined her fortunes to such a husband. She has since followed her lord, in

many of his wanderings, and he gives some ludicrous descriptions of their adventures during a journey in the desert, where they travelled in a most primitive manner, balancing one another in panniers along over a camel's back, (Lady Georgiana carrying weight, to preserve the equipoise, as she, naturally enough, was the lighter of the two,) and attended by another camel, bearing a piano-forte! How we should have fancied listening to the dulcet strains of her ladyship's music, near some clear fountain, bordered with a speck of green, amid that ocean waste of sand, when the train had halted to refresh body and soul with the cool water, and soothing melody! During her husband's last wanderings, she remained at Malta. She is, no doubt, ardently attached to him, but we could not help smiling at the *naïveté* with which he describes their consultation about the project of his last perilous journey through the countries above-mentioned.

"In the year 1823, being then at Jerusalem, I said to my wife, 'Bokara and Balk are very much in my mind, for I think I shall there find the ten tribes.' 'Well,' she replied, 'I have no objection to your going there.'"

Perhaps his habits are not very congenial to a married life. As a friend informs us, all day he digs in the Talmud, or some other like soil, and, at night, throws himself down to rest, any where, with a box of books for his bolster, if he can readily find no softer pillow.

Mr. Wolff is, certainly, a man of talent—in particular, a talent for the study of languages, of which he has acquired between fifteen and twenty, or, perhaps, a greater number. But his eccentricities are wonderful: some have even declared him insane. He notices the accusation in a paragraph, which prefaces this volume, addressed to his American friends, and adds what he calls a recommendation from the Quarterly Review:—

"The Reverend Joseph Wolff, a religious fanatic." Rather a doubtful way of proving his soundness of mind. There is a striking simplicity in his manner, but he exhibits the most singular compound of humility and egotism, that we have ever before witnessed. For the former trait we can refer only to his personal bearing and intercourse; the latter appears, very evidently, in his book, his valedictory letters to his friends in the United States—we mean those published in the newspapers, and his public pretensions. The speedy restoration of the Jews to their own land, he confidently predicts; and seems convinced, that they will enjoy a complete political ascendancy over us poor Gentiles, who are all to take the place of servants. In fact, if his mind is at all disordered, it is in regard to this subject: but who will not entertain extravagant notions, on a point of speculative belief, which has occupied his thoughts, and guided his researches, for twenty or thirty years? Mr. Wolff took orders in the Episcopal Church, during his visit to the United States, the strictness of English ecclesiastical canons, probably, not allowing his ordination in that country. His object in soliciting this right was, that he might thereby be enabled to return to his labors in the East, under the auspices of a society in England, which requires Episcopal ordination, as a requisite for missionaries claiming its patronage. We are glad that, under more liberal institutions, his praiseworthy object has been effected.

Of Mr. Wolff's lectures in this country, we have little to say. He travelled through a considerable

number of the Atlantic States, and addressed multitudes at various places in which he sojourned. He also contemplated a visit to the Rocky Mountains, in search of the lost tribes, but letters from Lady Georgiana gave intelligence, which compelled him to abandon this project, and hurry back to England, after a residence, among us, of about four months. We heard two of his lectures, and, from the impression made upon our own mind, can, well enough, understand the widely different opinions in regard to him, which we have heard expressed. One of the two was interesting, though it disappointed our expectations; the other so empty and tiresome, that we could hardly sit it out: it was very much like some of the most worthless parts of the book before us. Of course he labors under a great disadvantage, in not speaking English very intelligibly: his pronunciation is exceedingly imperfect. We must, however, give it as our opinion, that his lectures, taken all together, were neither entertaining, or instructive.

We shall now look at Mr. Wolff through the volume which we have in hand. It is rather difficult to estimate aright his character as a traveller; and we give our views of the matter with diffidence, more especially as such high encomiums have been passed upon him, by several men of learning and influence. As he has had uncommon opportunities of gathering important information, having travelled extensively among tribes of which little is known, we might confidently have looked for a very interesting and valuable work. He tells the reader, in the preface, that he "must not expect to find in the pages of this journal descriptions of ancient monuments, or of natural or artificial curiosities." Making this allowance, however, we might reasonably expect much more than we find, concerning the governments, customs, manners, religious sects, &c. which he had opportunities of observing; for, such information an inquisitive traveller could hardly have failed to obtain, and it would be of incalculable advantage to future missionaries in those countries. But, instead of this, his book is chiefly made up of dry enumerations of the names of places, marking the different stages of his journey, and of men, interspersed with barbarous legends, religious and political, accounts of his own discussions and conversations, and flattering letters which he received from various personages in India. If he mentions a peculiar sect, we learn scarcely more of it than its appellation, and the titles of its chief men, or some ridiculous tradition concerning its origin. One would almost suppose, that Mr. Wolff had published his loose scattered notes, originally intended only as memoranda of hard names and statistics, to be filled up afterwards with interesting details. He seems to have travelled about, with a sort of floating notion, that he might discover some traces of the lost tribes, but without any very definite object, or any strong motive to employ his senses. In short, the result of his labors, so far as it has been set forth in this volume, reminds us of an anecdote, which we heard from his own lips. Feeling interested in a singular race of people living in Egypt, he applied to a Frenchman long resident in that country, for information as to their character and peculiarities. The latter gravely replied, that the only conclusion which he had formed respecting them was, *that they had remarkably long noses!*

Credulity is a common weakness of travellers: they see so many strange things, that, unless their minds are

very acute, they become, at length, incapable of drawing the line between what is probable and improbable or impossible. But such credulity as Mr. Wolff's we have never before known in a person of liberal education, and his reputed strength of mind. He gravely assures us of his belief in witchcraft and sorcery; seems to consider dreams as supernatural communications, though of this he does not speak positively; and tells of having seen persons possessed with demons, and of having conversed with the evil spirits.

"It is the traveller's business," he remarks, (p. 170) "to gather sayings and traditions prevalent among the people he is visiting, and I confess, that I place the greatest confidence in the traditions of the barbarians: they not only transmit the names of their tribes from father to son, but even the names of their horses."

Before reading this paragraph, we had met with a number of traditions and legends, which Mr. Wolff had thought worthy of record, as we supposed, because they illustrated the religious belief, or some other characteristic of the people from whom they had been drawn. We thought the most of them supremely ridiculous; yet, that they might be regarded as curiosities of some value, considering the long way which they had travelled: even a weed from Asia is a wonder in America. But, though the most of them are gravely set forth without comment, we had never dreamed of any credit being attached to them, until met by this singular profession of belief. We will give two specimens of the traditions which he thus relates: they will serve the purpose of illustration, though not the best examples which might be selected, had we the patience necessary for a second examination of the volume.

"ORIGIN OF GYPSIES."

"The common people of Khorossau give the following account of their origin: 'Nimrod commanded Abraham to be cast into a fiery furnace; but two angels appeared, to hinder the execution of it. The Devil said to Nimrod, that he should place near Abraham a brother and sister, who should make the angels blush to such a degree, that they would turn away their faces, and consequently their protection from Abraham. During this time, he was cast into a fiery furnace, but came out from it unhurt. The brother's name was Cow, that of the sister Ly; the Gypsies are their children, and therefore called Cowlybur-band, i. e. the band of Cowly.' " p. 78.

"Mullah Meshiak, or, as the Mussulmans call him, Mullah Modhe, told me the following legend: When Moses was a child, Pharaoh one day played with him; Moses took hold of Pharaoh's beard, and drew out the jewels, with which it was covered. Pharaoh said to Jethro, Balaam, and Job, who were viziers at the time, 'I am afraid that this Jew boy will one day overturn my empire, what is to be done with him?' Balaam advised Pharaoh to kill Moses; Jethro said, 'No, but try whether he has understanding, by putting before him gold and fire: if he takes hold of the gold, then kill him; but if he touches the fire, then it will be a proof, that he will not become a clever boy.' Job was silent, but Jethro's advice was followed. Moses wanted to take hold of the gold; but the Angel of the Lord turned his hand toward the fire, and he put the coals to his tongue, on which account he had a difficulty of speech: 'I am slow of speech and slow of tongue.' Exodus iv. 10. Job, on account of having followed the system of expediency, by not having spoken out his mind, was punished as described in the book of Job. Balaam, who advised his being put to death, was killed." p. 95.

We do not much admire the spirit of the following paragraph. From one professing to be a disciple of

him, who even when reviled, reviled not again ; to obey the dictates of that religion which forbids to "speak evil of dignities," they come with a very bad grace.

"Sir Frederick Adams, Governor of Madras, is not only a weak and most consummate Jack in office, but a real follower and imitator of Jeroboam, who made Israel to sin, for he orders the British Soldiers to present arms in honor of the Hindoo Idols at their festivals, and hypocritically orders money to be distributed among the Brahmins, that they should pray to their Idols for rain.

"There is not a more ungodly Governor on the face of the earth, and one more unfit for his situation than Sir Frederick Adams. His whole political science and skill, consists in proving to the Hindoos that he is afraid of them, and therefore would be ready, in order that they may do him no harm, to countenance idolatry, and even make idolators of the English themselves. Sir Frederick Adams has all the wicked dispositions of Jeroboam, who made Israel to sin, without having the talents of Jeroboam ! for Sir Frederick Adams never could have made himself King ! not only not in Israel, but even not in Liliup." p. 297.

In conclusion, let us inquire what good appears to have resulted from Mr. Wolff's extensive travels and "labors." We cannot find words to express our admiration of the noble self-devotion of the true Missionary spirit ; but we fear that his exertions, though prompted by a sincere piety, have been sadly misdirected. Is it probable that, in his rambling excursions among Jews and Gentiles, any lasting impression has been made upon those who have heard from his lips the glad tidings of the Gospel ? Is it probable that his written "proclamations" to the wild Turkomauns and other tribes, exhorting them to renounce their habits of violence and rapine, and embrace the Christian faith, have wrought any reformation ? Has he made the way more easy for the Missionaries, who may follow in his track ? Perhaps we, or, perhaps, his printed journals do him injustice ; but we cannot discover, that he has accomplished any thing, at all commensurate with the object proposed.

From a man who has gained credit for so much learning ; who is acquainted with so many of the Eastern languages ; who has travelled so extensively, and penetrated so far beyond others into barbarous and unknown lands, both the church and the world might reasonably have expected much more than they have realized.

WILLIS'S LINES ON

'THE BURIAL OF ARNOLD.'

Some readers may remember, that in our last No. (amidst much praise bestowed upon the author,) we censured these 'lines' very sharply ; supposing them to be a most unmerited, nay, almost impious panegyric, upon General Arnold, the traitor. We learn, from a Norfolk paper (the editor of which was a college classmate of both the poet and his subject), that they allude not to the traitor, at all ; but 'to a classmate of Willis, who died in college, and was a young fellow of fine appearance.'

We are naturally somewhat provoked, at having been thus duped into the useless expenditure of so much good thunder. It is purely the fault of Mr. Willis himself. When 'Borgia,' 'Cicero,' 'Cæsar,'

'Newton,' 'Bacon,' 'Pope,' or 'Johnson' is mentioned, everybody understands a personage to be meant, who has attained that well known badge of celebrity, 'the honor of the surname ;' and not some obscure villager, or cloistered student. So, by the name 'Arnold,' no American, and hardly any Englishman, could understand any other than *Benjamin Arnold*, of the Revolution ; unless some explanation either accompanied the mention of the name, or chanced to be already in the hearer's or reader's mind, through an accident like that which enables the intelligent Norfolk editor to correct our error. A reviewer, 'tis true, is bound (and often assumes) to be omniscient : but it is a qualified omniscience. There are objects too small to be embraced by it ; as some things are too minute to be reached or regarded by the omnipotence of the law. Among the *minima*, thus below the dignity of knowledge, may safely be numbered the names of the schoolfellows of one, whom we are striving, with doubtful success, to elevate to the rank of a fourth rate poet : himself not yet canonized by death ; his life not yet written ; nor his name enrolled among the classics of his language. Mr. W.'s book contains not the slightest note or token, to inform us who was meant by his 'lines.' There they stand, headed 'THE BURIAL OF ARNOLD ;' and every thing they say, seems to point at a hero of no ordinary dimensions. As we before intimated, their strain of praise falls not much below the merits of him, who is everywhere the 'FIRST.' Could any mortal, without some special illumination, dream that they 'alluded' only to a student 'who died in college, and was a young fellow of fine appearance?'

We do not mean a tirade on the extravagance, of so handling such a theme. Youthful poets are at least as pardonable as newspaper obituary writers, for such kind exaggerations. But we mean to show that Mr. Willis alone is to blame for the mistake into which we, and ninety nine hundredths of his readers (if he have as many as he deserves) have fallen and will fall, with respect to the piece in question. He ought to have appended an explanatory note, or to have made the title itself speak more truly. He cannot have intended a quiz, upon such a subject.*

To justify all we have now said, and to prove the *naturalness* of our mistake, we copy the piece. As a poetical effusion, (its extravagance being forgiven) it has more than ordinary merit.

THE BURIAL OF ARNOLD.

Ye've gathered to your place of prayer
With slow and measured tread :
Your ranks are full, your mates all there—
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all ;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall ?

* Since the above paragraphs were in type, we have seen it mentioned, that in a former edition, Mr. W. did explain whom his 'lines' meant. It was reckoning too largely upon the effect of that edition, to suppose that it had won notoriety, and perpetual remembrance, for every subordinate fact it contained. One object of succeeding editions is, to supply chasms, not to make them. The fact now spoken of, the more needed continual mention, as the little notoriety it once had, would of course lessen with every year ; and the humble but unspiced name of 'Arnold' the student, sink constantly farther and farther out of sight, behind the 'bad eminence' which History will forever ensure to the name of "Arnold" the traitor. Then why was not the explanation still retained ?

Ye reckon it in days, since he
 Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
 With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
 And his lip wreathed with a smile.
 O, had it been but told you, then,
 To mark whose lamp was dim,
 From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men,
 Would ye have singled him?

Whose was the sinewy arm, that flung
 Defiance to the ring?
 Whose laugh of victory loudest rung—
 Yet not for glorying?
 Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
 No rivalry might brook,
 And yet distinction claiming not?
 There lies he—go and look!

On now—his requiem is done,
 The last deep prayer is said—
 On to his burial, comrades—on,
 With the noblest of the dead!
 Slow—for it presses heavily—
 It is a man ye bear!
 Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily
 On the noble sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades!—we have laid
 His dark locks on his brow—
 Like life—save deeper light and shade:
 We'll not disturb them now.
 Tread lightly—for 'tis beautiful,
 That blue-veined eye-lid's sleep,
 Hiding the eye death left so dull—
 Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now!—his journeying is done—
 Your feet are on his sod—
 Death's chain is on your champion—
 He waiteth here his God.
 Ay—turn and weep—'tis manliness
 To be heart-broken here—
 For the grave of earth's best nobleness
 Is watered by the tear.

We have heretofore spoken of several scripture incidents, which Mr. Willis has made the subjects of his best verse: and we entertained (perhaps intimated) a design, to copy one or more of them at a subsequent time. The present is as suitable an occasion as any, for following out this design. We therefore now select what may be deemed the happiest of those pieces.

THE LEPER.

By N. P. Willis.

"Room for the leper! Room!" And, as he came,
 The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! Room!"
 Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
 Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
 The early risen poor were coming in
 Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
 Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
 Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
 And all that in a city murmur swells,
 Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
 Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
 Hailing the welcome light, and sounds that chase
 The death-like images of the dark away.
 "Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—
 Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
 Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
 And onward through the open gate he came,
 A leper with the ashes on his brow,
 Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
 A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
 And with a difficult utterance, like one

Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
 Crying "Unclean! Unclean!"

'Twas now the first
 Of the Judean Autumn, and the leaves
 Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
 Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
 Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
 And eminently beautiful, and life
 Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
 And sparkled in his glance, and in his mien
 There was a gracious pride that every eye
 Followed with benisons—and this was he!
 With the soft airs of Summer there had come
 A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
 Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
 Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
 The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
 The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
 Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy sloth,
 Fetter'd his limbs like palsy, and his mien
 With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
 Even his voice was changed—a languid moan
 Taking the place of the clear, silver key;
 And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light,
 And very air, were steeped in sluggishness.
 He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
 Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
 Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
 The arrow jereed like an aspen shock.
 Day after day, he lay, as if in sleep.
 His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales
 Circled with livid purple, covered him.
 And then his nails grew black, and fell away
 From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
 Deepened beneath the hard unmoistened scales,
 And from their edges grew the rank white hair,
 —And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking
 When at the altar of the temple stood
 The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
 Burned with a struggling light, and a low chaunt
 Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
 Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
 Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
 The echoes of the melancholy strain
 Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
 Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
 Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
 His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
 And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
 Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still
 Waiting to hear his doom:—

Depart! depart, O child
 Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
 For He has smote thee with his chastening rod,
 And to the desert-wild,
 From all thou lov'st atway thy feet must flee,
 That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart! and come not near
 The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
 Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
 And stay thou not to hear
 Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
 From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
 In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
 Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
 Nor kneel thee down to dip
 The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
 By desert well or river's grassy brink.

And pass thou not between
 The weary traveller and the cooling breeze;
 And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
 Where human tracks are seen;

Nor milk the goat that browseth on the p'vin,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart! and when
Thine heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him

Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.
Depart! O leper! and forget not God!

And he went forth—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
"Helon!"—the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
A kindly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to, in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshipped him.

LORD BYRON,—

A BORROWER, OR A PLAGIARIST?

It is scarcely credible that Lord Byron had not read *CORINNE*, when he wrote his IV. Canto of *Childe Harold*; or that, in penning his magnificent stanzas to the Ocean, he did not have in view the following passage. If he has not copied Madame De Staël as closely as

Virgil does Homer, or Thomson, Virgil,—she certainly furnished the germ, which he has so nobly expanded. Our reading does not enable us to say, whether his Lordship has ever acknowledged his obligation to her, or not: nor whether the similarity of thoughts has been remarked by any other person. That it should not have been, however, is hardly possible. But no one, surely, can blame an appropriation, which has given to the English language one of its most sublime flights of poetry.

'Cette superbe mer, sur laquelle l'homme jamais ne peut imprimer sa trace. La terre est travaillée par lui, les montagnes sont coupées par ses routes, les rivières se resserrant en canaux, pour porter ses marchandises; mais si les valseaux sillonnent un moment les ondes, la vague vient effacer aussitôt cette légère marque de servitude, et la mer reparait telle qu'elle fut au premier jour de la création.'—*Corinne*, chap. 4.

—'that proud sea, on which man can never leave a trace of himself. The earth he belabors—his roads cleave mountains—rivers are narrowed into canals, to bear his merchandises;—but if his ships furrow the waves for a moment, a billow instantly obliterates that alight mark of servitude, and the Ocean appears again as it was on the first day of Creation.'

MISS HAYLEY.

"This is a sight for pity to peruse."

Cooper.

This young lady was by nature lovely—and had received all the advantages of an accomplished education. Her early life was passed for the most part at home, in her native village, under the roof of a widowed mother. At the age of seventeen, by the invitation of a cousin, she came to spend the winter in the city of New York. At the house of her cousin she frequently met a young man, in whose favor she was soon much prepossessed.

He was indeed at that time already engaged to her cousin—but of this Miss Hayley was entirely ignorant. The betrothed charmed with Miss H.'s beauty and wit, notwithstanding his engagement to her cousin, seemed to pay her very marked attentions: yet perhaps charity will not charge upon the betrothed a deliberate infidelity to his engagement on the one hand, or purpose of deceiving Miss H. on the other. Allowance must be made for the frailty of human nature. In a world where so many complex motives actuate, we ought not to be in haste to denounce what we can never fully comprehend. Perhaps the strong irresistible magnetism of female beauty, may sometimes weaken the ties of the firmest preconceived attachments, and shake from their centre the well founded purposes of life—for love, like the swollen tide of a spring freshet, sweeps everything before it, and in one short day wastes the labor of years.

The civility of the betrothed soon arose to fondness—a fondness, alas! too nearly allied to devotion! In this there is no doubt much to reprehend, and perhaps something to pity and forgive. However this may be, when Miss Hayley came to leave the city, he had, whether he was aware of it or not, or whether he intended it or not, completely won the affections of this young lady.

To confirm the attachment indissolubly, it was now only necessary for him to accompany her home. This he did—and after a few days, during which he was ever at her side, he returned to New York, leaving her perfectly enamored of him.

After the lapse of some weeks, he not revisiting her, as she fondly and certainly expected, she grew uneasy; yet why should she doubt his good faith whom she

loved, and by whom she credulously believed she was as truly loved in turn? Her fears, she was at times almost ashamed of, yet she could not altogether subdue.

Time glided on; Miss Hayley grew daily more and more pensive, and her lover still not coming, the roses on her cheek began to turn pale. Month after month rolled away, until it was now a year since she had seen or even heard from the object of her affections.

At length, she was again invited by her cousin in New York to visit her. She went, and found her kinswoman as affectionate as ever. It was not long before she made her the confidant of her love, and opened to her her whole heart. She recounted to her all the series of hopes, and fears, and doubts, that now had agitated her for more than a year. While she was speaking, the tone of her voice and the expression of her eye were tender, touching and subdued; and many were the tears that she shed. She had not yet ended her story, when her cousin too burst into tears—only able to exclaim, "He is engaged to me!"

The words rang in the ear of Miss Hayley like the notes of a deathbell. In a moment she snatched up her bonnet, and rushing from the house, ran through the streets frantic, until she found her way to the house of a relative who lived in an adjacent square.

There every means was used to soothe the anguish of a wounded spirit. She at length was prevailed upon to go back to the house of her cousin; but on her arrival there, she refused to speak to her, or to the betrothed.

It was not long before Miss Hayley went back to her home, as a wounded fawn returns to her lair, but leaves not the fatal arrow in its flight. "Hæret lateri lethalis arundo." Shortly after, to the inexpressible grief of her friends, this unfortunate young lady began to exhibit the symptoms of mental derangement.

These symptoms were not at first such as absolutely to demand her removal from home.

Indeed the friends of one so unhappily affected are slow to admit the necessity of committing what is so dear to them to the care of a public establishment. The means of cure, if means of cure there be, are sometimes deferred until, alas! the malady strikes its roots so deep as to be ineradicable.

At length, the retirement of home and assiduities of friends bringing no alleviation, Miss Hayley was invited by a former teacher, the head of a celebrated female school, to stay with her. Here she was persuaded to occupy herself in giving lessons in music and painting—in both of which she was a proficient.

In this situation she passed three years. Her demeanor was flighty and disturbed, but she mingled somewhat in company. More than one young man was here captivated by her charms, but whenever the string of her affections was touched, with an hysterical laugh, she would rush from the room—fly to her chamber—throw herself on the bed and weep for hours; yet as soon as the storm of grief was over, in a moment she would appear gay as a bird, and perhaps join the girls in a walk or a dance. Sometimes when alone, she would be overheard exclaiming, "I see his noble brow—that eye—that mouth—that dark hair," or repeating some expression of her lover, or reciting some favorite verses of poetry.

She prized more than all her wardrobe, a blue and white checked gingham dress—a present from the betrothed; she would wash and iron it herself—no one else was permitted to touch it; she called it the true blue, and often wore it. She was also fond of singing the "Bonnets of Blue," and declared that she could never bear to be addressed by any one beside him she loved.

Miss Hayley was of a romantic turn, fond of looking at the moon, and of composing verses.

On Saturday afternoon she would walk out to a favorite rock, near a murmuring brook, and with a pencil write verses, but she would never consent to show them to her companions. "I was told by one of these, her associates, from whom indeed I received the greater part of the information contained in this story, that

Miss Hayley would sometimes burst into tears in the midst of a music lesson, and that she sung one of her favorite airs in a style so touching as to draw tears from those around her.

"She never blamed him—never!
But received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same.

But vainly she dissembled;
For whene'er she tried to smile,
A tear unbidden trembled
In her dark eye the while.

She sighed when he caressed her,
For she knew that they must part—
She smiled not when he pressed her
To his young and panting heart.

But yet she never blamed him
For the anguish she had borne,
And though she seldom named him,
She thought on him alone."

At length Miss Hayley was removed to one of those institutions founded for the benefit of the alienated in mind. She soon became attached to her new abode, which she infinitely preferred to her own home. She had the prettiest room in the hospital, and in it a piano-forte.

Her naturally fine mind, though fatally unbinged, was as active as ever, and on some subjects as rational; like a wrecked ship at sea, at the mercy of every wind that blows.

Miss Hayley was an exquisite painter, and often occupied herself with her pencil. Whenever her nerves would allow, she would read. She took a fancy to some rabbits in the hospital garden, and might often be seen pulling grass to feed them.

The physician of the establishment showed her parental kindness. Indeed he was the soul of kindness and generosity. Never was man more exactly fitted for the office he held. Mild, yet firm—ardent, yet cautious—full of professional enthusiasm, he was in his element among the wrecks of mind which he lived to repair. Miss Hayley loved him as a father. Sometimes, it is true, in moments of excitement, she addressed him in bitter, passionate, vindictive language; but she always soon relented, and with tears sought his forgiveness. She was reserved to strangers—affable to her friends, but rather inconstant in her regard.

At length, the hallucination of this young lady underwent a change, and she took up a most extravagant attachment to an idiot boy from the Three Rivers, Canada. This poor youth had been a promising lad at school, but from venturing into the water when his body was too much heated, he had suffered a paralysis, and was now sunk in absolute idiocy, and would stand for hours with his face to the hospital wall, uttering only the unmeaning mutter of insensible fatuity. Some metaphysicians, they say, once essayed to prove that nothing exists really, but only in idea. What is a paradox in reference to the sane, is a truth in reference to the insane. To them nothing is real, everything is ideal.

Accordingly, in her disordered fancy, perhaps Miss Hayley confounded the Canadian with her former lover, and then invested him with a thousand imaginary charms. Before this, she had often begged her physician to adopt her as his daughter; but that, and even her continuance under his care, was cut off by the new and unfortunate turn that her malady had taken. She was removed home, where the arguments and entreaties of her friends only confirmed her hallucinations, and she became incensed against her nearest relatives.

She was at times so nervous that she could read only one verse in the Bible at a time. Her face was uncommonly fine and intellectual—her dark eye could beam with melting beauty, or sparkle like the glance of a meteor in the sky. One could not behold her without pity and admiration. Her attachment to the idiot boy resembled that of Shakspeare's Titania, enamored of an ass's head.

Alas! was ever so sweet a flower blasted by the storms of life!

"Woe is me
For what I have seen and what I now see."

The following lines allusive to this young lady, I have, since writing this sketch of her, found in a newspaper:

"I saw her in the bloom of youth
When joys were bright and hope was high,
And love and innocence and truth
Glowed in her dancing azure eye;
And every thought of hers was fair,
And pure as angels' visions are;
And sweet as innocence can be,
Was her light laugh of frolic glee.
And ne'er a fairer ringlet strayed
Around a neck more clear and bright,
Than hers o'er which enchanting played
Her auburn hair in silken light.
Her step was light, as fabled tread
Of fairies o'er the wild flowers' bed;
Her form so fragile, light and fair—
It seemed much less of earth than air.
But she is changed—for sorrow stole
The roses from her glowing cheek;
And grief, the mildew of the soul,
Flushed her clear brow with hectic streak;
And those soft charms of youth are gone,
That once I loved to gaze upon—
That seemed the brightest flowers of all,
That glow in beauty's coronal.
Now oftentimes her mood is wild,
And oft she raves and curses him,
Who first deceitful on her smiled,
Till fever throbs through every limb;
But when her wilder mood is fled
She calls for blessings on his head,
And seems forgetful that his vow
Was false—is lost and broken now.
And when a ray of reason breaks
Across her dark bewildered brain,
The wretched maiden only wakes
To more intense—to wilder pain—
To all the woes that mem'ry brings
Upon her particolored wings—
To that full sense of wretchedness,
Which man may feel, but not express.

Petersburg, Va.

C. C.

EMINENT PLAGIARISTS.

Bacon, Newton, and Boyle reduced the fanciful philosophy of France into experiment and demonstration. Helvetius and Diderot gleaned their pretended discoveries from Shaftesbury, Mandeville and Toland. Hackluyt, Churchill, &c., furnished Montesquieu with the moral facts in his *Esprit des Loix*. The *Cyclopaedia* of Chambers was the parent of the French work.*

A COUPLE OF LOVE-LETTERS.

"Come," said my friend, as we rose from a Virginia breakfast, the merits of which were better discussed by my dentals than they can be by my pen, "come, let us adjourn to the library. The ladies always like to have every body out of the way when they are clearing off the table, so that the contrast may be more striking, when one returns and finds every thing in order."

"Capital!" cried Miss Bella. "What a fine excuse to be rid of our company!"

The latter part of the speech we only conjectured, for ere it was completed we had closed the door behind us, and, in a moment more, were enjoying each a com-

fortable corner, beside a fine fire in the old library room.

It was merry Christmas, and beside us stood a long table covered with various presents which the owner of the mansion was accustomed, on such occasions, to distribute among his servants, who soon came dropping in to receive them. At length, there remained but one bundle, when a matronly, sedate negress opened the door, and dropping a low courtesy, wished the gentlemen a very merry Christmas. We returned her salutation, and my friend, Charles L——, handing her the packet, she gravely received it, and in the same dignified manner left the room. There was a something so striking about her, that she had scarcely shut the door, when I remarked to him on her intelligent and matronly appearance.

As I spoke, he suddenly dropped his chin on his breast, seemed lost in thought for a moment, when his features relaxed into a smile, and he vented his feelings by a low chuckle.

"Old aunt Dinah:"—responded he to my look of inquiry. "She has never forgotten a trick I once played her, when she was much younger than she is now, and myself just beginning to raise a pair of whiskers."

"I had returned from college but the day before, and was sitting just here, by this very table too, when one of the servants tapped lightly at the door, and asked permission to come in. It was Charles, my namesake. He always had been particularly attached to me. We were christened on the same day, and shortly after, his mother died, leaving him a month old. There happened to be no nurse on the plantation at the time, and so my mother took him into the house and raised him along with myself. The poor little fellow used to amuse us very much, by calling her "mammy," until he was taught differently, but his devotion to herself and the family has never subsided, and, to this day, her grave is to him the holiest spot of all the earth."

"Supposing he had come in to receive my orders in relation to the next day's hunt, I proceeded to inquire concerning the abundance of the game, and so forth; but this, from his unconnected answers, was very evidently not his business. I therefore said to him, 'Well, Charles, what do you want to see me about?'

"I dont want nothin," replied he.

"Who does, then?" said I.

"The poor fellow screwed his mouth into all possible contortions; grinned, and muttered some broken sentences, from which I gathered that aunt Dinah had received a letter from somebody or other, and wished me to read it for her.

"Very good," said I, "send her up."

"Charles disappeared, apparently glad to complete his commission, and presently aunt Dinah availed herself of my leave, by making her appearance."

"She had the letter in her hand, and gave me to infer that it was nothing particular. She would have burned it, only she felt a little curious to know what the fellow had to say. But stop; I will read it to you." So saying, L. opened a small writing desk, and took out a couple of letters, one of which looked as if it had lain for ages in a tobacco chest. This he unfolded, and began to read. But as he allowed me to copy the letter, I will give the reader an exact transcript of it, and the answer to it.

* See another instance, p. 156.

"My dear Mrs. Dinah,

I take this opportunity of writing unto you, hoping these few lines may find you well. dear mrs. my heart is fascinated with your charms. dear mrs. you must pardon my boldness for sending you these few lines. oh dear mrs. I want to come pay my addresses to you. my dear mrs. I wold have come myself, but my dear I cold not see you at no convenient time. oh dear mrs. I'll try the second time. oh dear mrs. I like you very much. I think if I cold only get you for my beloved my heart wold leap for joy to contemplate on it. dont be ofeaded at my later. my heart is drawn aside from all others for thee. my poor soul wishes for your love, to prevent it from doing harm.

my pen is poor, my eyes do fail,
my love to you shall never fail.

CÆSAR R."

L. went on with his narration.

" 'Well,' said I, 'Dinah, you must answer this letter.'

" 'Oh Lordy, Mass Charley, I aint got any thing to say that wold do him any good, and, any how, I should have to think awhile before I could give him my mind.'

" 'Very well, then, think about it until to-morrow night, and then come to me, and I will write an answer for you.'

"At the appointed time, Dinah tapped at my door, came in, and continued, for a minute or two, in a brown, or as my good father used to say, when he noticed any thing of the kind in the servants, a black study.

"I interrupted her, by saying, 'Well Dinah, what have you thought, by this time, to say to Cæsar?'

" 'Why I suppose I must begin by saying, How do you do Mr. R.?' "

"I took the pen and wrote word for word, as she dictated, and a very good letter she made of it.

"How do you do, Mr. R.? I now take the opportunity of writing a few lines to you, hardly knowing what to say. I have said so much that I hardly think it worth my while to say any more. I thought old coals had died away, but I find they are kindling agin. I shouldn't have put myself to so much trouble to write to you, only I thought to render you a little satisfaction, I woud. I haven't seen you for the last six months past, and yet we live so short a ways from each other as what we do. You mention in your letter, hopin that I am well. But I've not been well for the last four weeks past—chills and fever every other day. Your not having been to see me and me sick, gives me to believe there's not much faith in your love, though you say you love me as hard as eight horses can eat the bark off a black jack tree. But I think if we could see each other face to face, we could talk to each other better about these matters. I have turned you off seven times, but you told me you would never give it up till you die. I am sorry to see you so deep in love, and its hard to love and not be loved agin. But if I was in your place I would give it up as a bad job. I hardly know what to say. But you know you wasn't a widower two months before you come to see me, and I think where you forget one female so quick, you are liable to forget another. Therefore, I think it best my way, to keep my head out of the halter. You've told me you've laid and shed tears till twelve o'clock at

night thinking of my hardheartedness. I dont know whether I had better give you my word or not, but I suppose I had, and I think it would be taking worse for better to have you. And I say these words hoping they will drive home to your heart. I dont know what else to say, but I wold rather see you and have a chat with you than to read your writing. You is a very bashful man, I know; but you always call me a very bold woman, and so, if you'll come to my residence, I'll be ready for any discourse you may please to put before me.

DINAH L."

L. continued.

" 'That will do very well Dinah,' said I, 'but you see I have written it on this rough piece of paper. You must let me transcribe it for you on a whole sheet, Come back in an hour, and I will give it you.'

"This promise I honestly meant to fulfil, but hardly had she left the room, when a mischievous thought crossed me, and I determined to write Cæsar, as if she had repented of her 'hardheartedness' and concluded to accept him. I did so: wrote to him that she had only rejected him to test his attachment, and assigned on the next night a meeting. I then sealed the letter, directed it, and when she came in, persuaded her to give me Cæsar's letter, to pay me for my trouble. I have, as you see, preserved it, with hers, as a literary curiosity. Suspecting nothing, she took the one I had written, and sent it, as directed.

"The next day, during my hunt, I asked Charles if he was as sly as he used to be before I went to college; and then told him Cæsar is coming to-night to court Dinah. You must hide under the kitchen window, and tell me what they do. Only do your work well, and you shall have a new breastpin.

"The next morning I summoned Charles to the library."

Just at this moment the identical personage of whom we were speaking made his appearance, with an armful of wood. L. arose and remarked, "But here he is in the very nick of time. I have a little business that requires my presence, and while I am gone he can tell you the story himself. He can do it far better than I can."

Rightly conjecturing that L. had left the room to remove all restraint from Charles, I slipped a small piece of silver into his hand to increase his freedom, and proceeded to ask him if he had forgotten all about Cæsar and Dinah's courtship.

"D'n know, Massa; good while ago since that night."

"Well, you can tell me what they did, can't you?"

"Lord Amighty, Massa, do so many things as I can't think of, tickular as I liked to died a-laughing."

"What did Cæsar do when he first went in?"

"He run'd up to Dinah, and he ketched her round the waist, and squeezed her till I thought she woudn't have to wear cossetts for a year. And then he kissed her, as if he was gwine to kiss her face off."

"And what did Dinah do?" said I, laughing.

"She looked as she kind o' didn't know what to make on it at first, so she didn't do nothin till he let loose of her."

"What did she do then?"

"She jist drew'd herself up, and fetch'd him sich a

wipe longside of the head, and then the sparks come out of his eyes so, if they hadn't been on the hearth they'd a set the house a-fire."

"How did Cæsar like that?"

"Well, it sort o' raised his Africky, at first; but that didn't last long. He went right away to 'spostulatin with her, and sayin how could she be so cruel."

"Did Dinah seem disposed to relent?"

"Well, ra'ly Massa, he talk so fast, and she talk so fast, that I couldn't rightly make out what they said. She'd scold, and he'd beg; but it didn't make no odds, she went on scoldin. At last he gan to get rael mad, too, and said how it was a queer way for a woman to tell a man she'd marry him, and then make so much fuss cause he showed how glad he was.

"Who said she'd marry you, you ugly brute?" said aunt Dinah.

"You did," said he, "and I got the letter this mornin, and have got it yet."

"It's a lie," screamed aunt Dinah.

"And then they went to talkin low so as I couldn't hear them, only they seemed to be splainin about the letter: he said what was in it, and she said what she told to be put in it, and she knew Mass Charley wouldn't write anything she didn't tell him to. Jist as she said that, Cæsar jumped up with his teeth sot, and his nails stickin in his hands, and jist as he got out o' the door, he shook his fist towards the big house, and sort o' said 'tween his teeth,

"Mauss Charley! cuss him!"

Q. E. D.

THE SICK CHILD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ATALANTIS.'

I had been many nights a watcher by
The couch of one I loved. Sickness had come,
And laid a heavy hand upon her form;
And, for the delicate tints of her fair cheek,
Most like a leaf in softness, had bestowed
An ashy shade like death. 'And she must die!'—
Said those who stood beside her; but my heart,
Chafed at the dire decree, though filled with fears;
And said unto itself, 'She must not die!'—
Yet while it spoke thus confident, mine eyes
Swam in their tears,—a coldness at my heart,
Clung heavy with ill-omens. Skill, in vain,
Seemed to administer, and kindness spoke
No longer in the soothing tones of hope,
Beguiling grief with comfort. Still we gave
The hourly medicine, though some that came
Reproach'd us for the toil, which carried pain,
And promised to the sufferer no relief.

The mother of the infant came not nigh,
But, in a corner of the room apart,
She sat, and leaned her head against the wall;
And said no word, and ask'd for no report,
And dreamed, and dreaded, what we dared not say!
But, ever and anon, her eyes would turn,
Without an impulse, on the unmeaning face
Of that young child; and with as dull a gaze

Out-stared the malady that preyed on life,
Too lovely for low earth, and yet too frail
For its endurance. Gazing thus, as if
Her soul had shrunk to marble, there was speech
Yet in her sorrows. Slowly in her eyes,
Gathered big tears, that froze upon the cheek,
Where no one hope had refuge. It was well
She had no farther action in her grief,
Else had the infant perish'd. She was wild,
Wild with the dread of that impending woe,
Already felt in fear. Madness, that brings
Blessed oblivion of o'erwhelming truth,
Had been to her a boon—had saved her all
That death of apprehension, which, of all,
Is the worst form of death. Yet, though shut out,
As by a veil, all knowledge, all design,
Life, action, hope;—all capability
To succor, where she ever prayed to save;
Yet the one dreadful agony, untouched,
Grew to a double in her soul, and took
Acuter form and feeling from the rest,
In their suspension. Nothing did she know,
Nothing she saw, nought felt, but that one grief!—
And while she nothing asked nor cared to know,
And her words wanted all intelligence
Of the calm reason, and deliberate rule,
Her anguish, far too strong for idle speech,
Or a more idle show, swelled in her heart,
And choked her utterance, and left her dumb!—
Speaking, when heard, in faint and broken sounds
Unsyllabled in language. Had the Death
Stood by, and bade her save the babe by speech,
She had not spoken! Vainly had she striven
To give the nourishing draught to the poor child,
She had been glad to die for.

There it lay!—

Affection's idol,—now disease's toy,
And many were the watching friends that came
To shorten the long night, and cheer it on.
The infant was beloved;—and I have seen,
When she was yet in bloom, and ere disease
Had blighted the sweet promise of her cheek,
Fond strangers press it as they pass'd her by—
And parents, gray with years, have linger'd oft
To note in her some well-known lineaments
Of a beloved one, cut away in youth,
That was a blessing, bright and beautiful,
Like her, and with a glory like the spring,
Mocking at blight of time; and then they gave
A tribute to her beauty in the tear
They shed for the beloved one which was lost.
How could they else than deem her bright and fair,
With eyes of such pure light, with such long hair
Shading the morning freshness of her cheek,
As the broad leaves the crystal brook that sings
When the sun glows in April—golden hair
In infantine luxuriance, streaming down
Her bare and snowy shoulders.

She had grown
Beneath mine eye, and it had been my task
To portion out her labors; and each day
When from my toil I came, 'twas she who still
First at the entrance met me, prattling out

Her baby lessons, as at conquests made
 Over new realms and subjects—and as now
 She lay before me, to our anxious eyes
 The victim of the pestilence, that like
 Some fierce and flaming despot, struck at all,
 The old and young alike, and struck not twice—
 With a stern mood, my heart its reckoning made,
 Summed up the vast of its expected loss,
 And, for the first time, shrunk in grief to know
 How deeply it had cherish'd her. And now
 That she lay sick, how did I look in vain
 For all her idle prattle,—which had grown—
 So slight the source of human happiness,—
 To a familiar union with my wants,
 Which left of, I was lonely;—and I pray'd
 That God might spare the little innocent,
 To bless us with its laughter;—and he did!

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

It is a subject of self-reproach with us, that we do not oftener advert to and quote from our contemporary periodicals. Even if they had but mediocrity of merit, they furnish so large a part of the reading of the age, that an occasional notice of their contents is almost an indispensable item in the history of the times. But the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, the *NEW YORK REVIEW*, the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and (though last, far from the least in merit) the *NEW YORK MIRROR*, often teem with matter both solid and pleasant, from which, had not original articles a more sacred claim, we could fill all our columns agreeably and usefully. We meditate an improvement in this respect: that is, we have a thought of noticing, sometimes if not regularly, what is particularly worthy of notice, in other journals; and selecting from them what may seem likely to divert or profit our readers. Their horizon will thus be widened, and the scenes it displays, be richly diversified.

In no sheet of the day, does it appear to us that so pleasing a variety of reading matter is presented, as in the *N. Y. Mirror*. Over its selections, the very genius of Taste seems to preside: while its editors and contributors wield pens instinct with humor, life, and grace. The following paragraph, besides the raciness of its humorous vein, is so ingenious a touch upon a sad epidemic of the times, that we commend it, with unusual cordiality, especially to a certain class of our subscribers.

From the *New York Mirror*.

"Living upon air. A queer idea has somehow got abroad, that periodical proprietors, printers, pressmen, and all the multifarious viviparous warm-blooded animals connected with publishing matters, share the properties of the camelion. There can be no greater mistake than this, as our readers may inform themselves by attending the lectures of Professor Smith, or consulting any authentic work upon natural history. Whatever theories may exist upon the subject, it is a well-ascertained fact that none of these classes of people are exempt from the ordinary laws of humanity, but are compelled, in order to preserve their vitality, to repair

the waste of nature from time to time with substantial aliment. But this zoological absurdity is not more preposterous than another dogma which seems to obtain among some of our delinquent agents and subscribers. They seem to think that a periodical is one of the lower order of vegetables, which, when once planted, grows and flourishes of itself, and drops its blossoms and fruits at their door without any expense of care and culture. How such a stupid belief can obtain currency among people so enlightened as the readers of the *Mirror*" [or *Messenger*, either], "we are wholly at a loss to determine: but we earnestly hope that every subscriber to whom the suspicion attaches of such laughable ignorance, will at once exonerate himself and prove his undoubted intelligence, by forwarding the funds, which will enable us to go on cheerfully, administering to his entertainment and delight in these columns."

RELICS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

A gentleman in the county of Albemarle has an engraving, evidently almost as old as its subject, representing the Boston Massacre, of March 5, 1770; when five citizens of that town were killed in a street encounter, by the British troops, then stationed there to repress the rising spirit of Liberty. As a specimen of the Fine Arts, the picture is ludicrously rude: not equalling the wood-cuts in the *Penny Magazine*; and scarcely surpassing those which schoolboys of twenty years since may remember, as most equivocally illustrating Webster's and Dilworth's spelling-books, and Croxall's Fables. Yet it presents the terrible scene with a good deal of graphic power. The still presented muskets of the soldiery, with fixed bayonets, just beginning to appear from amidst the curling volumes of smoke that arose from the fatal discharge; the captain (Preston) leading forward and waving his sword as if encouraging his men to press on and push their outrage further; the throng of citizens, wavering and receding in dismay; the dying and wounded, stretched motionless on the ground, or supported and borne off by their friends; while above the whole, rise church steeples and blocks of old-fashioned three-story houses;—these objects, despite their homeliness of execution, appear with exciting vividness. Over the picture is printed, in characters too awkward to be expressed by any types of this day, the following caption:

'THE FRUITS OF ARBITRARY POWER,
 OR THE BLOODY MASSACRE, PERPETRATED
 IN KING STREET BOSTON, ON MARCH 5TH. 1770, IN
 WHICH MESSRS. SAM'L GRAY, SAM'L MAVERICK, JAMES
 CALDWELL, CRISPUS ATTUCKS, PATRICK CARR, WERE
 KILLED, SIX OTHERS WOUNDED, TWO OF THEM MOR-
 TALLY.'

Underneath, are verses 4—7 of the 94th Psalm:

'How long shall they utter and speak harsh things,
 and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves? They
 break in pieces thy people, oh Lord, and afflict thine
 heritage: they slay the widow and the stranger, and
 murder the fatherless: yet they say, The Lord shall not
 see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it.'

The same gentleman has a still older relic: a number of a Boston Newspaper, dated June, 1768. In its folio form, it is just two inches longer and wider than a sheet of foolscap; and three inches *shorter*, and one inch and a half *narrower*, than a number of the *Liberia Herald*, now before me—to which, moreover, it is decidedly inferior in typographical neatness, and in varied richness of matter. One leaf bears the title of “*The Massachusetts Gazette*,” the other, that of “*The Boston Post-Boy and Advertiser*,” as if intending to combine two papers into one.

Its contents afford some interesting signs of those times. There is a letter from London, dated March, 1768, relating to the famed election of Mr. Wilkes, for Middlesex; detailing the outrages of a London mob who, in the name of ‘*Wilkes and Liberty*,’ kept the city and suburbs in uproar and dismay for several days. The editor heads the letter, ‘A true specimen of what is called *English Liberty*.’

Other columns are filled with the Circular Letter of the Massachusetts Legislature (February 11, 1768) to the Legislatures of the other States, animating them to concerted remonstrance (if not action) against Parliamentary taxation: taking the bold grounds, that the ancient *English right*, of paying no taxes but by voluntary grant, pertained to the colonies; that a representation of them in Parliament would be a mockery, more galling, and would lead to greater oppressions, than even the wrongful power already exercised by that body; and that, consequently, their local legislatures, alone, should impose taxes for revenue upon them. The New York and New Jersey Houses of Representatives respond with rather faint applause to the appeal. But the Virginia House of Burgesses in a letter signed by ‘PETER RANDOLPH, Speaker,’ give back much more than an echo to the boldest sentiments of Massachusetts; and refer to three several papers which they had already forwarded to England, and which now figure in History;—a Petition to the King, a Memorial to the Lords, and a Remonstrance to the Commons. This correspondence is drawn before the public (apparently for the first time, on the 27th of June) by a letter from Lord Hillsborough to the Rhode Island council, communicating the Massachusetts circular; denouncing it as ‘of a most dangerous and factious Tendency, calculated to enflame the Minds of his Majesty’s good Subjects in the colonies; to promote an unwarrantable combination, and to excite and encourage an open Opposition to and Denial of the Authority of Parliament, and to subvert the true Principles of the Constitution. It is his Majesty’s Pleasure,’ continues Lord Hillsborough, ‘that you should, immediately upon the Receipt hereof, exert your utmost Influence to defeat this flagitious Attempt to disturb the public Peace, by prevailing upon the Assembly of your Province to take no Notice of it, which will be treating it with the Contempt it deserves.’

Even these interesting papers, however,—thus shown to us, as it were, *almost* in the handwriting of their authors—will hardly be deemed such curious memorials of that day, as the following advertisements; which I commend especially to certain self-styled philanthropists of the good old Bay-State—degenerate children of a worthy mother. If to these I could add one or two of the many advertisements of Guinea tra-

dera, doubtless to be found in old files of Rhode Island Newspapers,—the lesson of charity, deducible from likeness of transgression, would be complete.

Here are the advertisements—from a *Boston newspaper*! of which ‘GREEN & RUSSELL’ were the printers.

I. TO BE SOLD,

A likely Negro MAN, about 22 Years of Age, he has been us’d to Husbandry, and waiting on a Gentlemen, can have a good recommendation, and is sold for no fault. Inquire of GREEN & RUSSELL.

II.

Worcester, June 14, 1768.

RAN away from his master Robert Barber of Worcester, this Morning, a Negro Man named Mark, of middling Stature, about 35 years of Age, very much Pock-broken, and can read and write; he carried away with him two blue Coats, one lined and bound with red, the other not lined, a pair of green plush Breeches, a pair of trowsers, and an old Beaver Hatt. Whoever shall take up said Runaway, and convey him to his said Master, shall receive SIX DOLLARS Reward, and all necessary Charges paid.

ROBERT BARBER.

Then, in an N. B., follows a warning to masters of vessels and others, against harboring the runaway.

But the following, most oddly jumbles heterogeneous articles together. How grave and unscrupulous the mingling of wine, handkerchiefs, felt hats, breeches patterns, cotton hose, negroes, portmanteaus, &c.!

III.

On Thursday next, 30th Inst.

at Three O’clock Afternoon,

Will be sold by PUBLIC VENDUE, at the Auction Room in Queen Street,

A Variety of GOODS, among which are, Irish Linnens, Calicoes, Lutestrings, black Sattins, black corded Silk, stripe Hollands, Keating Handkerchiefs, Scotch Threads, Dowlas, Duroys, Druggets, Breeches Patterns, Men’s and Women’s fine Cotton Hose, Felt Hats, Men’s and Women’s Saddles, Portmanteaus, Housings and Holsters, Cases with 15 Bottles, a Cask of very good Indigo; also a Negro Girl, 13 years old.

J. RUSSELL, Auctioneer.

AT PRIVATE SALE,

Two Pipes of Sterling Madeira, a Negro Man 40 years of age, a Boy of 14, and two Girls about 13 Years of Age, a second-hand Chaise and Harness, and sundry riding Habits, trimm’d with Gold and Silver Lace.

Men, boys, and girls, classed among ‘GOODS’!—and this, not in New Orleans—not in Charleston—not in Richmond: but in Boston!

‘But,’ some “philanthropist” may say, on seeing this evidence that his country was once as ours is,—‘we have put away that evil from us. We declared a general emancipation in 1780.’

And how many of that species of Goods did Massachusetts have, at that time? Why, not quite *five thousand*. Virginia has little, if any fewer than *five HUNDRED thousand*: just an hundred for one! How could she follow the example of her northern sister? Other considerations, make the contrast, and the impossibility, yet more striking: the difference of climate; and the immensely greater disproportion of the whites to the blacks (in Massachusetts sixty to one; in Virginia not two to one.)

The facts here presented are designed to rebuke only the intermeddlers—not the rational and forbearing part—of the northern people. I am among those who believe the latter sort to be a majority there; not only in numbers, but still more in virtue and intelligence.

J. A.

SONG.

FROM THE FRENCH.

If Fate had call'd me to a throne,
Had bless'd me with a poet's vein,
Made immortality my own,
Or doom'd me to the captive's chain—

King—I would share my state with thee,
Poet—for thee my lays would pour,
Slave—in thy chains would happy be,
And deathless—wear them evermore.

M. M. S.

INGERSOLL'S ADDRESS.*

We do not belong to the Phi Beta Kappa Society; nor do we know precisely its objects. But we believe them to be the cultivation of literature, and the diffusion of acquaintance and good feelings among literary men. At any rate, it has large claims upon public gratitude, if it causes many discourses like the present to be made. The best definition we can give, of the general scope of the Address, is, That it aims to point out the advantages of Science and Literature; especially in knitting together the parts of our vast country, and perpetuating her freedom, and happiness. There are some very fine passages, designed to make the Northern people more favorably known to their Southern brethren, which we shall extract. Mr. Ingersoll, being a Pennsylvanian, stands impartial between the two extremes of the Union.

"No covet's cruelty, no thirst of gold, are discernible in the adventure of the pious pilgrims who settled upon the rock of Plymouth. If fiction were tasked for an Utopian story, in which a fabled commonwealth should gild its dawn, with hues as pure as those the chaste fancy ever painted, it would turn for its brightest, best original, to the history of that colony. It could not draw from the imagination a picture half so vivid, or frame a model so full of virtuous simplicity and fearless devotion—one so well calculated to win the cordial esteem of men, or give character to a mortal race, as the unvarnished reality of a pious pilgrimage. Not a sordid motive influenced the departure of these ambitious travellers from their native home, or from their short-lived European sanctuary. Not an unholy desire lurked upon their painful and perilous voyage. Not an unruly passion disturbed their arrival. All, with them, was Christian charity and peace. They brought with them lowly thoughts and tranquil feelings, and they sought for thoughts and feelings such as those, congenial objects, and a congenial home. They kindly hoped that nature, in her interminable solitudes, would at least be peaceful; but they found that even there, the

common lot of man, his inheritance of trouble, still awaited them. They met disease, and savage enemies, and fraud, and want, and even as a refuge, death in every hideous shape; "non spes saluæ, sed exili solatium." Their little flock, though threatened, was not dismayed; though wounded, did not perish. It survived, and with it the institutions by which it was characterized, the establishment of equal rights, legislative provision for the education of every child, and a firm reliance upon the protection of Almighty God, and the cultivation of his religion as the basis of their civil polity.

A century and a half rolled on. The colonists, who had imbibed the fearless but unostentatious spirit of their ancestors, were still willing to cherish it, and the first threat of danger found them ready to defend the soil and the principles which they had inherited together. A libation was poured out in patriot blood at Lexington, not less pure than that first fervent prayer which ascended in gratitude to heaven, after a deliverance from a long and perilous voyage. It was repeated, in more copious streams, at Bunker Hill, and it sanctified anew the ground which had been consecrated to the God of peace, but which willing hearts and hands were found ready to crimson, when its occupants were threatened with oppression.

The purposes of warfare gained, the same devoted zeal manifested itself in works of peace, in efforts and enterprises for the advancement of all that was good and useful. A system of public, universal, equal, lofty education was matured, which ensures to posterity a body of enlightened citizens, such as could scarcely have existed in another country, or another age.

War again unrolled her purple, bleeding testament. Who then struck the first, the decisive, the prophetic blow, which was to stamp the character of the American navy, to give it pride, and power, and eminence, and to place the banner of spangled stars in the same historic galaxy, where, above the blaze of glancing lightnings, had shone, for ages, the glorious oriflamme of St. Denis, and the young eagle of Imperial Rome? It was a son of New England! Through the whole of this, as of the former conflict, fortitude in endurance, which has not even the relief of active danger to animate and arouse; courage in battle, which is often supposed to be the companion of reckless ambition rather than of patient and reflecting wisdom, were no where more conspicuous than among his brethren of the northeastern states. Are we asked for deeds of chivalry? Scarcely a battlefield was lost or won, without a struggle and a valor among the New England soldiery, that would have done honor to the victors of Marathon, and would have earned a shower of crosses, to reflect the brightest rays that fell from the star of Austerlitz. Is enterprise or activity—is zeal in pursuit, energy in application, ingenuity in invention, or success in the mastery of mighty undertakings, a mark of merit? These qualities, and the consequences of them, have no where been more brilliantly displayed, or more usefully applied, than in the regions which surround us, iron-bound as are their coasts, and comparatively sterile and unproductive as is their soil. If commerce be the prevailing spirit of the country, its unchecked and prosperous career is soon exhibited among the merchants and the seamen of the cities of the north. If another policy predominate, and productive energies are called into active existence at home, every stream becomes the motive power of machinery, and the interior teems with manufactures, the products of a thousand and a thousand hands. If a momentary stagnation has been produced in the current of productive industry, by causes that seem to pervade the residence of civilized man, it will be only too prompt to the exercise of new energies, in some untried sphere. Lands which are occasionally overwhelmed by the swelling waters of the Nile, find themselves fertilized and enriched when the river has regained its accustomed channel. While at home and abroad, two of the primary sources of national prosperity, which are, in a greater or less degree, common to every people, have been driven to extremes on their proper element, the adventurous spirit of New England sends out its own peculiar mariners to wield the harpoon, instead of guiding the ploughshare, amidst boundless fields and gigantic furrows, which are almost exclusively its own, indulging, as it were, in creative agriculture, and reaping abundant harvests by disarming the terrors of the ocean, as it had conquered the sterility of the land. Nothing can stay its onward progress; nothing can subdue a temper which finds or forces a vent for its exuberance wherever nature would render its exercise appropriate or useful, or art can furnish weapons for its ever-varying exploits.

*An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, (Alpha of Maine) in Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Sept. 7, 1837. By Joseph B. Ingersoll. pp. 40.

Such a people are worthy to be free! Were their fields as barren as the banks of Lybia, they would stand conspicuous, in whatever can conduce to their own advancement and prosperity, or the elevation and improvement of the human race."

After observing, that "the war of the revolution did not know more gallant soldiers than Greene, and Warren, and Wooster, and Stark, and Lincoln, and Putnam;" Mr. Ingersoll pays successive, and in the main just tributes, to Samuel Adams, Fisher Ames, and Chief Justice Parsons. We dissent only from the sentence which places Ames with the most elevated statesmen of his time. As an orator, he was unmatched, or matched only by Henry and Randolph: but we have read newspaper essays of his, breathing a party-venom and bigotry, calculated entirely to mar the character for high, enlightened statesmanship, which we had previously deduced from his speech on the British Treaty, and his Eulogy on Washington.

Mr. Ingersoll next bestows handsome and reasonably just praises on Judge Story and Mr. Webster. While speaking of the former, he brings in (rather violently, if any honor to Washington could ever be ill-timed) the following deeply interesting incident:

"The late Lord Chancellor Erskine, when in the enjoyment of a reputation more elevated than rank and power could confer, the fearless and successful advocate of the liberty and the constitution of England, addressed a voluntary letter to General Washington, of which a copy was found among the papers of Lord Erskine, after his decease.

"London, March 15, 1795.

"I have taken the liberty," said he, "to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence, which will be found in the book I send to you. I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men; but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world.

T. ERSKINE."

After the tribute to Mr. Webster, comes the following just and fine paragraph, with which we must close our extracts:

"Living or dead, these, and the like examples, are of inestimable value, to stimulate our love of country. That feeling which is the moving spirit of a republic, derives its true aliment from the contemplation of them. It is a feeling, without which, no country was ever served with zeal or fidelity, for which there is no substitute in the mere calculations of reason, in the instinct of which, there is a pledge for deeds of daring and devotedness, which sometimes can alone preserve and perpetuate the institutions of freedom. If any one suppose that the love of country, in its best estate, is subordinate to self-interest, or even absorbed in the social affections, let him seek for better instruction in the inspiration of some well known spot, which has been sanctified by the devotion of unflinching patriotism. None can be more familiar, yet none more convincing, than the straits of Thermopylae. There, pausing on the hallowed ground where Leonidas and his fellow-patriots went to meet their inevitable fate, he will find no record of an achievement induced by the purest love of country, which does not unfold a motive as disinterested as the deed was heroic. No proud monument is there erected to posthumous fame, by overweening admiration. Nothing is commemorated but a submission to the law; nothing is proclaimed but the performance of a duty. 'Passenger! go tell at Lacedaemon, that we lie here in obedience to her sacred laws.'"

* Ω ξειρε, αγγελων Λακεδαιμονιοις οτι τηρε
Κειμεθα, τοις κεινον ρημασι κειθαμενοι.—Herodot.
Go, stranger! and our native Sparta tell
That here, obedient to her laws, we fell.

STANZAS,

UPON GOING ABROAD AFTER ILLNESS.

Hail! Sun, and Birds, and Clouds, and Air
Of flowery-crested Spring!
Around this weak and weary form
What happiness ye fling!
Ye've given me back to life, and friends!
Ye've chased away my tears!
My path, fresh-strewed with smiles and hopes,
Like fairy ground appears!

Thou glorious, glorious Sun! thy rays
Are cheering to my heart!
They give me strength—they give me life,—
As o'er my frame they dart!
How long I've pined away from all
Thy health-inspiring beams!
And now the vigor they impart
Like new creation seems!

Ye merry, merry Birds! I hear
Your early songs of Spring!
To me they're like the seraph notes
That angels love to sing,
As round the throne of Heaven they stand
With their immortal lyres!
So cheering to my saddened heart
Are your harmonious choirs!

Oh ever-changing Clouds! how soft,
And bright, and clear, ye are!
No storm, no gloom is on your wings,
So beautiful and fair!
Your fleecy bosoms, like the down
Upon the swan's white crest,
Are gently swelling in the breeze
That fans me from the west!

Oh Zephyrs mild and soft! how light
Your trembling breath is sped!
Like gales of paradise ye seem
From Eden-bowers shed.
Ye're welcome, viewless messengers!
Sweet wanderers of air!
Ye're welcome! as upon your wings
To me new life ye bear!

o.

FRANKLIN.

A writer on Craniology, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, describing Franklin, says, the largeness of his features made his brain appear smaller than it was. His temperament, partaking a good deal of the phlegmatic, gave him large cheeks and a heavy chin. Never was there an individual, however, more happily compounded by nature. Serene in his temper,—virtuous and rational in his inclinations,—sage in his schemes,—his personal feelings and understanding seem to have walked hand in hand. He was, like Socrates, not only wise in consequence of observation and thinking, but also from

the happy natural ingredients of his character—wise even in his wishes. On examining the portraits, we see a forehead apparently well advanced, although not uncommonly high. It narrows a little from the lower part. His metaphysical and comparative organs were probably less expanded than that of observation. We see nothing here of that magnificent pile of brain, in the upper part of the forehead, which enabled Bacon to become the legislator of philosophers. Franklin had a good ear for music, as also a turn for the mechanical arts, which two organs help to spread the forehead laterally in the lower part. Farther up, the sides of his forehead incline to fall inwards; the reason of which is obvious, for he had little imagination. Franklin was pious from reflection, but had not by nature much ardor of devotional sentiment. He lived at a time when religious opinions were so much canvassed as to exercise rather the metaphysical faculties than the moral ones.

THE STORY OF AGNES.

(A sequel to "The Spy."—Vid. Lit. Mess. Vol. III, No. 8, p. 400.)

BY J. M. C., ESQ.

So mourned the Dame of Ephesus her love,
And thus the soldier armed with resolution,
Told his soft tale and was a thriving wooer.

Shakespeare.

Months rolled on. The betrothed of Dormer, who had been borne from the scene of his melancholy death to the mansion of her father in a state of insensibility, gradually recovered from the shock, and resumed the tranquillity of her feelings. Under the magic and ameliorating influences of time, "the pale and sickly cast of thought," was banished from her countenance; and yielding to the tender and urgent solicitation of her friends, she once more mingled in the dazzling *soirées* of fashionable society. Her unrivalled beauty and accomplishments speedily attracted around her a crowd of suitors; among whom was a British officer of high reputation and distinguished gallantry. At first she looked coldly upon all advances; and, throwing her heart back on its early affection, mentally vowed that she would be faithful, and true allegiance bear to the memory of her betrothed. But, alas! for the constancy of the sex! What dead lover, ever yet maintained the citadel of their affections, against the persevering assaults of a living one—except in the legends of romance? As the story of her bereavement faded from the speculation of society—and was lost in the heady whirl of that excited period, she began to realize the prolific germ of a new sensation—which soon budded forth into maturity, beneath the ardent attentions of the Briton. The impressions of her early years became daily less distinct. Her recollection of the devoted and chivalric Dormer, melted down to the accord of a soothing sorrow, which only facilitated her unfaithfulness.

It is the fashion of the age, to draw a distinction between love in the female bosom and in that of man. And, whilst in the one, it is said to constitute a part of

existence, and to be ever-enduring under all circumstances, in the other it is set down as a mere by-play—only an interlude in the drama of life. An accurate observation of the human character, will hardly justify this discrimination. In man or woman, the passion is the same, and it is governed in each by the same laws. In man and woman, it is alike predominant, until mastered by some stronger feeling. Nor is it more likely that any other passion should absorb it in the one, than in the other. The world of fashion, contains as fascinating objects for female ambition—as does war or politics, for man. Love, in a word, I mean the love of the sexes, is, in the bosom of either, like everything else human, liable to *limitation and change*. Time, and absence, and separation from the object of our affection, without hope of another meeting, and the homage of other and more attractive worshippers, will have their influence in modifying, altering, and diverting the currents of the heart. Why marvel then, that Agnes Pontois, should become inconstant to the dead?

Another year passed by. In the same apartment in which we first found her, but at a later hour of the evening, with the polished astral shedding its mellow light upon the jewelled cincture that adorned her brow, Agnes was again seated on the ottoman. But she was now, not alone. Beside her sat a gentleman of commanding appearance; and earnest was the tone of his voice, and impassioned was the expression of his features, as he poured into her ear the words of love.

"It never can be," said Agnes, with downcast eyes and hurried voice, as her companion made a pause; "I never can quit my native land for a foreign home."

"We will then dwell in America," replied her lover. Agnes raised her eyes in gratified astonishment. "And what if our independence is acknowledged, and America becomes a distinct nation?"

"I will then throw up my commission in the army, and renounce my allegiance to my native England," replied the Briton.

"And can you do this, with all your bright and flattering prospects before you?"

"I can do anything—make any honorable sacrifices for your gratification, Agnes. After the war, I shall be free to choose my course of life. I have thought deeply on this subject, and am prepared for the step. My favorite author, Plutarch, has contributed much to the formation of my present determination."

"How," said Agnes, eagerly; "what does he say on the subject?"

"He who studied the human character in all situations," replied her lover—"he who has recorded the lives of the sages and heroes of ancient times, as an incentive to glorious ambition in all after ages,—who looked into the heart of the victor, on the battle field, and in his hours of triumph,—who traced the exultation of the orator, ruling the fierce democracy, 'from Macedon to Artaxerxes' throne,' has left as the recorded wisdom of all his observation, the palpable conclusion, that the purest and most permanent happiness that mortals can enjoy, is to be found in the devoted love, of one beloved object. I have myself had some experience of the joys of worldly honors—and have found them, all vanity. I am willing for the future to profit by the lesson of Plutarch. Will you now be mine?"

The voice of the soldier was low, deep-toned and

musical; and as he concluded, he seized the yielding hand of the maiden and pressed it to his lips.

* * * * *

Revelry and rejoicing were in the halls of the father of Agnes. The mirrored lamps shed their dazzling and multiplied reflections throughout the mansion—and music breathed its potent spell upon the joyous company. The gay and the fashionable of the city were there, and many a dark eye was rolling beneath the ardent gaze of conscious admiration. But hushed were the sounds of music—and still and silent the expectant assemblage, when the door of the saloon was opened, and a train of attendants, of both sexes, passed in, dividing as they entered, and arranging themselves on each side of a venerable minister that occupied a position at the farther extremity, to make room in their centre for two that did not separate—the one a gentleman of distinguished appearance—the other a fair and gentle female—the unrivalled Agnes. Her dress was rich but plain; she wore no brilliants, save those which sparkled in her eyes—no gems or costly ornaments, but the spirit's lustre. Clinging to the arm of her supporter, they stood before the priest. The Briton had wooed and won her: the words of contract were spoken and they were wedded.

Time sped on with fairy foot. The war was over. American independence had been recognized; and the United States had assumed among the nations of the earth, the lofty eminence of a free representative republic. The vestiges of the Revolution, sanguinary and devastating as it had been, were obliterated—and the fair forms of art and science, were springing up in their freshness, and scattering their beauties throughout the land. The axe of the frontier settler had begun to level the wilderness, and let in the light of the sun upon spots of earth that had been shaded from the beginning of creation, and stately edifices of polished architecture were everywhere starting up in the more settled portions of the country. It is to one of those, situated upon the banks of the Hudson, near the junction of the Mohawk with that romantic river, that our attention is now turned. The building crowned the brow of a hill, that overlooked the waters for many a mile in each direction. A clump of ancient oaks adorned the front yard, and shaded with their broad boughs the velvet sod beneath. On this spot, about ten years after the bridal festival we have described, on a balmy summer evening, was collected together an interesting group. An old negro woman, gray and bent down with exceeding age, was sitting on a low stool at the foot of one of the trees, whilst four or five children, girls and boys of different ages, buoyant in health and blithesome in spirit, were clustered around her in various amusements. A little apart from there stood a gentleman and lady, contemplating the smiling landscape that was spread far out before them. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills with its train of purple light. Tinkling bells were heard in the distance, and various droves of cattle were seen browsing in the meadows around. It was the time of the day which Holy Writ tells us the Creator himself chose "to walk out in the afternoon air" of Eden, to see that the work of his hands was all good. The hour is still full of inspiration and beauty, and in no period of the twenty-four, does the heart more readily yield to tender feelings, or soft and pleas-

ing reminiscences. The gazers from the hill entered into its spirit and enjoyed it.

"That is a bright and beautiful prospect, Agnes," observed the gentleman—"What is there, in the artificial splendors of a city, to be compared to the grandeur of that scene?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied Agnes; "Oh, I do love the country."

"And do you never feel lonesome here—do you not sometimes sigh in secret for the pleasures of society?"

"Never—with you and our children here, what more society do I want? Since our marriage, home is the world to me."

"I have somewhere read," continued the gratified husband, "of a sect called the St. Simonians, who maintained the doctrine that every human being has a fitting mate created, and that unless the persons so intended for each other are united together, there can be no harmonious or happy marriages. Their text runs thus: '*Il n'y a sur la terre pour chaque homme qu'une seule femme, et pour chaque femme qu'un seul homme, qui soient destinés à former dans le mariage, l'union harmonique du couple.*'"

"If that theory be true," said Agnes; "in the lottery of human happiness, how large, how very large is the number of the blanks to the prizes; and oh, how grateful ought I to be."

"It was, I presume, upon this hypothesis," resumed the husband, "that the shepherd Sylvander decided, for Cleon and Leonice, the important question, '*Si amour peut mourir par la mort de la chose aimée.*'"

"And how did he decide it?" said Agnes, with a slight appearance of agitation, and in a lower tone of voice.

"Why his judgment was, '*Qu'une amour périssable n'est pas vrai amour; car il doit suivre le sujet qui lui a donné naissance.*'"

"'*N'est pas vrai amour,*'" repeated Agnes to herself.

"What do you think of his decision, Agnes?" said her husband.

"That it is correct," replied Agnes, mournfully.

"And yet do you not remember," he pursued with a mischievous archness of expression, "how hard I had to plead before you would consent to be mine, and how often you told me you *never* would marry? What was the reason for that declaration? or did you only make it, to render me more assiduous in my attentions?"

Agnes saw the expression of intelligent meaning in his countenance, and blushed. The husband drew her to his bosom, and imprinting a kiss upon her still smooth fair brow, continued—"Yes, yes! you only wanted to try me—and many were the sleepless nights it cost me too. I am sure you meant no more. Methinks, dearest, that apart from all other considerations, it were happier to be the centre of a circle like that," pointing to the children, "than linger through life, single and isolated, the mere tolerated appendage of another's household. Is it not?"

Agnes replied not; but turning from her husband, cast a brief glance towards her light-hearted and beautiful offspring, who were gambolling on the green around her, then looking up to the heavens, offered from her heart of hearts, a silent and fervent thanksgiving to the Deity for the blessings of her allotment. "*Felices, ter et amplius, quos irrupta tenet copula amoris.*"

TO AN INFANT.

Dear angel babe ! would I could once behold thee,
 Ere thy sweet infancy has passed away !
 Thou art like thy lovely mother, they have told me ;
 Thou wouldst to me recall her childhood's day.
 Thou bearest her name, and thou wouldst seem her spirit
 Embodied once again ; and if 'tis true
 Thy mother's lineaments thou dost inherit,
 Than thee, no brighter blossom ever blew.

I see her oft when mem'ry's steps are stealing
 Back to the past, in all her earliest bloom ;
 Then o'er my bosom comes a tide of feeling :
 She sleeps the silent tenant of a tomb !
 O'er her lone grave the southern winds are sighing ;
 At that sad, hallowed spot I may not weep ;
 But love, a cherished spark, pure and undying,
 Must in my heart her memory ever keep.

But thou wilt live, I trust ; in beauty beaming
 And innocence, a parent's joy to be ;
 And may the future with rich blessings teeming,
 Long days of gladness bring to him and thee !
 Dear child of love and sorrow ! fancy lingers
 Oft on thy image, pictured fair and bright ;
 In my day-dreams her soft and fairy fingers
 Paint thy cheek's hue of bloom—thine eyes of light.

And though perhaps I may not see thee glowing
 In infant charms :—Ah ! not when on thy face
 Beams woman's smile, (my stream of life is flowing
 Near the dim abodes of death,) though none may trace
 Even my name before thee ; though no feeling
 For me of fondness dwell within thy breast ;
 A prayer shall rise, my love for thee revealing,
 The prayer that thou mayst be forever blessed !
 January, 1836.

E. A. S.

CONSTANCE WOODBURN:

A TALE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE M. S. BARNES.

CHAPTER I.

—Her life hath flowed
 From its mysterious urn, a sacred stream,
 In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
 Alone are mirrored ; which, though shapes of ill
 May hover round its surface, glides in light,
 And takes no shadow from them.

Lon.

Constance Woodburn was the daughter of a merchant of respectability and wealth, residing, about fifty years ago, in New York. She was the eldest of five children, three of whom she had followed to an early grave, and the hour that gave birth to the youngest, saw its mother's death. Constance was ten years of age when her mother died : too young, it is true, to profit by the instructions of a parent in worldly accomplishments, but not too young to retain a clear recollection and scrupulous observance of that parent's pious precepts. As her eldest hope, Mrs. Woodburn had endeavored to instil into the mind of Constance that she was in a measure the guardian of her brothers and sisters. For this pur-

pose, she educated her from infancy in the strictest principles of rectitude. She saw that Constance possessed the gift of extreme loveliness, which may become so fatal to its possessor. She sought not to teach her child that she was *not* beautiful, which her own heart and the flattery of the world would soon have contradicted,—but she taught her that beauty in itself was valueless—that she possessed it in common with the gaudy tulip or the ephemeral butterfly ; she taught her that when nature had granted a faultless face, the advantage was too often counterbalanced by ignorance or imbecility of intellect. She bade her consider how slight an accident, how short a sickness might deprive her of all personal attractions, and that *then*, all those adulators who had thronged around her, would avoid and desert her. She solemnly enjoined her to cultivate her taste and understanding, to improve her intellectual endowments, to refine and polish all the native graces of her mind. Above all, she taught her that her only hope, her only stay was in religion ; and that, without that support, were she endowed with an angel's beauty or a prophet's soul, she would be nothing. Constance profited by her mother's lessons while that mother lived ; and her death gave an impressive holiness to all those precepts which it had been the study of her life to practise and inculcate. Time passed on. Constance was the guardian friend of her little Rose. The child needed all her watchful care, for, from her birth she had held existence on so frail a tenure, that Constance feared this tender tie would soon be severed. Too old to be a companion, she became, as it were, the parent of her sister—she held before her own eyes the image of her mother—and on that model she strove to form her conduct.

At sixteen years of age, Constance was left an orphan, with the little Rose dependent on her for protection. Mr. Woodburn had died *rich*, in the usual acceptance of that most indefinite word. His wife's brother took the orphans to his own elegant and luxurious home in Virginia. Being childless, he sought to make Constance stand towards him in the relation of a daughter. Her education continued under the superintendence of the most able instructors that could be procured, and amply did she repay their care. Domesticated like herself beneath her uncle's roof, was Edward Delancy, a youth ten years her senior, the only son of a late dear and valued friend. In his person, he was a model of all that is noble and manly. When at college he had far outstripped all competitors, and even in the domestic circle, where extraordinary genius is often least appreciated, it was fondly hoped that he would one day shine in the annals of his country's fame.

When Constance arrived at her uncle's mansion, her regal beauty, and the vivacity of her intellect, (though still in her first girlhood,) charm-

ed Edward. A feeling of compassion for the lonely orphan whose fate so much resembled his own, strengthened this attachment. Being some years her senior, she looked up to him as a protector, and adviser.

At length, after two years had elapsed, Edward took his departure for Europe, intending to make not merely the now fashionable tour of the continent, but to explore in the most distant lands all the relics of ancient times. He departed; his letters, long and frequent, related his adventures to those he left behind. The glowing descriptions which he gave served but to bring him almost visibly before the eyes of Constance, and in each letter a portion was devoted especially to his little pupil, his dear sister,—enumerating the valuable curiosities he had in store for her, recommending various works for her perusal, and assuring her how dearly she was remembered by her former preceptor.

The long and protracted mourning having expired, as Constance grew older she entered into the gaieties of society. Wherever she went, she attracted universal admiration. The native dignity, the true simplicity of her character, which repelled all fulsome adulation, produced an effect as novel as it was striking. But little versed in the artificial accomplishments of fashionable coquetry, she was followed and admired at a distance. The thousand butterflies of society who fluttered round her, thought it were all one

"That they should love some bright particular star,
And think to wed it, she was so above them!"

CHAPTER II.

My child,
My blithe and innocent girl—more fair in soul,
More delicate in fancy than in mould—
Loves thee with other than a sister's love.
I should have cared for this: I vainly deemed
A fellowship in childhood's thousand joys
And household memories, had nurtured friendship
Which might hold blameless empire in the soul;
But in that guise the traitor hath stolen in,
And the fair citadel is thine!

Ion.

Some time after Edward's departure, the sudden appearance of a work written by him, astonished the literary world. Unknown even to his nearest friends, he had been long and laboriously engaged in completing it. The new and original character of the subject—the masterly and classical powers employed in its delineation—the exquisite flashes of true poetry which gleamed in every page—the deep reflection and solid philosophy which appeared in a garb at once concise and captivating,—alike excited admiration and surprise. With what rapture did Constance dwell on the accounts of Edward's success, and how fully did she participate in his triumph! But what joy

could equal hers as she perused the work itself, which seemed to promise Edward a never-dying fame! Nothing could increase her delight, but the news of his return. How anxiously she anticipated the moment when her own lips could congratulate him! Her feelings towards him precluded the indulgence of any warmer sentiment to others. Suitors were not wanting for the hand of the lovely heiress. But her calm, friendly indifference showed them that they had no hope. Her most assiduous and devoted admirer, however, would not be thus repulsed. This was Alfred Walton, a young Virginian of high family and immense wealth, and in every way calculated to make her happy. His affection, based upon esteem, was ardent and sincere. He persevered in his suit, and at length offered his hand and heart. He received Constance's modest, but firm rejection, and finding success hopeless, he bade her adieu, and left his native country, to find in foreign lands oblivion and consolation.

Soon after, Edward returned. With heartfelt joy did Constance welcome him; she paused not to analyse her feelings; she felt that she was happy. A halo of brightness seemed shed around each domestic duty, each mental occupation. As months passed on, Constance wondered why they flew upon such light and rapid wings. She reflected; she looked within herself: she discovered that the spell which thus enthralled her, was love! She sought not to combat the feeling, for she knew its object was worthy. Her own heart whispered,—“that feeling is returned.” She saw not the wo that was in store for her; she looked with joy upon her future prospects, and felt that they were bright and cloudless.

CHAPTER III.

Oh! but ill
When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart
Bears its first blow; it knows not yet the part
Which life will teach — to suffer and be still!
And with submissive love to count the flowers
Which yet are spared, and through the future hours
To send no busy dream!
the hope is crushed
That lit my life; the voice within me hushed
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return
To lay my youth as in a burial-urn,
Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost!

Mrs. Hemans.

Mr. Glenford, (Constance's uncle,) had invited many guests to meet Delancy at his house to dinner. Women of pure and polished minds, men of strong sense and grasping intellect were there to meet him; and Constance gloried in the thought that in all that array, *he* shone pre-eminent. The sun of her existence rose on that day without a cloud. The guests arrived: the dinner, an interchange of social and intelligent intercourse, ended,

and the ladies retired to the drawing-room. To gratify the guests of her relative, Constance exerted herself to the utmost; her vivacity and elegance charmed all around her. They expressed a wish to inspect some glorious triumphs of the artist's skill, which Edward had brought from Europe. Constance had them intrusted to her care. Playfully protesting that no hand save her own should be permitted to touch the treasures, she flew down stairs to the apartment adjoining that in which they had dined. She opened the library, and the search occupied her some moments. Scarcely had she commenced, when she heard the rich tones of Edward's voice apparently raised in argument. As the sound struck her ear, she paused; her hand yet supporting the port-folio which she had been seeking. Suddenly she bent forward in an attitude of attention, remaining breathless for an instant. As he continued, a faint cry escaped her, and the volume fell from her hand. Its valuable contents were scattered on the floor before her—she heeded them not: she would have given worlds for the power to move; but spell-bound she stood listening to his words, each syllable being distinctly heard through the thin partition that divided the apartment. At length his voice ceased, and the conversation changed. By a violent effort, Constance aroused herself; but how altered was the expression of her face! The object of her love, of her adoration had avowed himself,—nay, triumphantly avowed himself—an Atheist! That being who had hitherto so cautiously concealed from her knowledge all idea of his entertaining such thoughts, had now expressed himself in terms, alas! too plain to be misunderstood. She had heard his arguments in favor of his disbelief, and his assertion that those subjects which she revered, were mere fables to keep grovelling minds in subjection, and that the philosopher, the man of science or of intellect was above such childish prejudices. One or two guests, it is true, at first supported him, but even they soon shrunk abashed from his bold asseverations. "Alas! Poor Constance." Footsteps approaching awoke her from her stupor. Suddenly starting, she gained sufficient presence of mind to attempt to collect the scattered drawings, when her sister entered the room, wondering at her protracted absence. The wild and incoherent replies of Constance alarmed Rose. She gently attempted to soothe her sister, and after completing the search which had so fearfully begun, she conducted her to the garden. The cool, mild air, the calm repose of all nature, the stillness of evening, gradually restored her to herself.—She returned to the drawing-room, where she found all the guests assembled. At the sight of Edward she trembled, but she remembered that all eyes were upon her, and pride came to her aid. Never had she looked so wildly beautiful. Conversation, laughter, music,

succeeded each other rapidly, and Constance was the life, the light of all. So inspired, so animated was her manner, she might have served as an illustration of the Pythones revealing the oracles of her god; but the resemblance went still further: the struggle of giving utterance to those oracles, often cost the priestess her life. That evening, which to her seemed eternal, at last ended. The guests departed. Edward was the last to linger; and as he pressed her hand, murmuring "good night," the tremulousness, the coldness of that hand startled him. He gazed in her face. Its expression, wild and varying, was still so gay and beautiful, that he treated the circumstance lightly. Months after, he recalled it with a shudder.

No eye saw Constance that night in her chamber.—No eye witnessed her agony. She had all her life been in one happy dream, from which, even at the acme of enjoyment, she had been suddenly, fearfully awakened to the consciousness of misery. Edward called on the ensuing day; Rose informed him that Constance was too much *fatigued* from the previous evening, to receive him. She had made a superhuman effort, while subject to the scrutiny of a large assembly, but she knew herself unequal to the task of meeting him so soon at home. He withdrew, though manifestly grieved; informing the family that he had received news from Europe, which required his absence, and would perhaps detain him for some months.

CHAPTER IV.

————— I will do
What heaven approves—my duty!

Knowles

Mon cœur, peut-il porter, seul et privé d'appui,
Le fardeau des devoirs qu'on m'impose aujourd'hui?
A ta loi, Dieu puissant, oui, mon âme est rendue,
Mais fais que mon amant s'éloigne de ma vue.
Cher amant! Ce matin l'aurois-je pu prévoir
Que je dusse aujourd'hui redouter de te voir?

* * * * *
Dieu de tous mes parens, de mon malheureux père,
Que ta voix me conduise, et que ton œil m'éclaire!

Zaire.

On the same evening, Edward called to bid them all farewell. His request to see Constance being again denied, he left a letter which he entrusted Rose to deliver. She did so. Constance gave one hasty glance at its contents, and then laid it aside until all the house had retired to rest. When she was quite alone, she drew forth the letter, and read its contents as follows:

"Miss Woodburn will pardon the hasty, inconsiderate anxiety of one who looks to her to decide his future fate. He trusts that she will not censure his abruptness, but ——— Oh, Constance, I cannot address you in a formal phrase. My heart is now so overflowing with mingled hope and fear,

that I can scarcely command sufficient calmness to write these words. I have to-day received a letter which peremptorily summons me to Europe. I must leave home to-morrow. These circumstances alone have made me presume to address you thus abruptly.

"Constance, from childhood we have been friends. I have watched your beauty as it expanded into womanhood—have watched the more angelic unfoldings of your mind. In all your little difficulties you looked upon me as your friend, your counsellor. Even then I hung with rapture upon each modulation of your voice—even then I wished that your fate might be linked with mine. I felt myself unworthy of you: the idea of possessing your love inspired me. For *your* sake I entered into the world, I strove for mastery in the intellectual arena; I succeeded. I returned. I found you all, nay, more than my fond heart could have wished. You seemed, (dare I assert it?) to take pleasure in my society. Yet would I not thus have dared, had not my hasty departure compelled me. No! months of silent devotion of each look, word, and thought, should have insensibly expressed my feelings; but I have now no alternative.

"Constance, dearest, adored Constance, I love you! You know the ardor of my nature. You know how deep, how fervent, how idolatrous a passion is comprehended in these words! Accept my hand, and the devotion of my life shall be yours, to study every look, to anticipate every wish! Say but those blessed words—that I may hope, and my dreary pilgrimage will seem a paradise—the days will glide in golden succession till my return. I love, I adore you! Say then that I may hope! To-morrow will behold me at your feet to hear my sentence from your lips—my everlasting bliss, or my irremediable misery! My pen is cold! it cannot express what I feel. My very thoughts when written bear another aspect. Imagine then, dearest Constance, all that love or passion can form in its wildest dreams,—even of such a nature are my prayers to you.

EDWARD."

Here then was the crisis of her fate. Principle, virtue, religion, prompted a sudden and decisive refusal, but all their efforts were combatted by "the broadest, deepest, strongest passion, that ever woman's heart was borne away by." How anxiously did she question her own heart, and how bitter were its answers! She had raised in her own soul an object of love; she had invested it with ideal charms and perfections. That object, that form was ever the engrossing feature, the guiding principle of all her plans for the future: there was no thought of happiness in which the thought of *him* did not mingle. There was no obstacle to their union; their friends approved; fortune smiled on them; and should she be the only cause of her own grief and future misery?

Her heart was a well of ever-springing aspirations after affection. An orphan from her childhood, with but few objects on whom to bestow her love, on those who dwelt around her she lavished all the treasures of her heart. What then would she feel for him whom every duty as well as inclination, would call upon her to love with all the intensity, the devotion of which her nature was capable! But one fault, but one error could be imputed to him. Might not the love which he bore his wife incite in him a desire to listen and believe? Firm in her own path, strong in the consciousness of undeviating rectitude, might not her example persuade and at length convince? Would not her refusal plunge him still deeper into error? Might she not be called upon to answer for the destruction of him whom she might have preserved?

But in vain were all these suggestions. She knew too well he did not only doubt; he disbelieved in the very existence of those objects of love and reverence which were to her a day-spring of bliss. It was not from the assertions of others that she judged; his own lips had pronounced his opinions: and could a wife hope to effect that which the courted mistress had been unable to complete? Instead of converting him to her own feelings, would she not rather be influenced by example, far more powerful than precept, and at last become herself less firm and less devout? Or if she still passed the ordeal unmoved, would not her continual difference of opinion, her repeated observance of those duties which he despised, be a constant source of bickerings? And must she not either be silent on all those subjects on which she loved to commune, or else hear them ridiculed, or at least listened to in sullen silence by the being whom she had promised to love, honor and obey?

All these, and many more arguments, alike of passion and of virtue, did Constance bring forward in terrible array before her mind. Hard indeed was the struggle; it seemed to rend asunder her heartstrings. Again she hurriedly reflected upon his merits, his worth,—and again that one fatal thought glared visibly before her. Again she caught up his letter;—those words breathing tenderness again subdued her. She pressed it to her lips, to her heart; she exclaimed, "No, no! it is too great a trial, too great a sacrifice! But the lessons, the holy principles instilled into me, are they nought? Oh God! assist and strengthen me!" She sunk on her knees,—and prayed for aid; shrinking from a reliance on her own powers—she cast her burthen upon her Heavenly Guide, and he sustained her. Tears, tears of bitter anguish followed her supplication, but they could not alter her resolve. She arose from her knees, and without trusting her eyes again towards the letter, she threw herself on the bed, and ere an hour had passed, her sobs and tears had ceased in sleep.

CHAPTER V.

And she, that ever through her home had moved
 With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
 Of woman calmly loving and beloved,
 And timid in her happiness the while,
 Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
 Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

And were not these high words to flow
 From woman's breaking heart?
 Through all that scene of bitterest woe
 She bore her lofty part.
 But oh! with such a glazing eye,
 With such a curdling cheek—
 Love! love! of mortal agony
 Thou, only thou shouldst speak!

Mrs. Hemans.

The next morning Constance arose, and fortified herself again by prayer. She performed her accustomed duties at home with her usual regularity, but at length she heard the sound of Edward's foot ascending the stairs. Clinging to the chair near which she stood for support, she sunk into it as the door opened. With the freedom their long acquaintance warranted, he entered the room unannounced; he approached; his face radiant with smiles alike of hope and expectation. She felt thankful at the moment that a domestic was present, as Edward was under the necessity of speaking on some other subject than the only one of interest to them. He spoke of indifferent topics; she answered gravely, but calmly. She was bracing her heart for the approaching trial. At length the domestic quitted the room, and they were alone. A pause ensued, which was soon broken by Delancy. "Constance—Miss Woodburn—I have called thus early, as I am absolutely compelled to leave home to-day. I have long wished an opportunity of speaking to you alone, and failing in that wish, I sent a letter last night. May I ask if you have received it?"

"I have."

"You have, then, read my feelings. I have told you that my heart is wholly devoted to you—I have entreated you to accept my hand, my love—to share my fortune: that offer I now repeat. Is it presumption to entreat a reply? Were I not obliged to depart, (and I could not bear to go, uncertain of my fate,) I would not have thus suddenly declared my hopes, my wishes. Speak then, dearest Constance, and tell me your answer!"

"Edward—Edward Delancy," she replied, speaking with difficulty, but gathering strength as she proceeded; "I have received your letter, and had I possessed sufficient firmness to write my reply, I should have spared both of us the pain of this interview. I regret, most sincerely, that circumstances have obliged you to depart thus suddenly, otherwise my future conduct might gradually have explained what I am now compelled to declare to you at once. I fully appreciate the value of the preference you have shown me;—a

preference of which women far superior to me might be proud—I speak this from my heart! But Edward, I grieve most deeply, bitterly, that this offer has ever been made, for, however the decision may pain us both, I—cannot—accept it!"

Had the earth opened suddenly before him, Edward could scarcely have been more thunderstruck or appalled. Hope, bordering almost on certainty, had buoyed him up during the conversation, and the sudden blow was only more fearful, from its being so utterly unexpected.

"Constance, am I dreaming? What can have caused your peremptory rejection? What can so suddenly have altered your whole demeanor towards me? Have I unconsciously offended?"

"Edward, do not, I beseech you, accuse me of caprice; it is rather to free myself from such a charge, that I have spoken thus firmly. We may still be friends, but my decision cannot be retracted."

"Nay, madam, I will not presume to remonstrate;" he answered, striving by a sarcastic tone to hide his despairing feelings. "You are above the trifling affections that generally interest your sex. Your heart did not need to be consulted, and your judgment since last evening must no doubt have found cogent reasons for thus deciding."

"Edward Delancy, however I might have wished to enter into an explanation, it is but a duty to myself not to reply to such language uttered in such a tone;" she observed with dignity, rising from her seat.

"And can you, Constance," he exclaimed, casting aside the pride in which he had endeavored to fortify himself: "can you not pardon those words? Can you not feel for me? Have you not snatched from me all hope of happiness? Have you not, with one blow, forever destroyed the fond aspirations of my heart? And can you look thus unmoved upon the ruin of my peace, upon my blighted hopes, my crushed spirit? Has then my own egregious vanity deceived me; and have you never felt more for me than for a mere acquaintance? It must be so; this determination causes you no pang!"

"Edward! Edward! I do not deserve that reproach!" she exclaimed in anguish, as her assumed firmness gave way, and the tears coursed each other from her eyes.

"Why then inflict that pang upon yourself and me? Constance, dearest, beloved Constance, hear me! You know how fondly I love you. My whole life shall be employed in rendering you happy. Let me not believe that my own love has blinded me—that those bright eyes, when they grew brighter as I approached—that this hand, when it trembled at my touch—that those sweet blushes, (that even now chase each other over your face,) when they followed my breathing your name—(nay, do not turn from me, Constance, nor withdraw your hand!) Let me not believe that those tokens,

seen only by a lover's eye, have deceived me! From childhood you have been the guiding star of my existence. If your heart is now turned towards me, may not time ripen your friendship into love? Dearest, best beloved, speak, I beseech you!"

"Edward Delancy, listen to me, while I make a disclosure which is perhaps unmaidenly, but which, for my own justification it is necessary you should hear. I will not deny or disguise the truth. You have been a friend, a brother to me from infancy, and I have ever esteemed and admired you. When we parted last, in the simplicity of my heart, I gave you a sister's farewell. I heard of your success in life,—of your ambition—of your genius. You returned—I saw your attention, your unceasing devotion—and I loved you. Yes, Edward, I do not shrink from the avowal—I loved you!" Misled by these words, by the crimson flushes that came and went like lightning o'er her face, and still more, by the womanly faltering of her voice, which defied the control of the high resolution which actuated her, Edward passionately pressed her hand to his lips. Calmly, but firmly she withdrew it from his grasp, and with a look that could not be mistaken, she resumed: "Edward, I speak of *past* feelings. I shall ever think of you as a friend, but to love I have bid adieu. It is no idle caprice to enhance my future acceptance—it is no thoughtless fantasy of a heartless coquette which now urges me to speak—your own lips have pronounced the decision—your own heart has divided us forever! Two nights have passed since, in this very room, by accident I heard your conversation with the guests at my uncle's table. I heard you, Edward Delancy, jest upon those subjects which I have been taught to revere. Nay more, you, (and you the most eagerly,) disclaimed all belief in the existence of that religion and its attributes on which I rest all my hopes here and hereafter!"

"And, Constance, can you lay such stress upon a mere difference of opinion?"

"*Opinion!* and is such the term you give it? Why, Edward, are you thus unjust? Would not even you shrink from a woman who professed such opinions? Would you not avoid, as a pestilence, an irreligious wife? Where would be your confidence in her honor or her virtue? Would not the very fulness of her love make you doubt her? For what can be opposed to the raging floods of a woman's passions, when religion's barriers are swept away?"

"Constance, you consider this too deeply. I honor, I respect your prejudices, and were you mine, never should they be interfered with."

"And what prospect could such a pledge present, but constant suspicion and a mutual want of confidence? No, Edward, it cannot be."

"But, my own Constance, loving you as I do,

what might not your pure example effect? Consider then."

"Edward, all this, and more, much more, has my own heart urged! You know not, you cannot picture to yourself the anguish which this resolve has cost me, but I will not now waver. I doubt not that you would do all to make me happy. But your principles, right or wrong, are firmly, irrevocably established. An erring, hesitating being like myself can never hope to alter them. You deride, you deny the existence of that true and holy faith, on which I rest my hopes of eternal salvation—and were my love even more maddening than I have proved it—were you a thousand times more fitted to inspire that love—though my heart should break I would not accept your hand!"

A death-like silence succeeded to this solemn asseveration. Awed by her manner, Edward did not attempt to utter a word; he looked at her, and revered her more than ever. At length, rousing himself as from a dream, he spoke:

"Constance, I shall urge you no more. I now see clearly your motives, and though they destroy all my happiness, I respect them. You have taught me, Constance, that which I ever doubted until now; that religion and duty may have greater power over a woman's heart, than even love itself. To prolong this interview is now prolonging misery to both. Let me still live in your memory! Whatever be my fate hereafter, my love towards you will be still unchanged. And if we should meet again, I will strive to conquer the selfish repinings of my heart, even though I see another in the enjoyment of that affection which I once hoped to have called my own."

"That, Edward, you will never see. The heart which you won, cannot idly be caught by another. In wealth or in poverty, in life—or in death, I will cherish, with a pure and passionless regard, the recollection of my earliest, dearest friend. Should we meet no more—let your last remembrance of me be my blessing. May that Supreme Being, whose power you deride, soften and enlighten your heart—protect and bless you!"

"Noble-hearted, exalted woman, farewell! For the last time I press your hand in mine; remember him who, whatever were his faults, deeply, truly loved you. Farewell! farewell!" Again, and again he pressed her hand to his lips; she made no effort to withdraw it. She murmured "farewell!" it was the word that severed them forever.

Her scalding tears flowed in rapid succession, and fell upon his hand; and as the answering drops glistened in his own eyes, with man's feeling of shame at such weakness, he suddenly gasped forth an adieu, and rushed from the house. Weeping, Constance feebly tottered to her own apartment, where, unseen by any mortal eye, she passed hours in comfortless agony.

CHAPTER VI.

The strait

I'm fallen into, my patience cannot bear;
It frights my reason, warps my sense of virtue,
Of religion; changes me into a thing
I look at with abhorring!

Knowles.

There are a thousand joyous things in life
Which pass unheeded, in a life of joy
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily dudes paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.

I'm.

Three weeks had passed—a blank in existence. Edward had departed. The family deemed that Constance was seriously indisposed, and physicians were sent for; but their skill was exerted in vain. At length, Constance herself made a last effort to rise from her lethargy. When alone, she would pace the apartment for hours reflecting on what she had done, and by a rigid self-examination, discovered wherein she had erred. "What avails it," she would exclaim, "that I have bidden him farewell; and that forever? Do I not still love him? If duty required that I should reject him, that duty is not fulfilled while I thus cherish and feed a consuming melancholy. The affection of my relatives I cast aside with indifference—the glowing health which heaven has granted, I wantonly abuse by this indulgence of grief—the precious time which never can return, I waste in fruitless retrospection—and those talents and acquirements which might make me estimable and useful to my friends, I daily enfeeble and neglect. More than all these, I nourish and encourage the absorbing passion which principle first taught me to shun, and which I feel is *now* sinful. When I bade him farewell, I vowed to remember him as a friend—let me keep my promise! Let me look upon him, not with the regret I should feel for the *beloved dead*, but with that pure regard due to a *brother living*! Let me live for others, as well as for myself—and let me avoid, as a serpent, one moment's idleness; that sure foster-mother of all vain fancies and uncontrolled imaginations. Let me cast all my sorrows at the feet of my Heavenly Father, and let the past week be the last of my existence, which I can reproach myself with having wasted!"

Earnestly she besought of heaven the aid none ever sincerely asked in vain. Strictly she adhered to the undeviating path she had marked out. She allowed herself no time for regrets. She plunged deeply into studies the most scientific and abstruse. She determined to comprehend them in all their bearings. To effect this it became necessary to exert to their full extent all the powers of thought and reasoning which she possessed; and by this constant and untiring exercise, the healthful tone of her feelings was by degrees restored. The struggle was great, nor was the change soon effected; but at last she was triumphant. She had schooled her heart most bitterly, and persevered

in her resolve. Months passed on, and with a mild and cheerful resignation she could speak and think of Edward Delancy composedly, as the friend of her childhood. Her relatives rejoiced at the restoration of her health, and while she gradually unfolded the long-concealed treasures of her mind, and more than all the rest, while they experienced the blessings bestowed by her benign and sunny disposition, they felt that "to know her was to love her,—to name her, but to praise!"

CHAPTER VII.

Misfortune liketh company; it seldom

Visits its friends alone.

Knowles.

Now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek: it seemed she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

* * * * * There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor-moistened: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Shakespeare.

Three years and more had elapsed, and Constance had heard repeatedly of Edward, both from his letters to her uncle, and from public report. He had again appeared before the world as an author, and again success had triumphantly crowned his efforts. Time had given new strength to his intellect, and it seemed as if, thwarted where his whole heart had been devoted, he had determined to "pursue a nobler mistress, Glory!"

During Edward's absence, in the eventful course of those three years, Constance experienced a change in all her prospects. Her aged uncle died, after a short, but painful illness, of which she too soon learnt the fatal cause. Being naturally of an indolent disposition, having seen but little of the world, and deeming all mankind as honest as himself, he had unreservedly entrusted the care of all his property to an agent, who, by his plausible, and seemingly disinterested arguments, had so far misled Mr. Glenford, as to persuade him to enter into vast speculations, in which, (having obtained the consent of Constance,) a considerable portion of her property had also been embarked. These speculations proved, in part, successful; but, on pretence of urgent business, the agent hastened to New York and thence absconded no one knew whither, carrying with him an immense sum of money, and all the documents which were requisite to substantiate Mr. Glenford's claims. The officers of justice were eagerly engaged in the search, and the agent was traced on board a vessel coasting to the south of France, where the ship was wrecked, and every soul perished. The news of the search having terminated thus hopelessly, overcame Mr. Glenford. Appalled by the accumulated weight of business which came pouring in on every side, and called for exertions be-

yond what even his youth could have accomplished, bewildered by the enormous and unexpected demands made on him, and above all, overcome by a reverse too great and sudden for his mind, (weakened by age and infirmities,) to bear, Mr. Glenford sunk under the blow, leaving all in utter confusion; which Constance alone was to reduce to order.

After the first passionate grief was over, and she had paid the last sad duty to him who had been her second father, Constance wasted no time in fruitless lamentations at the task which lay before her. As usual, the visits of condolence were paid, and the orphan received numerous *indefinite* proffers of assistance. But the *heiress* was an heiress no longer; and those who had formerly praised the liberal hospitality of the uncle, now spoke of his imprudent extravagance, and complained bitterly at the prospect of a girl nursed in luxury like Constance, being obliged to live with her sister, as a dependant in the family of some charitable friend. But they knew little of Constance Woodburn, who supposed that she would ever consent to be dependent on any one. She thanked those few who really showed themselves her friends, but declined all offers except those of advice. She applied to Mr. Walton, an elder brother of her former admirer, and whose family had ever been her friends. He was an able lawyer, and him she consulted on all subjects relative to her uncle's property. Day after day found her poring over deeds and intricate accounts; and melancholy indeed was her employment, when she discovered that it was doubtful if more than a bare maintenance would remain to her after all demands had been satisfied, according to her request, with scrupulous integrity.

It was natural that Constance should deeply regret this circumstance, but she braced herself for the trial. "By my own earnings," said she to Rose, who wept bitterly at the news, "will I obtain a subsistence. The education I have received I will now employ. There are many parents around us who will rejoice at sending their children to be my pupils; our name and family are in themselves too honorable to fear that they can ever be degraded by honest industry. Our reverse has already shown us how few in the world are real friends. Those who *are*, will still equally respect us even though I may give instruction; and for those who are *not*, my dear Rose, that mind must indeed be weak which sets a value upon their attentions. The bleak prospect of a government, is not, I own, very gratifying, but *any* sacrifice is better than being *dependent*."

Owing, however, to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Walton, seconded by those of Constance herself, this project was never executed. By diligent investigation he found that many debts had been shamelessly exaggerated, and many demands put forth without just right, as the claim-

ants had supposed, in the confusion of Mr. Glenford's affairs, solely entrusted to an inexperienced girl, their practices would not be discovered. All was, however, clearly settled, the offenders fully exposed; and it was proved that the two sisters would enjoy a neat and ample competence. Immediately after her uncle's death, Mr. Walton had, at the request of Constance, written to inform Edward of the sad news, (but without mentioning their pecuniary embarrassments;) and to request him not to feel any anxiety on her account, as she was kindly aided by Mr. Walton and his family. As Edward was then travelling in Europe, it was uncertain when any letters could reach him.

Mr. Walton had heard from his brother, who was on his way from Germany, and intended to visit them in Virginia. He arrived, and was fondly welcomed. With sisterly kindness he was received by Constance at his brother's house; and as he admired her exquisite beauty now in its bloom, and felt that her noble mind and heart equalled, if not surpassed her rare loveliness, he could not avoid again wishing that the fate of so pure a being might be united to his own. Such a wish, however, never escaped his lips; he perceived that it was vain to hope; he saw that she esteemed him as a friend,—he determined to prove that he could be a sincere one. He exerted himself with fraternal kindness to contribute to her comfort, and had it not been for the severe loss which they had experienced in the death of their oldest friend, the happiness of that little circle would indeed have been without a cloud.

CHAPTER VIII.

He faded; but so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender-kind,
And grieved for those he left behind,
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright;
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, * * *
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn—grew less and less!

Byron.

But a dear object soon called for all the attention of Constance—her sister Rose, whose health from infancy had been a source of painful solicitude; and at length that remorseless fiend consumption, who preys upon the loveliest of America's daughters, marked her for his own. How bitterly did poor Constance weep over the gradual decay of this, her beloved mother's last legacy—the sweet solace that she had looked for in after years—the dearest and the only tie which she now possessed! Every effort of medical science was used

to save her, and the hope of change of climate was advised. The society of Mr. Walton's wife and family, among whom was Alfred, rendered their visit to a more southern state comparatively delightful, and at times the delusive glow of health which bloomed upon her sister's cheek, would make Constance fondly hope that she would recover. But each day that hope grew less. After an easy journey, they returned home, where for many months they remained. But at length the last forlorn hope was tendered—Italy, that refuge, and often grave for the dying invalid. It was hoped that the interest arising from the contemplation of scenery, inhabitants, customs, differing from her own, might prove as beneficial as the air itself.—Previous to her departure, Constance entrusted to Mr. Walton's care all those objects of affection which she left behind. A family with whom her uncle had been intimate were about taking their departure for Italy. Under their protection Constance went with her sister, exiled from her home, like many other victims of consumption, to die in a foreign land. Sincere prayers for their welfare, “not loud, but deep,” accompanied them on their way, and each friend she left blessed her as she departed.

* * * * *

Italy, bright, beautiful Italy was visited; and each moment, each thought of the life of Constance was employed to administer to her sister's happiness. Absorbed in her affection for the poor, fading flower, all other thoughts seemed dead within her. When, however, her friends informed her that Edward Delancy was in the neighborhood and would soon visit them, she felt agitated and alarmed. After a short, but rigorous discipline of her heart, she became composed; and when Delancy approached, she gave her hand with friendly eagerness, and met him with a firm step and an unhesitating welcome. For a moment Edward looked with surprise at her care-worn face, which nights of ceaseless watching by her sister's couch had robbed of its brilliancy; then, attempting to speak as he grasped her hand, he felt that utterance was impossible, and dropping her hand, turned to the window which an Italian sunset was gilding with its usual splendor—a type of the fair and virtuous girl who was daily sinking in unclouded innocence to the grave. Soon Edward mastered his emotion and returned. He spoke to Constance on the all-engrossing theme, her sister's health; he used every means to cheer and to console, and formed a thousand plans for affording amusement to the invalid and her almost exhausted nurse. This was the trial which Constance had feared. She dreaded that, being continually in his society, fascinated by the spells of his intellect, she might again have the same struggle to undergo. To deny herself his presence, would

be to deprive her sister of many gratifications, and this thought at once decided her.—Wherever she went, she saw him courted and admired, but Rose's danger made her forget even him! * * *

CHAPTER IX.

Heaven and yourself had part in this fair maid;

Now Heaven hath all!

Shakespeare.

As Rose grew nearer her end, her sole unceasing prayer was to return home, to visit the scenes of her childhood, and there to breathe her last; and as she had ceased to derive benefit from her present long sojourn, they determined to gratify her, as the denial of this, her only request, seemed to render her miserable. Edward was their constant and assiduous companion. From different sources he had heard of the firm conduct of Constance at her uncle's death, and had repeatedly expressed his regret that she had refused to confide in him. He saw that although she was still his friend, she no longer felt towards him as she had once felt; and his respect for her and his own pride prevented him from again subjecting himself to what he felt assured would be a refusal. He took a kind and friendly leave of her, anxiously hoping to meet them all, as soon as his affairs would permit, in happiness and health in their native home. * * *

They had approached the end of their voyage, and in a few hours they hoped to reach the shore. Rose, who was now sinking hourly, lay within her sister's arms, propped up by cushions on the deck. Her friends had withdrawn to a slight distance. Now and then an inarticulate moan would break from Rose's lips, yet visibly she struggled to repress it. The pious resignation, the fortitude of that innocent girl, her constant endeavors to appear cheerful, her reluctance to give pain or trouble, and the meek, consoling words which she ever and anon addressed to those around her, only made her still dearer to her sister, while they increased the agony that sister felt at the thought “of this last loss, of all the most.” Silently the tears flowed, but Constance did not attempt to notice them, lest they should excite the observation of her sister. But Rose, glancing her eye upwards, saw them, and clasping her arms more closely around the neck of Constance, said, “Do not weep, dear Constance,—do not weep for me I am dying, it is true; but I am going to a happy place of rest, where sorrow and tears cannot come. I once did think that it was hard for one so young to go to the cold grave; but long suffering has made me think otherwise. It will be a blessing for me to be taken from this world, where I feel nought but pain, and cause grief to those around me. I only grieve to leave you, sweet

Constance, who have been a mother to me. Comfort yourself with that thought, my sister! When I am gone, you will have no little Rose to comfort you, but you will marry—do not shake your head so mournfully, sister—you will marry some worthy man who will love you as you deserve to be loved, but not more dearly than your own poor little sister has always loved you, Constance.

* * * * * Sister, draw this cloak more closely round me; it is growing cold. Look, Constance, there is our own dear land stretched out before us, and the sun is going to rest,—*like me*,—and its beams are shining so brightly on the waters that dance around us!—I feel so calm and happy!—Sister, repeat with me the first prayer that mother taught you—for see, she is looking at us both, and smiling so sweetly—Bless you, dear sister—“Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be—thy name.”—And thus, with her first innocent prayer upon her lips, she nestled her head in her sister’s bosom, and gently closed her eyes. Fearful of disturbing her, Constance remained motionless. But at length the face grew paler, the faint breathing ceased;—in sight of that home she had sighed for—in the arms of the sister whom she loved, the pure spirit had fled from its earthly abode, and “poor little Rose” was dead!

CHAPTER X.

Fame, fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,—
The cool, fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul’s feverish need.

Where must the lone one turn and flee?—
Not unto thee,—oh! not to thee!

Mrs. Hemans.

Thus at twenty six years of age, Constance was emphatically *alone* in the world, without a single relative. Still she had friends who loved and respected her. Immediately on her arrival, they hastened to assuage her grief.

During four ensuing years, she lived as secluded as possible, entering into society only so far as to avoid being a restraint upon her friends. Nor did she pass those years without admirers; but all were alike rejected. She had once loved deeply, earnestly, with her whole soul,—and her first bright vision had passed away for ever. Since that hour, the constant succession of incidents, eventful and engrossing, which had marked the last few years of her life, had so entirely occupied every thought and feeling, that she had not experienced even a wish to enlarge her sphere of affection. When competitors for her heart appeared, she saw that all were far inferior to the ideal image which her soul had cherished; and when she reflected how she had once been deceived, she feared to hazard the certain content which was now hers, for the chance of comparative misery.

She heard again and frequently of Delancy. He had hitherto dwelt in Europe, but his present plan was to return to his native land. He still strode onward towards the goal of fame. Time had polished the rich gems of his mind, but there was a scoffing wildness, a skeptic daring in his theories, which made the thoughtful pause and weigh his opinions ere they rested faith in them; and while they could not avoid admiring the expansive mind of the author, grieved that it wanted the best and only sure foundation of true greatness, and dreaded the power which his intellect gave him in the “empire of mind.” To enjoy for a time repose and leisure, were his objects in revisiting America. He arrived; and wherever he went, he was the object of curiosity and admiration.

At the time of his arrival in New York, Constance was absent from that city on a visit to a friend; but she heard of his welcome in every circle, and of his subsequent visit to the country residence of a family in the neighborhood of her present abode. He immediately visited her, and while he received her heartfelt congratulations on his success, and in his turn conversed with kind sympathy respecting her sister’s death, he felt that had he any sacred trust to confide, Constance was the friend on whom he might rely. As companions from infancy, reared in the same dwelling, they were regarded by their acquaintances in the light almost of brother and sister. Constance saw him now standing on the highest pinnacle to which he could aspire; but though each sentiment he uttered in society was like a sparkling gem,—though he participated in every species of gaiety, yet there were now and then perceptible a restlessness in his expressions, and a transient gloom upon his countenance, which suggested the idea that his mind was not entirely at ease.

* * * * *
It was evening—a bright, lovely, summer’s evening: the dwelling of Constance’s friend, (a villa more resembling an Italian palace, than the retreat of a republican citizen,) was illuminated with unusual splendor. The ball-room was thronged with gay and beautiful faces, and the present, the joyous, cloudless present, alone occupied each heart.

The fete was given in honor of the marriage of Alfred Walton with a lovely, amiable girl, who had been a playmate of Constance, who sincerely, gratefully rejoiced in this union. She at last beheld two beings whom she equally esteemed, made happy in each other; and she felt, as she offered her hearty wishes for their welfare, that this was one of the few occasions in life when such congratulations could be offered without the least shade of doubt or fear to cloud the bright hopes which they expressed.—Edward and Constance were present, the cynosure of all that brilliant festival. For a short time during the evening, the

lovely children of Mr. Maynard were indulged by a participation in the general gaiety. One of the guests, reminded by their presence, accidentally remarked the excessive grace of a child, some seven years old, whom Mr. Delancy had brought with him from Europe. This excited surprise; whereupon Edward related the melancholy situation of the little orphan, whose parents, (his valued friends,) had died in Switzerland, leaving their infant Laura to his care. The conversation then turned to other topics.

Morning broke in upon the revellers, and slowly they departed. Constance, though at this late, or rather early hour, was still buoyant and untiring, and as the last guest bade her adieu, she wished the family good night, and with a light step and heart, retired to rest.

CHAPTER XI.

Surely a sense of our mortality,
A consciousness how soon we shall be gone;
Or, if we linger,—but a few short years—
How sure to look upon our brother's grave,
Should of itself incline to pity and to love!

Rogers.

On the following day, Edward called at the mansion; the drawing-room was filled with guests. One by one they took their leave, but still he lingered. The family dispersed to their several amusements and occupations; when, after a few moments' conversation with Constance, Edward abruptly said: "Do you remember, Miss Woodburn, the remarks casually made last night concerning my little ward, Laura Seaforth? I most earnestly wish for your advice on the subject of her education. To whom can I intrust it? Accomplishments she can easily acquire; but can I rely upon an uninterested stranger to instil into her mind the lessons of fortitude and endurance which she must learn, to enable her to combat with the world?"

"Has she no relatives, no friends, who might undertake the charge?"

"No, none; she is alone."

"Could you be induced to part with her to——"

"Oh! no, no! While I live she remains with me. As a father I will watch over and protect her. It will be but a poor atonement for—a poor proof of the affection I bore to her parents."

"It is strange that, having known you so long, her name, that of your friend, should be so unfamiliar to me. Did I know her mother?"

"Her mother! No! impossible! I—I believe not. But pray answer the question I have asked."

"I cannot do that hastily. So much depends on the choice of a person who is to be the guardian and instructress of a child like her, that I must reflect. But you shall know soon,—very soon."

"I thank you most sincerely; but, Constance, promise me this: If I should die, or should any ill befall me, I beseech you, by the recollection of that love—pardon me—that *friendship* which you once felt, if it have any weight, promise me that you will be a mother to that child—that you will rear her in virtue and honor, and make her like yourself—all that woman can be!"

"I do promise it, Edward, *solemnly*: the recollection of which you speak *has* weight; it is idle in you to doubt it. Your happiness is, and will ever be, dear to me. I solemnly pledge you my word, to be a mother to her. This is worthy of you, Edward."

"Let me thank you from my heart for your promise; it has relieved me from a burthen of anxious dread. And now," added he, departing from the subject as abruptly as he had introduced it,—“when do you intend to return home?”

* * * * *

Three days after this visit, as the family of Mr. Maynard, with Constance, were wandering over a part of the grounds which commanded a view of the road, they perceived a gentleman on horseback riding towards the mansion, and soon recognised Mr. Delancy. He saw them, and waving his hat, spurred his horse towards them. By leaping a low hedge which he was approaching, more than half the distance could be avoided. The moment Mr. Maynard saw Delancy turning towards the hedge, with an exclamation of horror, he endeavored by signs and shouts, to forbid his proceeding: but it was too late; ere a word could be uttered, the leap had been taken. For the purpose of some improvements, within the last two days, an excavation of immense depth had been made immediately within the hedge. With culpable, and as it proved, fatal neglect, no notice or warning had been placed there; and as the circumstance of the alteration had been previously unknown to Mr. Maynard, he had been unable to remedy the carelessness of the workmen. The leap was within view of the party assembled in the garden. Before their eyes, the rider lay extended beneath his horse in the deep cavity. Shrieks of horror at the fearful catastrophe, burst from the lips of all, save Constance. The gentlemen hastened to render assistance. The ladies remained, uttering loud ejaculations of pity or of fear,—when suddenly one of them turned to Constance, wondering at her silence. She was still seated, leaning against a tree; she spoke not: she had fainted! * * * * * While they were engaged in restoring her to herself, the wounded man was brought to the house; and as they conveyed him to the nearest room, each movement, however slight, however careful, extorted a groan of such fearful agony that it seemed as if death would follow. His right arm was broken, but the deepest injury appeared to be internal. Anx-

iously, breathlessly, they awaited the arrival of the surgeon. He came. The result of his examination was indeed mournful—the internal injuries which Edward had received, left a hope of his recovery, but with the sad expectation of his being a helpless, maimed invalid. Constance having in some degree subdued all outward signs of emotion, had earnestly requested to see him, and at length succeeded in effecting her object. She entered the room, which was partly darkened—but still she could distinctly see the couch and its almost insensible occupant. His eyes were closed; his faint and labored breathing, and the convulsive clutching of the bed by his uninjured hand, alone gave token that he lived. The attendants who were in the room were engaged in various employments. Constance approached the bed unheeded. She thought of him—her childhood's friend, who had been the first love of her young heart—whose acquirements were the objects of her admiration,—the thought of what he had been, and what he now appeared, overcame her. She clasped her hands in agony, while tears fell rapidly from her eyes unmarked; she sunk on her knees, burying her face in the folds of the drapery, and with her hands joined over her brow, she prayed in her heart for him by whom she knelt. As these entreaties arose from each gushing fountain of her soul, her grief was mitigated; she trusted in the mercy of that Being in whose power are life and death. With feelings subdued and grateful, she arose from the posture in which she had sunk in despair. She turned towards the surgeon, and by her apparent calmness, obtained, in answer to her inquiries, a true and undisguised account which she sought, yet dreaded to hear. The bodily inflictions with which Delancy was threatened, she trusted he could endure;—but what horror was hers, when she was informed that the ruin of his mind might ensue!

The gradual decay which age and time cause in the human frame, and which death sends as his warning precursors, it is true, excite melancholy and compassion. But there cannot be in nature, an object so appalling, so humiliating, so crushing to the heart, as the contemplation of the strong man's mind struck down in the plenitude of its wisdom!—"In fear and trembling" Constance retired to her apartment. The hours passed in sleepless anxiety. And as she looked forth on the starry and cloudless night, on the wonders and glory of the heavens,—and then looked within,—at the struggles of despair, of hope—of misery and resignation,—she felt that her lot in life indeed exemplified the truth of her mother's precept, that though the world, amidst pleasure and happiness contains fearful woe, there is still one blessed asylum where "mercy and truth have met together—where righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

CHAPTER XII.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come. *Blair.*

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame. *Buras.*

The following day, Edward seemed hovering betwixt life and death. Towards midnight, Constance, who had continued for some time restlessly watching in the adjoining room, heard Delancy's inarticulate murmurings—and her own name uttered in agony. She could not resist the impulse, and noiselessly she stole into the room. The nurse, inured to these scenes of misery, and overcome by fatigue, sat sleeping in a chair near the door. Mr. Maynard, who had never relinquished his station by the sufferer's side, seeing Constance approach, advanced to prevent her. He besought her earnestly to retire. Firmly she denied him, and seated herself beside him. Thus passed a fearful night of watching. Who that has not seen the human frame writhing under an attack of insanity, and witnessed the superhuman strength with which the paroxysm endows its victims,—who that has not heard the wanderings of their minds—the repetition of each expression or sentiment which they, when rational, admired,—the noble and poetical thoughts which they often utter,—the wild snatches of songs or prayers which they repeat—the intense agony which they express at the fancied perils they endure or witness in imagination,—and worse than these, the unjust hatred, the ingratitude and malignity, and often the profanity and even blasphemy which are then frequently given vent to, by even a virtuous mind,—who, that has not witnessed all this, can form an adequate estimate of its horror! For the first time, Constance beheld this; and but too often, words met her ear, whose import made her shudder. The declarations of insanity are, it is true, frequently without foundation; yet, sometimes, they lay bare the inner recesses of the heart: and those sacrilegious thoughts, which, in life's ordinary course, only gleam forth suddenly and for a moment, blaze out with scorching, withering power in madness. Morning gloomily began to dawn, and the streaks of sickly, yellow light which forced their way into the apartment, only added to the apparent desolation. The lamps were flickering dimly, and by the bedside the two watchers still sat, hoping even in despair. Suddenly Delancy seemed writhing in torture, as, with dreadful imprecations, he called for assistance—pointing, amidst the distant darkness, at some object which appeared to his disordered brain. With a loud shriek, and with a madman's strength, dashing

aside Mr. Maynard and the awakened nurse, who strove to detain him, he sprang from the bed, and rushed towards the fancied spectre of his mind—with one convulsive grasp he clutched at it, and then, uttering an exulting laugh, fell prostrate on the floor. His attendants approached to raise him, while Constance summoned additional aid:—he had expired! * * * *

When, a few weeks after this sad event, Mr. Walton the elder, as the nearest friend of Delancy, undertook to examine his papers, the will was found. After many noble donations both public and private, the residue of his property was left to Laura Seaforth, who was bequeathed to the protection of Miss Woodburn. A letter was also found, addressed to Constance, but apparently unfinished. Mr. Walton enclosed it to her. It had been written two days previous to the accident. It was as follows:

"Constance, ten years have elapsed since I first wrote to you; this is my second intrusion, and shall be the last. Our conversation yesterday eased my mind of all anxiety relative to the future fate of Laura. I deem it right, however, to state to you the truth of her history. When you have read it, I feel assured, however justly you may shudder, you will still more compassionately regard the poor child, who is thus fatherless, friendless, and alone.

"During my repeated sojourns in Italy, I renewed my acquaintance with a fellow-collegian who had been for years residing abroad for his health. He introduced me to his young wife. Her beauty was that of an angel! For her intellect—yours, Constance is noble and refined; but it has been tempered and shadowed by rectitude and misfortune. Helen had never known a moment's grief. She had lost her mother in infancy. She had been the idol of a doting, aged father, who so worshipped her that he never offered to exercise that healthful authority so necessary to a wild and daring spirit. Uncontrolled in any wish or desire, she had roamed through the fields of literature and science, bewildered by the treasures opened suddenly upon her exuberant imagination, and, without a guide or instructor "to winnow the gold dust from the barren sand," she plunged into all the mazes of mystery and doubt. The attractive garb in which each undermining assertion was decked, blinded her innocent mind to its falsity or crime. In dying, her father bequeathed her to a husband's care. He, in his turn, though a man of strong sense and judgment, could not participate in the flowery delights of her fancy; he smiled at the exaggerated pictures which she drew, and saw not the strong influence which an unrestrained indulgence of any passion, however indefinite, must ultimately gain upon the soul. When I first knew her, I became fascinated—I know of no other word so applicable to my feelings. We looked upon our devotion to each other as an interchange of sentiment. We

reflected not that a passion, which engrossed each thought and action of our lives, must, by its *excess alone*, be culpable; and that when, in addition, there was another being who held an exclusive right to her affection, the measure of our errors was fearfully increased.

"A short time before your arrival in Italy, Helen and her husband had gone with their little Laura, (then near three years old,) to visit Switzerland. After your departure, I rejoined them. Time passed. Our infatuation still continued.—One day, her husband had gone, with some friends, on an excursion to the lake in the vicinity; we were together, engaged in perusing a work breathing tenderness and love in every line. From this, the transition was easy to that dangerous and oft-indulged theme—ourselves. Our uninterrupted interview more palpably suggested the projects of flight which we had but too often distantly formed. Abruptly, wildly, did Helen reply to all the arguments I urged in favor of protracting our stay for a brief period. 'Delancy!' she cried, 'call it folly, madness, or what you will, I cannot longer endure this hypocrisy. I cannot receive the tenderness, the love—Oh Heaven! the love of that man, and appear, (wretch that I am,) to return them, when my heart and soul are given to another! You are that other. You share in my passion,—you *shall* share in my punishment. Hesitate—and at the price of my own degradation, I will disclose all to him! I cannot bid you leave me forever; I have not fortitude to do it: but I would sooner *die*, Delancy,—die by my own hand, than longer endure this burthen of duplicity. I cannot look in my husband's face, I cannot take my child in my arms, without feeling myself unworthy of the name of wife and mother! I care not for the world's scorn. If I am willing to brave it, you should not hesitate. Edward, I fly with you now or never!' In silence I assented. For the first time, I clasped her in my arms, and at that moment we would both gladly have relinquished for our sinful passion, our hopes in this world—and even in the next. But even at *that very moment*, we heard a hurried sound of feet in the hall. In great agitation the domestics entered and informed Helen that her husband had on that day's pleasure-voyage been accidentally *drowned*! Even as they said the words, his friends bore the lifeless body into the house. As it met Helen's eye, that shriek, that appalling shriek that burst from her, is even now echoing in my brain. Horror-stricken as I was at the sudden and blasting doom which had thus fallen on our guilty projects, I turned to console her. She fell at my feet in violent convulsions. Every aid was rendered her, in vain! In a few hours she died—cursing her God and me!

"In intrusting Laura to your care, I feel I am offering to her mother's memory the only poor atonement now in my power. Make her resem-

ble yourself, and whatever ills the errors of others may cause to her in after life, she will, she must be happy in her own innocence of heart.

"Each hour of my life involves me still deeper in intricacy and doubt. If I have passed all my existence in one wilful error, what may I not dread hereafter! And if there be no Heavenly Guardian, no eternity, how poor and unprofitable, how inadequate to my own vehement aspirations after happiness, will this world have been! Constance, years are before me, in which, if I have been wrong, I may repent my error; but whatever be my fate, instruct Laura as you have yourself been instructed.—Though man may for a time reject piety with disdain, yet *even with him* a time may come when he will see the insufficiency of this world's wealth, and will pine for the *one* resting-place, like the "travelled dove:" but religion is *woman's only* safeguard against misery and ruin!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Pauline, the meekly bright; though now no more
Her clear eye flashed with youth's all tameless glee,
Yet something, hollier than its dayspring wore,
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see;
A charm with graver, tenderer sweetness fraught,
The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Mrs. Hemans.

Extract from a letter written by the young Mrs. Wakon to a friend in Europe:

NEW YORK, May, 1837.

* * * * * We are at present somewhat melancholy. The light of our circle is gone—our own dear Laura has left us. The first year of her marriage passed without a cloud; but her husband has lately received an appointment in the East Indies. His wife accompanies him, and Constance remains behind. She resisted, mildly, but firmly, all their entreaties. "No, Laura," said she, "I am too old to go to a foreign land, to seek new friends and new connections. Should any misfortune occur to you, fail not to summon me. But I devoutly hope you will be safe and happy. Go, my child; write to me often; make me still the sharer of all your feelings. Go, and may God bless you!" But what Laura has lost we have gained. Their dwelling is near ours, and each day we enjoy the society, the friendship of Constance Woodburn. Oh, Henrietta! if you did but know her! She has been beautiful—*has been*;—for she is now fifty-five years old, and her form is bowed "beneath the weight of sorrow, not of time." Her voice is clear and full as ever, and to hear that alone is enough to make you love her. Her dress is ever marked by a rich simplicity; and even her scrupulous attention to neatness and precision, is not carried to a fault. There is withal a calm dignity, a mild determination in her man-

ner, which makes her revered as well as loved. The thousand little sacrifices of feeling, acts of self-denial, thoughtfulness for the comfort of others, gentle reproofs, heartfelt commendations, which each day discloses, only make her more and more endeared. All her affection seems lavished on my children. She is indeed their second parent. In sickness, when even a mother's strength has sunk beneath fatigue, her parental love and unceasing care have given additional efficacy to all medical aid. The poor around bless her. She indeed "hath never let her left hand know what her right doeth," but accident has betrayed her charities. No wretched novel was deemed too revolting for her mild and beneficent presence; her purse, her assistance, her time she has given, with, above all, that benevolent sympathy that weighs so deeply with the unhappy; and many a lip that never breathed its Maker's name except to curse, has been taught by her to call upon Him with heartfelt prayer and penitence. I have heard from her own lips all her history, which I will one day relate to you: its narration affects us, because it is what we also feel; and often, Henrietta, over the page that relates a simple story of the human heart, we drop that tear which we have denied to the loftier and more talented conceptions of sublime genius. A transcript of that history she intends to leave as a legacy to my children. "I will leave it," said she, "as a warning and a lesson. It is a mere record of events, similar to what passes every day around us; but when your daughters grow to that age when a parent most trembles for their future lot—the time when they will love,—perhaps the history of one who was their childhood's friend may offer a sincere and protecting moral. My life has been a series of storm and sunshine, but I am content; and quietly and calmly, I shall lay myself down to rest, seeking a sweet and peaceful sleep, from which to wake on another and a brighter day. Such are my hopes; be such yours, my beloved friend—be such your children's! And when they drop a tear for my sorrows—a blessing for my love towards them,—let them learn that no station, however confined or deprived of all natural ties, is devoid of usefulness or consolation; that no passion, in a strong and pious mind, is beyond the control of religion and virtue; and that, notwithstanding the ridicule of the world which drives so many thoughtless girls into a life of misery, content and indeed happiness may be felt and dispensed by that most lonely and reviled being—**AN OLD MAID!**"

An Austrian censor of the press, not many years ago, condemned as heretical, a work entitled, "*Principes de la Trigonometrie*," because the Trinity, which he supposed to be included in Trigonometry, was a subject not allowed to be discussed.

WOMAN.

Not thine! not thine! is the glittering crest
 And the glance of the snow-white plume—
 Nor the badge that gleams from the warrior's breast,
 Like a star 'mid the battle's gloom!—
 Nor is *thy* place 'mid thy country's host,
 Where the war-steed champs the rein—
 Where waving plumes are like sea-foam tost,
 And the turf wears a gory stain.

Not *these!* not *these!* are *thy* glorious dower!
 But a holier gift is *thine*,
 When the proud have fallen in triumph's hour,
 And the red blood flowed like wine,
 To wipe the dew from the clammy brow—
 To raise the drooping head—
 To cool the parched lips' fevered glow—
 And to smooth down the lowly bed!

Not thine! not thine! is the towering height,
 Where Ambition makes his throne—
 The timid dove wings not her flight
 Where the eagle soars alone;—
 But in the hall, and in the bower,
 And by the humblest hearth,
 Man feels the charm, and owns the power
 That binds him still to earth.

Yes, *these* are *thine!*—and who can say
His is a brighter doom,
 Who wins Fame's gory wreath of bay,
 Round an aching brow to bloom?
 Oh! to watch death's livid hues depart—
 To soothe every pang of woe—
 And to whisper hope, to the fainting heart—
 Is the proudest meed below!

THE TRUCE GROUND.

FROM THE DIARY OF AN INVALID.

NO. III.

(Concluded from page 122.)

It was now the middle of May, and the woods were redolent with sweets. Who could resist the charm to wander through the green-curtained labyrinths of nature, and inhale the incense of her pure offering to the source of beauty and happiness! Edith and I had roamed out with more than usual exhilaration of spirit, hoping to pluck the first blossoms of the rich magnolia on the banks of the neighboring stream. We had not proceeded far in our ramble when our attention was arrested by the echo of a horse's hoofs moving with swift tread. We were startled. Our first thought in these perilous times was of danger from the lawless hordes of the enemy. However, as we quickly perceived it was only one rider who was approaching, we determined to stand our ground, and face the foe, if indeed he were one. It was not until he came within a few paces of us, that Edith recognised her brother,

and springing forward to meet him, exclaimed, "Sydney, my brother!—good heavens, how you frightened me! I thought you were Butler and his gang, and expected every moment to be shot down."

"Ah, you little heroine! how could you stand so firmly then? Well, let this kiss seal my pardon," he said, pressing her to his bosom.

I was a few steps behind, when Edith called out to me, "Come, Constance, and salute this brigand. I think you will recognise in him an old acquaintance."

"Good heavens!" I heard Norwood exclaim in a suppressed voice, "can it be?—yes, it is she"—and then advancing, he greeted me with the most distant and chilling politeness. His manner was so marked—so different from what it used to be in the days of his youthful fervor, that I felt a deathlike coldness settle at my heart.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Edith, breaking the pause. "Is this the effect of what I had hoped was an agreeable surprise—Sydney petrified, and Constance looking as if she trembled with fear?"

"I must confess," he replied, still in the same cold manner, "that I am surprised to find Miss Marion here."

Edith saw that some mysterious change had come over her brother since they parted, and desisted from further remark, while indignant pride came to my relief, nerved my step and fired my eye. We returned to the house; Edith endeavoring during the way to keep up a conversation, which consisted principally in monosyllables.

Sydney and herself took the first opportunity of retiring together, and several hours elapsed before Edith returned. She found me like the marble statue transfixed in coldness and silence. There was grief and perplexity painted on her brow. Concealment with her was impossible. There was no dark spot in her soul where suspicion or jealousy could harbor.

"My dear Constance," she began, while she threw her arms around my neck, "could any thing make you believe that Edith Norwood can change in her affection towards you?"

"No, Edith," I gasped out, overpowered with the mysterious cloud that hung over me, "nothing; even were your hand to hold the dagger that pierced me."

"Then," continued she, "I will tell you all that the mouth of slander has dared to utter against you."

"About me, Edith!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "What can it be? Tell me. I am perfectly unconscious of giving the smallest cause."

"I believe you, my Constance; but prepare yourself to hear the most improbable thing upon earth.—Was Col. Webster ever an admirer of yours?"

"To you, Edith," I replied, "I may say he was."

With a look of surprise, she paused a moment, and then said, "Well, I denied to Sydney that he ever was, for I had never heard you speak of him as any thing more than a casual acquaintance. Did you ever meet him clandestinely at the house of a domestic?"

"My God, Edith! what does that imply? I did have an interview with him at Kate Sweeney's cottage."

"And last of all, did a private correspondence pass between you, whereby the plan of an elopement with him was laid and executed under the pretence of meeting Gen. Marion at Georgetown? Now for your defence, if astonishment does not hold you speechless."

For a moment or two, I sat in amazement. At length, I replied, "I will not stoop, Edith, to refute anything so preposterous, so malicious. Those who could listen to such a tale, are no better than the framer of it. I will treat both with contempt."

"But for my sake, Constance—for the sake of the perfect love and confidence between us, explain all the grounds for this slander, as far as you are able."

"Edith, I cannot resist your appeal. I have told you I was dying in the house where Heyward's presence tormented me."

"Oh, yes; go on, go on."

"I heard through Sweeney of Marion's arrival with recruits near Georgetown. My only thought was to fly to his protection. Col. Webster, though a rejected lover, was still my friend. He saw in his visits to Sir John's, that I was unhappy from some hidden cause. He offered his services to relieve me, if it were in his power. I told him my wish to go to my uncle Marion. He insisted on furnishing me with a sufficient escort from his own troops, which I at first accepted; but receiving contrary directions from my uncle, I wrote to Col. Webster, requesting an interview at Sweeney's cottage, that I might communicate the change in my plans, and also to ask his passport, as a security from interruption and insult. You understand that my motive in observing secrecy in my communications with Col. Webster was on account of the jealous and irritable feelings of Heyward."

"Well," exclaimed Edith, with her wonted vivacity, "my penetration can easily unravel the mystery. If I am not mistaken, the whole plot is Heyward's. By some means, he became acquainted with your correspondence with Webster, and upon that hung this diabolical slander."

"What could be his motive?" I asked. "I am sure it was not the way to promote his own wishes; and if he meant it as a piece of revenge, it could avail nothing."

"I will tell you, Constance, how this aspersion, in his own view, could promote his object. He hoped by cheapening your reputation in the eyes of the world, to do it in your own; so that to avoid reproach, you would yield to his overtures; and thus the affair could be salvaged over. Such men have their agents; and one of his has been reporting your movements to this prince of darkness. Has he no humble friend or dependant, subservient to all his wishes?"

I replied that I had never seen him familiar with any one but his groom George, who was always more than civil to me.

"Did you pass or see him the evening you met Webster?"

"Yes, I saw him carrying up Heyward's phaeton as I went, and he passed again while Col. Webster was at the cottage."

"That is enough, Constance; he is the spy, depend on it. For confirmation, we will compare notes with Sweeney, whose acuteness is never at fault, you know."

My breast heaved with agonizing emotion, when I felt that the dart of the destroyer had reached me in this my last covert, and yielding to the weakness of nature, I burst into tears.

"Is this weakness becoming Constance Marion?" exclaimed Edith. "Rather let her stand erect in innocence, to the confusion of vice and hypocrisy; for as I

live the guilty shall cower before her. Sydney shall be the first to know its falsehood."

She was going to find him, when I arrested her footsteps, beseeching her that nothing might be said to him on the subject. "Edith," I said, "though he is your brother, I must say his suspicions are ungenerous and dishonorable. Let him entertain an opinion which a noble mind would have disdained: self-respect forbids my descending to any explanation to him who knew me too well to suspect—". My utterance failed, while the burning tears chased each other down my cheeks.

Edith sprang forward to embrace me. "You are right, Constance; it was unworthy of him, to think for a moment that you could deviate from the path of rectitude. I do not mean to plead his excuse, when I tell you that it is the jealousy inseparable from the deep passion of love, that has infected the mind of poor Sydney. I know that your image has lived in his heart for the last two years; but what changes had come over yours in that time he knew not. The heart of many a fair one veers to every point of the compass in less time. Sydney never suspected your conduct of criminality; fickleness and imprudence were his harshest terms. May I go, Constance?" continued the noble girl: "never believe that I will compromise the dignity of my sex, much less that of the unbending Miss Marion, before any man."

"Go, Edith," I replied, "but remember I will sooner die the victim of defamation, than seek the friendship of any one who has lent a ready ear to this tale of slander."

Edith found Norwood in the library, pacing the floor with agitated step. The tumultuous state of his feelings forbade any thing like composure, while the dread uncertainty rested on his mind.

"Edith," he exclaimed, as she entered, "your face was wont to be my mirror of hope; but now it forebodes evil. Does no beam of light glance across the darkness?"

"Darkness!" she replied, "there is no darkness, except in the minds of the malicious and contracted. I blush that the high-born Sydney could lend an ear to so foul a tale." She then gave him a history of the transactions between Col. Webster and myself, and of the circumstances which induced me to wish to leave Sir John's. When she had done, not a doubt of the plot's being a fabrication of Heyward's, remained on his mind; and his first impulse was to confront the villain and demand instant recantation of what he had reported, or else to take the satisfaction which justice and honor required. "But, Edith," he said, "this will be no reparation for the injury I have done Constance. I feel that her scorn is my due, and that I cannot meet her indignant glance without being miserable forever."

"There is no danger of encountering it shortly, I assure you. From her present mood, I believe she will not soon trouble you with her presence."

"Good heavens, Edith! then I have plunged the dagger into my own bosom! Tell her it was the love that brooks not a rival, that phrenzied my mind, and set my soul aflame.—What presumption! I never told her in set phrase that I loved her, though every look and every action confessed it. Was it a delusion! I thought my love had an advocate in her own bosom. Edith, forgiveness must be a part of so divine a being. I will throw myself at her feet, and plead the memory

of our past confidence and happiness. Go, ask her to give me a moment's interview. A refusal will seal for me a miserable destiny."

After much persuasion on Edith's part, I consented to see Norwood, resolving that I would abate nothing of my resentment. Oh, how weak are our resolves, when they are combatted by the affections! I heard his self-reproaches, and I knew they were sincere. The deep pathos of that voice, which in former days had so often sent the thrill of delight through my soul, now trembling with emotion, while he confessed his fault, melted down my harshest feelings towards him into a tide of deep and unalloyed sympathy with the sufferer. Our interview ended with the confession of an attachment which two years of absence and trial had only deepened, and our mutual faith was plighted on the altar of true love, whose fires burned brighter and brighter, as congenial tastes and dispositions were developed. Oh! it was a sweet moment to me, when my heart which had so long been buffeted by the storms of life and the conflicting passions of a proud and sensitive nature, seemed to cast its anchor of hope into this haven of perfect happiness.

Edith's joy at this issue of the scene, was too evident to be concealed. She declared that there was nothing so fine as a storm to clear the atmosphere of the affections. "But now, Constance," she said, "let there be no more clouds; I have no patience with these ups and downs, which poets say are essential to the existence of true love: where the heart once confidently trusts, I think it may trust forever. I see my lecture does not well assort with your buoyant feelings; so I will reserve the remainder for Sydney, whose Quixotic bravery I fear will involve him in an affray with Heyward."

Her words struck me with instant alarm; for I knew the inflexible hatred of Heyward towards any one whom he thought his rival with me. It was not without earnest persuasion, and even tears, that I prevailed on Norwood to relinquish his purpose of calling him to immediate account for his conduct. Edith added her advice on the subject, in her characteristic manner, by reminding Sydney that he had an affair of honor on hand of longer claim and more momentous consequence, to which his attention, she thought, was first due.

"And what is that, Edith?" he replied: "since you and Constance have undertaken to judge for me on the point of honor, I should like to know my future course of conduct."

"Have you not pledged your sword, and even your life, to defend and establish the liberty of your country? Should you without forethought or due investigation rush on danger, or perhaps death? Let time develop this plot. Gen. Marion being Constance's nearest relation, will take every measure to arrest the calumny, if it has obtained any credit; and if there is to be any fighting, I am sure he will let you be the champion on her side."

"Well, Edith, under your ridicule I dare say there is some wisdom; so I must e'en break the spell that binds me here, and rejoin my brigade."

In a few hours afterwards I sat alone, watching the last glimpses of Norwood's plumes, as he passed down the avenue.

For some time, our life went on very quietly at the Lodge. The country was infested with the enemy, and

we heard nothing from our troops, except by the occasional visits of Sweeney. He told us that the brigade on Snow's island had made some successful sorties on the enemy, but the marauder and his gang were still lurking in the morasses of the Pedee.

Sweeney was off again to the camp, and did not return as usual to bring us tidings. At length I became uneasy, and had fearful apprehensions of some disaster at my uncle's quarters. In this melancholy frame of mind I walked out alone, (for grief loves solitude,) and pursuing the path towards Kate's cottage, reached the door before I was conscious that I was near it. My attention was caught by hearing my own name pronounced in a low voice by a stranger. I stood utterly confounded, for I heard Sweeney say in reply, "As your business is a secret, Kate had better step up and give her a hint to come down."

I could listen no longer, but hastily opening the door, entered. The first person I saw was a man of pleasing countenance, habited in a citizen's dress. Sweeney was sitting near him, with his eye anxiously fixed on the door, as if fearing intrusion. He started on seeing me, but it was the surprise of pleasure. "Your servant, Miss; this is a God-send, your coming just now," (looking at the stranger.) He bowed respectfully, and requested Sweeney to observe we were not interrupted while he did his errand. He then informed me that he was the bearer of an important letter to me. He said he knew not its contents, and only obeyed the behest of a person dearer to him than life, in delivering it to the lady, with a caution to read it alone. I felt my courage vacillate while the man ripped the leather of his jack-boot, in which the token was secreted; but looking towards Sweeney, I saw his countenance calm and confiding, and was reassured. As soon as the paper was extricated, I retired into a little inner room with the letter. It was without superscription or signature. The hand struck me as one I had seen before. Could it be?—yes, it was Col. Webster's. I scarcely breathed while I read the following words:—

"A real friend—one who scorns the base attempt to link your fair name or his own with infamy, braves the danger of losing his station in the British army, to warn you of a plot formed by your worst enemy, to surprise the camp of —; but doubtless the primary object with him is to get possession of your person. I cannot believe he has joined the marauders under British colors with any other motive. I esteem it more than disgraceful to gain conquests leagued with banditti. I communicate this information that you may take such measures as prudence requires for your own safety, and give the necessary warning to others. This must all be done in perfect secrecy, and no time lost on your part, as I have reason to believe the enemy are already secretly approaching your quarters. This intelligence I send you by a trusty hand. Destroy the record of it, and dismiss him silently. God preserve you from the machinations of one whom you have every reason to fear."

I could not mistake the noble feelings that dictated this communication, and I trembled under a weight of horror and apprehension; but there was no time to yield to feelings of this sort. I roused myself to consider what was best to be done; and resolving to be myself the bearer of the intelligence to my uncle, re-

quested Sweeney to convey me as soon as possible to Snow's island. He was alarmed at my pallid looks, and begged me to compose myself, while he went out to call Kate to my assistance.—The stranger having finished his commission, rose and respectfully saluting me, departed.

While Sweeney was saddling the horse on which it was agreed I should ride behind this faithful friend, I told Kate as much of my cause of distress as it was fit I should reveal, and left a message for Edith, that unexpected intelligence rendered it necessary I should see Marion immediately, and I had taken Sweeney as a guide to his camp. I took an affectionate leave of my dear foster-mother, whose heart seemed to swell with suppressed grief at the trial to which she saw me exposed by this mysterious journey.

Securely mounted, we proceeded on rapidly in the direction of Marion's camp, keeping clear of the beaten track, for Sweeney knew every path and turn, however intricate to a general observer. We proceeded in silence for some time; at length I ventured to ask him how he ascertained the errand of the person who brought me the letter.

"La! my lady, a'nt that all my business, to find out what folks are after, specially when they come this way? You know, Miss Constance, I a'nt been at the Lodge for some time."

"No, I wondered you did not return to bring us accounts of the camp, as usual."

"Well, I'll tell you why. I was gone to Camden, to hear a leetle more about them fellows under Watson, as was coming down so fast to break us up at Snow's island. I got certain information that they are coming, but not so soon but we can outwit 'em. Jogging along with some cow hides before me, (for you must know I am sometimes a trader in leather, if the turn suits my purpose,) I overtakes a stranger undertaking to be a countryman; but you see it's not for Sweeney to be fooled that way. I knowed him for a soldier as soon as I set eyes on him, and a British soldier too: I'm too old a cock not to know the game when I see it; but I didn't let on, but jest fell into chat about the hard times, and the scarcity of leather and other necessities. I asked him if he knowed the price of leather in Charleston at the present time. I saw he was rather jubous about talking of that place; so I goes on and says I sold some prime leather some time since to the British officers there, and as I knew Webster, I named him. He sort o' started at that, and said he had heard Col. Webster was much of a gentleman. 'More,' I replied, 'than can be said of many of them that wear the king's gewgaws.' He answered nothing, but turning the subject, asked me if I was much acquainted in the neighborhood around, as he was a clock-mender by trade, and would like to get business. I told him the folks about here was glad to keep their heads on their shoulders; they didn't care much about clocks or any of them jimcracks now-a-days. 'What,' says he, 'a'nt they got Gen. Marion there at Snow's island to defend them?' 'It don't signify,' I says, 'whether he's there or elsewhere, unless he could be everywhere at once; though he pretty near does it, I must agree.' The stranger paused a little, and then said, 'There's been a talk in Charleston that a niece of his wanted to run off with a British officer. I suppose he keeps her under

his own eye now.' 'It's a lie,' I said, feeling my dander rise; 'she never wanted to do no such thing: the British officers might go to Guinea, before she'd soil her hand by giving it to one of them.' 'I meant no affront,' said the other; 'I did not know that you were a friend or servant of the lady's. But if you are, I can tell you how you can serve her in a most important matter.' 'I reckon I know what will serve her as well as you can tell me.' 'Maybe not. I have a letter for her; and if you will bring me in speech of her, it will be the greatest kindness you ever rendered her in your life.' 'How do I know you speak fair?' I answered, 'for you a'nt what you pretend to be, but a British soldier, if ever I saw one.' 'I perceive,' he replied, 'that deception is a vain attempt with you: my errand is to Miss Marion, from a tried friend of hers. I have promised to deliver into her hand a paper on which much depends.' 'I believe you now speak true,' says I, 'and if you will follow me, I will bring you to her presence.' The rest you know, my lady. I don't want you to break your word, but I guess there is foul dealings between that hot blooded villain Heyward and the robber Butler, who I hear is on the watch to surprise our camp. But don't shiver so, my pretty bird; my notion is that they'll fall into their own snare."

Upon this, he quickened the pace of our little palfrey, and about dusk we came in view of Marion's fire.—Sweeney was too well recognised to be interrupted in his progress, so that we halted at the General's tent without being questioned by any one. Our first inquiry was, whether Marion was within; which being answered in the affirmative, I entered hastily, without giving notice of my arrival. My uncle's astonishment at seeing me there was too evident to be disguised, though he did not express it in words until the officers of his staff who were present had withdrawn. His first words were full of interest and affection. "My dear child, what misfortune has driven you here? for I am sure from your looks that something weighs heavily on your heart." I then told him the substance of the information I had received, and the source from which it came. He said there could be no doubt of its authenticity. It was corroborated in his own mind by evident signs of the secret movements of the banditti, which had induced him to change his position so as to entrap the enemy whenever they made the assault.—"The only puzzling question, my Constance," he said, patting my pale cheek, "is what to do with your little self. It is evident the ruffians think you are secreted in my quarters, and I would place you beyond the scene of conflict."

"Let me, dear uncle, return to the Lodge. You know that is in the trace ground."

"Yes, were you only there; but should you remain here until to-morrow, there might be some risk in returning; and you look too much exhausted for further travel to-night."

I declared myself capable of further exertion, and insisted on being allowed to remount behind Sweeney and retrace my steps to the Lodge. He preferred waiting until the scout under Norwood returned, which, he said, must be in the course of an hour, when we should hear whether the passes were practicable, and I could be attended by a sufficient escort.

Before the expected time, the young officer and his

party returned. Norwood's consternation at meeting me in Marion's tent, was little less than if he had seen an apparition. He could scarcely restrain the fearful emotion with which his mind was filled in beholding me. His first words were, "Do I dream, or do I really behold Miss Marion? I almost fear to ask what accident, or rather misfortune, has brought her to our quarters?"

"Rather tell me, Sydney," I said, gaily smiling, (for I saw fearful apprehension on his brow,) "by what fortunate accident I can escape from them; for I perceive from your's and Gen. Marion's salutations, I am rather an unwelcome visitor."

"Certainly an unlooked for one; and only unwelcome, because too precious to be exposed to danger," he said, pressing my hand in his own.

After making inquiries as to the position of the enemy, and ascertaining that the passes were still open, it was arranged that Capt. Norwood and ten good troopers should attend me back to the Lodge. I was mounted on a fleet little jennet of my uncle's, and with Sweeney acting as vanguard, we set forth. Sydney endeavored to reassure me by assuming a gaiety which I saw he did not feel, while I attempted to disguise the fear that even the rustling of a leaf gave me, lest the dark hearted Heyward should arise in our path.

We had proceeded quietly along several miles, when our scout Sweeney gave notice that there were two riders a little ahead, who by their lagging pace seemed to wish to be overtaken by our party. As our intention was to avoid observation, we struck off into a footpath just before us. At this, the horsemen halted, and seemed to wish to reconnoitre our numbers as we passed. When we were quite clear of them, Norwood regretted that he had not kept the road, as the passengers were probably hunters waiting for the game. Sweeney was of a different opinion. He said they had too much curiosity to see who we were, and what was our strength. "I wish," he said, significantly, "we may be clear of them now. I have a suspicion I have seen one of the fellows before."

I started with dread, and asked who he thought it was.

"Oh, lady, there's few travel these parts that can say Sweeney's eye ha'n't been on him. Capt. Norwood," he continued, "I'm thinking two or three of us had better ride ahead, and see whether all's clear in the bottom below here: it's like as not the villains have laid an ambuscade in the pass, for I know something of their devilment."

"An excellent suggestion, Sweeney," replied he, "and as you are acknowledged to be the best file-leader in our troop, I depute you to take four of our number and reconnoitre the passes below."

Our advance-guard were soon out of hearing, and we proceeded cautiously forward, listening intently for a signal from them. At length we heard the sound of horses' hoofs; but whether behind or before us, it was difficult at first to ascertain. Too soon we perceived that horsemen in our rear were gaining fast upon us, and we pushed forward to meet our spies, who told us there were full twenty men stationed in the defile below us, through whom we must cut our way if we attempted to pass. Norwood evinced no trepidation, but ordering his men to wheel about, declared his determination of

forcing a passage through the ranks of the pursuers, now galloping down the footpath. "God and our good swords, my comrades," he exclaimed, "will give us the victory. Show no quarter to a single villain who does not surrender immediately. Sweeney, I commit to you the precious charge of Constance. Hazard every thing for her safety," were his last words, as he rode forward in the front of his troopers.

The firing now began; the numbers appeared equal, but such was the courage and skill of Norwood's party, that they had nearly disarmed the band, when the enemy from below hearing the musketry, rushed forward with all speed to the attack. One exclamation from Sweeney, "My God, we are gone!" gave me the full conviction that my fate was sealed. He waited not another moment, but snatching me from the saddle, bore me into the woods. I heard the tramping of horses, the clashing of swords, mingled with the curses and groans of the falling and dying—and my senses vanished in the horrors of the scene. Soon I was alike unconscious of the desperate fury with which Norwood's party fought, until they were overpowered by superior numbers, or the rude grasp which tore me from the arms of Sweeney, a breathing but senseless thing, or of the dreary abode to which my inanimate form was hurried, where the spell of insensibility was only broken by the ravings of a brain fever. For ten days the liquid fire rolled through my head, creating a world of frantic griefs and joys in its own fancy; and well it was that reason did not sooner resume her empire; the conflict between that and despair must have ended my existence. Nature at length worn out with exertion, fell into a deep repose, which lasted without interruption two entire days, and which was supposed by my attendants the immediate precursor of death; but the buoyancy of young and vigorous life was again to awake.

It was during this long dream, that the soft whisper of a gentle voice stole into my ear and awoke me to something like consciousness of my being and identity. I looked up without fear, for I was not yet awake to the past or present, and saw a lovely little girl bending over me, and adjusting the pillow that supported my head. A smile of delight brightened her cheek, as her eye met my glance, and she exclaimed, "Oh! lady, you are better! How glad I am!"

"Where am I, dear child?" I said; "tell me, had I not an uncle Marion, and a dearer friend still? Are they here too?"

"I don't know their names, but grandmother does; the gentleman loves you much, and watches by you every day. I hope he is the one you love so much."

"Norwood!" I exclaimed, "isn't that his name?—tell me, dear, for my head turns with the dreadful thoughts that come over me. How came I here?—for I was in a mortal conflict. Will you tell me, good lady?" I exclaimed with palpitating heart, addressing myself to the old woman.

"She is deaf," replied the girl, "but I will tell her what you say." She then repeated my words.

"You are with friends, lady: the gentleman is your relation."

"My uncle!" I repeated, with clasped hands, looking to heaven.

"You will soon see him," she replied. "I will tell him you are better."

She left the room, while I impatiently awaited his entrance. She returned, saying that my friend thought I was not yet strong enough to bear his presence; but recommended an anodyne, which would compose me, and he promised to see me early the next day. I was soothed again to repose, and did not awake until the sun was pouring his morning rays full in at my window. My little nurse was soon near me, greeting my reviving senses with a smile.

"Has my uncle Marion come?" were my first words.

"Marion! is that his name?"

"Do you doubt it?" I exclaimed, with emotion.

"No; only I never heard them call him so: but he is here, and talks of carrying you away, if you are well enough, to-day."

"Go, my sweet child," I answered eagerly, "tell him to come to me this moment."

The girl went out; and in a few minutes, the door opened gently, and looking up, I beheld Heyward!—Why I did not expire at the sight, is a wonder to me. The fangs of the destroyer seemed to be in my heart; but God's mercy preserved me to mourn over my past ingratitude, and praise him for future blessings.—After a paroxysm of anguish too great for expression, I heard the pretending villain declare, that he had saved me from the grasp of the ruffian, worse than death, and borne me to this place of safety. He asseverated that his only wish was to make me happy; and wound up all by hoping that as a reward, I would crown the ardent desires he had so long entertained with success. I could scarcely restrain my resentment at his base and hypocritical conduct; but prudence urged me to speak calmly, while I said, "Heyward, I am in your power; your victim I may be, but only in death. Restore me to those from whom you have torn me: then only shall I believe you intend me any thing but evil."

"What," he replied, "had you rather be in the power of Butler's gang, than under my protection, with every thing in the world to minister to your happiness?"

"Where are the protectors under whose charge I started from my uncle's camp?"

"Norwood and his troopers, do you mean?—all cut off or made prisoners by the banditti. I found you in their power, and rescued you at the risk of my own life."

"Heyward," I asked firmly, "was Capt. Norwood killed?"

"No, he was not dead when I left the field, but mortally wounded."

"Then show me one act of mercy; let the same sword that drank his blood end this wretched existence."

I heard not his answer; darkness again rolled over my sight, and forgetfulness swept its oblivious wing over my mind.

Heyward left me to the care of the old woman, while he went to seek a more secluded abode for me. An hour afterwards, the little nurse seeing me stir, whispered in my ear, "Lady, wake, for heaven's sake wake!—here is something for you—look! it is a note for you—a friend brought it, and I have promised no eye but yours shall see it." I heard, and roused my exhausted powers to attend to her words. "Here, take it, lady," continued Nannie, "and read it before any body comes in: it is of great consequence he said, and I promised to help you all I could, and keep it a secret from the

gentleman and his people." I seized the paper, and read these words:

"I have discovered the place of your confinement, and will rescue you at the risk of life. To-night at the hour of twelve expect deliverance; but on no account betray your hopes. You are surrounded by the creatures of your persecutor. Do not suffer yourself to be moved to another place to-day. Feign extreme illness, insensibility, or any other stratagem that will best succeed."

It was Norwood's hand that traced the lines. He was then alive, and able again to venture his life for me! My heart throbbed with the idea till it was near bursting. I concealed my head under the bedcover until I could recover something like tranquillity. Then embracing Nannie, who stood in tearful silence by my side, I said, "You are a beam of hope to light up my darkness."

"Be cautious, lady," she whispered, "all in this house, except me, are friends of your persecutor, and Butler's folks hang round the house to do his bidding."

"Who gave you this note?" I said softly.

"A lame man, with a fiddle and dancing dog. He has been here before since you came, and plays for a penny; but no one cares to hear him but me. I had no notion he knew you when I first told him how sick you were, and how sorry I was because I thought something troubled your mind. To-day he came again, when the men were all gone, and slipped this into my hand, telling me that the young lady's life depended on this paper. 'If you love her, let no eye but her's see it.' I took it, and promised to give it to you secretly."

Hearing a noise in the adjoining room, I motioned to her to put it in the flames, and closing my eyes, affected sleep. It was the old woman, whose deafness proved quite a blessing to me. I heard her ask Nannie how the sick lady seemed to be. Nannie, having her part ready, screamed out, "Still quiet; I don't believe she will ever open her eyes again in this world."

"Well, it can't be helped. It's true I had rather she should not die here. It seems to give a house a kind of strange feeling like; but it's certain she can't be carried off while she's in this way."

The day passed away, and I still affected a deathlike stupor. About nightfall Heyward returned, having made preparations to take me away. I heard him inquire eagerly, "How is the lady now?—better, I hope."

"Better! No," replied the woman, "she seems to be going very fast. She is past rousing now, and she strangles if you attempt to give her any thing to drink."

"Impossible!" was his only reply. "Let me see her this moment." He approached the bed, and took my apparently lifeless hand in his. The trepidation of his soul shook his frame—his hand trembled, while he pressed mine to his lips, and besought me by every endearing name to speak but once to him. My only answer was a convulsive groan. "She must have medical assistance," he said hurriedly. "I will go immediately in search of it. Her pulse still vibrates. Live she must, she shall, by heaven!"—and he dashed off in pursuit of assistance.

He had some difficulty in procuring medical advice; which detained him until the hour of twelve had nearly

arrived. He was rapidly ascending the steps which led to the room where I lay, when the alarm was given that the house was besieged by an armed force. In a moment all was confusion. Heyward rushed out to meet the foe; and in the general panic I was left alone with Nannie, whose self-possession never forsook her. She proceeded quickly to assist me to rise and dress myself, so as to be ready for flight whenever the auspicious moment should arrive. The combat seemed to rage without. At length the strife approached nearer, and the door of my chamber was burst open by the furious struggle of two combatants, one of whom fell headlong on the floor, weltering in his own blood. I instantly recognised in the fallen victim the wretched Heyward, and in the other the triumphant Norwood. My senses swam round at the sight, and for a few moments I was transfixed with horror. The first words I distinctly heard were those of the conqueror—"Perish, base wretch, at the feet of her whom you would have made the victim of your perfidy and crime." Heyward turned his dying eyes towards me, and consternation was mingled with the phrenzy of rage and anguish. "Death," he said "has cheated me at last of the prize for which I sacrificed peace, honor and life. Constance Marion lives while I"—die, he would have said, but the last word was lost in expiring nature.

Norwood turned away from the shocking spectacle, and claspng me in his arms, exclaimed, "My Constance does live—but oh! how does the pallid cheek, the wasted form, speak of sufferings too great for expression."

As soon as I could calm my agitated feelings, I gave Norwood some account of the frightful dream of existence since we parted. He besought me to seek repose, while he proceeded to the neighboring village to procure a light vehicle for my accommodation.

The following morning, I took leave of my prison, not without taking an affectionate leave of the lovely Nannie. Tears of unaffected sorrow moistened her cheek in parting with me, while I placed on her slender finger a jewelled ring, the symbol of my sincere and grateful recollection of her kindness to me.

Norwood supported me in the carriage, while his faithful followers escorted us safely to the Lodge. I inquired of him on the way, how he and so many of his troop had escaped the snare of the banditti.

"All," replied he, "through Sweeney's art. When he found their numbers overpowering us, and you were snatched from his arms, he slid through the bushes, and getting into the rear unperceived, raised the shout of Marion in so loud and triumphant a voice, that the whole gang believed Marion was just on them, and they took to flight, leaving all the spoils, except yourself, on the field. My wounds were severe, but with the help of my brave fellows, I reached camp. Parties were immediately sent by the General in different directions in search of you, and the enemy who had borne you off, (for their plan of surprising our camp, was abandoned as soon as you were captured,) but without success. Ten days elapsed without our obtaining any intelligence of you; at length Sweeney recognised Heyward's groom, George, in one of the hangers-on at a little inn in the country, and dogging his footsteps unperceived, watched him to his master's quarters. Afterwards he played the part of the stool-

ling fiddler, in order to ascertain where you were, and prepare for the rescue. The rest, dear Constance, is deeply impressed on your memory."

I replied, that my only cause of sorrow was the coldness of my heart towards the great Author of all goodness, who had given success to the efforts used for my deliverance.

Edith met me with her accustomed heartfelt joy, mingled with a sympathy for my past sufferings, which often suffused her bright eyes with tears. My strength returned rapidly, and my spirits, though somewhat chastened in the school of affliction, regained their wonted cheerfulness, without the undue proportion of pride and self-will, which had once combated, and often ruled my better feelings. I now felt that "better is he that ruleth his spirit, in the fear of the Lord, than he that taketh a city."

Gen. Marion was soon to join the southern army under Greene, and Norwood urged the consummation of our engagement before his departure. My uncle and Lieutenant Stuart were the only guests present. The former gave me a father's blessing in confiding my future happiness to another. Edith and Lieut. Stuart plighted their vows of mutual love on this occasion; but their marriage was deferred until the end of the campaign.

We both remained at the Lodge, while our hearts' best hopes were reaping laurels in the glorious fields which expelled the enemy from our southern country. Our lives passed quietly, except as our bosoms throbbed for the safety of those dearest to us, whose absence was not relieved by the frequent tidings which now fills up the tedious void. Sweeney too was gone, whose store of accurate information, gathered in all quarters, was a resource in times of danger or doubt.

The evacuation of Charleston, sounded a note of joy through the whole country. Sydney wrote me by an express to meet him in the now free and joyous capital. With hearts almost bursting with joy, Edith and myself obeyed the summons. My husband was not one of the last to feel the impulse of delight which pervaded all ranks at the departure of the enemy.

After a rehearsal of all that had transpired since we were separated, of deepest interest to ourselves, I naturally turned towards the early scenes and associations of my life. Inquiring for my good old friend Sir John, I was told that he died suddenly a short time before. It was thought the old man was brokenhearted, being left alone in the world, by the death of his son, and the elopement of Miss Rachel with the British Captain Dawkins. The lady who gave me these sad details, said he pondered on his misfortunes till he neither ate nor slept. My heart melted at the recital, and I learnt another lesson of the vanity of all hopes built below the skies.

The fate of the noble Webster is too well known to need repetition. The bloody field of Guilford was strewn with the chivalry of both England and America; but among the fallen brave, were none more worthy to be lamented than the generous Col. Webster.—Gen. Marion's history is interwoven with the records of our national existence. It does not remain for me to speak of his deeds of excellence or glory.—Your father lived to receive the honor and gratitude of his country, and to see the fruits of our glorious victory in the freedom

and happiness of a whole nation. Death at last came in so gentle a form, that he seemed not a tyrant, even while he stole from my heart its only earthly stay. Consumption terminated his life in the tenth year of our union. But he died not as the wicked perish; the hopes of a glorious immortality illumined the darkness of the tomb, and shed on his last moments the ineffable light of a blissful eternity.

I cannot close this sketch without leaving a tribute of affection to the tried and faithful virtue of my humble friends, John and Kate Sweeney. They were my counsellors and support in all my sorrows and difficulties, and I leave them not only a competency for life, but my ardent prayers that God may shower every blessing on their heads.

Thus ended the manuscript. The old woman informed me that her husband only died two years ago, with all his faculties in good exercise. "But," said she, "his full time had come, he being by the best calculation upwards of ninety years old."

SONG.

To the air of "Tell him I love him yet."

Tell her the spell is o'er,
She cannot now be mine;
She can deceive no more,
With smiles, howe'er divine.
Tell her, when morning beams
O'er earth and sky and sea,
I wake from faithless dreams
That paint her true to me.

Tell her, in crowds to bear
A mien as joyous now;
Tho' she in truth may wear
An aching breast and brow.
Tell her new hearts to break,
To spurn such hearts as mine;
I will not, for her sake,
Bow at another's shrine.

Tell her the star has set
That cheered my lonely way;
But that I linger yet
Where she was wont to stray.
Tell her, when youth has flown,
When pleasures swiftly flee,
And beauty's bloom is gone,
Tell her to think of me!

R. A. S.

ROLLIN'S IDEA OF BELLES LETTRES.

Rollin, in his "Manière d'étudier les Belles Lettres," seems to have no precise idea of what the Belles Lettres are. He introduces sacred and profane history, long dissertations upon solid glory and true greatness, with many similar things.

LORD BACON.

HIS CHARACTER, AND WRITINGS.

PART III.

Common sense, the ruling principle of Bacon's philosophy. Contrast, between a Baconian and a Stoic. Importance attached by Bacon to the physical sciences---His contempt for the schoolmen's metaphysical subtleties, morals and theology. The inductive method, not invented by him---he only taught a more accurate use of it. His temperament, sanguine---his mind, at once comprehensive and microscopic---averse to disputation---eloquence, and wit, in his writings---poetical spirit---resemblance to Burke, in one respect---remarks on Bacon's Essays---The *Newum Organum* his greatest work---concluding reflections.

Great and various as the powers of Bacon were, he owes his wide and durable fame chiefly to this, that all those powers received their direction from common sense. His love of the vulgar useful, his strong sympathy with the popular notions of good and evil, and the openness with which he avowed that sympathy, are the secret of his influence. There was in his system no cant, no illusion. He had no anointing for broken bones,---no fine theories *de finibus*,---no arguments to persuade men out of their senses. He knew that men, and philosophers as well as other men, do actually love life, health, comfort, honor, security, the society of friends; and do actually dislike death, sickness, pain, poverty, disgrace, danger, separation from those to whom they are attached. He knew that religion, though it often regulates and moderates these feelings, seldom eradicates them; nor did he think it desirable for mankind that they should be eradicated. The plan of eradicating them by conceits like those of Seneca, or syllogisms like those of Chrysippus, was too preposterous to be for a moment entertained by a mind like his. He did not understand what wisdom there could be in changing names where it was impossible to change things---in denying that blindness, hunger, the gout, the rack, were evils, and calling them *αναπονυμια**---in refusing to acknowledge that health, safety, plenty were good things, and dubbing them by the name of *αδιαφορα*.† In his opinions on all these subjects, he was not a Stoic, nor an Epicurean, nor an Academic, but what would have been called by Stoics, Epicureans, and Academics, a mere *ιδιωτης*,---a mere common man. And it was precisely because he was so that his name makes so great an era in the history of the world. It was because he dug deep that he was able to pile high. It was because, in order to lay his foundations, he went down into those parts of human nature which lie low, but which are not liable to change, that the fabric which he reared has risen to so stately an elevation, and stands with such immoveable strength.

We have sometimes thought that an amusing fiction might be written, in which a disciple of Epictetus and a disciple of Bacon should be introduced as fellow-travelers. They come to a village where the small-pox has just begun to rage; and find houses shut up, intercourse suspended, the sick abandoned, mothers weeping in terror over their children. The Stoic assures the dismayed population that there is nothing bad in the

* 'Insignificant circumstances.'

† 'Things neither good nor evil,---things wholly indifferent.'

small-pox, and that to a wise man diseases, deformity, death, the loss of friends, are not evils. The Baconian takes out a lancet and begins to vaccinate. They find a body of miners in great dismay. An explosion of noisome vapors has just killed many of those who were at work; and the survivors are afraid to venture into the cavern. The Stoic assures them that such an accident is nothing but a mere *anastrophe*. The Baconian, who has not such fine word at his command, contents himself with devising a safety-lamp. They find a shipwrecked merchant wringing his hands on the shore. His vessel with an inestimable cargo has just gone down, and he is reduced in a moment from opulence to beggary. The Stoic exhorts him not to seek happiness in things which lie without himself, and repeats the whole chapter of Epictetus *ἄπορτος τοὺς τῶν ἀστυχῶν δόλουρας*.^{*} The Baconian constructs a diving-bell, goes down in it, and returns with the most precious effects from the wreck. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the difference between the philosophy of thorns and the philosophy of fruit—the philosophy of words and the philosophy of works.

Bacon has been accused of overrating the importance of those sciences which minister to the physical well-being of man, and of underrating the importance of moral philosophy; and it cannot be denied that persons who read the *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*, without adverting to the circumstances under which those works were written, will find much that may seem to countenance the accusation. It is certain, however, that, though in practice he often went very wrong, and though, as his historical work and his essays prove, he did not hold, even in theory, very strict opinions on points of political morality, he was far too wise a man not to know how much our well-being depends on the regulation of our minds. The world for which he wished was not, as some people seem to imagine, a world of water-wheels, power-looms, steam-carriages, sensualists, and knaves. He would have been as ready as Zeno himself to maintain, that no bodily comforts which could be devised by the skill and labor of a hundred generations would give happiness to a man whose mind was under the tyranny of licentious appetite, of envy, of hatred, or of fear. If he sometimes appeared to ascribe importance too exclusively to the arts which increase the outward comforts of our species, the reason is plain. Those arts had been most unduly depreciated. They had been represented as unworthy of the attention of a man of liberal education.

This opinion seemed to him '*omnia in familia humana turbasse*.' It had undoubtedly caused many arts which were of the greatest utility, and which were susceptible of the greatest improvements, to be neglected by speculators, and abandoned to joiners, masons, smiths, weavers, apothecaries. It was necessary to assert the dignity of those arts, to bring them prominently forward, to proclaim that, as they have a most serious effect on human happiness, they are not unworthy of the attention of the highest human intellects. Again, it was by illustrations drawn from these arts that Bacon could most easily illustrate his principles. It was by improvements effected in these arts that the soundness of his principles could be most speedily and

decisively brought to the test, and made manifest to common understandings. He acted like a wise commander who thins every other part of his line to strengthen a point where the enemy is attacking with peculiar fury, and on the fate of which the event of the battle seems likely to depend. In the *Novum Organum*, however, he distinctly and most truly declares that his philosophy is no less a moral than a natural philosophy, that, though his *illustrations* are drawn from physical science, the *principles* which those illustrations are intended to explain are just as applicable to ethical and political inquiries as to inquiries into the nature of heat and vegetation.

He frequently treated of moral subjects; and he almost always brought to those subjects that spirit which was the essence of his whole system. He has left us many admirable practical observations on what he somewhat quaintly called the *Georgics* of the mind—on the mental culture which tends to produce good dispositions. Some persons, he said, might accuse him of spending labor on a matter so simple that his predecessors had passed it by with contempt. He desired such persons to remember, that he had from the first announced the objects of his search to be not the splendid and the surprising, but the useful and the true,—not the deluding dreams which go forth through the shining portal of ivory, but the humbler realities of the gate of horn.

True to this principle, he indulged in no rants about the fitness of things, the all-sufficiency of virtue, and the dignity of human nature. He dealt not at all in resounding nothings, such as those with which Bolingbroke pretended to comfort himself in exile; and in which Cicero sought consolation after the loss of Tullia. The casuistical subtleties which occupied the attention of the keenest spirits of his age had, it should seem, no attractions for him. The treatises of the doctors whom Escobar afterwards compared to the four beasts, and the four and twenty elders in the Apocalypse, Bacon dismissed with most contemptuous brevity: '*Inanes plerumque evadunt et futes*.'^{*} Nor did he ever meddle with those enigmas which have puzzled hundreds of generations, and will puzzle hundreds more. He said nothing about the grounds of moral obligation, or the freedom of the human will. He had no inclination to employ himself in labors resembling those of the damned in the Grecian Tartarus,—to spin forever on the same wheel round the same pivot,—to gape forever after the same deluding clusters,—to pour water forever into the same bottomless buckets,—to pace forever to and fro on the same wearisome path after the same recoiling stone. He exhorted his disciples to prosecute researches of a very different description; to consider moral science as a practical science—a science of which the object was to cure the diseases and perturbations of the mind,—and which could be improved only by a method analogous to that which has improved medicine and surgery. Moral philosophers ought, he said, to set themselves vigorously to work for the purpose of discovering what are the actual effects produced on the human character by particular modes of education, by the indulgence of particular habits, by the study of particular books, by society, by emulation, by imitation. Then we might

* 'To those who fear poverty.'

* 'They are generally worthless and empty.'

hope to find out what mode of training was most likely to preserve and restore moral health.*

What he was as a natural philosopher and a moral philosopher, that he was also as a theologian. He was, we are convinced, a sincere believer in the divine authority of the christian revelation. Nothing can be found in his writings, or in any other writings, more eloquent and pathetic than some passages which were apparently written under the influence of strong devotional feeling. He loved to dwell on the power of the christian religion to effect much that the ancient philosophers could only promise. He loved to consider that religion as the bond of charity; the curb of evil passions; the consolation of the wretched; the support of the timid; the hope of the dying. But controversies on speculative points of theology seem to have engaged scarcely any portion of his attention. In what he wrote on church government he showed, as far as he dared, a tolerant and charitable spirit. He troubled himself not at all about Homoousians and Homoiousians, Monothelites and Nestorians. He lived in an age in which disputes on the most subtle points of divinity excited an intense interest throughout Europe; and nowhere more than in England. He was placed in the very thick of the conflict. He was in power at the time of the Synod of Dort, and must for months have been daily deafened with talk about election, reprobation, and final perseverance. Yet we do not remember a line in his works from which it can be inferred that he was either a Calvinist or an Arminian. While the world was resounding with the noise of a disputatious philosophy, and a disputatious theology, the Baconian school, like Alworthy seated between Square and Thwackum, preserved a calm neutrality,—half scornful, half benevolent, and, content with adding to the sum of practical good, left the war of words to those who liked it.

We have dwelt long on the end of the Baconian philosophy, because from this peculiarity all the other peculiarities of that philosophy necessarily arose. Indeed, scarcely any person who proposed to himself the same end with Bacon could fail to hit upon the same means.

The vulgar notion about Bacon we take to be this,—that he invented a new method of arriving at truth, which method is called induction; and that he exposed the fallacy of the syllogistic reasoning which had been in vogue before his time. This notion is about as well founded as that of the people who, in the middle ages, imagined that Virgil was a great conjurer. Many who are far too well informed to talk such extravagant nonsense, entertain what we think incorrect notions as to what Bacon really effected in this matter.

The inductive method has been practised ever since the beginning of the world by every human being. It is constantly practised by the most ignorant clown, by the most thoughtless schoolboy, by the very child at the breast. That method leads the clown to the conclusion, that if he sows barley he shall not reap wheat. By that method the schoolboy learns, that a cloudy day is the best for catching trout. The very infant, we imagine, is led by induction to expect milk from his mother or nurse, and none from his father.

Not only is it not true that Bacon invented the inductive method; but it is not true that he was the first

* *De Augmentis*, Lib. 7, Cap. 8.

person who correctly analysed that method and explained its uses. Aristotle had long before pointed out the absurdity of supposing that syllogistic reasoning could ever conduct men to the discovery of any new principle; had shown that such discoveries can be made by induction, and by induction alone; and had given the history of the inductive process, concisely indeed, but with great perspicuity and precision.*

What Bacon did for the inductive philosophy may, we think, be fairly stated thus. The objects of preceding speculators were objects which could be attained without careful induction. Those speculators, therefore, did not perform the inductive process carefully. Bacon stirred up men to pursue an object which could be attained only by induction, and by induction carefully performed; and consequently induction was more carefully performed. We do not think that the importance of what Bacon did for inductive philosophy has ever been overrated. But we think that the nature of his services is often mistaken, and was not fully understood even by himself. It was not by furnishing philosophers with rules for performing the inductive process well, but by furnishing them with a motive for performing it well, that he conferred so vast a benefit on society.

To give to the human mind a direction which it shall retain for ages, is the rare prerogative of a few imperial spirits. It cannot, therefore, be uninteresting to inquire, what was the moral and intellectual constitution which enabled Bacon to exercise so vast an influence on the world.

In the temper of Bacon—we speak of Bacon the philosopher, not of Bacon the lawyer and politician—there was a singular union of audacity and sobriety. The promises which he made to mankind might, to a superficial reader, seem to resemble the rants which a great dramatist has put into the mouth of an oriental conqueror half-crazed by good fortune and by violent passions:

'He shall have chariots easier than air,
Which I will have invented; and thyself
That art the messenger shall ride before him,
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.'

But Bacon performed what he promised. In truth, Fletcher would not have dared to make Arbaces promise, in his wildest fits of excitement, the title of what the Baconian philosophy has performed.

The true philosophical temperament may, we think, be described in four words—much hope, little faith; a disposition to believe that anything, however extraordinary, may be done; an indisposition to believe that anything extraordinary has been done. In these points the constitution of Bacon's mind seems to us to have been absolutely perfect. He was at once the Mammon and the Surly of his friend Ben. Sir Epicure did not indulge in visions more magnificent and gigantic. Surly did not sift evidence with keener and more sagacious incredulity.

Closely connected with this peculiarity of Bacon's temper was a striking peculiarity of his understanding. With great minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has never yet been

* See the last chapter of the *Posterior Analytics*, and the first of the *Metaphysics*.

vouchsafed to any other human being. The small fine mind of Labruyère had not a more delicate tact than the large intellect of Bacon. The 'Essays' contain abundant proofs that no nice feature of character, no peculiarity in the ordering of a house, a garden, or a court-masque, could escape the notice of one whose mind was capable of taking in the whole world of knowledge. His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Paribanou gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it, and the armies of powerful Sultans might repose beneath its shade.

In keenness of observation he has been equalled, though perhaps never surpassed, but the largeness of his mind was all his own. The glance with which he surveyed the intellectual universe resembled that which the Archangel, from the golden threshold of heaven, darted down into the new creation.

'Round he surveyed—and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade,—from eastern point
Of Libra, to the fleecy star which bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon.'

His knowledge differed from that of other men, as a terrestrial globe differs from an atlas which contains a different country on every leaf. The towns and roads of England, France, and Germany, are better laid down in the atlas than in the globe. But while we are looking at England we see nothing of France; and while we are looking at France we see nothing of Germany. We may go to the atlas to learn the bearings and distances of York and Bristol, or of Dresden and Prague. But it is useless if we want to know the bearings and distances of France and Martinique, or of England and Canada. On the globe we shall not find all the market-towns in our own neighborhood; but we shall learn from it the comparative extent and the relative position of all the kingdoms of the earth. 'I have taken,' said Bacon, in a letter written when he was only thirty-one, to his uncle Lord Burleigh—'I have taken all knowledge to be my province.' In any other young man, indeed in any other man, this would have been a ridiculous flight of presumption. There have been thousands of better mathematicians, astronomers, chemists, physicians, botanists, mineralogists, than Bacon. No man once or art; any more than he would go to a twelve-inch globe in order to find his way from Kennington turnpike to Clapham Common. The art which Bacon taught was the art of inventing arts. The knowledge in which Bacon excelled all men, was a knowledge of the mutual relations of all departments of knowledge.

The mode in which he communicated his thoughts was exceedingly peculiar. He had no touch of that disputatious temper which he often censured in his predecessors. He effected a vast intellectual revolution in opposition to a vast mass of prejudices; yet he never engaged in any controversy:—nay, we cannot at present recollect, in all his philosophical works, a single passage of a controversial character. All those works might with propriety have been put into the form which he adopted in the work entitled *Cogitata et visa*—'Franciscus Baconus sic cogitavit.'—These are thoughts which have occurred to me:—weigh them well—and take them or leave them.

Borgia said of the famous expedition of Charles the Eighth, that the French had conquered Italy, not with steel, but with chalk; for that the only exploit which they had found necessary for the purpose of taking military occupation of any place, had been to mark the doors of the houses where they meant to quarter. Bacon often quoted this saying, and loved to apply it to the victories of his own intellect.* His philosophy, he said, came as a guest, not as an enemy. She found no difficulty in obtaining admittance, without a contest, into every understanding fitted, by its structure and by its capacity, to receive her. In all this we think that he acted most judiciously—first, because, as he has himself remarked, the difference between his school and other schools was a difference so fundamental that there was hardly any common ground on which a controversial battle could be fought; and, secondly, because his mind, eminently observant, pre-eminently discursive and capacious, was, we conceive, neither formed by nature, nor disciplined by habit, for dialectical combat.

Though Bacon did not arm his philosophy with the weapons of logic, he adorned her profusely with all the richest decorations of rhetoric. His eloquence, though not untainted with the vicious taste of his age, would alone have entitled him to a high rank in literature. He had a wonderful talent for packing thought close and rendering it portable. In wit, if by wit be meant the power of perceiving analogies between things which appear to have nothing in common, he never had an equal,—not even Cowley,—not even the author of *Hudibras*. Indeed, he possessed this faculty, or rather this faculty possessed him, to a morbid degree. When he abandoned himself to it without reserve, as he did in the *Sapientia Veterum*, and at the end of the second book of the *De Augmentis*, the feats which he performed were not merely admirable, but portentous, and almost shocking. On those occasions we marvel at him as clowns on a fair-day marvel at a juggler, and can hardly help thinking that the devil must be in him.

These, however, were freaks in which his ingenuity now and then wantoned, with scarcely any other object than to astonish and amuse. But it occasionally happened that, when he was engaged in grave and profound investigations, his wit obtained the mastery over all his other faculties, and led him into absurdities into which no dull man could possibly have fallen. We will give the most striking instance which at present occurs to us. In the third book of the *De Augmentis* he tells us that there are some principles which are not peculiar to one science, but are common to several. That part of philosophy which concerns itself with these principles, is, in his nomenclature, designated as *philosophia prima*. He then proceeds to mention some of the principles with which this *philosophia prima* is conversant. One of them is this. An infectious disease is more likely to be communicated while it is in progress than when it has reached its height. This, says he, is true in medicine. It is also true in morals; for we see that the example of very abandoned men injures public morality less than the example of men in whom vice has not yet extinguished all good qualities. Again—he tells us that in music a discord ending in a concord is agreeable, and that the same thing may be noted in the affections. Once more he tells us, that in physics the energy with

* *Novum Organum*, Lib. 1, Aph. 86, and elsewhere.

which a principle acts is often increased by the antipraxis of its opposite; and that it is the same in the contests of factions. If this be indeed the *philosophia prima*, we are quite sure that the greatest philosophical work of the nineteenth century is Mr. Moore's 'Lalla Rookh.' The similitudes which we have cited are very happy similitudes. But that a man like Bacon should have taken them for more,—that he should have thought the discovery of such resemblances as these an important part of philosophy,—has always appeared to us one of the most singular facts in the history of letters.

The truth is, that his mind was wonderfully quick in perceiving analogies of all sorts. But, like several eminent men whom we could name, both living and dead, he sometimes appeared strangely deficient in the power of distinguishing rational from fanciful analogies,—analogies which are arguments from analogies which are mere illustrations,—analogies like that which Bishop Butler so ably pointed out between natural and revealed religion, from analogies like that which Addison discovered between the series of Grecian gods carved by Phidias, and the series of English kings painted by Kneller. This want of discrimination has led to many strange political speculations. Sir William Temple deduced a theory of government from the properties of the pyramid. Mr. Southey's whole system of finance is grounded on the phenomena of evaporation and rain. In theology this perverted ingenuity has made still wilder work. From the time of Irenæus and Origen, down to the present day, there has not been a single generation in which great divines have not been led into the most absurd expositions of Scripture, by mere incapacities to distinguish analogies proper,—to use the scholastic phrase—from analogies metaphorical.* It is curious that Bacon has himself mentioned this very kind of delusion among the *idola specus*; and has mentioned it in language which, we are inclined to think, indicates that he knew himself to be subject to it. It is the vice, he tells us, of subtle minds to attach too much importance to slight distinctions;—it is the vice, on the other hand, of high and discursive intellects to attach too much importance to slight resemblances; and he adds, that when this last propensity is indulged to excess, it leads men to catch at shadows instead of substances.†

Yet we cannot wish that Bacon's wit had been less luxuriant. For,—to say nothing of the pleasure which it affords,—it was in the vast majority of cases employed for the purpose of making obscure truth plain—of making repulsive truth attractive—of fixing in the mind forever truth which might otherwise have made but a transient impression.

The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind; but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason, and to tyrannize over the whole man. No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. It never stirred but at a signal from good sense. It stopped at the first check from good sense. Yet though disciplined to such obedience, it gave noble proofs of its vigor. In truth, much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world,—

amidst things as strange as any that are described in the 'Arabian Tales,' or in those romances on which the curate and barber of Don Quixote's village performed so cruel an *auto da-fé*,—amidst buildings more sumptuous than the palace of Aladdin,—fountains more wonderful than the golden water of Parizade,—conveyances more rapid than the hippogryph of Ruggiero,—arms more formidable than the lance of Astolfo,—remedies more efficacious than the balsam of Fierabras. Yet in his magnificent day-dreams there was nothing wild,—nothing but what sober reason sanctioned. He knew that all the secrets feigned by poets to have been written in the books of enchanters, are worthless when compared with the mighty secrets which are really written in the book of nature, and which, with time and patience, will be read there. He knew that all the wonders wrought by all the talismans in fable were trifles when compared to the wonders which might reasonably be expected from the philosophy of *fruit*; and, that if his words sank deep into the minds of men, they would produce effects such as superstition had never ascribed to the incantations of Merlin and Michael Scot. It was here that he loved to let his imagination loose. He loved to picture to himself the world as it would be when his philosophy should, in his own noble phrase, 'have enlarged the bounds of human empire.*' We might refer to many instances. But we will content ourselves with the strongest—the description of the 'House of Solomon' in the 'New Atlantis.' By most of Bacon's contemporaries, and by some people of our time, this remarkable passage would, we doubt not, be considered as an ingenious rhodomontade,—a counterpart to the adventures of Sinbad or Baron Munchausen. The truth is, that there is not to be found in any human composition a passage more eminently distinguished by profound and serene wisdom. The boldness and originality of the fiction is far less wonderful than the nice discernment which carefully excluded from that long list of prodigies every thing that can be pronounced impossible; every thing that can be proved to lie beyond the mighty magic of induction and of time. Already some parts, and not the least startling parts, of this glorious prophecy have been accomplished, even according to the letter; and the whole, construed according to the spirit, is daily accomplishing all around us.

One of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of Bacon's mind, is the order in which its powers expanded themselves. With him the fruit came first and remained till the last: the blossoms did not appear till late. In general, the development of the fancy is to the development of the judgment what the growth of a girl is to the growth of a boy. The fancy attains at an earlier period to the perfection of its beauty, its power, and its fruitfulness; and, as it is first to ripen, it is also first to fade. It has generally lost something of its bloom and freshness before the sterner faculties have reached maturity; and is commonly withered and barren while those faculties still retain all their energy. It rarely happens that the fancy and the judgment grow together. It happens still more rarely that the judgment grows faster than the fancy. This seems, however, to have been the case with Bacon. His boyhood and youth appear to have been singularly se-

* See some interesting remarks on this subject in Bishop Berkeley's 'Minute Philosopher.' Dialogue IV.

† *Nepum Organum*, Lib. 1, Aph. 55.

* 'New Atlantis.'

date. His gigantic scheme of philosophical reform is said by some writers to have been planned before he was fifteen; and was undoubtedly planned while he was still young. He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately, when he gave his first work to the world as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness, and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth. In this respect the history of his mind bears some resemblance to the history of the mind of Burke. The treatise on the 'Sublime and Beautiful,' though written on a subject which the coldest metaphysician could hardly treat without being occasionally betrayed into florid writing, is the most unadorned of all Burke's works. It appeared when he was twenty-five or twenty-six. When, at forty, he wrote the 'Thoughts on the causes of the existing Discontents,' his reason and his judgment had reached their full maturity; but his eloquence was still in its splendid dawn. At fifty, his rhetoric was quite as rich as good taste would permit; and when he died, at almost seventy, it had become ungracefully gorgeous. In his youth he wrote on the emotions produced by mountains and cascades; by the master pieces of painting and sculpture; by the faces and necks of beautiful women; in the style of a parliamentary report. In his old age, he discussed treaties and tariffs in the most ferid and brilliant language of romance. It is strange that the essay on the 'Sublime and Beautiful,' and the 'Letter to a Noble Lord,' should be the productions of one man. But is far more strange that the essay should have been a production of his youth, and the letter of his old age.

We will give very short specimens of Bacon's two styles. In 1597, he wrote thus:—'Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them: and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use: that is a wisdom without them, and won by observation. Read not to contradict, nor to believe, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, have a present wit; and if he read little, have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend.' It will hardly be disputed that this is a passage to be 'chewed and digested.' We do not believe that Thucydides himself has any where compressed so much thought into so small a space.

In the additions which Bacon afterwards made to the 'Essays,' there is nothing superior in truth or weight to what we have quoted. But his style was constantly becoming richer and softer. The following passage, first published in 1625, will show the extent of the change:—'Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer evidence of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not with-

out many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle works and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.'

It is by the 'Essays' that Bacon is best known to the multitude. The *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis* are much talked of, but little read. They have produced indeed a vast effect on the opinions of mankind; but they have produced it through the operations of intermediate agents. They have moved the intellects which have moved the world. It is in the 'Essays' alone that the mind of Bacon is brought into immediate contact with the minds of ordinary readers. There, he opens an exoteric school, and he talks to plain men in language which every body understands, about things in which every body is interested. He has thus enabled those who must otherwise have taken his merits on trust to judge for themselves; and the great body of readers have, during several generations, acknowledged that the man who has treated with such consummate ability questions with which they are familiar, may well be supposed to deserve all the praise bestowed on him by those who have sat in his inner school.

Without any disparagement to the admirable treatise *De Augmentis*, we must say that, in our judgment, Bacon's greatest performance is the first book of the *Novum Organum*. All the peculiarities of his extraordinary mind are found there in the highest perfection. Many of the aphorisms, but particularly those in which he gives examples of the influence of the *idola*, show a nicety of observation that has never been surpassed. Every part of the book blazes with wit, but with wit which is employed only to illustrate and decorate truth. No book ever made so great a revolution in the mode of thinking—overthrew so many prejudices—introduced so many new opinions. Yet no book was ever written in a less contentious spirit. It truly conquers with chalk and not with steel. Proposition after proposition enters into the mind,—is received not as an invader, but as a welcome friend,—and though previously unknown, becomes at once domesticated. But what we most admire is the vast capacity of that intellect which, without effort, takes in at once all the domains of science,—all the past, the present, and the future,—all the errors of two thousand years,—all the encouraging signs of the passing times,—all the bright hopes of the coming age. Cowley, who was among the most ardent, and not among the least discerning followers of the new philosophy, has, in one of his finest poems, compared Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah. It is to Bacon, we think, as he appears in the first book of the *Novum Organum*, that the comparison applies with peculiar felicity. There we see the great law-giver looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters in which successive generations have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. While

the multitude below saw only the flat sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand, on a far lovelier country,—following with his eye the long course of fertilizing rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals,—measuring the distances of marts and havens, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Beersheba.

It is painful to turn back from contemplating Bacon's philosophy to contemplate his life. Yet without so turning back it is impossible fairly to estimate his powers. He left the University at an earlier age than that at which most people repair thither. While yet a boy he was plunged into the midst of diplomatic business. Thence he passed to the study of a vast technical system of law, and worked his way up through a succession of laborious offices to the highest post in his profession. In the meantime he took an active part in every Parliament; he was an adviser of the Crown; he paid court with the greatest assiduity and address to all whose favor was likely to be of use to him; he lived much in society; he noted the slightest peculiarities of character and the slightest changes of fashion. Scarcely any man has led a more stirring life than that which Bacon led from sixteen to sixty. Scarcely any man has been better entitled to be called a thorough man of the world. The founding of a new philosophy, the imparting of a new direction to the minds of speculators,—this was the amusement of his leisure, the work of hours occasionally stolen from the Woolsack and the Council Board. This consideration, while it increases the admiration with which we regard his intellect, increases also our regret that such an intellect should so often have been unworthily employed. He well knew the better course, and had, at one time, resolved to pursue it. 'I confess,' said he in a letter written when he was still young, 'that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends.' Had his civil ends continued to be moderate, he would have been, not only the Moses, but the Joshua of philosophy. He would have fulfilled a large part of his own magnificent predictions. He would have led his followers, not only to the verge, but into the heart of the promised land. He would not merely have pointed out, but would have divided the spoil. Above all, he would have left not only a great, but a spotless name. Mankind would then have been able to esteem their illustrious benefactor. We should not then be compelled to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration,—with mingled aversion and gratitude. We should not then regret that there should be so many proofs of the narrowness and selfishness of a heart, the benevolence of which was yet large enough to take in all races and all ages. We should not then have to blush for the disingenuousness of the most devoted worshipper of speculative truth,—for the servility of the boldest champion of intellectual freedom. We should not then have seen the same man at one time far in the van, and at another time far in the rear of his generation. We should not then be forced to own, that he who first treated legislation as a science was among the last Englishmen who used the rack,—that he who first summoned philosophers to the great work of interpreting nature was among the last Englishmen who sold justice. And we should conclude our

survey of a life placidly, honorably, beneficently passed, 'in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries,'* with feelings very different from those with which we now turn away from the checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame.

* From a letter of Bacon to Lord Burleigh.

JOURNAL

OF A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS, CAVES AND SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.

By a New-Englander.

TO CHARLES E. SHERMAN, Esq., of Mobile, Ala.
These fragments of a Diary, kept during a tour made in his society, are respectfully and affectionately inscribed, by his friend and fellow-traveller,
THE AUTHOR.

Virginia! Yet I own
I love thee still, although no son of thine!
For I have climbed thy mountains, not alone,—
And made the wonders of thy valleys mine;
Finding, from morning's dawn till day's decline,
Some marvel yet unmarked,—some peak, whose throne
Was loftier,—girt with mist, and crowned with pine:
Some deep and rugged glen, with copse o'ergrown,—
The birth of some sweet valley, or the line
Traced by some silver stream that murmurs lone:
Or the dark cave, where hidden crystals shine,
Or the wild arch, across the blue sky thrown.

* * * * *

Wilde.

CHAPTER II.

Richmond—Hotels—Ride over the Blue Ridge—Fellow-Travelers—Charlottesville—Monticello—Wirt's "Blind Preacher"—An accident—Warm Springs—The Baths—The Host—A Legend of the Spring—The Nabob's departure—The Mountain excursion—Ladylike seats.

Richmond, Va. July 15, 1835.

I entered Richmond, prepared (from the river view) to be delighted with it; but the landing, and the progress to the Eagle Hotel on Main street, amid huts and hovels, and over a pavement, which formed of stones of all shapes and sizes, seems made to rack one's bones, and for naught else, worked a thorough disappointment in my mind. A walk through the city has convinced me, however, that my first impressions were not erroneous. Richmond is composed seemingly, of an old and new "town," like Edinburg. The lower portion of the city is old, dirty, and in many parts dilapidated. It is the business or mercantile part of the town, and is certainly stirring and active enough. The upper or hill portion, in the immediate vicinity of the Capitol, is, on the other hand, very beautiful. Splendid residences, well laid out streets, delightful walks, a most enchanting prospect of James river, winding its way among wooded shores, like a silver thread crossing an emerald, characterise it as fully deserving all the merit and beauty its citizens and admirers claim for it. The Capitol stands on the highest point of land in Rich-

mond, facing the river, and presenting a most elegant front—a Grecian portico, extending the whole width, the pediment of which is supported by Ionic columns of beautiful material and structure. The entrances to the public halls are at the wings; and those to the offices connected with the government, are in the front basement. The portico forms a splendid promenade. A sentinel, in the uniform of the state, is constantly patrolling the gravel walk that surrounds this building, which contains a celebrated statue of Washington. This work I did not see, as the halls are not now open, and the keeper was not easily accessible. Directly in the rear of the Capitol, is the City Court House—and this is also a fine building of the same material—a hardened stucco—a good imitation of freestone, or granite.*

One should always go the "Powhatan House," on coming to Richmond. It is kept by Mrs. Duvall, and is on the scale of the Tremont House. It is situated on Capitol Hill, and combines all the advantages I have attempted to describe, as peculiarly belonging to that vicinity as a residence. The grounds surrounding the Capitol are always open to the people, who make them a thoroughfare. Approaching the Capitol through them from the lower town, you get a view of the building among the trees, more beautiful than any *coup d'œil* of the kind I ever saw, excepting those which abound from every point of view on the Boston common. Through these walks you reach the "Powhatan House," whence I should at this moment have been writing instead of the Eagle, had not my hack-driver solemnly assured "Mama" that there was no other tavern in the city. Let my fate be a warning to future travellers. Let them think of *Pocahontas*, and go to the *Powhatan*.†

Blue Ridge, July 16.

I packed up yesterday morning, and took stage for the Mountains, in company with Judge Tucker, going to Lewisburg to hold a Court of Appeals, with a fine old specimen of the real Virginia tobacco planter, a half domesticated son of France, who has for some time been teaching his native language in Richmond, and a young South Carolinian, who is going to White Sulphur to pass the vacation of the University of Virginia. The morning was lowering, but soon cleared, and by the middle of the forenoon the day was quite pleasant. The immediate environs of the capital of Virginia are by no means picturesque or attractive, and, although they presented me with a view of several country residences of gentlemen, some of whom are highly distinguished, they disclosed nothing deserving of a particular description. The first part of the ride was passed in that dull, monotonous, reserved style which is characteristic of all unexpected meetings of people from various quarters of the country; but towards noon we had warmed into something very like

* Much of the Court House is built of stone, as the pillars, foundation, corners, cornices, door and window frames, &c.—
[Ed. Mess.]

† The Powhatan still maintains its high character, and the Eagle has much improved. There are also now a number of other extensive and well-conducted houses of entertainment in Richmond. Mrs. Elisey's Virginia House, Mrs. Richardson's, and Mrs. Claiborne's Marshall House, stand very high. The Hotels too, are generally creditable to the city: the Union, Bell, Columbian, and Earley's, are justly quite popular down town, while the Washington and Swan maintain their credit on the hill.—[Ed. Mess.]

an acquaintance with each other. The old planter knew the Judge, the Judge knew *Monsieur*, and *Monsieur* was well acquainted with the student; the way-bill, (which, by invariable custom in these parts, is always carried in a little tin case under the forward seat of the coach,) told the rest, upon being consulted at sly intervals,—and by some means or other, (they manage these things nobly in the "Old Dominion,") ere dinner time, we were all as well acquainted, as if we had known each other for years. The tobacco grower was an original: Virginian to the back-bone, and declared that Judge Tucker ought to be the successor of John Marshall, because he was the only other Judge he knew of in Virginia! He talked of his crops, which he has sold for three years ahead, in Richmond;—of the Anti-Slavery movements at the North—of the comfortable condition of his slaves,—and of Garrison, of whom he seemed to think as the Scots do of "Auld Cloutie." He is of the firm opinion that G. could not possibly get through this part of the country alive. The old gentleman left us before our arrival at my present quarters, being pressed thereto by an old acquaintance on the road.

The Judge I found to be a gentleman of the old school; easy in his address, though dignified in his manner, as became a judge and a gentleman, upon so short an acquaintance. But all reserve wore off apace, and I discovered him to be what I have ever fancied a Virginian—frank, open, hospitable, cordial and even hearty in his intercourse with those around him. He was very entertaining, full of anecdote, proud of his State, as all his countrymen are, free from sectional prejudices, as all his countrymen are not, and altogether the most agreeable travelling companion it has ever been my fortune to encounter. He is a half brother of the late John Randolph of Roanoke, and connected by marriage with several of the principal families in Virginia. He is an honest, worthy, upright man, a good constitutional lawyer, an intelligent, discriminating, and experienced judge, and although by reason of the arduous nature of his official duties he is not an active politician, yet he is well known in this section of the country, as a profound venerator of our constitution, devotedly attached to the institutions of his country, and to the Union; and in short, as a politician of the Washington school. Easy in his address, affable, accessible, and agreeable to strangers, gentlemanly in manner, generous and hospitable in feeling, he adds all the private virtues possessed by the late Chief Justice, to the same devoted attachment to his profession, the same reverence for the law and the constitution, and the same unwearied research into their nature, and the means of their perpetuation and proper administration. I write here from experience and common fame. A journey of some days in his society, and the universal accord of his fellow-citizens, afford me the means of bearing this willing, though weak tribute to his virtues in private and public life.

The most amusing specimen of a true Frenchman I have ever met was *Monsieur H*—, my other travelling companion. He was a perfect bibliomaniac. Not a book was alluded to, that he did not instantly say 'I have it!' and the merits of which he did not proceed immediately to discuss; and not only did he pretend to an intimate knowledge of the contents, but in almost

every instance, of the author also of the work alluded to. Among others of his whims, he said he had in his possession as many as a hundred and fifty volumes of *American poetry*! And on our asking him what he intended to do with them, he told us he was going to Paris ere long, and intended to present them to some public library there. What an unanticipated apotheosis is this, for the sixteen and thirty-two-mos of American bards, with which our prolific press has so long been teeming. Next to France, *Monsieur* thinks very highly of America, and believes Benjamin Franklin has done more for our land than George Washington. He diverges shortly from our onward route, to view the natural bridge and the caves of Virginia. He is a comical little genius.

We had a fine road, a fine driver, and an elegant new coach, as our comforts to-day,—offsetting which—for all pleasure is dashed with pain—we were called to encounter the most sudden and violent storm of rain and hail it was ever the lot of a Virginian, (so said the planter,) to abide. It streamed down in torrents from the thickening clouds, from noon to sunset. The tobacco grounds, the corn, and wheat were deluged, and the little fordable streams that occasionally crossed our path were swelled to a formidable height. At about an hour before sunset, we came to the “Little Bird” river, which we all agreed must be impassable, and after an hour’s parley, the driver, who was conscientious on the score of Uncle Sam’s bags, gave in, and we went back a mile to a small farm-house, where an acquaintance of our tobacco raiser resided. He hospitably provided us with a good supper, and spread bedding for us upon the floor of the best room in his humble cabin, and there, Judge, Planter, Student, *Monsieur*, Driver, and I, turned in *en masse*, and slept soundly till the moon rose. At about two this morning, we again set off, found the stream passable, and by breakfast time discovered that after all, we were only about four hours behind our time of arrival at the usual place of stopping. Here, (the morning being fine,) we had a splendid first view of the Blue Ridge,—the first chain or range of the Alleghanies which the traveller from the North approaches. A blue hazy mist hung over them, not concealing them in the least degree, but forming a thin transparent veil, through which their regular slope and wooded sides were beautifully disclosed. I found the Judge an invaluable aid in pointing out the best views, the most pleasing prospects, and the most picturesque points of view, from which the landscape could be observed. Interspersed with all his descriptions of natural scenery, and the different localities through which we passed, he delighted us by the narration of several personal anecdotes, which were indeed quite amusing, as well as strikingly illustrative of the country. We passed Charlottesville, the seat of the University of Virginia, and Monticello, the residence of Jefferson, both of which we admired as much as the blending of all orders of architecture in the one, and the elevated location of the other, would permit. The present proprietor of Monticello, is not a favorite in that neighborhood—his improvements on the estate are pronounced as tasteless, and his rules and regulations as to the admission of visitors, pompous and absurd. The University is a collection of brick buildings, forming a square; on one side of which are the residences

of the faculty, and the *cabins* or dormitories of the students,—and at the head of which is the great hall containing the library, and the recitation rooms.

This is perhaps as beautiful a structure as could be made of red brick. Its portico is ornamented with columns of the Corinthian order, while the piazzas of the lateral buildings have those of the Doric and Ionic orders. This mingling of architecture produces an *outré* and unpleasing effect upon the eye of the observer, and is regarded universally as a failure to produce what its founder intended it to be, the finest building in Virginia. This institution is now in a flourishing condition. We parted with our amusing French companion here;—and took up a gentleman from Mississippi, and another from Southern Virginia, returning home by the way of the Sulphur Springs.

Our ride to-day has been delightful. We have been passing through a rich and productive country, and the fine crops of corn, and grain, and grass,—the splendid foliage of vigorous forests, in which are observable all varieties of trees, common and rare, the well built and well stocked farms, with here and there a country seat, situated in the midst of plenty and high cultivation, have all combined to render the prospect pleasing in the highest degree. During the afternoon, we have been constantly ascending the first hills of the Blue Ridge, and are now quietly settling ourselves to repose, with an assurance of more lovely prospects and more rich enjoyments on the morrow.

Warm Springs, July 17.

The day has been very fine, and my ride among these picturesque mountains more charming than I can describe. The prospects on all sides of my path have been varied and enchanting. The hills forming the Blue Ridge, the South River Range, and the Warm Spring Mountains, are undulating and woody, and enclose the traveller in a beautiful succession of well cultivated intervals, through which runs a turnpike road, smooth, well graduated, and level, for fifty or sixty miles. I know no better roads in New England than those from Charlottesville to this place have proved.

We have heard all along the road that the White Sulphur Springs are overflowing with visitors, and divers plans entertained us as we rode on, having for their object some relief for ourselves, who were going to that place first. Major M——, whom we took up this morning, and who saw service in the last war, was for erecting a regular camp, cantonment, or bivouac on the spot, sending out regular foraging parties, and bidding defiance to the chances of our deprivation of bed and board, that seemed to be threatening us. But the majority of our party decided to wait awhile at the Warm Springs, which comes first upon the road, and after spending some time there, and bathing in those mild waters, to pursue our way to the Hot, and afterwards to look in upon the denser crowd at the White Sulphur.

This afternoon we passed the house of Mr. Waddell, the son of the celebrated Blind Preacher, so pathetically described by Mr. Wirt in his *Letters of a British Spy*. I looked at him with deep interest, as he was pointed out to me, standing on his door step, apparently a wealthy and enterprising farmer. Pursuing our way, we were suddenly alarmed by the breaking of the perch

of our stage coach, and were obliged to walk about a mile to have it repaired. This was done at a farm house in the possession of an honest Virginian, who made great boast as we walked along together, (for he was near, at the happening of the accident,) of his being able to do *any thing*. By his aid we were soon again on our way, which carried us through mountain gaps, and over mountain tops, along a road every moment increasing in charming prospects, until we had attained the last of the range to be passed to-day. From its summit we looked down into a well cultivated valley, near the centre of which was a neat settlement, gathered around the *Warm Springs*. Here we stopped, and parting company with the Judge, the Major, and the Student, who went to the next county, we quietly settled ourselves down in this haven of rest, and, as we hope, health, delighted that we had attained such an enviable stage in our long journey.

I have already taken one bath in these celebrated waters. At a little distance from the Hotel is a hexagonal wooden building, erected over an area of about two hundred yards in circumference, filled with clear spring water, constantly rising and flowing off, leaving about five feet depth in a hollow basin,—the temperature of which is about 97 degrees Fahrenheit. The ladies and gentlemen have every two alternate hours, from sunrise until ten at night, appropriated to them for bathing,—and these hours are almost constantly employed. I cannot describe to you the luxury of bathing in these springs. They seem to be the waters of Eden, clear, soft, transparent, mild, healthful, and full of delight. The sulphate of magnesia forms the basis of their mineral properties, and they are said to be exceedingly efficacious in cases of rheumatism and similar complaints. Of this more hereafter.

Our hotel is kept by a very accommodating landlord by the name of Fry. His establishment is unexceptionable. Good beds, good rooms, good servants, and good fare, (all of them rare enough in this region, and most of them, it is said, very deficient at White Sulphur,) are here to be enjoyed by the traveller. The house stands in the centre of a productive intervale, on every side surrounded by densely wooded mountains, and commanding an extensive and varied prospect, on every hand. There is a great deal of company here,—though less than at the Sulphur Springs, forty-five miles further in the interior. The visitors to this Springs country are not content with the first series on their route, but as it is *the fashion* to go where the crowd is most dense, and the accommodations most scanty,—they pass by this delightful *locality*, and fare worse at the most crammed and crowded resort. Fashion, and a desire to see whatever is to be seen, will doubtless attract us thither also for a few days,—but not until the use of these health-giving waters has given us more strength and nerve than we now possess.

I would advise the visiter to this part of the country to provide himself bottles of water at those places on his journey where it is good, and such as he has been used to drink at home. This can always be made cool and in fitting order to use, as all the stopping places abound with ice. The lime-stone water, which is common from Richmond to the Springs, is apt to have a powerful effect upon the system of one unused to it;—and to its effects I attribute a violent illness to which I

have been subjected ever since my arrival at this place. There is no deficiency of the pure element here, however,—a perennial spring of freestone water constantly flowing from a spring of unequalled coolness and purity.

July 18.

The gray-haired keeper of the Great Bath entertains me at times with his account of old days in Virginia,—the incidents which he can remember as happening during the revolution and the first Presidency,—anecdotes of Washington and Jefferson,—descriptions of the great men he has seen and known, or heard of and never seen—and legends of his own infantile years, that come to him as he chatters about things and times that are nearer, until he is at length in *the old man's element*,—and while I float quietly on *mine*, he sits beside me and rocks to and fro, as if inspired, upon *his*. In one of those moods, this morning, he told me of the discovery of the spring which was bubbling up around me, and from the clear waters of which I was gathering health and strength, and freedom from pain. I cannot repeat the old man's very words; but nearly thus his legend went:—

A young Indian, more than two centuries ago, was coming from the western valley of the great Appalachian chain of mountains, towards the waters of the east, that opened into the beautiful bay whose branches now touch the strands of some of the mightiest marts of a nation that was not then in existence. He had never trodden that path before, and nothing but the pride of youth which would not brook that his brethren of other tribes should triumph over him as their inferior in adventure, had sustained his manly heart so far; for he had come, since the rising sun first touched, that day, the mighty peaks of the Alleghanies, from the vales that lay at their feet on the west. He was going to carry the voice and vote of a powerful nation to the council-fire that was kindling on the banks of the great water, and he felt shame at the recurrence of the idea that the place of the Young Appalachian Leopard could be vacant. But the night winds beat coldly around him, and his way was dark. There had been rains, and the earth was damp and swampy; and no grass, or fern, or heather were at hand with which to make a bed in the bosom of the valley where he stood. He had not strength to climb the near range of mountains that threw up their summits before him, as if to shut out all hope that he could accomplish his ardent desire. Weary, dispirited, and ready to despair, he came suddenly upon an open space among the low underwood that covered the valley where he was wandering, and upon looking narrowly, he observed that it was filled with water. He could see the clear reflection of the bright evening star that was just declining to her rest, and that was peeping into the fountain,

“Like a bride full of blushes, just ling'ring to take
A last look in her mirror, at night ere she goes.”

By this translucent reflection he could perceive that the water was clear, and its depth he could discern by the pebbles that glistened in the starlight from the bottom. He saw too that the water was continually flowing off, and supplying a stream that ran rippling away among the roots of the old oaks that surrounded the spot—and as he stooped to taste the liquid element, he found it warm as if inviting him to relax his chilled limbs by

bathing in its tepid bosom. He laid aside his bow and quiver, unstrung his pouch from his brawny shoulder, took off his moccasins, and plunged in. A new life invigorated his wearied spirit, new strength seemed given to his almost rigid nerves; he swam, he dived, he lay prostrate for hours upon the genial waves, in a sort of dreamy ecstasy of delight; and when the first dawn of day broke over the rock-crowned hill, at the foot of which the Spring of Strength lay enshrined, the Young Leopard came forth from his watery couch, and donning his simple array, strode proudly up the mountain, "where path there was none." He was "a young giant rejoicing to run his course,"—full of new fire and vigor he manfully sped on his way—and upon the eve of that day, when the chiefs and the sons of chiefs were seated around the solemn council fire, no one of them all was found more graceful in address, more commanding in manner, more pleasing in look, and more sagacious in policy, than the *Young Appalachian Leopard*, who bathed in the *Spring of Strength*.

* * * * *

July 21.

The life of an invalid at a watering place is dull and monotonous enough, if he be left to himself, without books, without acquaintance, and without the power to brave all weathers in pursuit of amusement. The first a sensible traveller will always carry with him,—the second such a one can never be at a loss to find, and, as to the latter, he must seek in the other two resources for that which shall stand him in its stead.

The varied scene that may be viewed from my landlord John Fry's long piazza, any fair morning or evening, does not comprehend alone a prospect of hills and vallies,—of rocks and trees, and gushing springs, but there is mingled in the view a study, more interesting while it lasts, and perhaps more useful in the lessons it teaches. I have just returned from a listless saunter along the colonnade, where I have been watching the departure of a Georgia gentleman with his family for the North. He certainly presented the most curious specimen of that mixed *genus* of gentleman and jockey which may often be observed among our countrymen, it has ever been my lot to encounter.

At an early hour in the morning, a phaeton was brought up to the door by a black, (without horses,) and underwent the process of loading. Trunks, bandboxes, bundles, umbrellas, *et id omne genus*, were nicely stowed away in every nook,—when up comes another black dragging a large barouche, doomed to undergo the same process of stuffing. The boys and negroes assemble round, one by one, and squad by squad, displaying all that curiosity for which youth and Yankees are renowned. The little nabob at length issues forth from his breakfast, and with his own hands brings out a natty pair of black colts he had been buying as he came along: they were not broken to harness, and were to be led behind the barouche and phaeton. Mark the glee with which he shows them off,—he pats them, trots them out before the assembled gaping multitude,—and

"More true joy Marcellus feels,
Than Cæsar, with a Senate at his heels!"

The colts are admired,—the taste of their purchaser applauded, and they are confided to the care of the attendant satellites, who feel proud of the honor of being permitted to hold them by the halter. In the

meantime, the horses are harnessed in pairs, but singly and with great deliberation, to the respective vehicles: each in turn, by couples, and collectively, are criticised, and praised, and appraised, and curiosity stands on tiptoe to see what is coming next.—Behold another branch of the cavalcade approaches! Three horses, saddled and bridled, champing the rein, reproving delay, and ready to claim their proportion of the day's glory. After due time has been given to admire the new comers sufficiently, the lord of the whole approaches the barouche with an air of half-subdued mysteriousness, opens the box, and takes thence a something that baffles the curiosity of the most knowing. What is it? What can it be? Unheeding the commotion he has raised, our Georgian proceeds to screw the non-descript article upon the top of one of the saddles of the last arrived horses, and to exchange the left stirrup for a shorter and a lighter one: and presto! a side-saddle stands revealed to the wondering gaze of stupified mankind.

The preparations are complete. The laudable curiosity of the crowd has been raised to the highest possible point. Tom has seated himself on the box of the phaeton, and Bill upon the dicky of the barouche. The cigar is stuck between our hero's teeth,—his pretty wife is lifted on the transformed saddle,—two "friends of the family" mount the remaining two, the nurse and baby are hoisted with the baggage into the barouche,—the planter takes his most confidential crony with him into the phaeton, and all dash down the hill before the house together, as fine a cavalcade as any since the days of Gilpin. The crowd disperse, the piazza becomes deserted,—the bad points of the horses, the prominent faults and peculiarities of their owner, and the imperfections, real and imaginary, of the whole concern, seem one by one to come most marvellously to light,—and the voices loudest but now in praise, are swiftest and most ingenious in censure. Soon, however, the whole thing is forgotten: another nabob will come among the same crowd, sport his horses, his jests, his bets, and his purse,—move the sluggish waters of idle curiosity, till they run in waves mountain-high,—and in his turn dash off, down that very hill, to leave them once more to subside. *Telle est la vie!*

To a dweller at a watering-place no incident is really trifling; and the parting array of a Southern planter from the piazza of a mountain inn is not a scene to be forgotten suddenly.

July 22.

Believing that I may now venture to speak *ex cathedra* upon the nature, character and virtues of the Warm Springs, at which I have been for some days sojourning, I shall attempt to journalise some idea of this most delicious bath.

You enter the village formed by the accidental collocation of some six or eight residences, (of which that of the proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Fry, is the principal) over a mountain called after the Springs, embedded at its feet. The road is perfect: being skilfully graded, and as smooth as if McAdamized. The gentleman of Boston who takes a horseback ride, upon an afternoon, over the mill-dam, is not more highly favored as to the road, than is the traveller upon this turnpike across the Alleghanies. The entrance to this little village is delightful. As you wind around the descending path, you catch glimpses of the white colonnade running the

entire length of the hotel, from which the residents, in their turn, watch the approaching carriage or cavalcade, as it occasionally appears among the masses of foliage that for the most part obstruct the view. Arriving, you experience a most gentlemanly and cordial reception from the very polite host, who accommodates his guests to the extent of his house, in the first place, and afterwards fills up in succession the several rows of wooden and brick cabins, that are built in different parts of his grounds,—being files of small sleeping rooms, about eight feet high, and as many wide. The table is of the very best description, far surpassing, I am forewarned, any thing to be obtained farther on.

A little below the house is the Bath; being a wooden shed, covering a basin five feet in depth, and nearly forty feet wide. The water is perfectly pellucid, and constantly flows off as it attains the depth described. This water is about 98 degrees above Fahrenheit, and is not affected by the weather. The whole lot of ground in the centre of which this pool rises, is filled with these little bubbling springs, and an area of many similar diameters could be easily formed, if desired, on the spot. At present, the bath is covered by a miserable hovel.* It should be replaced by one of granite or marble; and doubtless some such improvement will occur to its enterprising proprietor as proper to be bestowed upon it. I believe one of his neighbors, who claims a right to share the waters with him, as property under a pretended grant from the vender of the land to certain common purchasers, is talking somewhat sharply just now, about an intended suit to recover his alleged share. When that question is decided, if in favor of the new claimant, competition will secure improvements;—if against the suit—John Fry is the very man (all obstacles removed,) to “go ahead!”

A bath in the Warm Springs is beyond all description luxurious. No eastern monarch, whose appetite and love of luxury ever quickened his ingenuity to discover new delights, can command one so transcendent as this. But in order to bear me out in my encomiums, my readers must try it. It is a delightful bath for the strong and healthy,—and by such may be used daily through the year, a half hour or more at a time. It is useful in chronic and acute rheumatism, dropsy, and in some complaints of the liver. Yet it is not uniformly efficient in cases seemingly alike. It must be taken carefully and under medical advice, by invalids. An analysis of this water shows it to consist of carbonate of lime, sulphate of iron, and sulphate of magnesia.

Such are the Warm Springs of Virginia: and to all who are afflicted with dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout, dropsy, hepatic complaints, and *enxuri*, I would recommend a fair trial of them. To some the trial will yield a perfect cure, to others it will begin a good work to be finished by future carefulness and attention, and to all, the luxury of travelling in a most delightful country, a sojourn in a pleasant valley, unsurpassed in loveliness by that inherited by Rasselas himself, and a constant access to waters that seem to rival those fabled streams, in which to bathe was to banish all pain, to remove all sorrow, and to renew the vigor and freshness of buoyant youth.

*I learn that a more fitting building has since been erected.
1838.—[Author.]

July 23.

A party from the Warm Springs, made the ascent of the mountain in front of our hotel, this morning, prior to our intended departure. The morning was very fine, and promising of much pleasure to the adventurers. Providing ourselves with all the conveyances the neighborhood afforded, including carriages, which could go but half way, and horses, the most sure footed of which could ascend to the summit, we set out after breakfast time, and in a couple of hours attained the Warm Spring Rock, from which a view was presented to our admiring eyes that baffles description. We stood on an elevated rock on the highest peak of the centre Alleghany ridge, the horizon on every hand formed by the blue outline of the distant mountains, hills on hills arising from the base of that on which we were, covered densely with masses of deep rich foliage, excepting in those scattered spots where cultivation was claiming from nature a field for the trial of her skill. The waving cornfields, the ripening grain, “yellow to the harvest,” the shepherd driving his sheep afield, the busy activity of the little village around the spring, were among the features of the scene. The filling up and the coloring must be described by nature herself; words are inadequate to do them justice. After a visit of more than an hour to the Spring Rock, we turned our faces homewards, and, arriving at the dinner hour, were duly complimented by our merry landlord upon the imposing display made by our cavalcade upon the mountain’s brow.

The rock we have just left is the scene, (so goes report,) of a most romantic love adventure, the details of which, at length, would be doubtless delectable to some lady readers, inasmuch as they are literally true and well authenticated. I am no weaver of love tales, however, and must simply hint at a fair southern belle, a youth from the middle country, a ride on gallant steeds up the mountain path, the momentary danger of the lady, and the consequent peril of the gentleman in his successful attempt to save her,—a fall, a swoon, a partial recovery, and the tears of beauty falling upon the cheek of manhood,—the sympathy of fond hearts, declarations, troth-plights, and happy consummation. These hints I leave for the filling-up of any of my readers who may fancy to figure in a “Romance of Real Life,” in the pages of some Ladies’ Magazine.

Another anecdote of the bravery of a southern belle, who boasts of doing many things that no woman ever did before, is related here in connection with the Warm Spring Mountain-rock. Some say it is the above story, in its more veritable shape, and that it more truly describes the wooing and winning of the Amazonian lady alluded to, than the other. But this I deem questionable, if not decidedly fabulous. The belle is said to have ascended, *en cheval*, to the rock that rises out of the peak of the mountain: and attaining this eminence, there stood upon the saddle of her horse, and challenged her cavalier to transcend that feat: on which he instantly stood upon his head on the saddle of his horse. The lady declared herself defeated, and gave the gymnast her fair hand as his reward. I prefer the former version: but this last is quite current here, nevertheless.

I leave this delightful spot, with a party, to-morrow morning, for the White Sulphur. The Hot Springs are next in order, but, by medical advice,—I shall reserve them until my return.

TO MY MOTHER.

Written on Christmas morning, 1837, at Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Wake, mother! wake to youthful glee!
The golden light is dawning.
Wake, mother, wake! and hail with me
This happy Christmas morning!

Each eye is bright with pleasure's glow,
Each lip is laughing merrily;
A smile hath passed o'er winter's brow,
And the very snow looks cheerily!

Hark to the voice of the "wakened day!"
To the sleigh-bells gaily ringing;
While a thousand thousand happy hearts
Their Christmas lays are singing!

'Tis a joyous hour of mirth and love,
And my heart is overflowing;
Come, we will raise our hearts above,
While pure, and fresh, and glowing!

'Tis the happiest day of the rolling year,
But it comes in a robe of mourning;
Nor light, nor life, nor bloom is here,
Its icy shroud adorning!

It comes when all around is dark;
'Tis meet it should so be,
For its joy is the joy of the happy heart,
The spirit's jubilee!

It needeth not the bloom of Spring,
Or Summer light and gladness,
For Love hath spread his blooming wing
O'er Winter's brow of sadness!

'Twas thus He came! a Spirit cloud
His Spirit's light concealing!
No crown of earth, no kingly robe
His Heavenly power revealing.

His soul was love, his mission love,
Its aim a world's redeeming!
To raise its darkened soul above
Its wild and sinful dreaming!

With all his Father's love and power,
The cords of guilt to sever,
To ope a sacred fount of light,
Which flows—shall flow forever!

Then we will hail the glorious day,
The Spirit's new creation!
And pour our grateful feelings forth,
A pure, and warm libation!

Wake, mother! wake to chastened joy,
The golden light is dawning!
Wake, mother! wake, and hail with me,
This happy Christmas morning!

THE HOME OF THE DESOLATE.



A FRAGMENT.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

"How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery! Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty!"

Thompson.

It was night—the storm howled sadly by—and the mother sat in silence by the scanty fire, that warmed and faintly lighted the wretched, dilapidated cottage, once, in brighter days, her happy home! She had divided to her ragged and starving babes the little pittance of bread remaining to her, yet scarcely sufficing to satisfy the mad cravings of hunger! Little thought they that they claimed their mother's all: yet freely was it given, with a silent tear *that it was all!* She hushed their cries—soothed their sorrows—covered them with her tattered mantle—bade them a sad 'good-night'—and returned to her sorrowful vigil.

The night wore away,—and still sat the mother over the fading fire she could not replenish, waiting the coming of him whose returning footsteps once caused a thrill of joy through her bosom, and was hailed with boisterous glee by his little ones. Once, he promised at the altar to love and cherish her, and nobly, awhile, did he redeem the pledge. His cottage was the home of comfort, and his wife and infants divided his love! But ah! how changed! He had become a *Drunkard!* His business was neglected—his home was deserted—and his late return was but the harbinger of woe! He came to curse the innocent partner of his misery as the author of his wretchedness, and his frightened children shrunk away from him, screaming, as from a fiend! Where waits he now? The shadows of night have long darkened the landscape! What delays his return?—Alas! the low haunt which has nightly witnessed the shameful revel, now echoes to his frantic shout! Surrounded by boon companions, he seeks to drown the memory of his sorrows in the bowl: while his wretched, starving, squalid wife still keeps her lonely vigil by her cheerless hearth!

Stillness—solemn stillness, like the grave's, reigns in that dreary habitation: and no sound is heard, save when the fitful sighing of the wintry blast, or the low murmur of her dreaming infants, rouses the watcher from her trance. Then she raises her aching eyes to the dim dial, and with a glance to Heaven, turns to her lonely watch again. But now "the tempest of her feelings has grown too fierce to be repressed"—her bosom heaves with the wild emotions of her soul—and her thin hands seem endeavoring to force back the bursting torrent of her tears!

* * * * *
The clock struck the hour of midnight—and he came as wont! With a fearful oath, he cursed his wife's fond care: and that mother's silent tears, and the low wail of his frightened babes, went up to God for witness!

* * * * *
Would you know the conclusion of the story? Go, ask the jail, the almshouse, and the grave—and they will tell you!

Feb. 9, 1838.

De Saussay wrote a folio volume consisting of panegyrics of eminent persons named Andrew—merely because his own name was Andrew.

PANDEMUS POLYGLOTT.

In the October number of the Blackwood Edinburgh Magazine, there is an amusing article purporting to be an account of the learned Doctor Pandemus Polyglott, and of his extensive erudition. It professes to present to the reader from the manuscript folios of the Doctor, certain remains of the ancient classics, which his diligence has rescued from oblivion, and from which, as he alleges, the plagiarists of later days have taken some of their most exquisite effusions. The reader soon discovers, that the whole is but an ingenious method of offering to the public some very beautiful specimens of Latinity, and of Greek composition; the machinery of Dr. Polyglott's life and labors being designed to render the introduction of them more graceful and interesting. In the Greek version of "Canning's Knifegrinder" there is an amusing betrayal of its character in the translation of the following line:

"Have you not read the Rights of Man by Tom Paine?"

Ολοθα Τομπαίου Μίσητον τὰ χρήστὰ—

where the old champion of the Rights of Man stands forth as a witness, whose veracity will not even be questioned by his foes, of the imposture of the fictitious Grecian bard.

We remember to have seen some years ago a very beautiful Latin version of the modern song "I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower," which was attributed to the pen of a learned English prelate; and all must recollect the excitement, some years past, in regard to one of Mr. Wilde's beautiful effusions, which was translated by some ingenious classic into Greek, and palmed upon the public as the production of an ancient author. We regret that we have not these articles to bind up with the beautiful bouquet which we are about to offer to our readers. We shall ask leave, however, to add to those which are selected from the magazine, two versions which to our imperfect skill in the language, appear to be good Latin.

The first piece of Dr. Polyglott is "The Friend of Humanity and the Knifegrinder," of which we omit however the Greek version, from the deficiency of our press in the necessary type.

SAPPHICS.

SAPPHICA.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFEGRINDER.

PHILANTHROPUS ET FABER FERRARIUS.—DIALOGUS.

*Friend of Humanity.**Philanthropus.*

Needy Knifegrinder! whither art thou going?
Rough is the road; thy wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches.

Hinc ita quonam, Faber o egene?
Et via horrescit, rota claudicatque;
Flat notus; rimis petasus laborat,
Tritaque bracca.

Weary Knifegrinder, little know the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O,'

O Faber languens, patet haud superbis,
Appia ut rhedis habet otiantes,
Quid sit ad cotem vocitare cultros
Fissaque ferra.

Tell me, Knifegrinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

Dic, Faber, cultros acuisse quis te
Egit? anne in te locuples tyrannus
Sæviit? terræ dominus? sacerdos?
Causidicusve?

Was it the 'squire for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

Ob feras terræ dominus necatas?
Aut tenax poscens decumas sacerdos?
Lite vel rem causidicus malignè
Abstulit omnem?

Have you not read the 'Rights of Man' by Tom Paine?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

Nonne nosti 'Jura Hominum' Pani?
Ecce! palpebris lacrymæ tremiscunt,
Inde casuræ simul explicâris
Tristia fata.

*Knifegrinder.**Faber.*

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Fata—Dii magni! nihil est quod edam,
Ni quod hesternâ ut biberem in popinâ
Nocte lis orta; heu! periire braccæ
Atque galerus.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

Friend of Humanity.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first,
Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to ven-
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded, [geance;
Spiritless outcast.

Pacis occurrunt mihi tum ministri,
Meque Prætoris rapiunt ad aulam;
Prætor erronis properat numellâ
Figere plantas.

Jamque gaudebo tibi si propinam
Poculum, tete mihi dante nummum;
Me tamen stringo, neque, pro virili,
Publica curo.

Philanthropus.

An tibi nummum? potius ruinam;
Perdite, ulcisci mala tanta nolens;
Sordide, infelix, inhoneste, prave
Turpis et excora.

The next of Dr. Polyglott's productions, is a monkish version of a little song, in which the closeness of the translation, and the ingenuity of the versification, are conspicuous.

YOUNG LADY.

Child of Earth,
With the golden hair!
Thy soul is too pure,
And thy face too fair,
To dwell with creatures
Of mortal mould,
Whose lips are warm
As their hearts are cold.
Roam, Roam
To our fairy home.
Child of Earth,
With the golden hair!
Thou shalt dance
With the Fairy Queen
O' summer nights
On the moon-lit green,
To music murmuring
Sweeter far
Than ever was heard
'Neath the morning star,
Roam, roam, &c.

DR. POLYGLOTT.

O Terræ puella,
Auricoma, bella,
Mens puraque, et ora
Te vetant decora
Incolere tribus
Mortalium, quibus
Sunt Verba fervoris
At corda rigoria.
Nubiscum vagare,
Fit domus in aere;
O Terræ puella,
Auricoma, bella!
Sis pars chorearum
Cum summa nympharum
In nocte festiva,
Sub Cynthia viva,
Dum Musica tales
Dat sonitus quales
Non quisquam audit
Sub sole qui vivit.

Next comes Waller's Rose,—one of the most beautiful specimens of English poetry, which the Doctor pronounces to be the translation of a Latin poem by Watinstern, a professor of Humanity in the University of Leyden. The Latin translation is not worthy of the English original. It has some blemishes which ought to have been avoided.

WALLER.

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her beauties spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In valleys where no men abide,
Thou might'st have uncommended died.
Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.
Then die; that she
The common fate of all things rare

WATINSTERN.

I, Rosa, purpurei flos jocundissime prati,
Dic cui labe pari tempora meque terit,
Illius laudes tecum peræpe paranti,
Quam pulchra et dulcis visa sit illa mihi.

Dic cui flore datur primo gaudere juvenas
Gratia quæ vero ne videatur avet;
Nescia fortè virum si te genuisset eremus,
Mortem tu laudis nescia passa fores.

Nil valet omnino lucem male passa venustas.
In lucem veniat protenus illa, jube.
Quam petit omnis amor virgo patiatur amorem,
Nec, cum miretur, quis stet in ore rubor.

Tum morere, ut rerum videat communia fata
Rararum, fato conscia facta tuo.

May read in thee;
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wonderful bright and fair.
 Yet though they fade,
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,
 And teach the maid
 That goodness Time's rude hand defies,
 And virtue lives when beauty dies.

Parte frui fas est quam parvâ temporis illia,
 Queis tantum veneris tantaque forma datur.

Sed quamvis moriari, tamen post fata peracta
 Qui fuit ante tuis frondibus adsit odor.
 Temnere sic discat Pietatem Temporis arma;
 Vivere Virtutem cum mera Forma perit.

The five last lines are not Waller's. They were added by Kirke White, and though very pretty in themselves, they are altogether incongruous with the tone and character of Waller's lines. His are decidedly light and amatory, while Kirke White's are marked by his grave and moralizing temper.

Next we have a song of old Ben Jonson. "Rare Ben" cuts a figure in his Latin dress, but we think he is much more admirable in his Anglo-Saxon garb.

SONG: BY BEN JONSON.

Take, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seals in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears;
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears;
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in these icy chains by thee.

CARMEN: AUCTORE JOANNE SECUNDO HAGENSI.

Hinc ista, hinc procul amove labella,
 Quæ tam dulcè fuere perjurata;
 Auroræ et radiis pares ocellos,
 Lucas mane novum e viâ trahentes.
 At refer mihi basia huc, sigilla,
 Frustra impressa tamen, sigilla, amoris.

Oh! cela nivis ista colla, cela,
 Ornant quæ gremium tibi gelatum;
 Quorum in culminibus rosæ vigentes
 Sunt quales referunt Aprilis horæ;
 At primùm mea corda liberato,
 His a te gelidis ligata vinclis.

Lastly, we have an exquisite version of the good old Bacchanalian, "The Glasses sparkle on the Board." Dr. Polyglott says the Latin is an original production of Cæsius Bassus. It is hard to say whether the English or Latin is most beautiful.

SONG: THE GLASSES SPARKLE.

The glasses sparkle on the board,
 The wine is ruby bright;
 The reign of pleasure is restored,
 Of ease and gay delight:
 The day is gone, the night's our own;
 Then let us feast the soul;
 Should any pain or care remain,
 Why drown it in the bowl.

This world they say's a world of woe;
 But that I do deny;
 Can sorrow from the goblet flow?
 Or pain from beauty's eye?
 The wise are fools with all their rules,
 Who would our joys control—
 If life's a pain, I say't again,
 Why drown it in the bowl.

That time flies fast the poet sings,
 Then surely 'twould be wise
 In rosy wine to dip his wings,
 And catch him as he flies.
 This night is ours; then strew with flow'rs
 The moments as they roll;
 If any pain or care remain,
 Why drown it in the bowl.

CARMEN: AUCTORE CÆSIO BASSO.

Eu! pocla mensis compositis micant;
 Vini refulget purpureus color;
 Regnant voluptates, feruntque
 Gaudia deliciasque secum.
 Invitat Euhæ! nox; absit dies;
 Indulgeamus nunc genium mero,
 Mergamus et curæ vel atri
 Quod superest cyathos doloris.

Sunt qui gravari tristitia ferunt
 Vitam; sed o! ne credite fabulam—
 An Liber effundit dolorem?
 An Veneris lacrymas ocelli?
 Omnis Catonum copia desipit
 Vinclis volentum stringere gaudia;—
 Si vita fert luctum, sodales,
 Heus iterum! cyathos lavemus.

Poeta labi quàm rapidè monet
 Tempus; quid ergò, quid sapientius
 Quàm spargere in pennis Falernum,
 Cùmque movet celeres morari?
 Hæc nostra nox est; nos quoque floribus
 Spargemus horas usque volubiles;
 Mergemus et curæ vel atri
 Quod superest cyathos doloris.

Here end our extracts from Dr. Polyglott: and now follow the two versions which we proposed to add to them. For the first, we are indebted to our learned friend, Mr. Reynolds*, whose classical taste and finished acquirements are the subject of general commendation. It is the work of a Kerry Latinist.

THE SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE.

Being a newly recovered fragment of a Latin Opera.

I.

'Twas on a windy night,
About two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
Sitting upon the pailings,
His love-tale he did pour,
And this in part his wailings:
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

II.

Oh! list to what I say,
Charms you've got like Venus;
Own your love you may,
There's the wall between us.
You lie fast asleep,
Snug in bed a-snoring;
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

III.

I've got a pig and a sow,
I've got a sty to sleep 'em,
A calf and a brindled cow,
And cabin, too, to keep 'em;
Sunday hat and coat,
An old gray mare to ride on;
Saddle and bridle to boot,
That you may ride astride on.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

IV.

I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set with praties;
I've got of 'baccy a pound,
I've got some tea for ladies;
I've got the ring to wed,
Whiskey to make us gaily;
I've got a feather bed,
And handsome new shilelagh.
Only say,
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I.

Erat turbida nox
Hora secunda mane,
Quando proruit vox
Carmen in hoc inane;
Viri miseri mens
Meditabatur hymen,
Hinc puellæ flens
Stabat obsidens limen,
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra Lalage;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

II.

Planctibus aurem fer,
Venere tu formosior;
Dic hos muros per,
Tuo favore potior!
Voce beatum fac;
En, dum dormis, vigilo,
Nocte obambulans hac
Domum planctu stridulo,
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra Lalage;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

III.

Est mihi prægnans sus,
Et porcellis stabulum;
Villula, grex, et rus
Ad vaccarum pabulum;
Feriis cerneris me
Splendido vestimento,
Tunc heus, quam bene te
Veherem in jumento!
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra Lalage,
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

IV.

Vis poma terræ? sum
Uno dives jugere;
Vis lac et mella, cum
Bacchi succo, sugere?
Vis aquæ vitæ vim?
Plumoso somnum sacco?
Vis ut paratus sim
Vel annulo vel baculo?
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra Lalage;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

* Since this paragraph was penned, this accomplished gentleman has paid the debt of nature. His loss to the rising generation will be sorely felt, as he was and had long been the principal classical teacher in the Richmond academy.

V.

You've got a charming eye ;
 You've got spelling and reading,
 You've got, and so have I,
 A taste for gentle breeding ;
 You're rich, and fair, and young,
 As every body's knowing,
 You've got a dacent tongue
 Whene'er 'tis set a-going.
 Only say
 You'll have Mr. Brallaghan ;
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan.

VI.

For a wife till death,
 I'm willing to take ye ;
 But, och, I waste my breath,
 The devil sure can't wake ye.
 'Tis just beginning to rain,
 So I'll get under cover ;
 To-morrow I'll come again,
 And be your constant lover.
 Only say
 You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan.

We conclude with the following translation of "The Poet's Sigh." It is the work of a tyro, and we are not critics enough to pronounce upon its merits.

THE POET'S SIGH.

BY T. MOORE.

Drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh ;
 The girl who gave to song
 A heart that none could buy.

Oh woman's heart was made
 For minstrels' hands alone ;
 By other fingers played,
 It yields not half the tone.

At Beauty's door of glass,
 Where Wit and Wealth once stood,

They asked her which might pass :
 She answered, "He who could."

Wealth tried a golden key,
 But found it would not do ;
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 And cut his bright way through.

The love which seeks a home,
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome,
 Who dwells in dark gold mines.

But oh ! the poet's love !
 It boasts a brighter sphere ;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here.

Then here's to her who long, &c. &c.

V.

Litteris operam das ;
 Lucido fulges oculo ;
 Dotes insuper quas
 Nummi sunt in loculo.
 Novi quod apta sis
 Ad procreandam sobolem !
 Possides (nesciat quis ?)
 Linguam satis mobilem.
 Semel tantum dic
 Eris nostra Lalage ;
 Ne recuses sic,
 Dulcis Julia Calage.

VI.

Conjux utinam tu
 Fieres, lepidum cor, mi !
 Halitum perdimus, heu,
 Te sopor urget. Dormi !
 Ingruit imber trux—
 Jam sub tecto pellitur
 Is quem crastina lux
 Referet huc fideliter.
 Semel tantum dic
 Eris nostra Lalage ;
 Ne recuses sic,
 Dulcis Julia Calage.

LATIN VERSION.

BY —.

Puellæ poto caræ,
 Cui poeta suspiravit,
 Et auro, quæ, inemptum
 Cor, carmini donavit.

Oh ! fidicinis pro manu,
 Cor fœminæ creatum,
 Enervem edit sonum
 Ab alio modulatum.

Dives, ad fores vitreas,
 Juvenisque solers, stantes,
 Formosæ Aphrodites,
 Et cupide pulsantes,

Rogarunt vehementer,
 Cui liceat introire,
 " Illi," dixit subridens,
 " Qui potest aperire."

Tunc aureo, seram, clave,
 Divite frustra tentante,
 Persecuit cito Juvenis,
 Fulgenti adamanta.

Amor, qui petit domum,
 Auro, gemmis micantem,
 Æmulatur tristem larvam,
 Fodinam habitantem.

At sedes effulgentes,
 Habet amor poetarum,
 Hic, fœminâ moratus,
 Sed Indigena stellarum.

Puellæ tunc bibemus, &c. &c.

TO THE MOUNTAIN VIOLET.

Yes! ye are beautiful; and on your clear
 Blue tablets I can trace the smile of Heaven;
 And ye are lovelier for the love I bear
 Him by whose gentle hand and kind ye were given;
 But oh! ye are not the violets of mine own,
 My 'sunny south,' whose fragrant breath steals o'er
 Our hearts'-heart, like an unforgotten tone
 From lips whose music we shall hear no more!
 Painfully sweet, but shedding in its flight
 The soothing balm of hope upon the soul—
 Chasing away the gloom of sorrow's night,
 And bidding the dark clouds of grief all backward
 roll!

But thou'rt as fair as they, and yet I gaze
 Upon thy beauty with an unmoved heart—
 For ye are scentless, and no fragrance strays
 From your bright leaves, its sweetness to impart.
 Alas! ye are too like the hopes they fain
 Would kindle in me of returning health—
 Of energies renewed—disease and pain
 'Whelmed in the ocean of life's hoarded wealth!
 I listen to their tales of love and hope,
 And life and joy, and all things fair and bright,
 Even as I gaze upon the sunny slope,
 Where ye, fair violets, repose in light;
 My eye drinks in your beauty, but there breathes
 No fragrance o'er me from your purple wreaths.

I listen to them calmly, for I know
 They fain would keep me with them yet awhile—
 But when the flower is crushed, what hand below
 Can heal its bruised leaves—restore its smile?
 In vain, in vain, the healing balm is poured—
 In vain affection's tears bedew its bed—
 E'en tho' its bloom a moment be restored,
 'Tis like a pall empurpled o'er the dead;
 And though my cheek bright as that shroud may glow,
 The worm is at the heart, and all is dark below!

LETTER OF LAFAYETTE.

TO MR. T. W. WHITE.

Washington, Jan. 18, 1838.

Sir,—I send you a copy of a letter, addressed during the Revolutionary war by General Lafayette to General Morgan, which I made in July last, from the original in the National Museum of the city of Mexico. How this letter found its way to Mexico, I could not learn; but I was induced to suppose that it may have been carried thither by General Wilkinson, who died in that city about ten or twelve years ago.

The letter contains nothing of manifest importance; yet as it was written just after the retreat of Cornwallis to Portsmouth, and just before his occupation of Yorktown, it may perhaps serve to throw some additional light on the proceedings of that most interesting period of our history.

I am, sir, your obed't serv'nt,

R. G.

BRIG'G GEN. MORGAN—Goode's Bridge.

Malvern Hill, 24th July, 1781.

Dr. Sir,—I am very sensible of the peculiar circumstances of the gentlemen from Maryland, and how much they sacrifice by remaining with the army. I said to you that I wished to dismiss them as soon as possible; and for this purpose, I am making up a corps, which I expect to have complete in a few days, and will send it to you, when they will be able to go home. I beg you to present my compliments to them, and am,

Dr. sir, your ob. servt.

LAFAYETTE.

Brig. Gen. Morgan.

FORGET ME!

Forget me? No! when pleasure fills
 Her goblet to the brim,
 And mirth and song, like sparkling rill,
 No breath of care may dim,
 Then withered joys, and love betrayed,
 And many a fond word spoken,
 And many a hope all lowly laid,
 And many a bright charm broken,
 Like spectres from the buried past,
 Shall mem'ry summon up,
 And from his fevered lip shall cast
 The yet untasted cup!

Forget me? When the tempest's might
 Dissolves itself in rain,
 And human power shall reunite
 Those scattered drops again.
 Forget me? No! in life's dark bowl
 There's no oblivious wave,
 No Lethe for the guilty soul,
 Save that within the grave:
 And oh! how oft the weary breast
 Would seek from mem'ry's gloom,
 A refuge in the dreamless rest
 That dwells within the tomb!

SENTIMENT.

FOR AN ALBUM.

I breathe thee the lay of another,*
 When doomed with a fair friend to part;
 That lady he loved, as a brother,
 And thus was the song of his heart:
 "I present thee the prayer of a rover—
 That thy happiness never may end,—
 That thy lord may be a way thy lover,
 As I will be always
 Thy friend."

C. W. E.

* Moore—I believe.

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No. IV.

T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MR. JEFFERSON.

We feel it to be our duty to publish the following Review of an article in "The New York Review and Quarterly Church Journal," of March, 1837. The person to whom it relates has filled a large space in the eyes of his countrymen. The New York Review is conducted with no little ability, and makes a great figure in the Republic of Literature; and the Reviewer, who has taken up arms, in defence of Mr. Jefferson, against the attacks of the New York Review, appears to be a champion of no ordinary power. All together, the article comes commended to us in a manner, which does not permit us to deny the use of our columns—and it will probably attract a large share of the attention of our readers. We admit it to be somewhat *spicy* in its composition; but if the New York Reviewer should feel himself under any obligation to make a reply, we will cheerfully extend to him the hospitality of our house. Our columns are open to him; and they are at his service. The Editor of a Periodical like this is not at liberty to consult his own feelings, in what he excludes or admits: but having admitted such an article as the following, it is his duty to render justice by admitting a reply.

We mean not to play the Critic upon the two Reviewers. The attack and the defence are both before the public tribunal; and the reader must judge for himself. The reviews of Mr. Jefferson's moral principles and his intellectual character, will be reviewed in turn by the public. We mean not to decide between them. But there is one circumstance alleged by the New York Reviewer in relation to Mr. Jefferson, upon which we would offer a few explanatory remarks, though our own Reviewer has nearly exhausted the subject. It is a curious literary problem, whether Mr. Jefferson in preparing his own Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, did not commit a plagiarism upon the Declaration of Independence adopted at Mecklenburg, North Carolina, on the 20th May, 1775. It has already given rise to much discussion. Mr. Joseph Seawell Jones of North Carolina has made it the theme of some severe strictures on the Virginia politician. Mr. Tucker, in his "Life of Thomas Jefferson," has defended him against the charge of plagiarism. And the New York Reviewer, in reviewing Mr. Tucker's work, has attempted to refute the Biographer, and to bring back the charges, with other cases of plagiarism, home to Mr. Jefferson. Our own Reviewer has gallantly stepped forward to defend the memory of Mr. Jefferson; and brought up for that purpose a contemporaneous piece of history, which had entirely escaped the researches, both of Mr. Tucker and his Reviewer. But our Reviewer himself has dropped two links in the chain of proofs, which we beg leave to supply.

The charge consists in Mr. Jefferson's borrowing from the Mecklenburg Declaration four phrases for his own. We believe this is the amount of the alleged plagiarism.

These phrases are, "dissolve the political bands which have connected"—"absolve from all allegiance to the British crown"—"are, and of right ought to be"—"pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."—We do not adopt Professor Tucker's theory, that the extant copy of the Mecklenburg Declaration is so far spurious, that the compiler of it borrowed from Mr. Jefferson's draft these parallel phrases and interpolated them into the Mecklenburg copy. We are willing to admit the present Mecklenburg copy to be as it was at first written, and we entirely dissent from Professor Tucker's account of the changes and interpolations which he has assigned to that copy. But is Mr. Jefferson, then, the plagiarist? Certainly not, of the three first phrases, and from the Mecklenburg copy.—Mr. Jefferson's copy was drawn out by the resolution of Mr. Richard Henry Lee, as quoted by our Reviewer. That resolution was founded on the resolution of the Virginia Convention of May 15, 1776, instructing their Delegates in General Congress "to propose to that respectable body, to declare the United Colonies, free and independent States." Richard Henry Lee, as one of their Delegates, moved the resolution, as quoted by our Reviewer. The Committee was then appointed by Congress to draft the Declaration; and it fell to Mr. Jefferson, as one of the Committee, to make the original draft, and report to the Committee. When reported, it underwent several alterations. It was then reported to Congress itself, and adopted by that body on the 4th July, 1776. Now, the following facts appear, from a comparison of these several documents: 1st. That the phrase "absolved from all allegiance to the crown," is in the original resolution: 2nd. That this same phrase, as well as the phrase "are, and of right ought to be," are found in Mr. Lee's resolution: and, 3dly. That the other phrase, "dissolve the political bands which have connected," is also to be found in this form in Mr. Lee's resolution, "all political connexion, &c. &c. is and ought to be totally dissolved:" and, 4thly. That even these phrases were not adopted by Mr. Jefferson in his original draft, but that they were interpolated by the Committee itself, to whom he reported;—for, they were introduced subsequently to the report, in the following form, the words thrown in by the Committee being in italics: "That these United Colonies are *and of right ought to be*, free and independent States; *that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved.*"—As to the last of the four parallel phrases, we cannot trace them to any other document. In the Mecklenburg Declaration, the phrase stood, "to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor." In Mr. Jefferson's Declaration, it ran, "and for the support of this Declaration [with a firm reliance on Divine Providence,] we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." [The words in brackets were

introduced by the Committee.] We have not been able to trace the origin of this phrase to any other source, than the Mecklenburg paper; but it may be, if we had the state or other papers of that remarkable age before us, our researches might trace Mr. Jefferson's phrase to some other intermediate channel, or to some common fountain.

It may be supposed, that we are wasting too much time upon this question. But when it is considered how much factitious consequence some things derive from the facts with which they are associated; and how much interest this literary problem has acquired from the curiosity it has produced, and the attention which has been bestowed upon it by the Historian of North Carolina, the Biographer of Mr. Jefferson, the New York Reviewer of the Biography, and our own Reviewer of the Review, we hope we may be excused for the labor we have spent upon it.

We cannot throw down our pen, without laying before the reader the following beautiful and prophetic passage, which formed a part of Mr. Jefferson's draft, and which was stricken out by the committee, we do not exactly see for what good reason: "We must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and to hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. *We might have been a free and a great people together; but a communication of grandeur and of freedom it seems is below their dignity. Be it so; since they will have it. The road to happiness and to glory is open to us too; we will climb it apart from them, and acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our eternal separation.*" What visions of glory rush upon the mind of the American, as he weighs these memorable words, traced by the pencil of Thomas Jefferson *more than sixty years ago!* How rapidly is the fulfilment confirming the prediction! No nation can boast of sixty years of equal prosperity and glory with those we have *already* witnessed. And if wisdom should guide our destinies, what new glories await us!

THE NEW YORK REVIEW'S

REVIEW OF MR. JEFFERSON.

MARCH, 1837.

This is very extraordinary--a coarse political and personal article in a religious and literary journal. But besides the manner of it, the subject too, is strangely chosen; for the life of Mr. Jefferson furnishes little to illustrate religious literature--and therefore to form a fit subject for such a work. His life, or the active part of it, was spent in political affairs. It was as a statesman and politician that he appeared to the men of his own times; and it is only as such that other times should recur to his memory. But it is not in this character that the critics of the "New York Review and Quarterly Church Journal" choose to consider him. By them he is made into a drum--a drum ecclesiastic--to animate a battle of religion and politics. They declare in the outset, an intention to examine, not his public acts, but his private character; or as they phrase it, "to study, not the politician, but the man--and the qualities of his head and heart." And this is defended

at the end, by the declaration that the "characters of public men are public property."

The reviewer does not confine himself to the limits he had prescribed; but he canvasses Mr. Jefferson's religion, his morals, and his politics. Whatever may be said of the first, we hardly thought the last made a part of private character. He does not formally divide his subject in this way, but mixes the political disquisition with the moral and religious.

Intending to examine, with some detail, this attack on the illustrious patriot whose principles are the basis of a party, and whose memory is much revered by his country, we shall follow the Review, *seriatim*, in its own order of topics.

It opens by quoting from Professor Tucker's Life--"It was the fate of Thomas Jefferson to be at once more loved and praised by his friends, and more hated and reviled by his adversaries, than any of his compatriots." And, on this, says, in the style of a certain desk for public teaching, "*The inquiry naturally suggests itself, why Mr. Jefferson should have enjoyed the peculiar love, or felt the peculiar hate of those who knew him?*" The question is meant to be put with some sarcastic point. It appears only for the sneer, for it is never answered; but introducing some refined reflections and obscure reasoning, conducts the critic, on his 7th page, to the discovery, that "If Mr. Jefferson is now less loved than some of his contemporaries, it is because we find less to love in him." He travels thus far in his inquiry, and misses the object of his search by the way. The answer to his question is obvious. Mr. Jefferson was a party-man, the framer of party, the leader of party, and the author of party political revolutions. He had pulled down a great party, though aided by Washington's name, (for they professed to have taken him into their political keeping, and his principles into their exclusive practice,) and he had built up another. Mr. Jefferson, moreover, was no neutral in any thing. He thought of neutrals as Burke has portrayed them in his fine declamation. He was an ardent and bold man, who pursued his ends always with zeal; and in this he was influenced as much by principle as by temper. Regarding party as an association for the establishment of public principle, he esteemed such political connexions highly useful to the state--and necessary to our system. See what he has said of the whig and tory divisions in English politics. All sagacious men practically acquainted with the machinery of popular government have thought with him. Burke has very profoundly developed the same opinions in his Reflections on the French Revolution. Essentially then, and in this sense a party-man, Mr. Jefferson was loved by the men whose political fortunes and opinions he had established, and hated by the opposite party which he had overthrown.

We presume this curious difficulty, which so perplexed the philosophical reviewer, was less embarrassing to the professor. Though he states it with too much solemnity, for so plain a matter.

Mr. Jefferson's religious opinions are next arrayed by his clerical examiner. That is declared the truest test of character, and Mr. Jefferson's "rejection of revelation" pronounced at the bottom of all his "defects." Without religion, the reviewer admits, but hesitatingly and reluctantly, that man "may distinguish the right

from the wrong," but will want "a principle of action sufficiently powerful," &c. &c. to "do the right rather than the wrong." Now we reject, entirely, this dogma, from the reason of life and the philosophy of history; at least in the application and for the use the reviewer makes of it; who asserts that irreligion was the cause of all Mr. Jefferson's "defects;" and among these, numbers cowardice, duplicity, and general laxity of principle. We reply, that these vices, and this depravity of character, (had they existed,) were, in no measure, the consequence of infidelity. It is not worth while to reason about it; the question may be left to men's understandings. Religion is the surest stay of virtue, but men have been, and men are, brave and honest without it.

These, the reviewer's speculations, are not so material as his facts; and they are only referred to, to show the animus of his article, and the value of his opinions. He holds always a pulpit-style; for these are not the sentiments of a liberal-minded man of the world, or of one who has been in any way, and from any point of view, a cool spectator of life.

But to return where we left him, investigating Mr. Jefferson's religion. The end of the inquiry is, that he was an infidel, and a noxious proselytizing infidel. Professor Tucker,—who, in this, is charged with being a "partial apologist"—says he was nearly a socinian; that he wrote logically on natural theology, and professed himself a unitarian. All which, is obstinately denied by the reviewer, who no doubt has gone deeper than the professor into the arcana of theological mystics. He is anxious to preserve the unitarians from the taint of such a heresy; and to confine each infidel apart to his own barren patch in the *hortus stercus* of disbelief.

He concludes at last that Mr. Jefferson "had so far as man is concerned, a right to entertain these opinions." Then why does he make or meddle with them? What good comes of such discussions? It is not to stop the spread of these opinions; for he offers no argument, no refutation. Nor was it necessary. Learning and human reason have long poured all their light into the dark places of theology. No benefit can now arise from religious disputings. Every one may think as he pleases, and no man has a right to judge him. But the federalist divine would blazon the infidelity of his subject to bring odium on the man, and discredit on his general opinions. Such a dishonest artifice may have its influence.

The reviewer thinks the attempt to pervert others to infidelity a crime more enormous than the infidelity itself; and reasoning upon this at some length, and after his own way, he plunges down the lowest deep of intolerance. Whoever may think that the practice of virtue is not embarrassed by the knowledge of truth, may rightly communicate whatever opinions he sincerely holds, and enforce them by the reasonings on which his own conviction rests. But Mr. Jefferson, we believe, was no infidel propagandist. Professor Tucker says he was always reluctant to speak of religion. He does sometimes speak, and freely too, on this subject, in letters to his philosophical friends. But no man will lock his thoughts in his own breast. The reviewer asserts that he founded the University of Virginia for a nursery of infidelity, and that the young men were entertained at his table on Sundays with infidel conversation. It is

hardly credible that any man, however inflamed and blinded by religious and political passions, could assert such things. The University was the crowning work of a long life spent with unexampled usefulness in the public service. It had no chaplain, nor a foundation for religious instruction; because, in these matters, Mr. Jefferson meant to leave every one to himself—and not, by a selection, to prefer one sect before another. Had he looked to the sinister designs with which he is so fiercely charged, he might have placed that reverend casuist Doct. Cooper in a chair of French philosophy, or brought his reviewer in a chaplain's desk to preach charity and toleration.

The other assertion about Sunday-dinner conversations, if true, is defended by repeating that a man may say what he thinks. It is opposed by Professor Tucker's general declaration, and by the specific declarations of others.

Having canvassed Mr. Jefferson's conduct and opinions on religion, the reviewer proceeds to hunt up his moral "defects." The first of the catalogue is extreme sensitiveness to men's opinions. The proofs of this monstrous vice are that he complained of newspaper abuse, and that he provided for his own fame by leaving in his letters and his *ans* a history of his life and times. But this is a very solemn parade of trivial and accidental circumstances. The thing itself is, to a degree, the consequence of public life, and the moral and mental habitudes it creates. Mr. Jefferson, though surrounded by the many able men with whom he acted, was always a leader, and predominated with a high ascendancy. No bolder thinker ever urged speculations *extra flammantia munda mundi*—beyond the flaming bounds of nature; and never was popular leader less controlled by other men.

Under this head the reviewer alludes to the style of the *ans*, and the occasional solemn attestations to the truth of the facts there recorded; and here he finds and applies the maxim, that he who swears lightly will swear falsely. If this means any thing, it means to brand Mr. Jefferson with the infamy of a moral perjury. To so foul a charge, no answer need be given.

The next "defect" is excessive self-esteem. The proof, is his letter upon the grant of a lottery privilege to him by the Virginia Legislature. In that letter, his public services are briefly spoken of; but it has always appeared to us, that the reckoning was made with great dignity. The style and circumstances of this letter are made by the reviewer proof of opposite and inconsistent weaknesses—meanness and arrogance. Of course, if it proves the one, it disproves the other.

The next charge—and the stream of calumny deepens and widens as it descends—is "insincerity;" a feeble word, which appears to the writer very insufficiently to mark his meaning, for he changes it, with much nicety and variety of selection, first for "management," then for "duplicity," till the critic reaches his grand and scurrilous climax upon the phrase "basest hypocrisy." Never was painter more fastidious and fickle with his colors, than this moral and critical limner. The ground of all this, is the letter to Mazzei, and the correspondence with Burr. These letters were examined with great severity in a tract published by Major Henry Lee on the entire Jefferson correspondence. The motives to this publication, the style and general ability of the

tract, (unusual in political writing,) and the interest of the public in the subject, invited general attention at the time. The reviewer has culled from Major Lee, and repeated him in a bad form. Mr. Jefferson had addressed to Mr. Van Buren an explanation of the letter to Mazzei, and Professor Tucker has enlarged the defence. The charge was, that by the letter, he had stabbed the reputation of Washington, for whom, personally and publicly, he professed friendship. Mr. Jefferson's defence substantially is—that he never meant to include Washington among the monarchists; nor among the “Samsons in the field, and Solomons in council,” and that his letter has no direct mention nor indirect allusion to General Washington, except the passage which speaks of the “executive” as opposed to the democratic party. In this there was no reproach. It was notoriety then, and it is history now. In fact we see nothing in that letter, which General Washington's best friend, if of opposite politics, might not have written in all faith and friendship. The interpretation comes at last to a question of veracity; nor do we see, how, in any possible way, the meaning of such language can be ascertained but by the declaration of the writer. The reviewer finds no force in such testimony; he does, of course, reject the averment of a man whom he would not credit on his oath. In this way, Mr. Jefferson's evidence in this court of critical justice is treated as the law treats a felon whose infamy is proved by a record of conviction and sentence.

The letters to Burr show that at different times Mr. Jefferson thought and spoke of him in a different manner, as he was more or less acquainted with Burr's character and conduct—that he wrote him a letter of compliment, and designed him for a cabinet office. The former, in their situation, was merely a common decency. The latter was in deference to party and public sentiment; a principle which, under our government, must always govern appointments to office. The accidents of political life placed these men together, and they acted together. The politician who would consent to act only with those whose personal characters and conduct squared to his own tastes, would be useless and impracticable, and must soon remove himself from all the means and occasions of public service. He would be forced to retire and leave the way to others. Mr. Jefferson contributed in no degree to Col. Burr's elevation. That was his own work. He built up and pulled down his own political fortunes, without any aid from Mr. Jefferson, beyond the accidental party circumstances of the times. Nothing appears in the connection of Jefferson and Burr, but what is common to the lives of most public men. When Burr afterwards stood as a state-criminal, the conduct of the executive in providing for his trial and pressing his condemnation, was no doubt the dictate of his judgment of Burr's guilt, and of the danger and magnitude of the occasion.

The list of “defects” (the word is the reviewer's) ends in cowardice. This item is thrown in to make up that general sum, that compound mass of qualities, principles, opinions and conduct, which, according to the reviewer, forms private character. He says, indeed, it is “of no moment” whether Mr. Jefferson was a “coward or not.” There is a delightful candor in this sort of proceeding. To charge a man with the meanest and most disreputable infirmity, and then say

it is of no moment whether it be true! It is no justification to reply, that the reviewer does not positively assert it; that he only hints it. That aggravates the flagitious intention. The bare imputation has the effect of proof. In this nice point of honor and character, suspicion disgraces. The reviewer does no credit to his own feelings, and shows no modest respect for other men's sentiments, when he pronounces cowardice a thing so very immaterial. Truth and courage are at the foundation of all that gives dignity and elevation to character; they are closely allied to the “whole line of the masculine virtues.” High and heroic courage is a godlike quality. I mean not a mere physical rigidity of nerve, a stupid insensibility, but that moral principle which raises us superior to the sense of danger, which is the first—and to the fear of death, which is the most powerful instinct of nature. In modern Europe, and since the time of chivalry, courage and truth have been the point of honor among the cultivated classes. Sentiments interwoven into our language, our manners, our very moral constitution, and the whole framework of society, are not to be blown away by the breath of a sermon, or of a **** review.

In Mr. Jefferson's particular case, it may be enough to say, that he lived amid circumstances sure to unfold that weakness, had it been inherent in his temper; he lived during a national war, and in a very agitated period afterwards, in the thick of party contentions, and all the passions they engender. He never was found unequal to any crisis of affairs, but was esteemed the boldest political leader of the times. His conduct of the campaign against Arnold in Virginia cannot now be examined, for the facts are not known; while it is easy to criminate and difficult to disprove. He received the deliberate thanks of the Legislature of Virginia. And we know no better way to judge of events which have passed, and which are otherwise but imperfectly known to us, than by some respectful attention to the judgment of contemporaries: such modesty is quite as commendable, and as instructive too, as that other spirit which arrogates all wisdom to ourselves, and shows us all other men and times wrapped in ignorance.

The author of the Declaration of Independence is charged with shameful literary dishonesty, in taking ideas and phrases for that occasion from other state-papers and political writings; and for proof of this, the reviewer compares the National Declaration with the Mecklenburg Declaration and with the Preamble to the Old Constitution of Virginia. This Preamble Professor Tucker says was written by Mr. Jefferson; of which fact so positively asserted, the reviewer chooses to doubt; because, he “infers,” that Mr. Wythe, to whom, it is said, Mr. Jefferson sent the paper, was not then in Virginia, but at Philadelphia. This is his single reason. It was a sarcasm of Junius, that “some men are infidels in religion, who are bigots in politics.” The converse may sometimes be true. But this reviewer's skepticism and bigotry are not so well marked and separated. What better proof can there be of authorship? Mr. Jefferson always claimed it, and no one else ever did; and from that day it has been so received in Virginia. That he wrote the National Declaration of Independence, and the Preamble to the Constitution of Virginia, is known by the same kind and amount of evidence.

The subject of this Preamble was identical with

what is now called the list of grievances in the Declaration. The same mind employed to express the same thoughts, must naturally fall into the same mode. To avoid it scrupulously, must be a laborious trifling of vanity and affectation.

In 1819, forty years after the event, the Mecklenburg Declaration came to the knowledge of ex-president Adams, who, surprised and perplexed, wrote to Mr. Jefferson—"How is it possible that this paper should be concealed from me to this day? Had it been communicated, &c. &c. it would have been printed in every whig newspaper upon the continent. I would have made the Hall of Congress echo and re-echo with it fifteen months before your Declaration of Independence." Mr. Jefferson replied, that, "he believed it spurious." And after giving his reasons, drawn from the character of the evidence which supported it, he proceeds—"When Mr. Henry's resolutions, far short of independence, flew like lightning through every paper, and kindled both sides of the Atlantic, this flaming Declaration, &c. although sent to Congress, is never heard of. It is not even known a *twelve* month after, when a similar proposition is first made in that body. Armed with this bold example, would not you have addressed our timid brethren in peals of thunder? Would not every advocate of independence have rung the glories of the Mecklenburg Declaration?" &c. &c.

Now we ask how is it possible that this paper, if it reached Congress, was concealed? Did the North Carolina representatives suppress it? With what a weapon would it have armed the whigs! The charge against Mr. Jefferson, supposes that this remarkable paper became known to him particularly and alone of the General Congress; not to Adams and others of that body, at that time more distinguished; that he concealed it, (though how he prevented it from reaching others is inconceivable,) because he found in it four expressions of remarkable rhetorical excellence, which he might use for some future state paper; which occasion did, a year after, present itself in the National Declaration of Independence. This is the reviewer's charge, with all its absurdities and improbabilities. Mr. Jones of North Carolina has made these Mecklenburg proceedings the subject of a book of invective on Mr. Jefferson. But this notion of the plagiarism was too silly for his adoption. The four expressions which constitute all the verbal likeness of the two papers, are—"dissolve the political bands which have connected"—"absolve from all allegiance to the British crown"—"are, and of right ought to be"—"pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." They are a slight temptation to a literary theft. The first is periphrastical and incorrect; the second and third have no remarkable elegance; and a better than the last may be found on any page of any classic of our language. Did Mr. Jefferson think to build a literary fame on four lucky phrases? and was this the ambition of a man engaged in great affairs, and to whose hands were committed the destinies of a people?

Both the professor and his reviewer marked these expressions, and both determined that their appearance in the two papers could not have been accidental. But they differ as to the right of property; the professor giving them to Mr. Jefferson, and the reviewer (equally faithful to his own side) giving them to the Mecklen-

burg writer. Both reasoners easily find what they wish to discover. The first three certainly are not Mr. Jefferson's—they were perhaps in common use at the time. They are the language of the resolutions by which Richard Henry Lee moved the Declaration;—which were—"That these united colonies *are, and of right ought to be*, free and independent states; that *they are absolved from all allegiance* to the British crown; that all *political connexion* between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved," &c.

We have now examined the whole article in the New York Review of Mr. Jefferson. Some of those charges are repeated, and in a more invective form, in the January No. of 1838, in the article on Davis's Burr. These two articles are from the same political clerk and clerical politician. The spirit is preserved, but the style is a little changed with the title of the work. It is no longer the "Quarterly Church Journal." The church device is stricken from their banner; and having thrown off their clerical incumbrances, surplice, cassock, and all, and got a party uniform, these gentlemen return to the old political scuffle with a good deal more fierceness. Our soldier, in particular, flourishes in the field like a Bishop of Beauvais.

We thought the party malice of the federal journalist and political divine was too concentrated for diffusion; that his phial was emptied on Mr. Jefferson. But his January number pours a full stream on Burr; whom he subjects, in the test of character, to the same sort of analysis. First, he settles his religion, then his morals, and then his politics; the whole sparkling with critical eloquence and personal denunciation, much after this fashion. Burr is styled an "unprincipled, and almost peerless villain;" and afterwards, more figuratively, "a wretch whom purity would scarce look at, much less touch." "We would we knew a word stronger than any the language affords, which might express the concentrated wickedness of a thousand villainies compressed into one; some little syllabic formation which might convey with comprehensive brevity the idea of a devil's spirit linked to a brute's propensities; and verily," he proceeds more jocosely, "Burr should have the benefit of it." After this *con amore* sketch, where, in his railing, our language breaks down under him, he returns to Mr. Jefferson, and declares, p. 210, that "a good man would long hesitate in his choice, were he forced upon the hard alternative of being either Thomas Jefferson, or Aaron Burr." Here we have the eminent citizen and President of the Republic, who lived and died in the unbounded devotion of the whole American people, branded as a "peerless villain"—"a wretch whom purity would scarce look at"—"a devil and a brute."* And this is the way a living clergyman talks of a dead patriot. It was not in this style his political enemies wrote his funeral oration; it was not with such sentiments Daniel Webster exclaimed, "We would have borne him upward in a nation's outspread arms, and with the prayers of millions and the blessings of millions, have recommended him to the favor of the Divinity." Let the American people learn from the New York Church Review what a crime-stained monster has been the god of their political idolatry.

One extract more—the conclusion on Burr—to show

* P. 202, we have a "viper"—"the cowardly chronicle of his posthumous slander," &c. &c.

somewhat more of the temper of the whole. The style is Counsellor Phillips' run mad, but the sentiments are like the rest. It is meant for fine writing, and was, no doubt, a matured and digested passage. It is of Burr. "He lay a shattered wreck of humanity just entering upon eternity, with not enough of man left about him, to make a christian out of. [!!!] Ruined in fortune and rotten in reputation, thus passed," &c. &c.—and "when he was laid in the grave, decency congratulated itself that a nuisance was removed, and good men were glad that God had seen fit to deliver society from the contaminating contact of a festering mass of moral putrefaction."

This is like an hyena; it is the rancorous malignity of a fiend. There is nothing human in this chuckling over a deathbed, a miserable, deserted deathbed, and a dishonored grave. Surely that ambitious, and singularly worldly-minded man must, in his own feelings, in his political prostration, and his deep personal abasement, have sufficiently avenged his enemies. No matter what his errors and crimes were; a feeling man would pity as well as condemn, while he regarded his elevation and his fall; and a just man would decide that his misery was punishment enough. How a man of religion regards all these circumstances, we charitably take it, the New York reviewer is no example.

This article on Burr quotes from Davis a detailed account of the opening of the ballots before Congress in the presidential election of 1801; in which is stated—that the votes presented for Georgia were not authenticated; and that, notwithstanding, Mr. Jefferson passed them for himself and Burr. The reviewer thinks, "there was nothing in Mr. Jefferson's character to render the story improbable;" but that the testimony of an anonymous witness is insufficient evidence. He might have found, in the very statement, a conclusive refutation of it, made as sure as human testimony can make any thing. The circumstances are these. This unknown witness of Mr. Davis' "secret history" says he had it from Nicholas and Wells, two of the tellers. If the fact be true, then four perjuries were committed; by the three tellers and the presiding officer—for with all it was a violation the grossest, of their oath of office. Two of them afterwards confess their infamy, in the way of babbling gossip and secret history, to a man in New York, who furnishes it for the enduring record and eternal blazon of Davis' biography. Wells too was a federalist; yet he sinned against his oath, and all his political feelings and interests. Rutledge, of South Carolina—an honorable and distinguished man—he too colluded!! These monstrous improbabilities are involved in this libel. Yet it is welcomed by the reviewer, who calls on Davis to produce his witness!—In the January No. of the Democratic Review, published at Washington, is given a copy of the Georgia ballot, taken from the archives of the United States Senate, by which it appears that the votes were authenticated in every legal form, by the signatures of the electors, by the signature of the governor, and by the executive seal of the state. This removes the very foundation on which this great fabric of slander was erected.

The reviewer's estimate of Mr. Jefferson's abilities is as just, and candid, and liberal as his moral strictures. On p. 34, article Jefferson, he pronounces it ludicrous to compare him with Hamilton or Jay. But what was

the general opinion of their countrymen then, and what is that opinion now? Mr. Madison may be allowed as a competent judge. He had tried Hamilton's strength in every form, and did full justice to his ability; but declared, that in the gradation of intellect, there were many orders, between such a mind and Mr. Jefferson's. Judge the men too, by what they attempted and accomplished. Jay, after his treaty, retired from public life. But Hamilton lived on, in political struggles, and political defeats; while Mr. Jefferson triumphed, and from president to president of his party, led the political opinions of his country through twenty-four years. A man who passes through life unimpressive as a shadow, may be gifted with higher powers than he who governs the mind of his age; but, of this, we can only reason in the spirit of the Latin maxim, and infer that only to exist, which appears.* But these reviewers judge men and things by the illumination of a higher wisdom—which teaches them to know that the race is never to the swift, and to believe whatever is contrary to facts and probable evidence.

The New York Church Quarterly cannot be regarded as the most valuable gift that Divinity has bequeathed to politics. The habit of taking a little verse of text, and wire-drawing it into a sermon, makes weak and diffusive writers. The labor of writing about nothing, disqualifies them to write well about any thing. But were it otherwise,—were it the direct reverse of this review,—no learning or eloquence, not even Milton and Salmasius, could reconcile us to the revival of the vulgar and atrocious railing, which was the old language of church controversy. We therefore hope that the tempting opportunities of this Review, and the ambition of that sort of reputation may not turn the New York ministry into a set of political and pamphleteering clerics.

GENERAL HUGH MERCER.

Among the many acts of tyranny and oppression, which exiled from Britain her noblest sons, and which crowded the forests of America with an educated and enterprising population, was the memorable battle of Culloden. The dull pen of history slumbers over the details of that terrific conflict, while romance has caught from it some of the proudest examples of virtue, patriotism and chivalry. The Stuarts' throne was filled by a sullen and phlegmatic race—the unholy union with England; a nation's birthright prostituted to sale by a hireling parliament—the burnings, wastings and judicial murders, under the iron law of the sword, and the heroism of her true, though proscribed sovereign, all conspired to leave a festering wound on the heart of Scotland, and to render her restless and insubordinate under the rule of a foreign king. The battle of Culloden

* The maxim referred to by the writer is, "*De non apparentibus et non existentibus, eadem est ratio.*"—Things not appearing, are considered as not existing.—[Ed. Mess.]

quenched the last gasp of her independence, and the stern revenge inflicted on the vanquished by the merciless Cumberland, while it filled the nation with woe and wretchedness, expelled from her bosom those sons whom power could not purchase, and whom cruelty could not conquer. In that memorable engagement, the subject of our memoir bore an honorable part in the service of his oppressed country. Having graduated at an early age in the science of medicine, he acted on this occasion as an assistant surgeon, and with a multitude of the vanquished, he shortly after sought a refuge of virtue and a home of freedom in the wilderness of America.

Landing in Pennsylvania, he remained there a short time. From thence he removed to Fredericksburg in Virginia, where he married and became highly distinguished for his skill and success as a practitioner of medicine. An unsubdued enemy—merciless, treacherous and revengeful, hovered around the frontiers of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, repressing settlements—murdering defenceless women and children, and frequently making inroads into the cultivated and open country of the colonies. Joining the army under Washington, which was collected for the purpose of subduing the Indians, General Mercer, then holding the rank of captain, became an actor in those wild, perilous, and spirit-stirring scenes which characterized the Indian war of 1755. In one of the engagements with this wily foe he was wounded in the right wrist by a musket ball; and in the irregular warfare then practised, his company scattered and became separated from him. Faint from loss of blood, and exhausted by fatigue, he was closely pursued by the savage foe, their thrilling war-whoop ringing through the forest, and stimulating to redoubled energy the footsteps of their devoted victim. Fortunately the hollow trunk of a large tree presented itself. In a moment he concealed himself in it, and though his pursuers reached the spot and seated themselves around him, he yet miraculously escaped! Leaving his place of refuge, he sought the abodes of civilization, through a trackless wild of more than one hundred miles in extent, and after supporting life on roots and the *body of a rattlesnake*, which he encountered and killed, he finally reached Fort Cumberland in safety. For his gallantry and military skill in this war, proved in a distinguished degree, by the destruction of the Indian settlement at Kittaning, Pennsylvania, the Corporation of Philadelphia presented to him an honorable and appropriate medal.

The commencement of the American Revolution found him in the midst of an extensive medical practice, surrounded by affectionate friends, and enjoying in the bosom of a happy family all the comforts of social life. Stimulated to action by a lofty spirit of patriotism, he broke from the

endearments of domestic life, and gave to his country in that trying hour the energy and resources of a practised and accomplished soldier. In 1775 he was in command of three regiments of minute men, and early in 1776 we find him zealously engaged as a colonel of the army of Virginia, in drilling and organizing the raw and ill-formed masses of men, who under the varied names of sons of Liberty, minute men, volunteers and levies, presented the bulk without the order—the mob without the discipline of an army. To produce obedience and subordination among men who considered military discipline as a restraint on personal liberty, and who had entered into the war unpaid and unrestricted by command, was a severe and invidious task. The courage—the fortitude—the self-possession of Col. Mercer quailed not to these adverse circumstances, and by the judicious exercise of mingled severity and kindness, he soon succeeded in reducing a mutinous soldiery to complete submission. Tradition has preserved the following anecdote, illustrating in a striking manner, his characteristic promptitude and bravery.

Among the troops which arrived at Williamsburg, then the metropolis of Virginia, was a company of riflemen from beyond the mountains, commanded by Captain Gibson. A reckless insubordination, and a violent opposition to military restraint, had gained for this corps the sarcastic name of “Gibson’s Lambs.” They had not been long in camp before a mutiny arose among them, producing much excitement in the army, and alarming the inhabitants of the city. Freed from all command, they roamed through the camp, threatening with instant death, any officer who should presume to exercise authority over them. In the height of the rebellion, an officer was despatched with the alarming tidings to the quarters of Col. Mercer. The citizens of the town vainly implored him not to risk his life and person amid this infuriated mob. Reckless of personal safety, he instantly repaired to the barracks of the mutinous band, and directing a general parade of the troops, he ordered Gibson’s company to be drawn up as offenders and violators of law, and to be disarmed in his presence. The ringleaders were placed under a strong guard, and in the presence of the whole army, he addressed the offenders in an eloquent and feeling manner—impressing on them their duties as citizen-soldiers, and the *certainty of death* if they continued to disobey their officers, and remained in that mutinous spirit—equally disgraceful to them, and hazardous to the sacred interests they had marched to defend. Disorder was instantly checked, and after a short confinement, those under imprisonment were released, and the whole company were ever after as exemplary in their deportment and conduct as any troops in the army.

A similar incident in the life of Germanicus, must recall to the memory of the classical reader the imperishable page of the *Annals*, and he will find the glowing panegyric of Tacitus applying with redoubled force to the character of Col. Mercer. In the one case the legions of Pannonia, on the death of Augustus, revolted for the sake of plunder, and the army of Germany which joined them, were inspired by the double motives of revolution and pillage. The virtue of Germanicus refused a crown stained with treason, and he was forced to suppress the rebellion by means degrading to the soldier, and disgraceful to the patriot. He addressed the hearts of an army composed of the refuse of Rome, in the language of sympathy and compliment, and the honor of the soldier did not blush at the cowardice of a largess. Col. Mercer appealed to the sense and patriotism of his rebellious soldiers—to the holy cause in which they were engaged; and while he awakened their remorse by his passionate eloquence, he asserted and maintained the supremacy of the laws.

Colonel Mercer now joined the continental army, Congress having conferred on him the rank of Brigadier General; and throughout the whole of the stormy and disastrous campaign of 1776, he was a bold, fearless and efficient officer. The fatal conflict at Long Island—the capitulation at Fort Washington, and the evacuation of Fort Lee, were the painful preludes to the disastrous retreat of the American army. From Brunswick, through Princeton, to Trenton, our ragged and suffering army was driven by a powerful and exulting foe, until it was forced to cross the Delaware in search of an uncertain refuge in Pennsylvania. Dispirited by defeat, and disheartened by abject want, desertion daily thinned the feeble ranks of the patriot army, and in that darkest hour of our history the proclamation of General Howe, offering a free pardon, scattered far and wide the leprosy of treason. In vain did the commander-in-chief implore the assistance of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania militia. Terrified or desponding, they refused all aid, and cautiously withdrew from an army now rapidly approaching the verge of destruction. Flushed with victory, the enemy rioted on the plunder of the country, and calmly awaited the extinction of its humbled foe. The genius of Washington arose above these accumulated misfortunes. He could no longer repress the fatal disease of desertion and treason, which was fast reducing his army to a skeleton. The torrent of illfortune threatening to overwhelm his country, must be rolled back on the enemy, and he resolved to hazard one desperate effort for victory. On the night of the 25th December, 1776, he crossed the Delaware at Trenton—surprised a body of Hessians stationed there—took nearly nine hundred prisoners, and immediately

recrossed the river, having lost but nine of his men.

This bold and masterly stroke awoke Cornwallis from his dream of conquest, and leaving New York, he returned with an additional force, and concentrated his troops at Princeton. A portion of Pennsylvania militia now joined the standard of Washington, and having persuaded the New England troops to serve six months longer, he again crossed the Delaware, and took post at Trenton.

On the morning of the second of January, 1777, the enemy advanced to attack the American army. On their approach, Gen. Washington prudently retired across a creek which runs through the town, and then drew up his troops. The fords being guarded, the enemy could not pass, and halting, a brisk cannonade was kept up with great spirit by both sides until night. In this critical situation, Gen. Washington conceived the bold design of abandoning the Delaware, and marching silently in the night along the left flank of the enemy into their rear at Princeton. The plan was instantly approved by a council of war, and as soon as it was dark the baggage was removed to Burlington. About one o'clock, on the morning of the third of January, the gallant band—its van led by General Mercer, decamped, and silently threaded its circuitous march along the left flank of its exulting foe. Reaching Princeton about sunrise, General Mercer encountered three British regiments, who had encamped there on the previous night, and who were leaving the town to join the rear of their troops at Maidenhead. A fierce and desperate conflict immediately ensued. The American militia, constituting the front, hesitated, became confused and soon gave way, while the few regulars in the rear could not check the dastardly retreat. Ere the fortune of the day was changed, and ere victory perched on the patriot standard, the heroic Mercer fell. Rushing forward to rally his broken troops, and stimulating them by his voice and example, his horse was shot from under him, and he fell dangerously wounded among the columns of the advancing enemy. Being thus dismounted, he was instantly surrounded by a party of British soldiers, with whom, when they refused him quarter, he fought desperately with his drawn sword until he was completely overpowered. Excited to brutality by the gallantry of his resistance, they stabbed him with their bayonets in seven different parts of his body, inflicted many blows on his head with the butt-ends of their muskets, and did not cease their butchery until they believed him to be a crushed and mangled corpse. Nine days after the battle he died in the arms of Major Geo. Lewis of the army, the nephew of General Washington, whom the uncle had commissioned to watch over the last moments of his expiring friend. His latter hours

were soothed by the skilful and affectionate attendance of the distinguished Doctor Rush. He complained much of his head, and frequently remarked to his surgeon, "that there was the principal danger," and Doctor Rush whenever he detailed the thrilling narrative of his patient's suffering, always ascribed his death to the blows on the head more than to the bayonet wounds, although several of these were attended with extreme danger.

In a small house, a few yards distant from that blood-red plain of carnage and of death, far away from the soothing consolations of domestic affection, this distinguished martyr of Liberty breathed his last. The victorious flag of his country proudly floated over a field of triumph, and without a murmur he sank into a soldier's grave—finding a hallowed sepulchre in the hearts of his countrymen, and a fadeless epitaph in their institutions.

The mangled body was removed under a military escort from Princeton to Philadelphia, and exposed a day in the coffee-house, with the design of exciting by that mournful spectacle the indignation of the people. The *Pennsylvania Evening Post* for January 18, 1777, has thus recorded his death and funeral obsequies. "Last Sunday evening, died near Princeton, of the wounds he received in the engagement at that place on the 3rd instant, Hugh Mercer, Esq., Brigadier General in the continental army. On Wednesday his body was brought to this city, and on Thursday buried on the south side of Christ church yard with military honors; attended by the committee of safety—the members of the assembly—gentlemen of the army, and a number of the most respectable inhabitants of this city. The uniform character—exalted abilities and intrepidity of this illustrious officer, will render his name equally dear to America with the liberty for which she is now contending, to the latest posterity."

The battles of Trenton and Princeton, in which General Mercer fought and bled unto death, were the most brilliant and fortunate victories won in the war of the Revolution. The establishment of our independence was now no longer a matter of doubt. Confidence was restored to our disheartened army, and a chord of sympathy was stricken which vibrated throughout all the country. Europe looked with astonishment on the military skill displayed by a raw and dispirited soldiery, and in the indomitable fortitude of her banded chivalry, America felt that her independence was secured.

General Mercer's elevated character, lofty heroism and brutal murder, excited a deep and affectionate sympathy throughout all the colonies. On the 8th of April, 1777,* Congress unani-

* It is still a resolution of Congress. How often are justice, gratitude and honor forgotten in the low and vulgar conflicts of party!

mously resolved, that a monument should be erected to the memory of General Mercer at Fredericksburg, Virginia; at the same time a similar monument to the memory of Gen. Warren was decreed; and Gen. Washington, in an official letter to Congress, thus alludes to these resolutions. "The honors Congress have decreed to the memory of Generals Warren and Mercer afford me the highest pleasure. Their character and merit had a just claim to every mark of respect, and I heartily wish that every officer of the United States, emulating their virtues, may by their actions secure to themselves the same right to the grateful tributes of their country." The fixed popularity of Gen. Mercer, and the cherished affection which the nation bore for his memory, was happily exemplified in the chaste and beautiful compliment of Lafayette. When he was in the United States a few years ago, the conversation in a particular company, turning on the prominent men of the Revolution, one of the company observed to him, that he, Gen. Lafayette, was of course acquainted with Gen. Mercer, not recollecting that Lafayette did not arrive in the United States until after the battle of Princeton. "Oh! no," said the General, "you know that Mercer fell in January, 1777, and I reached the United States in the ensuing spring; but on *my arrival I found the army and whole country so full of his name, that an impression has been always left on my mind since, that I was personally acquainted with him.*"

In Wilkinson's *Memoirs*, several interesting particulars of the life and services of Gen. Mercer are related, and in alluding to his death, that writer remarks: "In Gen. Mercer we lost at Princeton a chief who for education, talents, disposition, integrity and patriotism, was second to no man but the commander-in-chief, and was qualified to fill the highest trusts of the country."

The same author remarks, that an evening or two before the battle of Princeton, Gen. Mercer being in the tent of Gen. St. Clair with several officers, the conversation turned on some promotions then just made in the army. Gen. Mercer remarked, "they were not engaged in a war of ambition, or that he should not have been there, and that every man should be content to serve in that station in which he could be most useful—that *for his part he had but one object in view, and that was the success of the cause, and that God could witness how cheerfully he would lay down his life to secure it.*" Little, adds the writer, did he or any of the company then think that a few fleeting hours would seal the compact.

In the historical paintings of the battle of Princeton by Peale and Trumbull, Gen. Mercer is a prominent and conspicuous figure. That by Peale hangs in the chapel of Nassau Hall at Princeton, and that by Col. Trumbull is in the exhibition

rooms at New York. The states of Pennsylvania and Kentucky, among their first acts of legislation, named portions of their territories Mercer, and lately Virginia followed these examples of gratitude and respect. The country in New Jersey, including Trenton, Princeton, Laurenceville, and the battle field of the 3rd January, has been very recently erected into a county by the legislature of that state, and bears the appropriate name of Mercer.

The remains of this gifted and accomplished soldier now sleep in Christ churchyard, Philadelphia. Impelled by filial love, his youngest son in the year 1817 sought his place of interment. The venerable Mr. Dolley, who had attended the funeral, was still the sexton and assisted in the pious search, and near the grave on the southern side of the brick enclosure were faintly inscribed the letters "G. M." A plain and unadorned marble slab now marks the grave, bearing the simple yet expressive epitaph—"In memory of General Hugh Mercer, who fell at Princeton, January 3, 1777."

March, 1838.

SCRAPS AND CULLINGS,

From the Note Book of a Gleaner.

BY A MARYLANDER.

BEAUTIES AND WONDERS OF NATURE.

Fountain of elegance, unseen thyself,
What limit owns thy beauty, when thy works
Seem to possess, to faculties like mine,
Perfection infinite! The merest speck
Of animated matter, to the eye
That studiously surveys the wise design,
Is a full volume of abundant art.

Wearied and dissatisfied with the vexatious pursuits of ordinary life, there are moments of sober reflection, when the mind of man, recoiling upon itself, seeks in the materials of the universe some evidence of his true estate and high moral destination. The Book of Nature is unfolded to his view, and in its living pages he reads every character that can delight the heart, and every lesson that may direct his understanding.

The Supreme Architect in the exercise of unmeasured power, seems, in the gorgeous display of his works, to have been prompted solely by his benevolence to those beings upon whom he has impressed his divine image. To the human mind, then, there can be no exercise of its wondrous faculties more grateful than a holy contemplation of the sublime machinery which wheels and moves around us.

All nature, upon which side soever it is surveyed, proclaims the superintendence of this Spirit of Benevolence. The lowly plants of the valley and the lofty cedars of the mountain proclaim him; the delighted insects hum his praise; in the fragrance and foliage of

the fields the birds warble to him in grateful accents; the lightning announces his power, and the ocean declares his immensity.

It is not because the beauties of Nature prove the existence of Supreme Intelligence, that the attention of thinking minds is now called to a survey of the harmonies by which we are encompassed; but it is, that the Author of Nature made manifest in his works, may receive from man, "busy about many things," some portion of that admiration and love, which is so lavishly profused upon the fleeting vanities of life.

It is by the calm contemplation of the material world, from man, the connecting link between higher intelligences and things perishable, the sharer of time and of eternity, down through all the gradations of animal and vegetable existence to inert matter in all its stupendous shapes, that we are enabled clearly to conceive, and properly to estimate the dignity of our nature, and the sublimity of our destiny. The mind familiar with such observances seems to catch something of the immensity it contemplates, until lifting its view from the scaffolding to the Architect, the heart is melted into love, while the understanding is lost in admiration!

It is thus, that overleaping the natural boundaries around us, we no longer confine our reflections to the fading beauties before us, but in the fulness of fervent contemplation extend our view to other beauties, which, while they seem to be transitory, are in reality permanent and everlasting. Such are motion and repose, darkness and light, the seasons, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and all those paraphernalia of nature, which give variety to the decorations of the universe. The ardent fire-worshipper of the East, who at early dawn turns to the pencilled messengers of the Orient which announce the coming of the God—the savage of our own continent, who breathes his lament upon the thickening shades of night for the departure of the Great Spirit at eventide, admire a fleeting beauty. But the christian philosopher, from the heights of science, in the scene that fades before him in the setting sun, traces in the distant heavens all the brilliant colors which are painted for another people and another clime, while he is overshadowed in the stillness of night. He feels that such beauties, though progressive, are absolute in duration, and that the lamp which has been hung out in the heavens can never be obscured, until the hand that created it shall, in the fulfilment of his inscrutable designs, throw time into eternity.

Let us pause for a moment on this elevation, and in the fervor of a chaste imagination, group some of the most beautiful imagery of nature. Would you unfetter the mind, and lifting the curtain of your horizon, form a clear conception of a prospect of the universe? Figure to yourself as existing at the same time all the hours of the day—the balmy breath of the morning, the blaze of noontide effulgence, the holy hour of evening—all the seasons of the year, a weeping day in April and a sunset in yellow autumn—a firmament studded with stars and a night mantled in clouds—meadows enamelled with flowers, forests stripped of their foliage, and fields burdened with golden harvests—the milky-way lustrous in the heavens, and the ocean asleep in its immensity. Merciful Father! how art thou made manifest in thy works!

How is it, that while you behold Hesperus sparkling

on the crest of the western wave, the orisons of another should mingle with the first rays of the morning?

By what magic is it, that this ancient luminary, the sun, which to your view retires to rest weary and glowing in the evening, should be to another the youthful orb that awakes bathed in dew, and arises from behind the gray curtains of the morning? Why is it, that at every moment of the day he is rising, burning in his zenith, and setting on the children of men? Who can look through the stillness of the night to peruse the magnificent volume of the heavens without feeling the nearness of the Deity? Who, that feels his presence and his goodness, will not bow down and adore him?

Thus we have endeavored to group somewhat of the chaste and beautiful imagery of Nature. We will now descend to one of the chords in the harmony which prevails around us.

Let our spirit go forth upon the waters—let us contemplate

THE OCEAN.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
King the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!

Of all the wonders of creation, from the moment, that obedient to the celestial mandate, the comet submitted, and planet attracted planet across the fields of immensity, the ocean unreposed, untired, unconquerable, has filled the mind of man in all ages with a holy awe, which the other wonders of the universe had failed to inspire. The well ordered mind loves to look back to the origin of matter, when the infant ocean, in the morning of creation, commenced to roll that wild, profound, eternal bass in the anthem of early nature, and made such music as pleased the ear of Deity. It is the book of mystery. It is the temple of contemplation. The vintage, when the showering grapes "reel to the earth purple, and gushing in Bacchanal profusion," is not more rife with sweets, than the depths of the profound with wonders and beauties.

Holy of Holies! where shall we commence thy praise? Whether we calmly look abroad upon its expanse, when, asleep in its immensity, it reflects all nature from its polished surface; or as the soft echoes of its undulating billows is heard in low and hollow murmurs from the caves of its shelving beach, when every breeze is hushed, and its placid bosom is unruffled; or whether we gaze upon it when wrought up by fearful agitation into all the horrors of the tempest, when blackness scowls upon the face of its waters, and its foaming waves mingle with the clouds; it is impossible to conceive anything better calculated to excite in us lofty and sublime conceptions of that Spirit, who weighs in the hollow of his hand the waters of the deep. The level expanse of the ocean when reposing, communicates to the contemplative mind a similar tranquillity; and when its angry billows lift their devouring heads, we are filled with ideas the most sublime, meditations the most solemn. The very nature of the prospect, boundless and unbroken, presents a sensible argument for the

eternity of duration and infinity of space, more forcible than the subtlest reasoning of metaphysic.

The ocean, obedient in its alternate tides, to the celestial influences, and rolling its indomitable surges from clime to clime, with every billow whitened with the commerce of the dweller upon earth, is the most august object under the heavens. Man, in the plenitude of his intellect, in the utmost stretch of his imagination, feeling his inability to comprehend or to conceive the mysteries of the great deep, stands upon its margin, himself an atom in creation, forgetful of his puny mechanism, to bow down the powers of his mind before the grandeur and magnificence reflected in this everlasting spectacle. Who art thou, that taketh up the sea in thy hand, and in whose sight the ocean is a drop; who covereth the earth with the deep as with a garment, and meth it bounds which it cannot pass? Who will dive into the hungry depths of the ocean to reveal the beauties and the treasures which lie imbedded in its unfathomable recesses?

O boundless deep! we know
Thou hast strange wonders in thy gloom concealed,
Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly glow
Sunlight is sealed.

And an eternal spring
Showers her rich colors with unsparing hand,
Where coral trees their graceful branches fling
O'er golden sand!

But if the grandeur of this ocean scenery had been displayed for no other purpose but to awaken the hallowed feelings so eloquently uttered in the sublime sketch with which we conclude, these wonderful mysteries have been wisely ordained. "One evening (it was a profound calm), we were in the delicious seas which bathe the shores of Virginia; every sail was furled; when the sound of the bell broke upon the stillness of the evening to announce the hour for mingling our supplications to the throne of Grace. The officers stood upon the quarter; the chaplain somewhat in advance; the seamen were scattered at random over the poop; our faces were towards the prow, which was turned to the west. The globe of the sun, whose lustre even then we could scarcely endure, ready to plunge beneath the waves, was discovered between the rigging in the midst of boundless space. From the motion of the stern it appeared as if the radiant orb every moment changed its horizon. A few clouds wandered confusedly in the east, where the moon was slowly rising. The rest of the sky was serene. Towards the north a water-spout, forming a glorious triangle with the luminaries of day and night, glistening with all the colors of the prism, rose out of the sea, like a column of crystal supporting the vault of heaven. Religious tears involuntarily flowed from my eyes when my intrepid companions lifting their tarred hats, began in a hoarse voice to chant their simple song to that God who is the protector of the mariner. How affecting were the prayers of these men, who, from a frail plank in the midst of the ocean, contemplated a sun setting in the waves! How touching to the heart such invocations to the Father of the distressed! The consciousness of our insignificance, excited by the voice of infinity; our song resounding to a distance over the silent deep; the night approaching with its dangers; our vessel, itself a

wonder among so many wonders; a religious crew penetrated with admiration and awe; a priest august in supplication; the Almighty, diffused over the abyss, with one hand staying the sun at the portals of the west, with the other raising the moon in the eastern hemisphere, and lending throughout immensity an attentive ear to the voice of his creatures; this is a scene which defies the art of the painter and the eloquence of the writer, and which the whole heart of man is scarcely sufficient to embrace.

"We arose at midnight, and sat down upon deck, where we found only the officer of the watch and a few sailors in profound silence. No noise was heard save the dashing of the prow through the billows, while sparks of fire created the ripple of the broken waters. God of christians! it is on the waters of the abyss, and on the expanded sky that thou hast particularly graven the characters of thy omnipotence. Millions of stars sparkling in the azure dome of heaven; the moon in the midst of the firmament; a sea unbounded by any shore; infinity in the skies and on the waves! Never didst thou affect me more powerfully than in those nights, when, suspended between the stars and the ocean, I had immensity over my head, and immensity under my feet."

Adoring, own

The hand Almighty, who its channelled bed
Immeasurable sunk, and poured abroad,
Fenced with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere
To link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family.

THE WEST FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

BY L. M.

CHAPTER I.

Col. B—— of South-Carolina, who had been a subaltern officer of merit during our revolutionary war, having an increasing family, resolved to emigrate in 1787, to Tennessee. He predicted justly, that the rich lands of that region would in the course of a short time be settled by an enterprising and industrious population, and that on such a theatre, he and his children might do better than in an older and a poorer country.

Col. B—— was a man of undoubted courage—of a powerful frame, and capable of enduring great fatigue. He was of a generous and unsuspecting nature—honest in all his transactions—and kind towards all his race. He was well educated in the practical matters of life. Almost all his valuable knowledge had been acquired in the camp, in his intercourse with his brother officers and soldiers, amongst whom there prevailed a chivalric spirit, begotten amidst the excitement and heroism that marked our revolutionary conflict. Mrs. B—— was a woman of meek temper, a professor of religion, devoted to her husband and her children, of industrious habits and sound judgment. Her oldest child, Emily, was just sixteen at the period of the proposed emigration, her next was a robust boy about fourteen,

her two youngest were girls, one four, and the other two years of age.

The daughter had been educated in Carolina, as well as circumstances would permit. She had a natural taste for music, and was gifted with a melodious voice. Her spirit was lofty, her affections strong, and even vehement. At the period of her departure from her native state, in the autumn of 1787, her health was excellent, her frame rather slender and delicate, her spirits high and cheerful.

Col. B—— commenced his journey in November, and reached a landing on the Holston river, in East Tennessee, early in December. He found that all the streams were swollen by recent rains, and the usual trace over the mountains utterly impracticable to one who was moving westwardly, with children, slaves, household furniture and farming utensils. In order to reach his destination near Nashville, Col. B—— determined to build a flat boat, to put his family and goods on board, and proceed down the Holston into the Tennessee river, thence into the Ohio, and up the Cumberland, to his intended home. There were dangers on this route. The boat might be stove: the shoals of the Tennessee were to be passed, as well as the boiling suck, which even at this day is the terror of all navigators of that stream. Above all, he might be attacked and overpowered by the Cherokees. Still, there were nearly equal dangers in any other mode of removal. Having taken his resolution, Col. B—— proceeded to the construction of his vessel. He was assisted by five young laboring white men, who were emigrating with him, and eight negro fellows. The boat was large, and divided into three apartments: one for his family, one for the young men, and one for the slaves. The building of so large a boat, which was to be planked up at the sides, both inside and outside, and in which there were to be portholes made, whence his well armed force might be able to fire upon the enemy, required time. The timbers were to be hewn out of the standing trees, and the plank was to be sawed by hand.

Still Col. B—— was not disheartened. His object was the land of promise, that lay before him to the west. During the whole of December, January, and part of February, the emigrants were busily employed. In the latter month there were appearances of approaching spring. The maples were tapped, poplar trays were dug out in which to catch the sugar water. The little negroes were usefully employed in this work; the negro women, under the direction of the mistress, were engaged in making sugar, a luxury of rare value in the midst of the wilderness.

About this time two gentlemen, followed by a servant who led a pack-horse, arrived at this temporary residence of Col. B—— and his family. Having alighted, they approached the door of the cabin, and the elderly one having entered, presented his hand, gave his name Major G—— of Virginia, and introduced his son Henry. The sight of these friendly and genteel strangers, filled the bosoms of the emigrants with delight. The elder was about fifty years of age, his hair somewhat stricken with gray. He was clad in apparel which indicated taste and wealth. His manners were kind and courteous, and evidently had been modelled after those of the men of highest rank in the "Old Dominion."

Young Henry G—— was about twenty-two, rather tall, athletic, with light hair, fair complexion, a remarkably keen, full blue eye, and the picture of good health. The mountain air of the Blue Ridge had given a deep red to his cheek. The manner of Henry G—— was well enough. All his movements assured the observer that the character of his mind was of the positive order, and that he might prove a dangerous adversary in a quarrel. He had been accustomed to the chase in his native state, and was attached to all sports requiring physical exertion. Towards all those with whom he was intimate, he was as open as day. The sentiments which he carried into his intercourse with his young friends, were chivalric and honorable. Towards his father, he manifested the deepest devotion. The two seemed to be on a footing of the closest confidence. The former gave continually evidence that he looked upon the graceful figure of his boy with unutterable delight.

In the course of conversation Major G—— stated that he was going to the west to examine some lands, in which he had become interested, and which demanded his personal care. He had left Virginia with the expectation of meeting at some point, near where Col. B—— and his family were, a considerable party going to Nashville, having similar views with himself; and who, being completely armed, as he, his son and servant were, might protect each other, in pursuing the trace over Spencer's Mountain, and down the vallies to the head waters of the Cumberland river, from the hostile attacks of the savages. Until the arrival of this party, Major G—— would remain at the landing. But it came not as soon as was expected. Day after day rolled away. Col. B——, Mrs. B—— and Major G—— filled up their leisure in talking over the stirring events of the late war in the south—sometimes a melancholy, and sometimes an exulting theme. Occasionally, they spoke of the country to which they were making their way—the fatness of the soil—the wonderful product which it yielded to reward the cultivator—the serenity of the climate, until these elderly people found their imaginations bodying forth the forms of things unknown, turning them to shape, and giving to airy nothings, names and local habitations.

But, how were the son and daughter employed, during this delay at the landing? Their acquaintance was begun in the very bosom of the wilderness. Not a human being was to be seen who did not reside within a fortress, and who did not cultivate his patch of corn, bearing his rifle in his left hand, and guiding his plough with his right—who did not prime his arms anew before he laid himself down to rest from the labors of the day. That such a girl as Emily B——, under such circumstances, should strike the fancy and rivet the attention of so young a man as Henry G——, was, of all events that could occur in the intercourse of persons so secluded, the most natural.

That a high spirited and lovely maiden should feel anxious to know the mind and heart of such a youth as Henry, was also most natural. That she should even desire to gain his kind wishes, if not his affections, was at least pardonable.

The hunt was resorted to as a matter both of necessity and amusement. Anticipating the exhilarating joys of the chase, on his western tour, Henry G—— had

procured his hunting shirt—highly fringed, and ornamented as was the fashion of the time—his powder-flask, shot-pouch, knife, flints, and all other necessary materials. When clad in these, when mounted on his Virginia charger—of course the best in the world, as a Virginian always thinks—when the party were all ready, when the horn was blown and the dogs set up their cry, Emily could not avoid looking upon this scene with secret pride, and with a far tenderer interest than mere approbation begets. On the return of the hunters, whatever game had been taken, was brought by young Henry, and thrown at Emily's feet. If a bear was started from his wallow, the fight of the dogs with bruin,—his gallant and long continued resistance—the number of balls which he received before he fell—the moans which he poured forth before he yielded up his breath, were detailed by Henry to the parents, and particularly to Emily herself, in the most animated strains. That the girl heard them with delight, her kindling eye and approving smile, abundantly attested.

Occasionally the whole party would walk along the bank of the river, but Henry and Emily either pressed on before or lingered behind. But at last the travellers from North-Carolina arrived. The speedy departure of Major G—— became certain. It was at once evident to the quick discerning maternal eye of Mrs. B——, that her daughter, always so gay and happy, had suddenly become sad. She could not mistake the cause, nor could she avoid sympathising with her child.

After a halt of two days, that the horses might be rested, and refresh themselves with the green cane that grew luxuriantly round the landing, the party determined to set out. The evening before, Henry made his way to Emily's cabin, and took his seat beside her. After a long pause, he said in a subdued tone, We are going in the morning! There was no reply. Raising his head, and looking into Emily's face, he perceived that her countenance had assumed a deadly paleness. But, in an instant, her color partially returned, and her heaving bosom found relief from her tears. Throwing his arms around her, her head sunk upon his bosom, and her shining brown hair fell in profusion over her face. The confession of a mutual passion was then made. For a long time both were dumb. At last, however, the silence was interrupted by a remark from Henry, full of the tenderest interest, that he feared greatly for her safety in the descent of the river; and she reciprocated this feeling, by suggesting that the party to which he would be attached, might be assailed by the Cherokees in the gorges of the mountains, or at some of the narrow passes, and all cut off. The prospect of these dangers, she said, had filled her bosom with unutterable anguish. But he calmed her fears in some degree, by alleging that they were strong in numbers—well armed—that they would use every precaution, and, that the Indians had not been known to assail any but very small detachments of emigrants, in the unfrequented parts of the country through which they were about to pass.

In the morning all arose before daylight. The horses were saddled, the circingles were buckled over the rolls of blankets which formed part of the baggage of each rider, and which were to be at once the bed and the covering of each man of the party. Breakfast was hastily prepared, and all were soon ready to mount.

Passing with hurried steps to Emily's cabin, Henry simply said that they would meet again at her father's intended home—then embraced her tenderly, and bade her adieu.

Within a week after this sad parting, Col. B——'s boat was launched, and the utmost diligence was employed to fit her for her destined voyage. The deer and bear that had been killed were dried and stored away. A small quantity of corn had been brought on pack-horses from a settlement about sixty miles off. After every necessary arrangement had been made, the voyage was commenced. The steering of the vessel was committed to the young white men—the oars were plied by the slaves. The downward current of the stream accelerated their pace. On each night the vessel was fastened to the shore, and means of defence regularly adopted.

Although Emily was occasionally sorrowful, yet her love of the works of nature was often gratified on her journey. Sometimes, at the narrow parts of the stream, the mountains seemed to imbosom them—then, at some bend of the river, there broke upon her view broad and rich bottoms, that seemed to be burdened by the immensely tall and heavy timber that covered and shaded them. The howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther, attracted as these animals were by the lights on the boat, were heard at the dark hour of midnight. But there were anticipations even in this hazardous and tedious voyage, which sustained the spirits of Emily B——. Hope never deserted her. The land which her father was seeking lay before her, and each day brought her nearer to it. When reached, she might there receive the embraces of a devoted lover. Amongst the negroes on board, the banjou was heard every night, its sounds filling the young and the old with joy.

At last the voyagers approached that part of the country bordering upon the Tennessee, which is high and open. Large flocks of wild geese flew by, wheeling and sailing through the air, and droves of deer were seen approaching the stream—halting now and then to look on the novel sight before them—then bounding off through the woods in mere wantonness and sport.

In the vicinity of Nicojack, on the Tennessee, there resided a considerable number of warriors, who had been active in the depending hostilities, and who had made many successful marauds into the Cumberland country. Unprincipled white men—French and Spaniards as well Americans—had penetrated through the wilderness from Pensacola and St. Augustine into the upper towns of the Cherokees, and had bartered arms, ammunition and blankets for bear and deer skins.

As the boat of Col. B—— was passing a projecting cliff of the river, a short distance above Nicojack, about five o'clock in the evening, a white man and eleven Indians, all warriors, suddenly made their appearance. This white man hailed the boat, and at the same instant raised a pole with a piece of white cloth tied to the end of it, as a token of peace. Col. B—— answered this signal, and causing the boat to be turned a little towards the land, the white man inquired how long it was since he had left the upper country? To which Col. B—— replied about forty days. Then, said the white man, you had hardly heard of the peace, before you left the Holston? To which the colonel said he had not. This man was tall, slender and sallow. He had adopted the

costume of the savages; nearly all his flesh was gone, and his skin looked as if it had been tanned. In his youth, his fore teeth had projected greatly; but some of them had decayed, and two only were now to be seen, which bore the appearance of tusks. His hair was long, and matted together with filth. His forehead was low, and the expression of his eye ferocious. His scrawny legs were bare—the skin upon them looked as if it had been parched. But this miscreant had committed two foul murders in his native state—had fled when pursued, and had become an outlaw. He spoke to the strangers with fluency, in a subdued and even kind tone. He stated that the commissioners from the congress had met the Cherokee chiefs, about four weeks before, at Hopewell, and had concluded a treaty. That all prisoners on both sides had been given up—that only two days previous, sixty women and children had set out from that part of the country, under an escort for Knoxville, to be restored to their friends. That there was to be no more war, and that all the Cherokees were getting ready to plant corn and hunt for deer and bear. No one of the Indians appeared to have arms of any kind.

It was proposed to Col. B—— that he should come ashore and tarry for the night, but he declined, alleging that he had been a long time on his way—that the moon was now full—the water at the right stage, and the weather mild—that he could now travel as well by night as by day. About this time the colonel bade the party adieu, when the white man observed that he and his companions were going a short distance down the river—that they would come on board and see them, to which proposal Col. B—— assented. Passing rapidly from the point of the cliff on which they stood, the whole party descended to a little cove behind, and quickly appeared in a large canoe. The Indians paddled with much earnestness, and the canoe approached the flat boat with great rapidity. They ascended and met Col. B—— with all his family on the deck. The white man extended his hand and saluted all who were clustered around Col. B——. He then introduced, in a formal manner, the principal chief.

The frame of this man was herculean—his age about fifty—his form was perfect. Being nearly naked, the deep and swelling veins of his long arms and legs were prominent to the view. His manner was proud and almost disdainful. On his immense head he wore a crimson turban, with various feathers in it, after the manner of his tribe. His face was painted red and black—his long lank hair was parted before, and thrown to either side of his high, broad and wrinkled forehead. His eye was small, deep sunk, coal black and brilliant. His natural ferocity seemed to have been increased by the frequent glutting of his vengeance in the white man's blood. His prowess in the field had secured him the lofty pre-eminence of principal chief of all his nation.

Col. B—— and his family shook hands in the most gracious manner with all the party. He said something to the Indians, which, on being interpreted by the white man, awakened a dry, sardonic laugh amongst them. Beside Col. B—— stood his oldest boy, holding him by the coat. After a few moments, when all were at a pause, a loud shout was raised. The principal chief in an instant drew forth from under his hunting

shirt a tomahawk, and at one blow "literally parted the head of Col. B——, one half falling on either shoulder."*

When the Indians reached the deck of the boat, Mrs. B——, as she afterwards said, perceived that the white man was acting the part of a traitor. This conviction satisfied her that her husband's hour had come. Before the cry was raised, she had become dumb. As the body of her father reached the deck, Emily B—— uttered a slight shriek and fell by his side. The five young white men were despatched in a moment. The white man seized the steering oar and rounded the boat too, that she might be secured to the shore. The two little girls uttered wild cries and threw themselves into the lap of their mother, who had gradually sunk down. The negroes in their terror had rushed to their apartment below, and were there all huddled together, when the white man ordered the hands to come up. Having done so, he directed them to strip off the clothes of the six who had fallen, that they might be given to the party. This command being executed, he directed that the dead bodies should be rolled into the river. The blood was heard trickling down into the water, from the deck, in small rills—the brains of the departed were scattered here and there—plunge followed plunge, until all were thrown overboard into their watery graves. The boat having reached the shore, the work of plunder was begun. The fire-arms, ammunition, chairs, clothes, cooking utensils, crockery ware, farming tools and wearing apparel, were taken out and placed upon the beach.

In rummaging through the boat, part of a barrel of whiskey was found, which filled the savages with joy. Towards nightfall, Mrs. B., her children and negroes, were ordered to leave the boat, which they did, and gathered themselves up in a group on the shore. Night soon set in: the air became chilly. The sufferers were faint and exhausted. Large fires were kindled, but the prisoners were not permitted to approach them.

Very soon portions of the whiskey were distributed amongst the Indians, and quickly after loud screams and laughter were heard.

As they became more and more intoxicated, the principal chief would rise from his haunches, brandish his tomahawk, and exhibit to the rest how the bloody work had been done upon Col. B. and his companions. To these exhibitions the rest would respond, by loud shouts, which were re-echoed back to the shore from the distant hills. The dogs which belonged to the captured party had crouched near the mistress and her children. They answered these shouts with long, deep, and mournful cries and howls, as if they even knew that the work of murder had been done upon their affectionate master. The fowls which were on board the boat, and which were ever of consequence to the new settlement, seemed to be restless whilst roosting on the low branches near which their mistress sat.

About a mile from the river there was a Cherokee town. It is in this way that the Indians are divided into small communities for social purposes. At nine o'clock the moon rose in all her fulness and beauty, and shed her radiant light upon this scene of desolation and horror. News of the recent capture had been taken to

this town, and the women and children soon made their appearance. They came near to the clustered captives and looked on them with intense and eager curiosity. About ten o'clock, high words were heard between some of the warriors at their fire. The dispute seemed to concern some matter in which they felt a deep interest. The terms in which each spoke to the other were angry and resolute.

At this instant, an Indian woman of small stature, apparently seventy years old, bent nearly double, approached the fire where the chiefs were with remarkable speed. She was heard to speak with great fierceness for one seemingly so debilitated. After a little she was seen leaving the Indians, with both hands full of tomahawks and scalping knives. Having disposed of these, she approached the two little girls, who were sitting at their mother's feet, and said in a softened tone two or three times, *piccininis*. She then seized the children and led them off, beckoning to Mrs. B. and Emily to follow, who obeyed her silent command, to a dark thicket near by, and directed them, in a whisper, to sit down, which they did. This being, who had no clothing but a large Indian blanket, bore the aspect of a hag. All her flesh seemed to be withered away. Her skin did not seem to be any part of her, but to have been thrown over her. There appeared to be a thousand wrinkles in her face. She had the invidious, sinister eye of the savage, and yet a close observer could perceive something of kindness, and much, of shrewdness in its expression. It was apparent to Mrs. B. that the chiefs were quarrelling about the possession of the prisoners, and that being drunk, they might at once pacify the difference in their destruction. During this drunken revel the warriors would rise and seize some of the chairs on the beach, sit down in them, throw their legs across, and show the rest how the white men were used to sit in them. These exhibitions would be followed by loud laughter.

The old Indian woman appeared to be in deep trouble: she was perpetually in motion. Two or three times she made her way to the captives by a circuitous route—looked at them—gave a grunt of approbation, and hurried off. She seemed to view the various articles collected on the sand with amazement. Several times she put on the bonnets of Mrs. B. and Emily, held them in her hand and viewed them, but returned them carefully to their places. To all those around her she spoke as one having authority. Towards midnight the warriors were all stretched out and profoundly asleep. Moving along softly, the old woman approached Mrs. B. and her children, and put forth both her dried and filthy hands that were filled with pieces of fresh deer meat that had been broiled on the coals, and were full of ashes, making signs to the captives to eat, and importunately pressing the two youngest children to do so in kind tones. After a few moments she disappeared, but returned quickly with a large gourd in her hand, containing some water mixed with pounded parched corn, of which Mrs. B. partook, and as she afterwards said, was the most delicious draught she ever swallowed.

At last the day dawned: the sun rose in all his brightness and glory. The vegetation was bursting forth over the whole country. The contrast between the condition of Mrs. B. and her family now, and on the previous day, was indescribable. It was manifest

* The identical words employed by Col. B——'s son in his narrative to the writer.

to her that the captives were to be separated, and that her two little girls were to be torn from her.

But Mrs. B.'s religious convictions were strong and abiding. She cherished a steady faith in the overruling care of a kind providence. The sudden and shocking murder of her husband, would have overpowered her reason, but he was irrecoverably lost; and now her intense anxiety for the safety of her offspring seemed to sustain her.

About seven o'clock, the chiefs who had been overcome by the debauch of the previous night arose, and proceeded to dispose of the spoils. Whilst they were thus engaged, the old Indian woman spoke frequently. Sometimes she was greatly excited and even vociferous; at others she was softened and imploring in her tones. She moved to and fro perpetually, and often looked and pointed towards the prisoners, who by this time had been withdrawn from the thicket.

After a delay of several hours, all the final arrangements were made. The old woman approached with all her speed—her countenance full of eagerness and joy, and seizing the two little girls, raised them from the ground, and attempted to drag them along. The least clung to the mother, and uttered loud cries. She shrunk with horror from the touch of this being, as though she were not human.

The old woman struck the child on the mouth to quiet her; and the mother in an agony persuaded the child to go, because she perceived that it was kindness that moved this singular creature, and that in her care her little girls would at least be safe. At last the woman raised the youngest child upon her back, and firmly grasping the other by the hand nearly dragged her along. Seeing that at last she had succeeded in her wishes, she laughed, and in doing so looked like an unearthly being.

When the children disappeared, Mrs. B. felt as though she had sunk into the depths of despair; but there were others whose destiny was still unknown.

Her manly boy was assigned to a robust and good-natured looking chief, who spoke in a gentle tone to him, and pointed to him to take the road and go forward.

But Emily sat alone in all the bitterness of grief. She was of a tender age, and about to be separated, perhaps forever, from her mother, her instructress, her adviser, friend and companion. She was to be domiciliated in the family of a savage. Her father had fallen prematurely. Her thoughts reverted to him who had parted from her when she was flushed with hope, and sustained by a devoted passion. Filled with terror, lest disobedience should be followed by a violent death—still clinging to life under all these sorrows, Emily B. marched feebly along before the haughty chieftain whom she was to serve, and in whose train there were many ponies loaded with large portions of the plunder found in the boat. This warrior was a young man—a stern looking fellow—his face painted, with feathers in his turban—his tomahawk at his side—his rifle in his hand—a beautiful beaded shot-pouch over his shoulder, with beaded moccasins of great beauty on his feet, and leggins of the same material.

Mrs. B. was attached to a chief whose squaw was along, having with her two of her sons.

The negroes were parted into small lots, and disposed of to those who had captured them.

THOUGHTS ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS, AND SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

I go for Sunday schools. Apart from religious edification, they have at least three distinct recommendations, even to the mere worldling, who looks to nothing beyond the temporal good of man. 1. Their lessons are learnt peculiarly well, and act with peculiar force upon the mind and character, from their coming but once a week. So long a space between the stated mental repasts, causes them to be thoroughly digested; and creates for them an appetite ravenous, yet most healthful. Accordingly, the most rapid advancement in knowledge that I have ever known (considering the quantity of instruction given), has been made by children whose only teaching was at Sunday schools. 2. They afford opportunities for thousands, who (to the shame of Virginia be it spoken) have no other means of knowledge, to acquire much that may be useful. Some of these thousands cannot be spared from home on work-days: some, whose parents cannot afford to pay for their schooling, are not sent to the poor-schools, because pride will not let them consent to be singled out as objects of charity. Sunday schools avoid both these difficulties. The children of the rich and poor meet together there, without distinction—just as they would in those common-schools, the want of which has been so long and so justly a reproach to us. 3. Children who go to the Sunday school are kept out of mischief; saved from habits of vice and idleness. I have no morbid horror at the 'desecration of the Sabbath'; but I do believe, that a child, who spends all of it that is not devoted to needful bodily exercise, in improving his mind, stands a far better chance to be useful, respectable, and happy, than if he had given the same hours to idleness or sport. Compare any number of regular Sunday scholars, with as many children of like condition, who have idled away their Sundays: and see which will furnish the larger number of good-for-nothing, or profligate people; if not criminals.

Thus, whether we look to the well-doing of individuals, or to the good of society, Sunday schools, if not greatly perverted, must receive signal praise.

But, some of them at least, have been greatly perverted: so greatly, as to make them agents of less than half the good, which they might otherwise have wrought.

To pass over their omission to teach writing, geography, or arithmetic—though these might to some extent be easily and most usefully taught—the greatest perversion consists in the sort of books, used. Instead of Sandford and Merton, Evenings at Home, Edgeworth's Early Lessons, or the stories contained in them and in her Parents' Assistant and Popular Tales; instead of Peter Parley's shrewd, instructive stories, or the not less instructive Conversations of Uncle Philip; and Popular Lessons, Sergeant's Temperance Tales, or even that excellent series, the New York Spelling Book and Readers;—a tribe of books has been introduced, many of which no one can with a safe conscience employ as vehicles of knowledge, unless he is of the sect to whom that particular Sunday school belongs. Not content with the New Testament—though, (beautiful as it often is in style, and perfect in morals) that is

a very unsuitable school-book for young children—the caterers for such a seminary provide works not only staggering to faith, but puzzling to intellects ripe in years and long exercised in study. An innocent of eight years old is made to get and say by rote, mysterious doctrines that Athanasius and Arius in the fourth century, a thousand Fathers in the Middle Ages, the Council of Nice, and the Synod of Dort, battled it over in vain; when, like the fallen Angels in Pandemonium, they

‘reason’d high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fix’d fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand’ring mazes lost.’

Locke on the Human Understanding, is not commonly deemed a very simple book: few persons would think of putting it into the hands of small school-children. But it is easily intelligible, compared with some of the catechisms for Sunday schools. A very sensible member of a leading denomination of Christians lately told me, that one day, after instructing his own class of Sunday scholars in a plain, common-sense way, he perchance listened awhile to the lesson of a neighboring class; and was astonished to hear the little creatures utter mysteries unintelligible to him, and, he could not but suppose, unprofitable to them. The lighter-reading furnished by way of accompaniment to those profound catechisms, is not much better. It consists of Essays, Biographies, and Tales (pious novels), tending mainly to exemplify and illustrate the mystic doctrines aforementioned; with but an incidental bearing upon common life. Even Miss Hannah More’s ‘Two Wealthy Farmers,’ Miss Jane Taylor’s ‘Display,’ and her still more excellent ‘Contributions of Q. Q.’ so full of genuine piety, are scarcely evangelical enough for our Sunday schools.

For my part, this cause has long shut me out from a regular share in those schools. I grew up to manhood, and began to grow gray, teaching in them through six or eight summers: but sectarian books were introduced, which I could not explain and enforce (as books always sought to be, to pupils) without a seeming hypocrisy. Occasional help has since been all that was in my power.

Is this thing, sects might profit by a sort of apologue in ‘Evenings at Home.’ A gentleman and his son were walking in a village one Sunday, as the church bells were ringing. The various societies of worshippers were going to their respective houses of worship. ‘Father,’ said the little boy, ‘why do not these people all agree to worship God in the same manner?’ ‘And why should they agree? They were not made to agree in this, I suppose,’ said his father. Just then, a poor man fell down in the street, in a fit. Numbers instantly hastened to aid him. A Presbyterian sat down and made his lap a pillow for the sick man’s head; a Baptist chafed his temples; a Roman Catholic lady held her smelling bottle to his nose; a Unitarian untied his neck-cloth, and unbuttoned his collar, to let him breathe more freely; a Methodist ran for a doctor; an Episcopalian soothed the poor man’s crying children; and a Quaker held his wide umbrella over him, to keep off the burning sun.—‘Arthur,’ said the gentleman, pointing to the scene,—‘this is what men were made to agree in.’

Now the early instruction of youth, like the offices of humanity, surely is what men ought to agree in; so far, at least, as to forbear inculcating doctrines which, if intelligible to the pupil, are useful only to prime him for bitter controversy, and cruel intolerance. In the immense fields of confessedly valuable knowledge, there is common ground enough to employ all childhood in traversing, without straying into the by-ways of sectarian mysticism. To explore the several kingdoms of visible Nature, even superficially; to learn somewhat of Man’s constitution and history; to master that sum of all moral duty, comprised in the injunction, ‘Do justice—love mercy—and walk humbly before Heaven;’ are studies to fill many years; studies which no rational being can postpone to such questions as ‘how many persons are in the Godhead?’—and, ‘is sprinkling or immersion the right mode of baptism?’ Those studies are the common ground of humanity; on which all sects should meet, and to them confine early education.

Cannot the wise and good of every Christian denomination (including Unitarians and Catholics) determine, with some exactness, the great principles of religious truth in which they all agree; and then expel from Sunday schools, all books that teach any other religious tenets? The principles thus adopted, with moral duties, and the knowledge of Nature,—* would present a range wide enough for the most active mind, during the longest life. Hundreds and thousands of volumes might be filled, within that range; schools might go on for hundreds of centuries, to teach what it contains; and leave it, after all, far from exhausted.—Why—why will not those wise and good come to that agreement? Why cannot they make that sacrifice of the spirit of proselytism, upon the altar of their country, and of humanity?

In whatever school that generous sacrifice may be made,—or in whatever one a rational influence may prevail,—Sandford and Merton, with the other books first mentioned, ought to be among the first adopted.

Added to them, should be a recent one of Miss Sedgwick’s; ‘A LOVE-TOKEN FOR CHILDREN.’†

The eight stories which compose this little book, are suited to the capacities and tastes of children; for whom they were written. They show that knowledge of common life and of the young heart, for which the author is remarkable; and they possess that quality, the unfailing test of a truthful and wholesome book—the quality of making the reader feel, that good principles within him have been fortified, and generous impulses aroused, by the perusal. But the highest praise is yet to be uttered. Although these stories bear the manifest impress of decided christian piety, they contain not the slightest indication of the author’s particular creed. The truly virtuous of every sect must acknowledge and admire her, as a co-worker for the great end of Religion—*human happiness*: yet not one of them could claim her exclusively, as a sister, in subordinate points of faith. This is well nigh the beau ideal of a book for Sunday schools; indeed, I cannot help saying, of a

* By the phrase ‘knowledge of Nature,’ I mean all kinds of moral and physical science, and all sorts of history.

† ‘A Love Token for Children. Designed for Sunday School Libraries. By the Author of “The Linwoods,” “Live and let Live,” “Poor Rich Man,” &c. &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.’—pp. 142. 12mo.

book for any school. It should exhibit not the belief of Calvin, or Socinus, or Fenelon; but the maxims of common sense, and the principles of Christianity: just as the speech of a real statesman breathes not the spirit of party, but the holy dictates of Patriotism and Justice. Such a book ranges within that common-ground, upon which all sects ought to meet. Like the spectacle of distress in the apologue, it calls them away from points wherein they differ, to things wherein, if true to their common Master, they must agree—to succor the afflicted, to comfort the wounded in spirit, to diffuse all around them the kindly charities of life. Such a book is *this* one.

The best stories in it are 'The Widow Ellis and her son Willie,' 'Our Robins,' and 'Mill-Hill:' and again of these three, 'Mill-Hill' is at once the longest and best. If the Editor of the Messenger can spare room, he will find it well filled by copying one of these stories—'Our Robins'—as a touching and instructive lesson to his young readers.*

They are all New England Stories. *Emma Maxwell*, the heroine of 'Mill-Hill,' is a being of that captivating, yet unexaggerated loveliness, which the author so well knows how to portray. I subjoin an account of her; given, just after a description of the village burying ground.

'Ask any one at Mill-Hill whose thought it was thus to beautify their burial-place, and you will be answered, "Emma Maxwell's. Emma is so thoughtful about the children, and she thinks, if there are flowers about the graves, it will take off their gloomy feelings, and they won't be so shy about going there. She says it's a teaching-place, for there is always a still small voice comes up from the grave; and besides, since we have tried it, the neighbors all say it's a comfort to do it." Should you proceed in your inquiries, and ask "who planted the trumpet-creeper that winds round and round that old dead tree by the schoolhouse, and who trained the sweetbriars round the windows," you will be answered, "the children did it, but Emma has seen to it." "And who cut out the earth like stairs to 'Prospect Rock' at the top of the hill?" "The boys, but Emma Maxwell put it into their heads." "And who keeps the Sunday school for those little Irish children from the shanties on the railroad?" "Emma Maxwell; who but she would take the trouble, when their folks did not care one straw whether they were taught or not?"

And so you might go on for an hour, and find that Emma Maxwell did good deeds that others, for want of thought (and perhaps faith) rather than time or heart, do not do.

There are persons in this world who would almost seem to be deprived of the natural relations of parents, brothers and sisters, husband and children, that they may do the little odd jobs for the human family left undone by the regular laborers. Emma Maxwell was one of these, God's missionaries to his children. Emma was an orphan. She lived at her uncle's, where, though she paid her board, she rendered many services that lightened the burden of life to every member of the family. Perhaps some of my young readers would like to know how Miss Emma Maxwell looked. She was tall, and not very slender, for she took good care of her health, and had the reward of her care in strength and cheerfulness, and the sign of it in the bright bloom of her cheek. She had a soft blue eye, and one of the sweetest mouths I ever saw. How could it be otherwise? for never any but kind words and soft tones came from it. And she had—do not be shocked, my gentle readers—red hair. Depend upon it, all young ladies, be they good and lovely, and even pretty (and pretty Emma undeniably was), do not have—except in books—"auburn hair," or "flaxen," or even "rich brown." Emma's hair was so plainly and neatly arranged, that no one noticed it except to say that "somehow red hair did not look badly on Emma Maxwell." The light that comes from within can make

everything without look agreeable in our eyes. Many wondered why Emma Maxwell, who, at the date of our story, was full four-and-twenty, was not married, and she "so attractive and so excellent." The mothers said, knowingly, "the right one" had not asked her; and the young girls, with all their horrors of an old maid, almost hoped that "the right one" never would ask her away from Mill-hill.

Emma had escaped that worst evil, sometimes the consequence of the early loss of friends, a diminution of her affections. Hers were "set on things above." Her heart went out to meet every human being gently and silently, like the falling of the dews of Heaven. There was no bustle, no talk. By her fruit she was known. She often resembled those flowers that unseen, give out sweet odors; her kindness was enjoyed, and its source never known.

A railroad was projected, to run by Mill-Hill. The Irish came (as where do they not?) to work upon it. The villagers were very much afraid of so lawless a horde; but Emma Maxwell, in the 'ladies' sewing society,' maintained, that if rightly treated, those people would be found honest and tractable. It proved so. She soon had an opportunity of showing kindness to a little orphan girl among them—*Anny Ryan*, whom she saw weeping inconsolably over the fresh grave of a sister, the last of her family. Emma managed to soothe her a little, and accompanied her to the shanty, where lived her only protectors, an Irish laborer and his wife, named *O'Neil*. The description of the dwelling is graphic.—And there are few Temperance orators who might not envy the eloquent power of Emma's appeal to Mike, against the jug of liquor. I beg the reader not to stop till he has read all the following extract:

'Emma had never before seen the inside of a shanty; and, though she was well acquainted with the poorest abodes of our native people, she was astonished to see so many human beings hale and thriving in such a habitation. There was no table, no chair save one broken one; boards fixed on blocks served to eat and sit on. On her first survey Emma concluded there was no bed, but a second view led her to believe that a heap of rubbish in one corner of the apartment had served as a bed, and that there poor Judy had died. In an opposite corner lay a bushel of potatoes. A junk of pork and half a newly-killed calf hung beside the door, while a bountiful mess was frying, and Dame O'Neil was stirring up a cake to bake before the fire. She first perceived the approach of Anny with her new friend. "Be quiet, Mike, and hold your tongues, men, will ye?" she said, to her husband and some half dozen men, who, with a jug of liquor beside them, were all talking in the same breath, "the lady is coming with Anny Ryan. Och, Rose, take the babby's hands out of the molasses. Biddy, move aside the pan of milk that bars the door, will ye? The Lord above bless ye, Miss," to Emma; "ye've had trouble enough with her?"

"Oh no," replied Emma, entering quietly, and accepting with a kind look of acknowledgment the seat offered her; "Anny is trying her best to feel and act right, and that's all we can any of us do, Mrs. O'Neil."

"That's true, indeed, in trouble and out of it."

"She tells me, Mrs. O'Neil, that you have been very kind to her and hers, and now she'll find it a comfort to do for you."

"Lord help the poor child, Miss, if she'll stop fretting it's all I ask of her. She's always ready to do little jobs for me; it's enough I have to do, my oldest being boys—make a bow to the lady, Pat—and no help like to me."

"But rather a hinderance, I should think, Mrs. O'Neil. Here's a school for boys near you, kept by a very good young man, where you can send those two little boys for twenty-five cents a week."

"Do you hear, Mike?" asked Katy O'Neil.

"And where's the twenty-five cents to come from?" answered Mike, "when we are all fed the week through, six of us, besides Anny Ryan, that shall have her full meal if the little reg'lars go starved."

"Oh, there is no starving in this land, my good friend, for the family of a stout working man with a busy wife at home. But

* We will copy it in our next No.—[Ed. Mess.]

the mind must be fed as well as the body, or it will not thrive and grow. These are bright-looking boys of yours. They will soon learn to read, write, and keep accounts, if you will give them a chance. Is there nothing for which you spend twenty-five cents a week that you can as well do without?"

"It's the liquor you mane, Miss," said Mike, touching the jug with his foot; "troth, it's not I that cares for it; but, when the other boys drink, I must do my part."

"Perhaps the other boys have no children, and they cannot have the pleasure you will have in giving up drink for the good of your children. I see you love those little fellows—I see it by the way they hang round you; and there, the baby, as if to make my words good, is stretching out his arms to you. Surely, surely, Mr. O'Neil, those that have children to play with when they come in from their work don't need a drink to cheer them."

"And that's true, Miss."

"And then, when Sunday comes, it's good to have a store of pleasant thoughts; and what can be pleasanter than thinking that, instead of drinking up the money you have worked hard for, you have been laying it up, as it were, in these little boys' heads and hearts, to make them richer for this world; and, it may be, Mr. O'Neil, for the world to come? And, besides, ought you not to do this to show your gratitude to Him who gave you your children?—his very best gifts."

"Thank you, Miss, thank you," replied O'Neil, stroking his boys' heads and looking down, much pleased with Emma's proposition, but not quite prepared to accede to it.

"Good-night to you all," said Emma, and "good-night to you, Anny. Don't put your apron to your eyes again, my child; I will be sure to come and see you before many days, and then, Mrs. O'Neil, you can give me your husband's answer. Perhaps," she added, looking at O'Neil's companions, "some of your friends, whose families are not yet here, may have children they would like to send to the school."

"I thank ye, Miss," said one. "And ye'll be as sure to find children where there is a shanty, as bees where there's a hive," said another. Anny followed to the door. "How many days will it be?" she asked.

"Very, very few, and do not forget our talk at Judy's grave."

"Forget! I'll forget everything else, and mind nothing but Judy, and all ye said about her;" and she kissed Emma's gown as she stepped from the door, and, murmuring prayers and blessings, sunk down on the ground, and neither moved foot nor eye till Emma turned the road that led up the hill and was quite out of sight. As soon as she was out of hearing, one of the men within said, "There's not many the like of that young woman." "Her heart's blood is as warm as if she were born at home in old Ireland," said another. "And did not she plade for my stranger boys as if they were her own people's children?" asked Mike O'Neil.

The story has too many incidents, and too much good matter of various kinds, to indulge in further quotation: and abridgment is hurtful or insipid. It is deeply interesting; and would of itself be richly worth what the book costs.

This, this is the sort of books for Sunday schools.

W.

POCAHONTAS,

THE INDIAN PRINCESS.

There once stood, and I trust there yet stands, within the limits of the town of Petersburg, on the north bank of the Appomattox, within a few feet of the margin of the river, a large dark gray stone of a conical form, about five feet in height, and somewhat more in diameter. On the side which looks to the east, three feet above the ground, there is an oval excavation about twelve inches across, and half as many in depth. The stone is solitary, and lifts itself conspicuously above the level of the earth. It is called the *Basin of Pocahontas*, and except in very dry weather is seldom without water. How often in the days of youthful imagination have I leaned against that aged rock, and as my fancy warmed with reminiscences of our colonial history, have I figured to myself the form of this beautiful princess, meditating the protection of the white man, from the wiles of her ferocious countrymen, and the vengeance of her father, advancing to her ablutions, and perhaps lifting up her orisons to the Great Spirit for the welfare of the white man, as standing by this stone, she looked towards the orient, radiant with the pencilled messengers of the morning.

I know not wherefore it is, but I could never contemplate any of the evidences of the former greatness or present debasement of that doomed race, who, when this continent was one vast wilderness of nature, uncultivated and unfrequented, trod amid its solitude rejoicing in their illimitable sway, that my mind did not instantly revert to the virtues and the sufferings of this amiable child of nature, the Princess Pocahontas. In festive commemoration of the first settlement of the colony, I have stood among the ruins of Jamestown, and shrinking from the voice of revelry, I have lingered among the broken fragments of red stone tablets upon the graves of the early colonists, and my heart has been oppressed with melancholy feelings, when looking upon the dark green vine festooned around the tottering ruins of the church, I have thought of the fate of this Indian girl, and of her perilous services to the white man. At Cobbs, in the county of Chesterfield, one of the most beautiful sites on the southern waters, and one of the earliest private settlements of the colony, how often has its former proprietor, my friend L. and myself, stood beneath the melancholy shade of the cedars, in the midst of the graves of her descendants. One by one we have seen them passing away, and assisted at the last mournful rites. From the cemetery we have passed to the ancient picture-gallery, to look upon the sombre features of Rolfe frowning from the pealed and tattered canvass, and to dwell upon the interesting countenance of Pocahontas, which is still believed to have been her veritable portrait, though denounced by one of her lineal descendants as a "tawny mulatto." The paintings were as large as life, and well executed, though in a state of utter decay. Copies have been taken by Sully, and have no doubt been multiplied as well in Europe as in this country. Often has the tasteful traveller turned from the great southern route, to view these original portraits of Rolfe and Pocahontas, and to tread amid the gravestones of her descendants in the neat and lonely burial-ground.

How often do the incidents of ordinary life transcend the wildest fictions of romance? Who gave to this dark daughter of the red man, nurtured in the wigwam of the savage, and familiar with blood, those gentle emotions, those generous feelings, that delicate sensibility, that maidenly decorum, and yet that princely and exalted heroism, which have ranked this Indian girl among the loftiest of her sex in any age or clime,—in "Paynim land or Christendie!" Even in her girlhood, at the early age of twelve, we find her daring the displeasure of her father; and when the head of Smith, the hereditary foe of her race, was upon the death-stone, and the club uplifted, she threw her infant arms around the devoted white man, and bade them strike at

both. The stern bosom of Powhatan was moved by the appeal, and his vengeance suspended. How often when the colony at Jamestown was famishing, did she supply them abundantly with provisions? Even after she had incurred the displeasure of her royal father, and had been banished from his presence, and after she had been betrayed by her friends, and was seized by Argall, her attachment to the white men continued, until she was finally married to Rolfe, and visited England. How painfully interesting was her interview with Captain Smith in London? She had been told that he was dead, when to her astonishment he called upon her, but such was the repulsive coldness of his manner, that she turned from him, and burying up her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

But the most perilous service which this daring girl rendered to the colonists was in the fourteenth year of her age, when Powhatan having invited Smith to his settlement, on a hospitable visit, designed to massacre that leader and his whole band. Pocahontas eluding the vigilance of her friends, traversed the forest in the darkness of the night, to reveal his intentions to Smith. It was in commemoration of that signal service, that the following unpretending lines were written many years ago, by one who deeply admired the heroism of this untutored child of the wilderness.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE EARLY COLONISTS FROM MASSACRE.

"Whether this intervention of Pocahontas be imputed to the softer sympathies of the heart, or to generous sorrow," &c.
Burke's History of Virginia.

Full dark was the night, and the wild wind was high,
Not a star to be seen on the cloud-covered sky,
And the eagle had gone to his rest;
Each beast had retired to covert or cave,
The colonists slept in their barks on the wave,
Or they slept on the barren earth's breast.

No sound could disquiet their slumbers so sweet,—
They dreamed not of danger, yet feared not to meet,
For the sons of the ocean were brave;
And Smith was among them, their captain was he,
And a braver ne'er whirled the sword of the free
In battle, on land, or on wave.

To Powhatan's presence these strangers had been,
Through forest and glen, and thro' each desert scene,
With fearful petition they went.
And Powhatan told them that peace should be there,
His words seemed sincere, and his promises fair,
But they knew not his savage intent.

Virginia remembers how hollow they were,
As fickle as sunbeam that wantons in air,—
But the colonists deemed them sincere.
For tho' Powhatan promised his friendship and aid,
A treacherous plot to destroy them he laid,
When no treacherous plot they could fear.

On that very night while the colonists sleep,
Nor deem it befitting their vigils to keep,
Each man was to meet with his fate.
The sovereign savage had led out his band,
His tomahawk furious each grasped in his hand,
"To the white men, death, carnage, and hate!"

"To the white men, death, carnage, and hate," as they yell,
The savage sounds echoed thro' forest and dell,
"To the white men, death, carnage, and hate!"
But heed not, brave colonists, death is not near,
While the royal princess is your friend do not fear,
Pocahontas will screen you from fate.

She had heard, when his council surrounded her sire,
As they met to consult by the wintery fire,
That Smith and his crew were to fall:
She had seen him, she knew him, and sometimes her heart
For his dangers would feel an unusual part,
And she cherished the colonists all.

Whilst her father was arming his murderous band,
And exclaiming "exterminate all from this land,
Who will dare to intrude on our right,—
Strike, murder, and scalp—light the fires around,
Bid the war-whoop of death give its terrible sound,
Not a white man shall live out this night;"

Unnoticed she left them, and hastened away,
She recked not the mountain, or thicket, or spray,
Nor darkness she heeded, nor storm.
All breathless she reached where the colonists were,
They dreamed not that Powhatan's daughter was there,
They dreamed not of savage alarm.

Their leader in haste then the heroine found,
The sky was his cover, his bed was the ground,
And beside him his armor was laid.
"Awake thee, brave chief," cried the Indian maid,
"Awake thee, my hero, or Powhatan's blade
Will number thy crew with the dead."

"He comes with his tribe to o'erwhelm your whole host,
His savages wind by the dark river coast
To surround you, and massacre all.
Then haste, to his bark let each soldier repair,
And put off from the land, for the foemen are near,—
Oh haste, or the colonists fall."

"Nor call me a traitor, because for thy sake
I have traversed the forest thro' thicket and brake
To tell thee my father's design.
To have seen thee expire beneath his fell stroke,
And thy followers all, my poor heart would have broke,
And the cold sleep of death had been mine."

"I have saved thee before from his terrible ire,
When the club was uplifted, and kindled the fire,
And thy death was decreed by his oath;
Thy head on the block as my arms did entwine,
Between it and the club I then interposed mine,
And I told them to strike at us both."

"Then believe me, my Chieftain, and hasten away;
I return, or suspicion will blacken my stay,
And the morning my embassy tell.
May thy God e'er protect thee, and give thee his aid,—
Oh, live mindful of me, tho' a poor Indian maid—
Pocahontas now bids thee farewell!"

EXTENSION TO FOREIGN AUTHORS OF

THE LAW OF COPY-RIGHT.

A vigorous discussion is going on in New York and Philadelphia, upon the question, whether the benefits of the United States' law, securing to authors the exclusive right to the sale of their works for limited times, should be extended to authors resident in England and other foreign countries?

We confess, it appears to us surprising, that any voice should be found in the negative of this question; besides the voices of those booksellers, who profit by vending foreign books, and of those readers, whose morbid appetites make them ravenous for the worst trash that can be reprinted from the refuse of European literature. The advantages which would result from the proposed extension, are obvious, and great.

At present, works from abroad (because not saddled with the author's copy-right) can be re-published here at half the prices they would require if they were of domestic origin, and were protected by entry and patent according to law. An immense deluge of foreign trash—aye, and poison, too—is one consequence: an incalculable addition to that evil, justly deemed one of the greatest in modern Literature; namely, the needless multiplication of books.

Another consequence is, the exclusion, partial indeed, yet extensive, of our own writers, from the book market; if they avail themselves of the law made in their favor. For they are so far undersold by the re-printers of foreign works, that the latter occupy triple the space in the public eye, to which their intrinsic merits entitle them. Thus not only are European corruptions poured in copious streams into our literature, manners, and character,—but our native authors, deprived of the encouragement so peculiarly requisite in this country to stimulate literary effort, produce little or nothing that 'aftertimes will not willingly let die.' The inducements to that practice of composition, which is indispensable to excellence, are withheld. False models are forced upon their imitation: false taste, through a thousand channels, is infused into the minds of both writers and readers: unnumbered opportunities are lost, of disseminating American principles and creating an American spirit: and an improvement shamefully slow, if not a positive deterioration, attends the exertions of American intellect.

A *fair competition* is all that our own authors need. The guarantee they now have, against encroachment upon the fruits of their mental labors by piracies at home, every one concedes to be just. It is equally just, to make that guarantee effectual, by protecting them from an even more hurtful foreign encroachment.

Indeed, the interests of readers and of writers are so variously and indissolubly blended in calling for the proposed extension, that no point can be urged in behalf of the one, that does not tell in behalf of the other.

Justice to foreign authors, is no despicable inducement to the measure. Many as their readers are on this side of the Atlantic, how great would be the increase of their reward for those emanations of genius which delight and improve the world! How reasonable, that as the fruits of their vigils and toils cross the sea and are enjoyed by distant millions, these too should contribute something to requite the dimmed eyes and hollow, pallid cheeks, without which, that enjoyment had never been!—In this, moreover, as in *all* justice, there would be good husbandry at last. The benefit would be made mutual by foreign governments: they would allow copy-rights in their countries, to our authors. And thus another interchange of good offices—another important link of kindness—would be added to those which are already promising to make the intercourse of nations benignant and fraternal, instead of hostile and destructive.

The last topic alone might serve as text for an expanded and unanswerable argument in favor of the contemplated law. We are content merely to glance at this, as at the other reasons that may be urged.

MERCHANTS' LIBRARIES.

The New York Merchants have had a Library established for their joint use, since 1821. Connected with it, are courses of Lectures delivered by able men employed for the purpose, on various interesting and useful subjects. The following facts respecting it, are gleaned from a late annual report made by the presiding officer.

The Library opened in February, 1821, with 700 vols. At the end of that year, there were 204 members.

In 1826, its prosperity began to be more rapid than ever before. In that year, 471 members were added to it. In 1830, it took possession of CLINTON HALL, a 'noble edifice,' then 'dedicated to the service of literature, science, and the arts.'

In 1831, 507 members were added, and 750 vols.

1832, 383	"	864
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1833, 382	"	1397
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1834, 393	"	1099
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In this last year, (1834) the whole number of volumes was 9938.

In the year 1837, 2,547 volumes were added. The whole number at present is 15,852. Of the volumes added last year, 381 were donations.

'Great care has been taken,' says the report, 'in the selection of the new books, to procure the most important and valuable works in the several departments of learning, especially in those of history, science, and the arts, which were most in demand. Should the library continue to receive accessions, in an equal ratio for five years to come, it will then be in advance of nearly all the public libraries in the Union, both in the number and the value of its contents; and at the present moment there are few libraries in the country, that contain an equal number of standard publications, of the most approved editions.'

The following statement is creditable to the taste of the merchants for reading; and to their discrimination in their choice of books:

'Upon a careful examination of the subject, it has been ascertained that the average number of volumes drawn daily from the library, is upwards of 450, or upwards of 135,000 volumes annually. Of this large number a great proportion is found to consist of works upon the solid branches of learning, as the physical sciences, political economy, commerce, and the arts. Such is the character of the spiritual aliment which is afforded to many hundreds of our young men, from the accumulated stores of useful learning which our valuable library contains; and whenever we reflect upon the discovery of Lord Bacon, embodied with sententious brevity in the remark, that "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," it is difficult to calculate the amount of that moral strength which is thus imparted, and of which society, sooner or later, must reap the full benefit.'

There are now 3772 members: of whom, 3,444 pay \$2, each, annually; 50 pay \$5 each; and 278 are stockholders.

The receipts last year, from initiation fees, lectures, and other sources, were \$6,918.

The subjoined paragraphs of the report display the benefits of the Lectures:

'The results of the Lectures during the past sea-

son, in a pecuniary point of view, far exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of the board; the surplus remaining, after paying all expenses, was \$665 66, as appears by the Treasurer's report. The course of lectures now in progress will undoubtedly yield a further surplus to replenish the treasury of the association.

'It is unnecessary to dwell upon the unparalleled success that has attended this auxiliary branch, which has been engrafted upon the original plan of our institution. The best testimony on the subject is found in the immense crowds that throng the hall during the delivery of the lectures, until additional space is required for their accommodation. Nor can any reasonable doubt exist, as to the utility of this mode of instruction, by which important truths are enforced, and valuable information imparted, in the most effective, as well as the most agreeable manner. We have all listened with emotions of delight and admiration to the impassioned eloquence that has been poured forth on subjects of the highest interest. Literature acquires fresh charms, and the lessons of philosophy sink deeper into the minds, when set forth and illustrated by the animated tones of the lecturer; the attention is directed with a new impetus to the consideration of important topics, and the inquisitive student is stimulated and encouraged to engage with fresh ardor in the pursuit of knowledge.'

Such institutions as this, are needed in all our towns and villages. On a smaller scale, they are practicable in every village of twenty families.

LINES.

Leaves of an evergreen plant, if written upon with a metallic point, retain the impression. The following lines were addressed to a fair cousin of the writer's, on her requesting him to place his name upon a beautiful plant of this genus, which grew among her flowers, and bore the names of those whose friendship she most valued.

TO MY COUSIN.

Permit me, Coz, a dream to tell,
Was conjured for an hour
Around my pillow by the spell
Of some strange wizard power.

Ambition sat upon a throne
Of gold, and sparkling gem;
And brilliantly the halo shone
Around his diadem.

He cast on me a glance of light,
Then raised his shadowy hand,
And, lo! upon a towering height
I saw a column stand.

To earth I bowed my forehead then,
My every pulse beat high;
That marble bore the names of men,
Whose fame can never die!

I marked a pathway rough and steep,
Which to the column led,
And, though I had but strength to creep,
I turned that path to tread.

Just then a maiden caught my sight,
From all this pomp apart,
Whose eye so sweetly shone, its light
Seemed incense from the heart.

She sat within a verdant bower,
Bespangled with the dew,
And on the air full many a flower
Its balmy fragrance threw.

Methought she had been sent to bless
The thorny paths of earth,
And teach the flowers that loveliness,
Which with herself had birth.

On me, methought, her glance and smile
In blended radiance fell;
She pointed to a plant the while,
Which told her meaning well.

Upon its leaves of changeless green,
Pure Friendship's emblem true—
The names of those she loved were seen,
A chosen favored few.

With rapture thrilling in my breast,
I joined my humble name;
Ambition's thoughts were lulled to rest;
What cared I then for fame!

BLANKS.

NO. I.

My earliest recollections of newspaper reading are connected with the name of a mysterious person, who made a conspicuous figure in our little country paper, under the patriarchal title of *Job Printing*. I was at first attracted by the stately capitals in which the name appeared, week after week, before I had begun to take much notice of the "reading matter" printed in small type. As the printer of the *Village Herald* chose to put the name of Mr. Printing in a most conspicuous part of every number, and in the most glaring letter that his fount afforded, it is his fault, not my own, that I began to look upon this eminent public character with a degree of reverence akin to superstition. As my skill in reading grew, and I began to give attention to second-rate, as well as *capital* articles, I found my favorite *Job* enveloped with a ten-fold mystery. Instead of advertising, as his neighbors did, some commodity for sale, or other business news, his advertisement was occupied with a mysterious announcement in relation to himself, which filled me with astonishment and awe. "Job Printing done at this office, with neatness and despatch!" I was reserved and addicted to solitary thought, and as I found that there were some things which I must not ask about, at least with any hope of a direct reply, I set this down upon the list, and waited till the secret should unfold itself. How a man could be "done" with neatness and despatch, was inconceivable, and as the printer's office was the scene of the performance, I found various excuses for frequenting it, and loitering about it, in the hope that *Job* might be "done" some day while I was there. But, alas, I hoped in vain, and true to my Pytha-

gorean principle of silence, I returned to the solitary study of Job's stereotype advertisement. At length I was startled by a sudden and important change in this enigma of typography. As I cast my eye one day upon the paper, I perceived at once that Job's advertisement was lengthened. I could not be mistaken, for its previous dimensions were engraven on my memory too deeply to be razed. I soon discovered the occasion of the change. Beneath the usual laconic notice a new sentence had been introduced, composed of seven words: "Blanks for sale and executed to order." I was at once relieved and disappointed; for I found that this idol of my imagination was a *bona fide* trader after all, just like his neighbors, and my reverence for him sank with my conviction of this fact. But, at the same time, a new mystery engrossed my thoughts. The village where I lived was sustained by manufactures, and even at that tender age, I knew its staple products, but the blank manufacture was entirely unknown to me. I could dwell with painful pleasure on the successive steps by which I gradually formed a conception of this novel fabric, but I spare my readers the detail, and hasten to inform them that my chronic doubt and wonder was at length destroyed by my honored father's placing in my hand a sample of the manufacture, which he told me was a "law blank." The joy of the discovery was lost in admiration of the blank itself, especially when I had got possession of a number, and by diligent comparison, had formed a just conception of the genus Blank. The singular vagueness and impersonality of these strange compositions, their punctilious abstinence from all details of time or place, their scrupulous suppression of the names of individuals, and their studied ambiguity even in relation to the sex of the mysterious non-entity referred to, as evinced by the use of *h*— for *his* and *her*; together with the tantalizing humor of the author, in encouraging the reader to expect some most particular and technical announcement, and then leaving a chasm in the very spot which ought to give the information—all these peculiarities of style, while they perplexed me, charmed me too, and I became intoxicated with a fond ambition to employ my time and talents as a writer of blanks. Never shall I forget the day on which I mustered courage to communicate this purpose to my father. The loud laugh of derision which assailed my ear, when I expected his applause and admiration, went like a dagger to my heart; but even that pang was forgotten in the shock which was to follow. I shudder when I think of the cold-blooded irony and undisguised contempt with which my heartless parent heard and answered my appeal to the distinguished reputation of Job Printing as a proof that the blank business was both lucrative and honorable. Never let me feel again what I then felt, on being told that my imaginary man was a mechanical operation, his Jewish name an English noun, his surname a mere participle! Those who have experienced the sudden demolition of long cherished fancies, may, perhaps, appreciate my feelings at that moment. May they never feel the consequences which I felt. My intellectual being had been so bound up in the existence, personality, and future acquaintance of the great Job Printing, that his sudden disappearance from the catalogue of entities, impaired my understanding. Let this be my excuse for incoherence or

absurdity. Being thus unfitted for fresh mental effort, and my best days having been consumed in earnest preparation for my chosen walk of life, I was under the necessity of following, though with a feeble mind and broken heart, the course I had begun. My intervening days have, therefore, all been spent in bringing to perfection the art of composing blanks. I soon found that mere business-blanks had been already perfected by business men; and I determined therefore to devote myself to blanks of a superior order, and if possible to introduce this sort of composition into all the higher walks of public life. That I have not been influenced by mercenary motives, is apparent from the long and weary years of silence, during which I have been laying out my strength in solitude, instead of thrusting my unfinished projects on the notice of the public, or the patent office. Having now approached so near perfection in the manufacture, as to feel secure of the result, and being sensible of the approach of age, I am constrained to guard against unknown contingencies and human fraud, by laying a few samples of my art before the public. I request the use of a few columns, therefore, to exhibit my congressional, academical, convivial, and other blanks, without note or comment, or any thing to recommend, and them beyond their own intrinsic merit. In the meantime I subscribe myself by that name which I have for years assumed. Your friend,

JOB PRINTING.

THE COPY-BOOK.

NO. II.

THE BALD MOUNTAIN.

While sojourning in this secluded spot of earth, I joined an equestrian party in a visit to a remarkable mountain about thirty miles distant. The party consisted of eight; three of them "bonny, sweet, sossie lasses." The first day we rode twenty miles along the bank of the river mentioned before, which we forded, and that night lodged at a farm-house. Next day crossed mountain-spurs and ridges; our road a narrow turnpike winding around the declivities of the mountains, from which we occasionally caught glimpses of the vale beneath; and at night we took up our quarters in a log-house at the foot of the mountain which we had come to visit.

Next morning, taking a guide along, we ascended the mountain until our way became so steep that we found it necessary to dismount and lead our horses.

At length, after considerable fatigue, we came to the top of the near Bald; from this we had an extensive and delightful prospect; the air grew chilly, and all our cloaks were put in requisition. After a short pause, we went on to the far Bald, which we found a good deal higher than the near, and the air as cold as winter. From this point the prospect on every side was vast, various, magnificent.

The smoky haze of Indian summer, threw a soft and dreamy veil over the scene.

Around on every hand lay a wide sea of mountains, furrowed, ridged, peaked, with here and there a black

spot, the purple shadow of a cloud. In the distance we beheld broad plains, and the speck of a village and the meandering course of a stream; while in another direction we recognised the river along which we had rode in the deep ravine of two mountains, glittering like molten silver in the sun.

This mountain is named Bald, from its being destitute of trees on top, which is owing, I suppose, to its height and extreme cold. It abounds in deer and bears, and is much resorted to by hunters.

We descended, and passed the night again at the log-house aforesaid. Next morning we took an early start, and found the mountain air very cold, but my fair companion bore it in so soldier-like a style, I was ashamed to complain much.

As we wound along our spiral turnpike, the sun began to gleam from his chamber in the east; huge clouds of snowy mist were to be seen slowly rising from the chasms beneath. It was October; the foliage of the trees was arrayed in purple and gold and crimson. When the morning beams first stream through these painted leaves of autumn, it is a spectacle of beauty, compared with which the dim lustre of a cathedral window is a mere trifle, a Gothic toy.

A PLANTATION IN ALABAMA.

There is not much variety in a cotton plantation: the fields being very large, and only a succession of rows of the cotton plant, or of corn.

Besides the dwelling-house, there are negro-quarters, corn-cribs, stables, sheep-house, carriage-house, smoke-house, carpenter's shop, blacksmith's shop, gin-house, hen-house, turkey-house, bake-house, overseer's house, loom-house, and kitchen. At ten o'clock a horn is blown to call the negroes to their breakfast of bacon and corn-bread. The women, in the winter, are employed in spinning and weaving; each one having a daily task allotted; which she brings in at night. The dwelling-house is usually built of logs: after the lapse of some years, perhaps it is plastered within and weather-boarded without, and thus undergoes a metamorphosis.

On a spring morning you awake at the song of the mocking-bird: mists are suspended over the fields; the trees are in blossom and the flowers in bloom; the bee is humming in the air; the martens have returned to their boxes, and the sun scatters the rosy light of beauty over all the landscape. In the yard the gobbler is strutting with all the pomposity of an alderman, amidst the feathered tribes. About the kitchen is a squad of negro children, sunning themselves. About the house a spoilt boy may be heard crying for bread and butter, or seen persecuting young birds.

THE SOIL.

Agriculture in new countries is carried on in an exhausting and improvident manner. It is quite shocking to see the prodigal waste of timber consumed in clearing a plantation in the west. Entire primitive forests are girdled, and rot away, food for the woodpecker species, (which, by the way, is very numerous in this country,) or are at once felled with the axe and burned in heaps: thus many square miles of sturdy oaks and hickories,

the growth of centuries, are reduced in a brief hour to blue smoke and volatile gas.

The land once cleared, is exhausted by an uninterrupted succession of crops; until the proprietor, grown dissatisfied, sells out to some less opulent or less avaricious neighbor, and either retires upon a fortune, or removes to some new Elysium in the woods.

There is nothing new under the sun: the same wasteful process has been at work in all the southern states; in which, perhaps, none of the soil retains its original fertility, except the deep alluvial banks of the rivers, and even they begin to feel the effects of wear and tear. The consequence of all this is twofold; first, the poverty of the soil has driven a portion of the population to emigrate; second, a reaction has ensued in the system of agriculture; and the means are employed to renovate the constitution of a soil worn out by cultivation, until "the wilderness again blossoms like the rose."

LINES TO A LADY.

Oh give me a tress of that sunny lock,
Which waves o'er thy forehead fair,
Like the clustering vine on the polished rock
With its tendrils bright, that seems to mock
The soft breeze that kisses it there.

Or weave me a chain of its silken fold,
As light as the gossamer's wing,
Though soft and slight be its meshes of gold,
My faithful heart will it ever hold
Safe by the slenderest ring.

Then give me a tress of that golden hair,
For thy lover so faithful and true!
Thro' far distant lands in my bosom I'll bear
That little tress as a talisman rare,
To restore me to hope and to you.

She severed a tress of her beautiful hair,
For a lover so warm and so true,
And the gay ringlet glittered with one bright tear,
As he placed in his bosom a pledge so dear,
And she sighed on that bosom, Adieu!

REFLECTION

On the Decalful Appearances of Human Affairs.

Oh! thus 'tis ever, in this world of woe!
Life's stream runs smoothest—most unchecked
When its bright waters onward flow
Toward misfortune's cataract.

Thomas Goff, in the reign of James I. was highly praised as a tragic writer. In one of his tragedies, Amurath, the Turk coming on the stage, and seeing "an appearance of the heavens being on fire," breaks forth in the following strain:

"How now ye Heavens! grow ye so high and proud
That ye must needs put on these curled locks
And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fire?"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

By the Authors of "The Cottage in the Glen," "Sensibility," "Losing and Winning," "Fashionable and Unfashionable Wife," &c.

"I can scarcely believe my senses," said Mr. Chauncey, as he was one morning sitting with Mrs. Atkins; "I can scarcely believe my senses, when I see my old classmate, whom I left just out of college, and my little friend, Susan Leigh, whom I found sitting on her father's knee, when I called to take leave before my departure for Europe—now married—settled—established in life! It seems impossible! I have always thought of you as a child!"

Mrs. Atkins smiled. "You forget that we are all six years older than when you left us; and perhaps you forget, too, that I was the youngest child, and had the privilege of sitting on my father's knee much longer than daughters are wont to do. You and Charles are about the same age, and I am but five years my husband's junior. Do you feel too young to marry?"

"O, no,—I am now six-and-twenty—one year your husband's senior; and now that my wanderings are over, I should really like to marry soon, could I find a woman possessing those qualities I wish in a wife, who would unite her fate with mine."

"I conclude your taste has become fastidious, from your observation of beauty and accomplishments in Europe," said Mrs. Atkins.

"No—not exactly so—but from close observation of domestic life, I design to be guided by judgment, rather than fancy in my choice; and sincerely hope I shall never be so much fascinated by the charms of any one, as to be unable to form a correct opinion of her real character."

"You will not find it particularly easy to fall in love *designedly*," said Mrs. Atkins, laughing; "nor to save yourself from falling in love, by the efforts of reason and judgment. Of one thing, however, your remark has satisfied me—at present you are completely heart-whole."

"That is certainly true; and it is equally true that I am perfectly willing to fall in love with the first lady I meet, with whom there is a reasonable hope of living happily."

"You really contemplate the subject with the most enviable *coolness*," said Mrs. Atkins, again laughing. "I do not recollect to have heard any young gentleman talk of love and matrimony with such perfect calmness and self-possession. How charming it will be, should the lady of your choice exercise as much judgment, and have as little enthusiasm as yourself! Truly, nothing would be likely to disturb the even tenor of your way!"

"It is very possible to talk of fire without growing warm," said Mr. Chauncey, smiling. "But

seriously, I hope to love my wife, should I ever marry, with my whole soul. What misery to have one with such discordant qualities, as would alternately kindle and quench the flame of affection! The heart must soon wither under such a process! It is my full belief, that

'L'hymen et ses liens

Sont le plus grands ou des maux ou des biens,'

and I would therefore use circumspection in a matter of so much consequence. Let me rather pursue the journey of life alone, than to feel a doubt whether the society of my wife will increase or diminish my happiness! Should my heart ever be warmed to love," he added, while his eyes beamed in a manner that showed how deeply he could love—"Should my heart ever be warmed to love, may its fire be unceasingly fed by the same gentle hand that first kindled the flame—and may it burn brighter and clearer, until lost in that world, the only element of which is love! May my wife be a gentle spirit to accompany me in the path to heaven, and lure me back to it, if tempted to stray—and not a scourge to drive me thither as the only place of refuge from herself!"

"You have grown so solemn, Mr. Chauncey," said Mrs. Atkins, "and seem to look for a wife so free from human imperfections, so angelic, that I am almost afraid to tell you that I am expecting a visit from two of my young friends, with one or other of whom I had hoped you might be pleased."

"I do not expect freedom from human imperfections, Mrs. Atkins; but I do hope for freedom from gross defects. But who are these friends of whom you speak?"

"The eldest, who is not far from my own age, is my cousin, Augusta Leigh—and the other is Abby Eustace, my favorite school-friend, who is two years younger."

"And can you tell me nothing concerning them but their names and ages?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"No—positively I will tell you nothing else, except that either of them is pretty enough for a man who does not make beauty his first requisite in a wife; and each has fortune enough for one who does not marry expressly for money. This is all I will tell you; but as they will be here in the course of a week, you will have opportunity of studying their respective characters for yourself."

After a few minutes' thoughtful silence, Mr. Chauncey said—

"No, Mrs. Atkins, I think I shall not be fastidious; I think I shall be able to overlook imperfections in my wife, as I hope she would be willing to do in me. Qualities and acquirements which many might deem indispensable, I could dispense with; but there is one quality that I consider of primary importance—and next to pure and firm principles, that is what I shall seek for in my choice."

"And what is that?" asked Mrs. Atkins.

"You will forgive me if I do not answer that question. I wish to observe and judge for myself, and shall be more likely to judge correctly, if it is not known for what I am looking."

"Well," said Mrs. Atkins, "you appear very moderate and reasonable in your demands—and yet, were I an unmarried lady, I should be more afraid of you than of any young gentleman I have seen. Really, you are so calm, and reasonable, and scrutinizing, as to be quite terrifying. Give me the creature of impulse—of passion—of enthusiasm, who will be too much carried away with his own feelings, to be able to investigate my character too nicely; whose warm imagination will clothe me in virtues and attractions of its own rosy hues. Surely," she added, after a momentary pause, "Surely had Charles been of your temperament, I should never have known the happiness of being his wife!"

One day, about a week after the preceding conversation had taken place, Mrs. Atkins was seated in her parlor with her two friends, who had arrived a day or two before, when Miss Leigh, raising her eyes from the work that was in her hand to an opposite window, inquired who the elegant looking young man was, conversing with a lady, on the other side of the street.

"That?" said Mrs. Atkins, advancing to the window—"that is Mr. Chauncey, one of Charles's old friends."

"Horace Chauncey, who recently returned from Europe?" asked Miss Leigh.

"The same," answered Mrs. Atkins. "He will give us a call, presently, I dare say, as he comes here very often."

Before Mr. Chauncey arrives, there is just time to sketch a hasty outline of the portraits of the two young ladies. Miss Leigh was tall, well made, and commanding in her person. Her face was brilliant, with black eyes, and dark hair, but rather pale than otherwise, except when tinted by some degree of excitement. Miss Eustace was rather below the medium stature of woman, beautifully formed, and the most cheerful, happy looking creature in the world. Her eyes, shaded by long silken lashes, were of an undefinable color, and were dark or light, as intellect and feeling were awakened, or lay quiet. Her face was blooming; yet the color was so constantly changing its shade, that it seemed but the attendant on a heart "alive to every touch of joy or woe."

Mrs. Atkins was right. In a few minutes Mr. Chauncey came in, and was made acquainted with the young ladies. When Miss Leigh's name was mentioned, she calmly raised her eyes, and answered his civilities with the self-possession that is common to well-bred young ladies, on being made known to a stranger; but when Miss Eustace's

turn came, her color was heightened to a burning glow, and a slight and rather tremulous courtesy, was the only answer she made to the few words of compliment he uttered.—"Has he forgotten!" thought she, as she resumed her seat—"Can he have forgotten?"

Mr. Chauncey lengthened his visit to nearly an hour, but it differed not materially from other visits of a similar kind. The conversation was of a general and desultory character, and carried on in a lively manner by Mrs. Atkins, Mr. Chauncey, and Miss Leigh—Miss Eustace never uttering a word, except when directly addressed. On taking leave, Mr. Chauncey promised to profit by the invitation of Mrs. Atkins, to visit them very frequently. He was literally *in search of a wife*; and it was his wish to become really acquainted with those young ladies he met, in whom there was nothing which from the first moment told him that an union with them was impossible. The two friends of Mrs. Atkins were certainly not of this number, and his study of their characters soon became deeply interesting: that of Miss Leigh, because she had a great deal of character; was free, entertaining, even fascinating in conversation, with a heart overflowing with kindly feelings, and a head filled with noble sentiments and independent thought; that of Miss Eustace, because he had to judge her by her countenance, as she was extremely retiring and taciturn when he was present. Her face, however, was no very dull study; for of her, if of any one, it might perhaps have been said—"her body thought;" and occasionally, when he met her eye, there was a flash across his memory of something he had long before seen, or felt, or dreamed—an undefinable sensation of pleasure, but too evanescent to be caught or retained.

"How do you like Susan's guests, Horace?" Mr. Atkins inquired one day, after Mr. Chauncey had seen them a number of times.

"How am I to form an opinion of Miss Eustace?" asked Mr. Chauncey. "She indeed looks very much alive, but never utters a word when she can avoid it."

"How!" said Mr. Atkins. "I have never discovered that she is not as conversable and entertaining as Augusta, and far more playful."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chauncey. "But it has certainly not been so when I have met them. I think Miss Leigh peculiarly brilliant and pleasing in conversation. She appears to be a fine—a noble girl."

"They are both fine, noble girls," said Mr. Atkins. "It is not every day that we meet those who are equally so."

Mr. Atkins had not often been at home when his friend was at his house, but Mr. Chauncey's remark led him to notice Miss Eustace particularly whenever he witnessed their succeeding in-

interviews. One evening Mr. Chauncey was with them, and Mr. Atkins chanced to be seated a little apart from his wife, her cousin, and Mr. Chauncey, who were, as usual, in the full tide of conversation, when Miss Eustace, on rising to leave the room, passed near him. He caught her hand, and drawing her toward him, said, in a low tone—

"Where is your voice this evening, Abby?"

"My voice!" said Miss Eustace.

"O, I am glad you have not lost it—but why have you not spoken for these two hours?"

"And have I not?" asked Miss Eustace.

"Scarcely," answered Mr. Atkins.

"Then I suppose it was because I had nothing to say," said the smiling girl.

"But you are not usually so silent," remarked Mr. Atkins.

"Perhaps it would be better if I were. But truly, though you may doubt it, there are times when I had much rather listen than talk."

"Especially when my friend Horace is exerting his colloquial powers! hey?"

"Just as you please, sir," said Miss Eustace, again smiling, but with some little appearance of embarrassment, and withdrawing her hand, she left the room.

Mr. Chauncey did profit by the invitation of Mrs. Atkins, to visit her very frequently. Miss Eustace interested him. He loved, when not too much engrossed in conversation himself, to watch the bright, the cheerful, the intellectual, the ever varying expression of her countenance. Her eyes seemed fountains of light, and love, and happiness; and the dimples about her mouth and cheeks, the very abode of joy and content. There was something about her to soothe and exhilarate at the same time. But Miss Leigh soon awakened in him a deeper, a more engrossing interest. Her talents, which were neither concealed nor displayed, commanded his admiration; her compassionate feelings and elevated principles won his esteem; so that scarcely three weeks had elapsed from the commencement of his acquaintance with her, ere he was more sedulously aiming to learn how he might render himself acceptable to her, than to ascertain whether the *indispensable quality* for a good wife, was a component part of her character.

One fine morning, Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, Mr. Chauncey, and the young ladies, were to go out on horseback. The three former were ready and waiting in the parlor, when the two latter came from their chamber.

"You have very becoming riding-caps, young ladies," said Mr. Atkins, "but I think neither of you have put them on quite right. Come, Abby," he added, playfully, "let me adjust yours more to my mind."

"O, do," said Miss Eustace, holding up her

blooming face; "make me look as pretty as you possibly can."

"There!" said Mr. Atkins, after drawing the cap a little more on one side; "I will leave it to the company if that is not a great improvement. Now, Augusta, let me try my hand at yours."

"No, thank you, sir," said Miss Leigh, elevating her head, while her color was somewhat heightened—"I will wear my cap according to my own taste this morning, if you please."

"O, I beg a thousand pardons for my presumption," said Mr. Atkins—"Your taste is certainly much more correct than mine—I really beg your pardon."

Miss Leigh made no reply, but gave her hand to Mr. Chauncey, who was waiting to receive it, and the little party immediately started on their excursion. For awhile they all were rather silent, and seemed entirely engrossed in the management of their horses; but the weather was charming—their exercise exhilarating; and ere long each one was enjoying a fine flow of spirits. They rode several miles, and on their return home encountered a company of Irish people, men, women, and children. They looked way-worn and weary; and the faces of some of the children even wore an expression of anxiety and depression, as if they felt all the force of the friendlessness, the helplessness of strangers in a strange land. Mr. Atkins and his friends stopped to talk with them a few minutes, and bestow charity according to each one's ability or inclination, and then rode on.

"O, Mr. Chauncey," said Miss Leigh, in a low tone, after riding a little way in silence, "what pitiable objects those people were! As good by nature, and undoubtedly, some of them at least, much more amiable in disposition than myself—why is it that there is so vast a difference in our lots? How is it that I can ever be ungrateful or perverse, while thus distinguished by unnumbered and undeserved blessings!" Her tone was that of the deepest sympathy and humility, and her eyes were swimming in tears as she spoke.

Had Mr. Chauncey uttered the thought of his heart, he would have told her, that she was the most amiable, the most lovely, the most deserving among the whole family of man! And his eyes did utter it, so far as eyes are capable of utterance; though his tongue only spoke of the vast disparity that Infinite Wisdom sees best to make in the outward circumstances of his creatures in this world. When about taking leave at Mr. Atkins' door, Mr. Chauncey received a pressing invitation to return to take tea, and spend the evening—an invitation he promptly accepted.

At an early hour in the evening Mr. Chauncey was seated amid his circle of friends in Mrs. Atkins' parlor. Before tea was brought in, and while at the table, conversation flowed as usual;

and it was conversation:—the exercise of the mind—the collision of wit—the interchange of opinion—the expression of sentiment;—and not the idle and frivolous chit-chat, nor the oftentimes mischievous and envenomed gossip, that is sometimes so miscalled. After the tea-things were removed, and the ladies had settled themselves to their several employments, Mr. Chauncey, at the request of Mrs. Atkins, read aloud the best of Mrs. Opie's tales, namely, "White Lies." Mr. Chauncey's voice was rich and mellow, his intonations and emphases perfect; so that whatever he read produced the full effect that the author intended. His present little auditory paid him the compliment of the most profound silence, till he finished the tale, and closed the volume.

"That is a faultless story," said Mr. Atkins. "Do you not think so?" All, except Miss Eustace, expressed their approbation of it in warm terms. She remained silent.

"What says my little Abby to it?" said Mr. Atkins. "Do you dissent from the common opinion?"

"I think it highly interesting and instructive," Miss Eustace replied, "but not faultless."

"Pray point out the faults," said Mr. Atkins. "Let us have the benefit of your critique upon it."

Miss Eustace blushed, and begged to be excused. She was sorry she had expressed any feeling of disapprobation. But Mr. Atkins persisted that she should point out the defects she discovered, in which he was joined by the rest of the circle. Blushing still more deeply, Miss Eustace said—

"Clara could not have felt true friendship for Eleanor, or she would not have manifested such indelicate joy, when the latter was proved so base."

"Clara's own explanation, that she had a *dearer* friend, at whose escape she rejoiced, was a sufficient apology."

This opinion, though differently expressed, was uttered by every one at the same moment, Mr. Chauncey excepted.

"That, as I think, is another defect," said Miss Eustace. "Was there no indelicacy in her permitting that *dearer* friend to see that she loved him, and calculated on the offer of his hand, while he yet had made no declaration of attachment to her?"

"Her amiable sincerity would atone for that fault, if it could be called a fault," said Mr. Atkins.

"Hardly, I think," said Miss Eustace. "I always was sorry the passage was written, especially as it was written by a woman, and have ever been inclined to *jump* it when reading the tale. I like not that female delicacy should be sacrificed, even at the shrine of sincerity. But Mrs. Opie not unfrequently sins against the more refined and retiring delicacy of her sex."

"In what other instance do you think she has done it, Miss Eustace?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"O, in many," Miss Eustace replied. "Any one who understands the true female character, and who will read her works carefully, will easily detect them."

"O, name them—name them, Abby," said Mr. Atkins.

"Yes, name some other," said Mrs. Atkins.

"There is one in 'Madaline' that now occurs to me," said Miss Eustace, "that struck me as grossly indelicate; and, indeed, not true to nature. Madaline says of herself, 'that she sang *louder* than usual one evening when she supposed that Mr. Falconer was listening behind the hedge, that he might hear her.'"

"Was that false to nature, as well as indelicate, Abby?" asked Mr. Atkins,

Coloring more highly than ever, while her silken lashes fell over her eyes, as if to conceal their deep expression, she replied—

"I should have supposed that the idea of the proximity of one so dear to her, under such circumstances, would have rendered it impossible for her to sing as *loud* as usual, if indeed she could sing at all."

Mr. Atkins, who was seated by her, whispered in her ear—"What happy fellow taught you so much of the effect of the tender passion, Abby?"

This question covered her whole face and neck with a glow of carmine; but in a low, and somewhat tremulous tone, she said—

"May not instinct teach a woman how she should probably be affected under such circumstances?"

"Possibly," said Mr. Atkins—"but for all that, I do suspect you most grievously."

All the little party continued to converse in the most animated manner, Miss Eustace excepted. She was making a feather screen for Mrs. Atkins, and she now applied herself to her work with the most persevering diligence, and in perfect silence.

"Do let us hear the sound of your voice again, Abby," said Mr. Atkins, in an under tone. "You have now maintained the most profound silence for more than an hour. Pray speak once again."

"I will," said Miss Eustace, "for I am just going to ask Augusta if my screen will do."

"I can tell you that it will," said Mr. Atkins, "it is very handsomely made."

But Miss Leigh differed from him in opinion. "It is not so pretty as it might be, Abby," said she. "The different colored feathers are not so arranged as to produce the best effect."

"Are they not?" said Miss Eustace. "I have been trying to make it as pretty as possible. But you are correct, Augusta," added she, after holding the screen in different points of view; "it is really a gaudy looking thing. I will give it to some child who needs a fan, and will be delighted

with its gay colors, and make another for my friend."

"O no, Abby," said Mrs. Atkins, "you shall not take that trouble. This is really a handsome screen."

"So I thought," said Miss Eustace, "until Augusta helped to open my eyes to its glaring defects. No, no—I will make another for you. Should you carry this, it might be thought that a Sachem had robbed some fair one of his tribe, and laid the spoils at your feet. I should take no pleasure in giving you anything so ill-looking—in such bad taste."

"Just as you please, dear," said Mrs. Atkins, "though I am sorry that you should give yourself so much trouble."

"I shall not esteem it a trouble," said Miss Eustace, as she resumed her seat, and at the same time her taciturnity.

Miss Leigh was peculiarly happy this evening. Mr. Chauncey did not, it is true, converse with her any more than usual, nor say anything to her that he might not have said to another; but there was something in his manner, in the tone of his voice, and in the expression of his eyes, when he addressed her, that betrayed his admiration, his growing preference. Mrs. Atkins observed it with much pleasure. She truly loved Miss Eustace, and would not have been *dissatisfied* had she become the object of Mr. Chauncey's choice; yet her cousin Augusta was the one she had in her own mind selected for his wife. But Mr. Atkins saw it with something like regret. Though he really thought that Miss Leigh was, as he had said to Mr. Chauncey, a fine, a noble minded girl, yet she was not his favorite of the two young ladies. He loved Mr. Chauncey with a warm attachment; and Miss Eustace, according to his opinion, was the very person to secure his happiness.

After Mr. Chauncey took leave, Mr. Atkins and Miss Eustace chanced to be left alone for a short time, when the former abruptly said—

"You really vex me, Abby."

"Vex you! how? I am very sorry," said Miss Eustace.

"Why, here is my friend Horace, who is decidedly the finest fellow I ever knew, whom you are permitting Augusta to carry off, without one effort to contest the prize!"

"Effort! Mr. Atkins?" said Miss Eustace. "Would you have me *make an effort* to attract his attention?"

"No—not exactly make an effort; but I would have you do yourself justice—would have you let him see a little what you are. Why cannot you talk as much when he is here, as you do at other times?"

"You are now laughing at me!" said Miss Eustace. "I have been quite ashamed of myself,

ever since I was drawn on to say so much about Mrs. Opie's works."

"The only time you have spoken this evening!" said Mr. Atkins. "Truly you have great cause to be ashamed of your loquacity! Why, Augusta said more words to him in half an hour to-night, than he has heard you utter since you have been here!"

"It may be so," said Miss Eustace; "but you may depend on it, Mr. Atkins, that I will never speak a word when I should otherwise be silent, nor say anything different from what I should otherwise say, to secure the attention, or meet the approbation of any gentleman in the world!"

"You are incorrigible!" said Mr. Atkins. "And another thing—either you dislike Horace, or are attached to some other man. I suspect the latter. I have watched you a little this evening, and noticed a shade of sadness—of melancholy, on your brow, that I never saw there before. I do not wish, my dear Abby, from idle curiosity, to pry into the secrets of your heart,—but tell me—is not my suspicion correct?"

"I do most truly assure you it is not," Miss Eustace had just time to reply, ere Miss Leigh re-entered the parlor, and the former immediately left the room.

"O, how thankful I am," thought she, as she shut herself in her own chamber—"how thankful I am that he framed his question as he did! otherwise what could I have done? Dislike Horace Chauncey! Love some other man! O, would the former were true! Would I had passed through the same Lethe in which he seems to have been plunged! But no matter—I will soon go home, and then strive to grow forgetful myself; for never will I try to refresh his memory!" Sad! said Mr. Atkins? I will not be sad—at least no one shall see me so—I will not be so if I can help it!" Humming a cheerful air, which, however, lost something of its sprightliness, though none of its melody, as she warbled it, she returned to the parlor.

As day succeeded day, the visits of Mr. Chauncey became more frequent, and the interest Miss Leigh inspired more obvious. The seat next her he always, if possible, secured; if that was occupied, the back of her chair frequently afforded him a support. He interested himself in all her pursuits—looked over the book she was reading—examined and admired her work,—and never seemed completely happy unless near her, and having some object of mutual interest.

Meantime, despite Miss Eustace's resolution, she was frequently sad; and notwithstanding her efforts at concealment, which led her to appear unnaturally gay, Mr. Atkins saw it. He was observing her closely, but silently; not even suggesting to Mrs. Atkins that any change was coming over her friend. But he noticed that the moment

after the frolic or the joke was passed, a seriousness rested upon her features, as unnatural to them as frivolity was to her manners. When Mr. Chauncey was present, she indeed appeared not much different from formerly, except that her cheek was less frequently dimpled with a smile, her eyes were more intently fixed on her work, and her silence, if possible, was more profound than ever. Sometimes, when a pang of peculiar bitterness shot through her heart, she would resolve on closing her visit immediately; but when she had hinted such an intention to Mrs. Atkins, that lady seemed so much hurt, and so strenuously opposed such a measure, that she abandoned the idea. Yet how could she stay three months longer,—which was the term originally fixed for her visit,—witnessing that which she witnessed—that which was constantly enhancing her disquietude? Often in the retirement of her chamber, she would take herself severely to task. “How foolish—how worse than foolish I have been, thus year after year to let one idea engross my heart, without ever looking forward, for a moment, to a result like this! Common sense, common prudence, common discretion would have taught me better! Yet I consulted neither; but permitted my foolish imagination to indulge itself at the expense of my peace. Childish infatuation! But I will thus indulge myself no longer. This attachment shall be rooted out! He and Augusta will make a noble couple. I see it—much as my heart rebels against it. They will love and be happy! What if she will not study his every wish, as I could not help doing, and lose her very being in his! he will love her; and the observation of her shining qualities, will leave him no time to regret the absence of trifling and minor attentions or virtues. I *must*, I *will* forget this dream of years, which else will involve me in misery, if not in guilt. Too much already has my heart been divided between heaven and earth! and richly do I deserve this suffering, for permitting a creature, however exalted in virtue—and O, how exalted he is! how far above all others that I have seen! yet how wicked I have been to permit him to engross so much of that love, which before His sacred altar, I promised should be first of all for my God! Father,” she cried, while she raised her tearful eyes to heaven, “draw my affections to thyself, though my heartstrings should be severed!”

Both Miss Leigh and Miss Eustace were much attached to Mrs. Atkins, and were frequently employed in making some fancy article—some elegant trifle, to leave behind them as tokens of their regard. Miss Eustace had finished a screen, which could not but satisfy the most delicate taste, and was now engaged in embroidering a white satin reticule for her friend; while Miss Leigh was making a pyramid of various kinds of shells,

as an ornament for the mantel-piece. This last was quite an arduous undertaking, as many of the shells were exceedingly small, and required great skill and taste so to arrange them, as at once to match them with precision, and display their beauty to the greatest advantage.

All the little circle at Mr. Atkins’ watched the progress of this pyramid with interest, and with admiration of its beauty, and the taste of the fair architect. Mr. Chauncey was almost a daily witness of its increasing height, and certainly not behind any one in the praise he bestowed on it. He would sit for an hour together, assorting the shells, and admiring the delicate fingers that fitted them in their places so neatly; above all, admiring the power that enabled the architect to carry on a work that seemed to require so much care and ingenuity, while her mind seemed quite free to engage in any subject of conversation, however foreign to her employment.

One morning as Miss Leigh was seated in the recess which was devoted to her use while erecting her pyramid, Miss Eustace came, as she frequently did, to overlook her for a few minutes. She looked on in silence for some time, and then said—

“It is the most beautiful thing, Augusta, that I ever saw. But is it quite perpendicular?”

“Perfectly so,” said Miss Leigh.

“Perhaps it is the position from which I now view it, that makes it seem to lean a little toward your right hand,” said Miss Eustace.

“It undoubtedly is,” said Miss Leigh; “for it is precisely perpendicular.”

“It is really the most beautiful thing I ever saw,” repeated Miss Eustace; and soon after took a seat on the other side of the room.

She had been but a short time settled to her work, when Mr. Chauncey made his appearance; and just passing the compliments of the morning, he drew a chair towards Miss Leigh’s table, and seated himself beside her.

“What are you doing, Miss Leigh?” said he, in a tone of surprise, as soon as he had had time to observe that instead of adding shells to the fabric, she was deliberately removing them: “Have you made any mistake?”

“Abby has been finding fault with my work,” she replied. Her words seemed to almost choke her, and her eyes sparkled with unusual fire, while a very bright spot burned on her cheek.

“Fault! what fault?” asked Mr. Chauncey.

In an instant Miss Eustace was beside the table, and catching the hand that was about to remove another shell, she cried—

“Dear Augusta, what do you mean! you must not remove another shell from this beautiful fabric!”

With a motion not perfectly gentle, Miss Leigh withdrew her hand from Miss Eustace’s grasp, and in silence proceeded to remove the shell.

"Do persuade her, Mr. Chauncey," said Miss Eustace, with eagerness, "Do persuade her to let alone this work of destruction. I only asked her if it was quite perpendicular; and no doubt it was my point of observation that made it appear otherwise. Dear Augusta," she added, throwing her arms around her friend's neck, "do desist from your present purpose. I wish I had kept my foolish tongue quiet. You know not how sorry I am that I made the remark!"

But Miss Leigh would not yield. Releasing herself from Miss Eustace's arms, she returned to her work of demolition, while she said—

"I shall take it to pieces, *Miss Eustace*. I like not that anything should go from beneath my hand that is not perfect!"

"That is a right principle," thought Mr. Chauncey, "and is an excuse for——" He stopped short, for he found himself in danger of having his judgment warped by the emotions of his heart. Fixing his eyes on the pyramid, he fell into a train of musing.

"It is quite perpendicular, is it not, Mr. Chauncey?" said Miss Eustace, supposing his mind engrossed by the object he seemed so intently viewing. "Is it not quite perpendicular?" she repeated.

"It is not," said Mr. Chauncey, roused by her reiterated question to examine the pyramid with a critical eye—"it is not; though I did not notice its declination till led to look for it. The defect, however, is so slight, that few persons probably would notice it."

"You will not take it to pieces, Augusta?" said Miss Eustace, in an entreating tone.

Miss Leigh removed her work to a greater distance from her, and turning it slowly round, examined it carefully.

"Yes, I must take it down, Abby—at least thus far," said she, placing her finger on the pyramid. "The defect is not so slight as Mr. Chauncey says. Every one will observe it. I should have done so myself as soon as I had completed it. I am very glad you noticed it so seasonably, notwithstanding my petulency—my ill-humor. Will you forgive me, Abby?" she added, as she looked up with an expression of regret on her features, while she held up her lips for a kiss.

"I have nothing to forgive," said Miss Eustace, as she placed her lips on those of her friend with the warm kiss of affection.

Mr. Chauncey drew a long breath, as if relieved from an oppressive burden.

Yet notwithstanding this speedy reconciliation, Mr. Chauncey's visit was not pleasant as usual. Miss Leigh seemed too intent on taking her work to pieces, to converse with her usual vivacity. Nor did her countenance wear exactly its most agreeable expression. In a few minutes after the mutual kiss had been given, a look of uneasiness—

of discontent, settled on her features,—and a certain something lurked about her eye and brow, which, to say the least, was not attractive. There was something, too, in the closing of her mouth, that rendered her far less beautiful than usual. All this might have arisen from the unpleasantness of the task of taking to pieces that which she had put together with so much care and pains. But be the cause what it might, Mr. Chauncey was paralyzed by the effect. He made one or two efforts at conversation, as he found silence very embarrassing. He tasted not that rich enjoyment which he sometimes had, while sitting in perfect silence beside the object of his admiration. But his efforts to converse were unavailing, as Miss Leigh answered only by monosyllables. He wished Miss Eustace would do something to break the spell; but she had resumed her seat and her work on the other side of the room, and was silent and unobtrusive as usual. Mrs. Atkins at length came in, and Mr. Chauncey hoped that relief was now at hand; but instead of this, the unpleasant explanation of Miss Leigh's retrograde work must be made.

"What a pity it is!" said Mrs. Atkins. "Why did not some one of us observe it sooner, to save you so much trouble, Augusta?"

To this Miss Leigh made no reply, but with her mouth more firmly closed than ever, continued for a few minutes longer to undo her work. Increasing dissatisfaction, however, was legibly written on her countenance, till at length, closing her hands over the pyramid, she said, "This is too irksome!" and at the same instant pressed her hands together, and reduced the fabric to a complete ruin.

"O, how could you do so?" cried Mrs. Atkins.

"I will make one for you, Susan, after I go home," said Miss Leigh. "I could not go on with this—all satisfaction in it was forever destroyed!"

If Miss Leigh ever appeared lovely and fascinating—if she ever appeared to be all that a woman should be, it was for the fortnight that succeeded the demolition of the pyramid; and Horace Chauncey at length surrendered himself to the force of her attractions. And yet his heart had not the perfect consent of his judgment; or rather, he feared that if his judgment were perfectly well-informed, its sentence would be against him. "And yet, what have I to fear?" thought he. "The strong attachment of her friends speaks volumes in her praise, even did she need such testimony in her favor. And do I not, myself, constantly witness the vigor of her intellect—the correctness of her opinions—the delicacy of her feelings—the tenderness of her sympathies? What can I ask more? Where else can I find as much?" He sighed deeply as he added—"Mrs. Atkins spoke truth—I have become fastidious. I am ex-

pecting that perfection on earth, which is to be found only in heaven. And am I so perfect myself as to have a right to expect perfection in a wife? Alas, how many defects will you have to overlook in me, Augusta, should you ever be mine! and mine you must be! I can—I will hesitate no longer! This very evening you shall know the wishes of my heart!" He immediately opened his writing-desk, filled a page with the avowal of his attachment, and closed by the offer of his hand.

On entering his friend's parlor in the evening, Mr. Chauncey found the young ladies engaged at chess; Mr. Atkins seated by them, watching the progress of the game, while Mrs. Atkins was occupied with a book in another part of the room. He was so often with them, that he came in and went out almost like one of the family, so that a bow and a "good evening" were all that was necessary before he mingled in the group, and became a participant in whatever was on hand. He now stationed himself behind Miss Leigh's chair, and fastened his eyes on the chess-board. For some time, however, he could not fix his mind on the game, so much were his thoughts engrossed by the important letter that seemed to burn in his pocket.

"Our fair friends are so equally matched," said Mr. Atkins, "that there is much interest in watching the contest."

"Have you frequently played since you have been here?" inquired Mr. Chauncey.

"Very seldom," Miss Leigh replied.

"I thought so," said Mr. Chauncey, "or I must before this have found you thus engaged."

"They played last evening," said Mr. Atkins, "and had a warmly contested battle."

"And who was conqueror?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"O, Augusta," said Miss Eustace, looking up, "but much against my will, I assure you. I never tried harder for victory in my life."

"Then you bore your defeat admirably," said Mr. Atkins. "For my part, I thought you quite indifferent about it, you appeared so well satisfied after you had yielded the contest."

"O, yes,—after I had yielded," said Miss Eustace. "The time of trial, you know, is when one fears that they shall be obliged to yield. After all, there is about as much satisfaction in being beaten as in beating; for one can scarcely help sympathizing with an antagonist who has fought bravely but unsuccessfully."

"I am happy to learn that you so much enjoy being beaten," said Miss Leigh, smiling.

"You think I shall soon have that enjoyment again?" said Miss Eustace, "and I shall, indeed, unless I pay more attention to the game."

For a full hour from this time they made their moves in perfect silence—victory sometimes lean-

ing to the one side, sometimes to the other. The two gentlemen were as much interested as the fair antagonists; but they had taken different sides. Mr. Atkins' sympathies all being enlisted for Miss Eustace—Mr. Chauncey's, of course, for Miss Leigh. Both, however, were too gentlemanly too express their feelings by word or sign. But at length the game seemed drawing to a close, and again in Miss Leigh's favor, when a skilful move on Miss Eustace's part, turned the whole face of the battle. Miss Leigh, however, seemed not aware of it, so intent was she on the manœuvre she had been performing. But Mr. Chauncey's heart beat quick, as he saw all her danger; and when she placed her fingers on a piece, to have moved which would have decided her fate at once, his self-command forsook him, and uttering an emphatic "Ah!" he turned suddenly from the table. He could not endure to witness her defeat!

Miss Leigh suspended her movement, but she was too much excited to see clearly, and after a momentary pause, she made the fatal move. The next instant she saw her error—it was too much—and at the moment when Mr. Chauncey resumed his post, with a flaming cheek and flashing eyes, she swept her arm across the table, exclaiming—

"I will never play another game of chess while I live!"

Miss Eustace looked up with an expression of anxiety on her features; Mr. Atkins with one of undisguised displeasure; while the countenance of Mr. Chauncey spoke amazement and consternation. Miss Leigh instantly left the table, and walked toward the fire, followed by Miss Eustace.

"Who is the victor to-night, Abby?" inquired Mrs. Atkins, raising her eyes from her book.

"Neither," said Miss Eustace, in a very soft and low tone; "we did not finish the game."

"You know better, Miss Eustace!" said Miss Leigh; "you know you were yourself victorious, and I will never play another game of chess while I live!" Her voice, though but slightly raised, had the tone of passionate excitement; and her words were scarcely uttered, ere she burst into a paroxysm of tears. Miss Eustace again looked up with an expression of distress—stood suspended a moment as if in doubt what to do, and then silently left the room.

"Are you petrified?" said Mr. Atkins, as he turned round, and observed Mr. Chauncey, standing immovable beside the chess-table, his eyes riveted upon it.

The question of Mr. Atkins roused him, and drawing out his watch, he said, while his voice betrayed much emotion—

"It is later than I thought—I must bid you good night!"

"O, not yet, Horace," said Mr. Atkins. "That unlucky game of chess has engrossed the whole

evening. Come, sit down. Susan will throw aside her book—Augusta will get over her defeat—and we will have some rational conversation."

"You will excuse me this evening," said Mr. Chauncey, and uttering a hasty "good night," he left the room.

He was scarcely conscious of anything until he found himself in his own chamber at his boarding-house. Stirring the decaying embers that lay on the hearth to make them burn more brightly, he matched the lately written letter from his pocket, and laid it upon them. He watched it as it consumed, until the last particle was reduced to ashes, and then, drawing a long breath, he uttered an emphatic—"Thank heaven!"

An hour afterwards he rang the bell for a servant, gave some directions, and at five the next morning, while the stars were yet bright in the heavens, he took a seat in the mail-coach, that whirled him rapidly away from the scene of his danger.

"What has become of Mr. Chauncey?" inquired Mrs. Atkins, the second evening after the decisive game of chess had been played—"He is staying from us much longer than usual, I think."

Miss Leigh looked up with a face of anxious inquiry, as Mr. Atkins replied—

"Indeed I don't know what has become of him. I have not had a sight of him since Tuesday evening. Perhaps," he added, laughing, "perhaps he died of the fright you that night gave him, Augusta!"

Coloring the deepest crimson, while the tears forced themselves to her eyes, Miss Leigh replied—

"At least my hasty temper will frighten all your friends from your house, Mr. Atkins, should its effects not prove any more fatal. O, could my friends know how much my ungovernable passions cost me, they would pity as much as they blame me!"

"O, do not talk of it, dear Augusta," said Miss Eustace, taking her hand. "Forget it all, as we do—or remember it only to strive after more self-command for the future. You remember how much we admired the sentiment we read yesterday—

'Qui sakt se posséder, peut commander au monde.'"

"O, yes—but all my efforts at self-possession are useless," said Miss Leigh, almost sobbing—"I can never remember till it is too late; and then mortification and self-upbraiding are my just reward. I would give the world, Abby," she added, as she parted the hair from her friend's placid brow—"I would give the world, had I your equanimity of temper!"

"Well, let us talk no more of it," said Mr. Atkins. "To-morrow I will look after the truant, and learn the cause of his absence."

He had scarcely done speaking, when a servant brought in the letters and papers which had just arrived by the mail. Looking them over, Mr. Atkins caught up one, exclaiming—

"This is curious!—this must be Horace's handwriting, and the post-mark is Boston!"

"Pray open it," cried Mrs. Atkins—"What does he say?"

"Why, he says," answered Mr. Atkins, after rapidly running the letter over—"he says that he writes to bid us a 'good-bye,' that he could not come to utter in his own person."

"Good-bye!" cried Mrs. Atkins—"pray when did he leave town?"

"At five the next morning after he left us," said Mr. Atkins.

"And how long is he to be absent?" Mrs. Atkins inquired.

"Uncertain," answered her husband. "The length of his absence will depend on circumstances. Perhaps we shall not see him again these three months."

"This is very singular!" remarked Mrs. Atkins. "Does he say what called him away in such haste, to be gone for so long a period?"

"Not a word. The letter seems to have been written in great haste. I have never seen such a scroll come from beneath Horace's hand. He must have been in great haste."

Mr. Atkins then proceeded to open other letters, and nothing further was said of Mr. Chauncey, or his abrupt departure. Yet a glance at the faces of the trio of ladies would have proved that the subject was not dismissed from their thoughts. Mrs. Atkins, with half-closed eyes, sat looking at the fire, with an air of abstraction which showed that she was endeavoring to unravel the enigma. Miss Leigh's features wore an expression of blank disappointment; and after an unsuccessful attempt to conceal or control her feelings, she retired to her chamber. The heightened color in Miss Eustace's cheek was the only thing about her face that bespoke emotion; but an eye, fixed intently on the frill that fell over her bosom, would have seen with what force and rapidity her heart was beating.

"Gone!" said Miss Leigh, as she closed the door of her chamber; "Gone for three months! From me—forever! The die is cast!" She wept in the bitterness of disappointment and mortification. She had for many days been hourly expecting the offer of his hand—the hand she most strongly wished to possess. She had felt confident of his attachment—she had told her cousin of her expectations. She had read his affection, his admiration, in his eyes, in the tone of his voice. Had she been deceived! Had he tried to deceive her? O, no—Horace Chauncey was above deceit. He had loved her!—but like a fool—or rather, like a fury, she had forced him from her! It must have

been so—that game of chess had sealed her fate! Such was the train of thought that accompanied her tumultuous and compunctious feelings. Her peace, her happiness, her self-respect were gone; and the most bitter drop in her cup of sorrow, was the full consciousness that she had brought on her own misery—that she deserved her wretchedness!

From this period, all enjoyment of her visit to Mrs. Atkins was at an end. She dragged out a week or two, every solitary moment of which was spent in bitter self-upbraiding, and then took an abrupt departure for home. Miss Eustace would have accompanied her, but to this Mrs. Atkins would not listen for a moment. "No, no, Abby," said she; "it must not be! I cannot part with you both at once; and one day must not be taken from the time that your mother allotted for your visit, unless by providential appointment."

"Whom suppose you I saw alighting from the stage-coach just now?" said Mr. Atkins with much animation, as he came in to tea one evening, about a fortnight after Miss Leigh's departure.

"Horace Chauncey," said Mrs. Atkins.

"Horace Chauncey!" repeated Mr. Atkins—"How came you to think of him?"

"Because there is no one likely to arrive here, whom I should be so glad to see," Mrs. Atkins replied.

"Well, you are correct in your conjecture," said Mr. Atkins. "It was Horace, and he has promised to look in upon us for a few minutes in the course of the evening. But you need not look so much moved, Abby; for I dare say nothing will happen to drive him away to-night."

"There is nothing pleasant in the recollection of the last time I saw him," said Miss Eustace. She blushed as she was speaking at the disingenuousness which led her to permit Mr. Atkins to ascribe her emotion to a wrong cause. She felt as if

"L'art le plus innocent, tient de la perfidie."

But it was not art—it was nature. The love in a woman's heart likes not to be looked upon, at least not until it may with propriety be expressed. It is a little treasure which she feels to be all her own—a treasure she has a right to conceal from all eyes. Timidity, delicacy, natural female reserve, are the causes of this concealment, rather than want of ingenuousness. In the most perfect solitude she would blush to clothe in sound the words "I love," though she might constantly be conscious of the fact—constantly have her eye fixed on the image of the beloved object engraven on her heart. The woman who can, to a third person, speak freely of her love, loves not as woman is capable of loving!

As expected, Mr. Chauncey came in before the evening was far advanced, and though on his first appearance, his manner was not quite as calm and

collected as usual, his embarrassment soon wore away, and his visit, instead of being one of a few minutes, was lengthened to a couple of hours.

"You need no new invitation to favor us with frequent visits, Mr. Chauncey," said Mrs. Atkins, as he was taking leave; "those you formerly received were for life."

Notwithstanding the kindness and delicacy of this remark, Mr. Chauncey for awhile was less frequently to be seen at his friend's than formerly. He was not a pining lover; but he had received a shock from which he could not at once recover. His was not a heart that could long continue to love, after the beloved object had ceased to command his respect. To marry Miss Leigh, to look to her to make his home the abode of peace, serenity, and joy, was impossible; and after this full conviction of his judgment, to spend his time in sighing for her loss would be puerile. Yet apart from every selfish consideration, he did mourn, that a woman possessing such qualities as she possessed, and who might be all that the heart or the judgment could require, should be spoiled by the indulgence of one baneful passion.

Even at the time when he yielded himself most completely to Miss Leigh's attractions, the contrast between her temper and that of Miss Eustace would force itself upon him. At the moment of the destruction of the pyramid, the feather screen came fully before his memory; and the different expressions of the two young ladies' faces, when Mr. Atkins ventured to propose some improvement in the mode of wearing their riding-caps, were vividly painted to his imagination. He strove, however, to persuade himself, that it was unreasonable to expect in one person a combination of all the excellent and lovely qualities that are divided among the sex; and he endeavored to believe, that that candor which was so ready to acknowledge a fault, was even more desirable than uniform sweetness of temper. But the veil had been rudely torn from his eyes; his sophistry had all been overthrown—and after one struggle, he was himself again—restored to the full conviction, that one great defect will spoil a character.

It was not long, however, before Mr. Chauncey's visits at his friend's house were as frequent as ever, though the character of his enjoyment was changed. He was no longer engrossed by one exciting object, and there was a new quietness breathing about his friend's fire-side, that rendered their rich moral and intellectual pleasures truly delightful. Formerly his visits had had all the excitement of pleasure; on returning home he had needed repose; now they had the soothing effect of happiness, and if he went weary, he returned home refreshed.

During several of his earlier visits, Miss Eustace was as silent as she had formerly been; but gradually her friends were drawing her out by

addressing themselves to her, or asking her opinion; and Mr. Chauncey himself was becoming interested in eliciting her remarks. She did not awaken his admiration, like Miss Leigh; but he soon became sensible, that if what she said was less shining, it was generally better digested; and if she had less wit herself, she more heartily enjoyed the wit of others. If he did not leave her society dazzled by her brilliancy, he found that what she said called forth thought and reflection; and if her observations had less force and fire than her friend's, they would better bear examination. Her lustre was mild, not overpowering; and her influence upon the heart and mind, like the dews of a summer's evening descending on the flowers—noiseless, gentle, insensible—but invigorating and refreshing.

That dreamy recollection, too—that strange association of certain expressions of her countenance with some bygone pleasure, which he had experienced on their first acquaintance, but which had been lost sight of while he was engrossed by Miss Leigh, was returning with increased force upon him, and awakened a peculiar interest. It was something undefinable, untangible; but still something that gave a throb to the heart whenever it crossed him. Yet so quiet was Miss Eustace's influence; so different the feelings she awakened from those excited by Miss Leigh, that his heart was a captive while he yet suspected not his loss of freedom.

One evening on entering his friend's parlor, he found Miss Eustace alone, Mr. and Mrs. Atkins having gone out for an hour. She was standing at a window, partially screened from view by the heavy folds of the window-curtain. She took no notice of his entrance, supposing it one of the family who came in; but he immediately joined her, remarking—

"You seem lost in thought, Miss Eustace. Will you permit me to participate in your reflections?"

"I was looking forth on the beauties of the evening," said Miss Eustace.

It was a glorious night. The moon, clear as a pearl, was riding high in the heavens, and looking down on the earth, which seemed hushed to perfect peace—and every star that could make itself visible in the presence of the queen of night, was sparkling like a diamond.

"It is indeed a night to awaken admiration, and inspire poetry," said Mr. Chauncey. "Has not the muse visited you?"

"I believe not," said Miss Eustace. "The influence of such a night on my heart is like that of music; I think it is *feeling*, not *thought*, that it inspires. O, could one communicate feelings without the intervention of words—could they throw them on paper without the mechanical drudgery of expressing them, what a volume would there be

to read!" She raised her face towards him while speaking, beaming with the inspiration of the soul.

"Who is it! what is it! that you are perpetually bringing athwart my imagination—my memory?" said Mr. Chauncey, abruptly. "I seem to have had a pre-existence, in which you were known to me!"

Miss Eustace made no reply. The suddenness of the question made her heart beat tumultuously—painfully; and the intensity of her feeling produced a sensation of faintness; but she supported herself against the window-frame, and her agitation was unnoticed.

"I have it—that must be it!" exclaimed Mr. Chauncey, after a moment's abstraction—"Gen. Gardner!—Years ago, when quite a boy, I spent a week at his house. He had a lovely little daughter—*her* name, too, was Abby—I have neither seen nor heard from her since; but she strongly resembled you! The same lovely expression animated her features! Am I not right?"

Scarcely able to command voice enough to speak, Miss Eustace replied—"I believe Gen. Gardner never had a daughter."

"O, you must be mistaken!" said Mr. Chauncey. "It has all come as fresh to my memory as the events of yesterday. My father went a long journey, took me with him as far as the General's, and left me until his return. I was with his lovely little daughter, daily, for a week; and remember asking her before I came away, if she would not be my wife when she became a woman!"

"Most true!" thought Miss Eustace, trembling from head to foot, "and you followed the question by a kiss."

"You are acquainted with the General's family," continued Mr. Chauncey, "and yet you say he never had a daughter! But you must be mistaken! He certainly had one then, if he has one no longer!"

"I cannot be mistaken, sir," said Miss Eustace, in tones that were scarcely audible, "as I have passed much of my time there from infancy."

"Then it was yourself," cried Mr. Chauncey, "your own self that I saw there! Am I not right? Do you not remember it?"

"I do," Miss Eustace had just voice enough to utter.

"And did you remember me when we first met here?" inquired Mr. Chauncey, with eagerness.

"I did," said Miss Eustace.

"And why," he cried, "why did you never speak of our former acquaintance? Why could you not kindly recall my early enjoyment of your society?"

Miss Eustace could make no answer. She felt as if about to betray her heart's most hidden secret; as if Mr. Chauncey would read her whole soul, should she attempt to utter another syllable.

Her trembling limbs could no longer support her, and with an unsteady motion she crossed the room, and seated herself on the sofa.

The attachment of Miss Eustace to Mr. Chauncey was rather an *instinct* than a *passion*. She was but eight years old when she met him at Gen. Gardner's, and she had never seen him since, until they met at Mr. Atkins'; yet the little attentions he then paid her, which were the very first she had received from one of the other sex, and which had a peculiar delicacy for the attentions of a youth of sixteen, made an indelible impression on her feelings. The strange question he asked her was ever awake in her heart—the kiss he imprinted ever warm on her cheek! She would have felt it profanation to have had it displaced by one from any other lips. But though she had never since seen, she had very frequently heard of him; and the sound of his name, a name she herself never uttered, was ever music to her ear; and for the ten long years during which they had been separated, his image had filled her whole soul. For Abby Eustace to have loved another would have been impossible! Her love for Horace Chauncey was a part of her very being!

Mr. Chauncey did not instantly follow Miss Eustace to the sofa. He wished to look at his heart—to still its emotions ere he went further. But one look showed him that he loved her wholly, entirely, undividedly; the sight of her agitation encouraged his hope—and advancing to the back of the sofa, and leaning over it, he said, in the softest tone—

"Now that you *are* a woman, may I repeat the request of my boyhood?—Will you be my wife?"

Miss Eustace spoke not a word, but her eyes met those of her lover;—language on either side was unnecessary—both felt that they loved and were beloved—that they were one forever!

Something more than a year after this eventful moment, *Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey* were spending a social evening with their friends, in the same pleasant parlor in which their hearts had first been opened to each other. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Atkins made known the fact, that her cousin, Miss Leigh, was on the verge of matrimony.

"I pity her husband," said Mr. Chauncey.

"Pity him!" exclaimed Mr. Atkins; "for what? I dare say he considers himself one of the most fortunate fellows alive!"

"Undoubtedly he does," said Mr. Chauncey; "but it will be a miracle if he ever enjoys domestic happiness."

"Why?" demanded Mrs. Atkins. "Surely Augusta has many valuable and attractive qualities."

"I grant it," said Mr. Chauncey, "and acknowledge that I once felt their force. But should

a woman combine in her own character all the valuable qualities in the world, she could not secure happiness to her husband, were they allied to a temper like hers."

"Is not that going too far, Horace?" asked Mr. Atkins—"Is it not laying *too much stress* on temper?"

"I think not," answered Mr. Chauncey. "Early in life my mother often spoke to me of the importance of good temper. Her remarks, which made a deep impression, led me to careful observation—and I am convinced, that could we accurately learn the detailed history of any one, from the cradle of his infancy, to the grave in which he was laid at threescore years and ten, we should find that *temper*, his own, or that of others, had occasioned three-fourths of the unhappiness he had endured. Neither poverty nor toil, pain nor sickness, disappointment nor the loss of friends,—neither, nor all of these together, have caused so many hours of bitterness in this sorrowing world, as ill-temper. It is the *scorpion* among the passions—its stings the deepest, the most envenomed wounds that are inflicted on human happiness!"

"I rather think you are right, Horace," said Mr. Atkins, after sitting for a few minutes in silent abstraction—"I rather think you are right; and if so," he playfully added, "I really sympathize with you on account of Abby's unhappy temper!"

"Abby's unhappy temper!" repeated Mr. Chauncey, while his eyes beamed with unutterable complacency and love as they rested upon her. "Look at her, Charles. Picture to yourself that face inflamed and distorted by passion! Imagine your own wife so disfigured! Is not the picture horrible? Who ever imagined a woman as she should be, without investing her with meekness, gentleness, patience, forbearance, as the genuine characteristics of her sex? When destitute of these, she denies her nature—counteracts the very design of her creation!"

"But you will grant," said Mr. Atkins, "that some women are born with much stronger passions than others: will you make no allowance for these?"

"Not the least," said Mr. Chauncey. "I have no belief in ungovernable passions. I would as soon excuse a thief for his stealing, or a drunkard for his intemperance, as a sensible woman for indulging a bad temper, on the score of natural infirmity. At the point of danger, a double guard must be placed. Every woman owes this, not only to herself, but to her friends. She was made to lighten care; to soothe corroded feelings; to console the afflicted; to sympathize with the suffering; and, by her gentle influence, to allay the stormy and conflicting elements that agitate the more rugged nature of man! Instead of this, shall she permit her own angry passions to be the whirl-

wind that shall raise the storm? The woman who does this, should be disowned of her sex, like those who abandon themselves to any other vicious inclination. An ill-tempered man is a tyrant;—but an ill-tempered woman is a monster!”

TO MY SISTER.*

'Tis but a few short months since we have met,
And yet those months seem ages! How old Time
Delights to linger on his flight sublime,
When between hearts that love, its course is set!
Sure age must flag his tardy wings; and yet
No breath of murmur shall escape from me,
For at each stroke—howe'er prolonged—I get,
Though farther off, yet nearer still to thee.

They come before me now, my childhood's hours,
When life was young, and all its plants were flowers;
Its beds of joy, just opening into morn,
Their stems too tender to retain a thorn;
Its quiet sports, when days serenely spent,
To sleep, at night, a ready pinion lent;
When time flew on as laughing streamlets flow,
Their waters making music as they go;
And now, as then, of all, the brightest hue,
That these delights were ever shared by you.
I see thee now, as often, terrified,
When ventures rash displayed my boyish pride;
Forgive me, since such tremors o'er thee ran,
A boy's first vanity—to seem a man.
I hear thee still in modest accents plead,
So early couldst thou prove a friend in need,
“If mother pass this one transgression by,
Brother, indeed, will be a better boy;”
The answer too, that oft thy tears beguiled,
“If mother spares the rod, 'twill spoil the child.”
All this—and more—within the flying hour,
Has linked the present to the past with power,
And ever shall on memory's tablet play,
Freshly, as one eternal yesterday.

But, with our childhood, gone are childhood's bowers,
Thus vined with clustering joys, and strewed with
flowers.

The noon of life, succeeding to its morn,
Withers each rose, but sharpens every thorn.
A stranger's fire is kindled on the hearth,
Where, with the hours, kept pace our infant mirth.
He who our father was while life was his,
Has gone to Him who, now, our Father is;
A righteous man! if thus our hearts may read,
In the entail of blessings on his seed.
His honored relic lingers to alloy
Her children's grief, and double all their joy;
And they, in turn, to soothe her widow'd mind,
While he has gone before, are left behind:
So aptly Heaven, to each afflicted state,
A double blessing doth accommodate.

*A detached passage of this article, under a somewhat different form, is in private circulation among a few friends of the author. Should it meet their eye, it may, perhaps, be recognised.

And wilt thou marvel if, thus left alone,
I early learned to make thy heart my own?
With thee a robe of grief or joy to wear,
And with a brother's blend a father's care?
Thy every step my earnest eye has view'd,
From girlish glee to thoughtful womanhood;
Well pleased, as thus intently it survey'd,
To see thy Maker by his work displayed.
And now, as memory folds her placid wing,
The sweets all shower'd which it was charged to bring,
And to hope's vision yields thee as thou art,
I find thee changed in all, except in heart.

Though metaphysics might have spared thy brow,
Nor changed its mood from simple to complex,
If view'd directly, or by sense reflex,
Thou shalt be ever dear to me as now.
I scorn the feeling by which man would bow
Down woman's spirit, to plum-pies and tarts,
And by her skill in culinary arts,
Square every virtue that her heart doth know.
It must be that this self-exalted race,
These mighty masters of this terrene world,
Fear lest their Dagon from its pride be hurled,
And her meek statue lifted on its base.
Spirit of her, whose harp so lately rung
Its lofty symphonies through Albion's isle,
By honor'd breezes wafted here the while,
Where did thy mantle fall, mother of song!
Do not sweet sympathies, of right, belong
To the sweet solace of man's rayless hour,
The grace, too oft the victim, of his power,
Yet loving on through thousand ills a-wrong?
I am ashamed that man's elated sense
Of his weak might and vain omnipotence,
Should spurn the contact of a meeker mind,
Not less exalted, though far more refined.
It shames me that these self-styled kings of earth,
These demi-gods by boast, if not by birth,
Should need, to fortify their vaunted crown,
The fulminating virtues of a frown.

But 'tis not thus my heart would have thee shine,
Nor treasures Fame one wreath it wishes thine;
Her temple keys too oft the vulgar hoard,
And they who entrance seek have their reward.
No! while one virtue lingers to impart
Its glowing graces to the quicken'd heart;
While yet one sorrow lingers to be soothed,
Or care has thorny pillows to be smoothed;
While nobler toils present a nobler prize,
And hope through faith points upward to the skies,
Let holier zeal inspire a loftier aim,
The Book of Life—and not the scroll of Fame.

Much do I owe thy love; thou ne'er hast known
What spells have bound me 'neath thy gentle tone;
The soft subduings of thy tender eye,
When passion's tumult drown'd thy meek reply.
Born to be ever hardened by a frown,
'Twas love could melt my iron nature down,
And love's own quiver, to her silken string,
Would oft, unconscious, lend a double sting;
Passion might veil and pride belie the dart,
But could not still its motions in the heart.

These arts can draw the soul, and such as these,
Gently as wind-harps answer to the breeze.

Oh what were we, if when our waywardness
Had left no work for time, upon the brow
Of one, whose frailty was too oft to bless,
But who no more shall bless or grieve for, now;
If, when the watch-light of a mother's fears
Had warn'd unheeded and gone out in tears,
The quenching of that unrequited flame
Left love no fountain for the heart to claim;
If not one tendril linger'd to entwine
The wayward oak with some devoted vine,
Whose gentle foliage might, at least, conceal
The harsher features which it could not heal;
If o'er our steps, to pray for their return,
No sister's tenderness were left to yearn,
And, with the patriarch's earnestness, to wield
The only blade that forces heaven to yield?
Who but would hug the shadows of the tomb,
If life were such an emphasis of gloom?
Oh! who could deem himself outcast of heaven,
If such the plea that he might be forgiven?

And now, farewell; may all that God can give
To glad thy spirit, mingle with thy cup.
I wander sadly; not unblest'd of hope,
Yet not upheld;—my heart doth love to grieve;
There is a sadness which itself doth weave
Bright presage of the future, and whose dart
Brings oil, to soothe its passage through the heart,
At once a blessing and a wound to leave.
Thus, when the present seems a thankless waste,
I water with a tear the flowery past;
And every bud of promise childhood knew,
Resumes its foliage with a freshened hue;
Above their graves my favorite flowers lie spread,
Their only thorn—the thought that they are dead.
How strangely doth our stream of being flow!
Joy starts the tear at morn—at evening, woe;
On the same stem despair gives hope the lie;
One certainty is man's—that man must die;
A transient star—his cradle and his grave,
The two great transits which his glories have.
A few short days,—at most, a few brief years,
The grave will hide our joys, and heaven our tears;—
If, haply, when life's billows beat no more,
Our barks be haven'd on that cloudless shore.
But toils await us ere the course be run,
And conflicts must precede the victory won.
Thou know'st the hopes, thou knowest the armor given
To them who fight on earth for crowns in heaven:
Then be these hopes, and be this armor thine,
And as thy conflict, thy reward, divine.

Camden, S. C.

B. W. H.

HISTORICAL WRITERS.

M. Le Long, in his historical catalogue, has produced the names of more than twenty thousand writers of French history. Bundu mentions thirty thousand "Scriptores rerum Germanicarum."

MORE OLD POETRY.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

How many bards gild the lapses of time!
A few of them have ever been the food
Of my delighted fancy. I will brood
Over their beauties, earthly or sublime!
John Keats.

"Something about Sonnets" led me into a pleasant search among the old poets, and the paper I now offer you is the result of that search. In sending you these articles, I claim the humble merit, only, of a diligent though I would hope for the award, also, of a tasteful compiler,—offering little or nothing of my own, but the simple thread that ties together the rare flowers, plucked elsewhere.

In these days, when magazine poetry is a drug, and a drug, too, of the cheapest and most purchasable kind, it operates as a relief to the reader to turn over the pages of those "many bards, gilding the lapses of time," and to cull from them forgotten extracts,—the germ, quite often, of many a full-famed modern poet: and I cannot but recommend it as a plan to be adopted in conducting a literary work, to devote a certain portion of every number to this special purpose.

Among the English poets of "the olden time," PHINEHAS FLETCHER has ever been a favorite with me, and his "Purple Island," of all his works, prized most highly. This poet was born in 1584, graduated at King's College, Cambridge, in 1604, entered the church, and held a living therein for twenty-nine years. He is often confounded, when spoken of at this day, with JOHN FLETCHER, the collaborator of FRANCIS BEAUMONT, in the composition of dramatic works, and the contemporary of our bard. To my judgment the genius of Phinehas seems immeasurably superior to that of John Fletcher. His brother, GILES FLETCHER, was also a poet of equal celebrity, though few of his works are preserved. Phinehas died about the year 1650, not far from the age of 66.

"THE PURPLE ISLAND" is an allegorical description of Man, who is therein personified. The first five Cantos contain an account of the structure of the human frame, with all its functions. Therein are described all the physical faculties of man, their several and collective uses, their fitness, order, and exquisite workmanship. This portion of the poem has been objected to by some critics, as entering with too much minuteness into a subject, which it is the more appropriate task of the anatomist, than of the poet, to describe. I do not admit this objection, however, as being of sufficient force to deter any lover of fine poetry from a perusal of these five Cantos.

The poet next proceeds to a fine personification of the Passions, and the Mental, or Intellectual qualities of Man. This is both the work and the worker of inspiration. The soul kindles and flames as the eye and mind peruse it. It is a test, this poem, of a capacity, in the reader, for the enjoyment of true poetry. The two last Cantos are superlatively grand. *Eclecta*, or the Intellect, as the leader of the Virtues, or better Passions, defends "The Island" against the attacks of the Vices. The latter are conquered by the interference of an angel, who comes to the aid of *Eclecta*, at

his earnest prayer. This prayer is, perhaps, the most beautiful portion of the poem.

The Purple Island was written while Fletcher was yet very young: but it gives its author an indisputable right to the very highest rank on the scale of British Poets. Milton was evidently indebted to him for many of his beauties,—as, in his turn, was he, perhaps, indebted to Spenser, in no inconsiderable degree. Be these things as they may, that all the praise I have awarded him is but a feeble tribute to his merits, the extracts I shall transcribe from The Purple Island will abundantly prove to the reader.

PORTICAL FLAHIARIES.

Tell me, ye Muses! what our father-ages
Have left succeeding times to play upon?
What now remains unthought on by those sages,
Where a new Muse may try her pinion?

If the author of this poem wrote thus, what shall the bards of modern days say, while penning their opening apostrophe to the Muses? But here is something more in the same vein.

FALSE TASTE IN POETRY.

But wretched me, to whom these iron days
(Hard days!) afford nor matter, nor reward!
Sings Maro? Men deride high Maro's lays,
Their hearts with lead, with steel their sense is barred.

* * * * *

But if fond Bavius vent his clouted song,
Or Mævius chant his thoughts in brothel charm,
The witless vulgar, in a num'rous throng,
Like summer-flies about their dunghill swarm.
They sneer,—they grin. "Like to his like will move."
Yet never let them greater mischief prove
Than this,—"who hates not one, may he the other
love!"

Here follows a gem.

HUMAN CHANGES.

But ah! what liveth long in happiness?
Grief, of an heavy nature, steady lies;
And cannot be removed, for weightiness;
But joy, of lighter presence, eas'ly flies,
And seldom comes, and soon away will go;
Some secret power here orders all things so,
That, for a sunshine day, follows an age of woe!

LOVE OF GOD TO MEN.

Oh, thou deep well of life! wide stream of love!
More wide, more deep, than deepest, widest seas!
Who, dying, death to endless death didst prove,
To work this wilful rebel-island's ease!
Thy love no time began, no time decays,—
But still increaseth with increasing days,—
Where, then, may we begin, where may we end, thy
praise?

Thus far the first Canto.—The following is a curious specimen of the skill with which the allegory is sustained.

THE VEINS.

Nor is there any part in all this land,
But is a little isle: for thousand brooks,

In azure channels, glide on silver sand:

Their serpent-windings, and deceiving crooks,
Circling about, and watering all the plain,
Empty themselves into the all-drinking main,
And, creeping, forward slide, but never turn again.

The above extract is the only one I shall make from Canto the second, which is full of curious anatomical description, carried out with equal truth and beauty. For similar reasons, I shall pass over Cantos the third, fourth, and fifth, at present, and commence my extracts, once more, with the following sparkling stanza from Canto sixth.

HEAVEN.

There, golden stars set in the crystal snow,
There, dainty joys laugh at whiteheaded caring,
There, day no night, delight no end shall know,
Sweets, without surfeit, fulness without sparing,
And by its spending, growing happiness:
There, God, himself, in glory's lavishness
Diffused to all, in all, is all full blessedness.

Here is an animated landscape. What a flower-garden!

SPRING-TIME.

The flowers, that, frightened with sharp winter's
dread,
Retire into their mother Tellus' womb,
Yet, in the spring, in troops new mustered,
Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb:
The early violet will fresh arise,
And, spreading his flowered purple to the skies,
Boldly the little elf the winter's spite defies!

The hedge, green satin pinked and cut, arrays;
The heliotrope, to cloth of gold aspires;
In hundred colored silks the tulip plays;
The imperial flower his neck with pearl attires;
The lily, high her silver gingham rears;
The pansy, her wrought velvet garment bears;
The red rose, scarlet, and the provence, damask wears.

Come we now to the seventh Canto. Here is a touching sketch.

PASSING AWAY.

Why shouldst thou, here, look for perpetual good?
At every loss 'gainst Heaven's face repining:—
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining!
There, now, the hart, fearless of greyhound, feeds,
And loving pelican in safety breeds.

And now for a series of pictures, painted by a master-hand. The first who sits to the mighty lunner is

HYPOCRISY.

His wanton heart he veils with dewy eyes,
So oft the world, so oft himself deceives,
His heart, his hands, his tongue full oft belies;
In 's path (as snail's,) silver, but slime he leaves.
He Babel's glory is, but Zion's taint;
Religion's blot; but Irreligion's paint:
A saint, abroad,—at home, a fiend,—and worst, a saint!

The next sitter is akin to him whom we have been observing. Mark the delicate discrimination the artist makes between them.

DISSEMBLANCE.

His painted face might hardly be detected :
Arms of offence he sold' or never wore ;

Lest thence his close designs might be suspected :
But clasping close his foe, as loth to part,
He steals his dagger, with false, smiling art,
 And sheaths the trait'rous steel in its own master's heart.

Two Jewish captains, close themselves enlacing
 In love's sweet twines, his target broad displayed,
 One, with 's left hand the other's beard embracing,
 But, in his right a shining sword he swayed,
 Which, unawares, through th' other's ribs he smites ;
 There lay the wretch without all burial-rites :
 His word, "HE DEEPEST WOUNDS, THAT IN HIS FAWN-
 ING BITES!"

The "word" is the motto of the shield each of these personified passions is supposed to bear.—What a portraiture is this of SEDITION !

A subtle craftsman framed him seemly arms,
 Forged in the shop of wrangling Sophistry,
 And wrought with curious arts, and mighty charms,
 Tempered with lies, and false Philosophy.
 Millions of heedless souls thus had he slain ;—
 His seven-fold targe a field of gules did stain ;
 In this two swords he bore,—his word, "DIVIDE, AND
 REIGN!"

The next is a full-length. This impersonation is perhaps as strong and apt as any in this brilliant gallery.

ENVY.

Envy came next : Envy, with squinted eyes :
Sick of a strange disease,—his neighbor's health !
 Blest lives he, then, when any, better, dies !
 Is never poor, but in another's wealth !
 On best men's griefs and harms he feeds his fill,
Else his own man doth eat, with spiteful will.
 Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill !

Each eye through diverse optic slyly leers,
 Which, both his sight and object's self bely :
So, greatest virtue as a mote appears,
And molehill faults to mountains multiply.
 When needs he must, then faintly yet he praises,
 Somewhat the deed, much more the deed he raises,
 So, marring what he makes, and, praising, most dis-
 praises !

His missile weapon was a lying tongue,
Which he, far off, like swiftest lightning, flung !

Here is a sketch ; a family group. Mark the exquisite delineation of the difference between these kindred personations.

DETRACTION AND THIEVERY.

And at the rear of these, in secret guise,
 Crept Thievery and Detraction ; near akin :
 No twins more like : they seemed almost the same.
One stole the goods,—the other, the good name.
The latter lives in scorn,—the former dies in shame !

The thief's death is surely better than the detractor's life.

Turn we now to Canto eighth. Here is the fifteenth stanza. I grieve to pass over some admirable descriptions,—but my "article" is growing rapidly upon my hands.

AMBITION.

Ah, silly man ! who dream'st that honor stands
 In ruling others,—not thyself ! *Thy slaves*
Serve thee, and thou, thy slaves ! In iron bands
 Thy servile spirit press'd, with wildest passion
 raves.
 Wouldst thou live honored ? Clip Ambition's wing !
 To Reason's yoke thy furious passions bring !
Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king ?

What affluence of description characterises the following sketch of

FLATTERY.

His art is but to hide, not heal, a sore :
 To nourish pride : to strangle conscience :
 To drain the rich, his own dry vaults to store :
 To spoil the precious soul : to please vile sense :
 A carrion-crow he is,—a gaping grave,—
The rich coal's moth,—the Devil's fact'ring knave.

In Canto ninth, you may read what I will call

THE LESSON OF THE LARK.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,
 With sweet salutes awakes the drowsy light ;
 The earth she left, and up to heaven is fled :
 There, chants her Maker's praises, *out of sight.**
 Earth seems a molehill, men but ants to be,
 Teaching proud men, that soar to high degree,
The further up they climb, the less they seem and see !

There is a whole library of human philosophy in that Alexandrine !

Here are three pictures that should adorn the cabinet of every Christian. Humility and Faith !

HUMILITY.

— with sweet and lowly grace
 All other higher than himself esteemed ;
 He in himself prized things as mean and base,
 Which yet in others great and glorious seemed.
 All ill, due debt ; good, undeserved, he thought ;
His heart, a lowroofed house, but sweetly wrought,
Where God himself would dwell.—

THE SAME.

So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found ;
So precious gold in deepest-centre dwells ;
So sweetest v'lets trail on lowly ground ;
So richest pearls lie closed in vilest shells :
So lowest dales we let at highest rates ;
So creeping strawberries yield daintiest cakes,
The Highest highly loves the low, the loftiest, hates !

FAITH.

By them went FIDO, marshal of the field ;
 Weak was his mother, when she gave him day,
 And he, at first, a sick, and weakly child,
 As e'er with tears welcomed the sunny ray :

* "Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."
 Shakespeare.

Yet when more years afford more growth and might,
A champion stout he was, and most puissant knight,
As ever came in field, or shone in armor bright!

In Canto the tenth is this admirable description of
COWARDICE.

He is as cowardly
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die!

The following is a most graphic touch. I give it
without its proper connection, as I find it in Canto ele-
venth: it is a study for Landseer.

THE GENTLE GREYHOUND AND THE CURS.

As when a gentle greyhound, set around
With little curs, which dare his way molest,
Snapping behind:—soon as the angry hound,
Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,
And, shaking in his fangs, hath well nigh slain;
The rest, scared with his crying, run amain,
And, standing all aloof, whine, howl, and bark, in vain.

Here is a beautiful simile, by which the poet would
describe

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOUNDED.

So have I often seen a purple flower,
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping
head:
But soon refreshed with a welcome shower,
Begins again her lively beauties spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves display:
And while the sun doth now more gently play,
Lays out her swelling bosom to the light of day.

The twelfth Canto, and the last, contains many splen-
did stanzas which I would fain transcribe, but there are
limits to one contributor's monthly share in a Magazine,
as well as to the patience of its thousands of monthly
readers: and I must close with the two closing stanzas
of "The Purple Island."

HEAVEN'S DELIGHTS.

There, sweet delights which know not end nor mea-
sure.

No chance is there, nor eating times succeeding;—
No wasteful spending can impair their treasure;
Pleasure full-grown, yet ever freshly-breeding;
The soul still big of joy, and still conceiving:
Fulness of sweets exclude not more receiving,
Beyond slow tongue's reports, beyond quick thought's
perceiving!

There they are gone: there will they ever bide:

Swimming in waves of joy, and heavenly loves:

He, still a bridegroom, she, a gladsome bride:

Their hearts like spheres in love still constant moving:

No change, no grief, nor age can them beset,

Their bridal bed is in that heavenly hall,

Where all days are but one, and only One is All!

If this attempt to add to the interest of the Messen-
ger, by extracting some of the beauties of the elder
bards, shall be received with favor on the part of the
readers of these pages, it will give the writer much
pleasure to renew it in some future numbers.

J. F. O.

EXTRACTS FROM

GLEANINGS ON THE WAY.

BY J. Q. F. of N. C.

America—Coup d'œil of "my tour"—Philadelphia—its plan—
Public Buildings—Ladies—Flowers and Music—Intercourse
with strangers—University—Hospital—Ball at Mrs. C++—
Sleigh-riding.

America! happy, fortunate, prosperous America!
As the child loves its mother, so I love thee. Ere I was
let loose from the prison-walls of a university, I had
promised to tread your rich and productive soil; to see
your young and vigorous people; your cities, towns
and villages; to roam through your unknown forests;
to glide down your beautiful and majestic rivers; to
climb your lofty mountains and behold the surrounding
scenery. The grand, the curious and beautiful of fo-
reign climes may induce many of thy sons to leave their
blessed homes, ignorant of the beauties of their own
country, but they offer not the same attractions to me.
Give me to see the sublime and beautiful in nature—
the rocks and torrents, forests and mountains, hills,
vales and grassy plains that are found in my own lovely
land—give me to know and love my country, and I ask
no more.

I have visited in "my tour" the fertile fields of the
sunny South, and enjoyed in that land of ease and ele-
gance the kindness and hospitality of the people. I
have halted in Philadelphia—the city of beauty—where
more elegant figures and lovely faces are seen than any
where in the Union; eat my icecream at Parkinson's;
become acquainted with the intelligent and accomplish-
ed of that most delightful city, and charmed with their
society. I have travelled through the beautifully culti-
vated country of Eastern Pennsylvania, and lingered on
the banks of the romantic Susquehanna. I have brave-
ly ascended and descended, on inclined planes, the Alle-
ghany mountains, and refreshed myself at the "Summit
House." I have embarked at Pittsburg, floated down
"La Belle Rivière"—the Ohio, and stemmed the pow-
erful current of the Mississippi. I have wandered over
the extensive prairies of the West, and lodged in the
wigwam of the red man. In the light canoe of the In-
dian, I have moved, with a quick and equal sweep,
over the still and quiet waters, lit by Heaven's beauti-
ful lamp, and fancied myself in some *paradisiac* scene.
I have skimmed over the sail-covered lakes of the North,
felt my "littleness" at mighty Niagara, drank my glass
of water at fashionable Saratoga, and read the last lite-
rary work in Boston. I have glided down the grand,
romantic and classical Hudson, landed at New York—
the great commercial emporium of our country, prome-
naded Broadway, and forced my steps through the dense
masses of living beings which throng that elegant street.
I have listened to the last piece of music sung by a
charming lady in the "Monumental City," stood within
the Senate Chamber at Washington and heard the elo-
quence of the nation. I have surveyed from the Capi-
tol, in Richmond, the picturesque scenery of the sur-
rounding country, bathed my limbs in the Hot Springs
of Virginia, touched at "Old Point Comfort" and luxu-
riated on oysters, fish and a pure and healthy sea breeze.
I have passed through scenes interesting and charming;

gazed on spots sacred to American freemen; parted from friends dear in my memory.

PHILADELPHIA.—This neat and beautiful city is situated between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, about six miles above their junction. You are landed at Chesnut street wharf, and introduced, at once, into the most fashionable part of the city. The first things remarked, are the neatness and cleanliness of the streets; the stores, which are well finished and showy; the gentlemen, who are good-looking and well dressed, and the many handsome female faces met at every step. Contrasting their complexions with the Southern ladies, you will find them not so fine and delicate, but more showy in the distance. Their feet are large, which is almost a characteristic. The Southern lady may justly boast of the neatness and delicacy of her hands and feet.

The plan of the city is plain, simple and convenient. The principal streets are those which extend from the banks of the one to that of the other river—these are crossed by others at right angles, thereby dividing it in squares. Chesnut is the most fashionable. The houses are built of good brick, plain, comfortable and well furnished. The Girard Row, Portico Square and Colonnade are the most attractive fronts. The most serious objection is the monotonous appearance of the buildings, which is tiresome to the visiter, but this dull and *quaker-like* style is being laid aside for one more finished, beautiful and elegant. From spring till winter, the Philadelphian is making improvements about his lot—not satisfied with his house, he pulls it down and builds again, or tears away the brick and adds a marble front, or repaints the doors, windows, &c.

The number of trees which border the streets, gives an air of freshness and coolness to the city and adds much to its beauty and comfort. The public squares are large and in good order, and want only a few trifling additions to make them most delightful promenades, both during the day and night.

If water were kept leaping and playing through and above the green grass, which carpets the walks on either side, and if, during the night the brilliant gas lights were substituted for those of oil, then would Independent and Washington squares soon be rid of those who now visit them, and the respectable citizens and strangers could here promenade without the risk of being insulted at every step. Owing to this arrangement of streets and public squares, the air circulates freely and contributes to the health of the city.

The public buildings are of a fine order, but I visited only one with much interest—the Old State House, which stands unnoticed and unhonored, with its front posted with bills of “Theatre,” “Magic,” “Diorama,” “Constable’s Notice,” “Lost,” &c. To me, it served to recall many interesting and delightful associations, and I felt sorry that it is not more highly prized. It should be the boast of every Philadelphian, that in this plain and venerable pile once sat the immortal Signers of the Declaration of Independence—that on these steps was first declared that we were free and independent—that here the “Father” of a now flourishing and extensive country was first seen sitting in the Presidential chair, directing the destinies of a new and freeborn nation. But no such feelings as these glow in their bosoms, and they never point to it as the dearest proof of their freedom. How often will they speak of Fairmount

Water Works and Girard College, and ask if you have seen these places, but never wish to know if you have visited the Old State House—entered the room which Washington in by-gone years had entered—trod the steps which he once trod—had pointed out the seats of those immortal men whose names are as imperishable as time. I am better satisfied and shall be more pleased to say that I have seen the Old State House in Philadelphia—entered the room in which the illustrious patriots of the Revolution pledged their “lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor,” in defence of Liberty, than to be able to paint the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Schuylkill—Fairmount Water Works, with its pumps in operation, forcing the water high up in basins, and the manner of conveying it from thence by *hydrants*—the canal on the opposite side, with its boats of coal, the wealth of Pennsylvania;—to know that a Mr. Girard, who lived a poor and miserable life that he might die rich, bequeathed a handsome sum of money for the erection of a college and the education of youth.

The Churches, Banks, Hospitals, Penitentiary, Exchange, Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Academy of Fine Arts and Mint are the most interesting and conspicuous buildings. Having seen this, you now visit Fairmount, situated amid the romantic scenery of the Schuylkill. The basins are on a high hill and the water is raised by machinery propelled by the waters of the Schuylkill. You ascend to these basins by means of wooden steps and when at the top, you are repaid by a most charming view of the City, Penitentiary, Girard College, Pratt’s Gardens and the picturesque country around. These works now at a very trifling expense supply the citizens with pure and healthy water, and in cases of fire, afford sufficient water to extinguish the flames before they can make any advance.

I have said that the ladies of Philadelphia are handsome. This is not all. They are intelligent and accomplished. The number of select and well conducted schools give them great advantages, and their education is not finished at *fourteen*, in order that they may “come out,” as is too often the case in the South. Their manners are pleasant and agreeable, and their conversation interesting and instructive. They want the liveliness, the vivacity, the simplicity, the ease and expression of the Southern lady when engaged in conversation. They have the *substance*, but want the *soul*. Hence the conversation of the latter, although not so instructive, is more attractive and winning. All who have been so fortunate and happy as to converse with both, must acknowledge the superiority of the Southern in this particular. There is a *something* which fascinates, chains and insensibly wins. The Philadelphians dress in better taste than any people in this country. Their dresses are neater and their colors better chosen; hence their appearance is the more finished.

The ladies are very fond of music and flowers, both of which speak very favorably of their taste and refinement. In walking the streets, you will see beautiful collections of flowers at their windows, and you will find some of their private gardens most extensive. I have been often charmed with their music, and it is delightful to attend the musical soiree given by Mrs. Capt. R. and Mrs. B. alternately on Tuesday evenings. At these parties, you hear the best vocal and instrumental performers and meet the most select society. As

instrumental performers of a high order, we may mention Mrs. W., Misses N. and P.—and as vocalists, Mrs. Capt. R., Mrs. B. and Misses W. and G.

It has been said that the Philadelphians are cold and reserved in their intercourse with strangers, but it holds true only with those who have visited that city and left it without remaining sufficiently long to become known. Strangers who bring letters of introduction, or persons whose family, education and manners are such as to entitle them to move in their circles, will, when acquainted, have the most marked attentions paid them. There is no city in the Union in which the gentleman is better received. If he pass the ordeal, he is safe and happy in their society; if found unsuited and rejected, he will find it advisable not to attempt the purchase, as he will most certainly fail.

The Medical department of the University of Pennsylvania is an institution well known through our country, and stands deservedly high both at home and abroad. The antiquity of the school and the great names connected with it, have placed it at the head of medical schools on this side of the Atlantic. With it, are associated the names of Rush, Wistar, Barton, Dorsey, Physick, Dewees, Chapman, Jackson, Hare and Horner—names illustrious in the history of medicine and as benefactors of mankind. It has been gradually extending its course of instruction, and its resources are constantly accumulating. The chemical laboratory is inferior to none in the world, and the anatomical museum is the most perfect in this country. To it, is attached the Philadelphia Hospital or Alms-House, the most extensive and best arranged building of the kind.

The winter has been uncommonly gay. Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Mr. Brough have astonished and delighted the musical world in the operas of Masanello, Fra Diavolo and La Somnambula. They have fine voices, sing with great taste and power and give the greatest satisfaction. The parties and balls are very frequent. To-night, we attend the brilliant ball at Mrs. C***, Chestnut street, where we shall meet the aristocratic and fashionable.—At 10 o'clock, we made our obeisance to Mr. and Mrs. C***, and stepping aside so as to give room for those who were behind, we were soon lost in the crowd. The music from Johnson's justly celebrated band invited to the dance, and we were soon engaged in the graceful cotillion, the voluptuous waltz and elegant gallop. The dancing continued until twelve, at which time the ladies were conducted to the supper table, which was heavily loaded with all the luxuries of good eating. At one in the morning, the company began to disperse, and at two I found myself comfortably fixed in my lodgings, which I left at ten, fatigued and suffering from headache and fever.

I delight in sleigh-riding. It is glorious sport, when, with ladies on either side of us and with horses well trained and gentle, we dart away at the rate of twelve miles an hour to see some dear friend in the country. It is sweet to leave behind the pent-up city with its dull anthracite coal fires, and seek the country and seat ourselves beside the cheerful wood which blazes and crackles on the family hearth. And then too, comes the cold bread and sliced ham, cakes and wine, and other refreshments a thousand times better than the same things on our own tables. And now too is the time we love

to dwell upon the past, and make it seem as the present. All is life, all buoyancy, all pleasure, and we return to our homes better and happier beings than when we left them.

Elizabeth City.

THE SLEET STORM,

AT WASHINGTON.

By the author of 'Love at the Shrines,' &c.

As I lay in my bed this morning I heard a low noise upon my windows, and extending my arm from beneath its folding of blankets, I drew aside the curtain, to see which of winter's messengers was summoning me to arise. Like a wild urchin scattering shot from his father's pouch, the delicate flakes of sleet tapped against the panes, and made music upon the brittle and responding surface. I was fairly awake. There was no sunlight in the skies, but a dull, heavy atmosphere fell over the face of nature, and veiled the distant houses in a dusky cloud. Still the spattering against the windows continued, and I answered the summons by a spring from my bed, and was soon equipped.

How cheerfully our hearth burns on a sleety morning, when the servant is industrious. You descend from the regions of Lapland, where furred wrappers and ermined cloaks are necessary, into the region of delicious comfort.

The breakfast room is warm, and you meet your rosy child, with its rich cheeks crimsoned with health, who runs to you from her cricket by the fire, and presses her sweet warm cheek to yours. You take her in your arms, and both together gaze upon the whitened fields; and how the merry heart laughs, as she sees the old cow sliding down the hill, like a mahogany table—her four legs stiff as icicles. She chirps and laughs with delight, when a little boy catches the sliding old quadruped by the tail, and accompanies her on her slippery journey, until they arrive in safety at the bottom of the hill. The wiry, woolly dog has crept from his lair in an old basket, where he has slept all night, covered up in a green baize crumb-cloth which he has cabbaged, and he looks around him with a knowing eye as if he was considering his chance for an upset. He is a droll, sly and quaint chap, and though quite young, has his wits wonderfully developed.

The only place that he will stand a chance for a fall, will be the outside steps that descend to the kitchen. Bob, the ostler's, shoes, may have iced their angles, as he passed in from the stable.

No sun yet—and the clock is on the figure of nine. Is yonder white world of ice to stand all day long? The skies forbid.

How the urn smokes again, and the aroma of the coffee ascends in fragrant spires and pervades the room, as if the odor of some Deity descending from Olympus. The hot rolls melt the butter, as I hope the sunbeam, warm and vigorous, will ere long march over the stubborn ice, and conquer its huge surface with a smile.

The sleet hurries on apace from the near hanging clouds, and the very trees seem to shiver as the ice-bolt

splinters about them. How gloriously will he unfold them, and cloak their dusky bark with an armor as pure as the crystal of the spring. Two months hence, and the buds will cluster upon those boughs, and the wild birds hide themselves in the fragrant leaves—the gentle breath of May will whisper to them, and the soft sun will rejoice amid their verdant foliage; but will they then wear an aspect so lovely as that with which they are now bedecked? Like ten thousand chandeliers of diamond spars flashing every ray from the light, the limbs throw out their glassy tracery upon the sky, and the wind that whistles through them, clatters them together with a soft and singular sound.

The grass is prouder to-day than it has been for a long and weary time—it is stiff in its conceit; and should the old cow that slid down the hill just now, attempt to clip it, how it will pierce her nose with its sharp and beautiful spear. The grass is in its panoply of silver mail, and is ready to tilt against anything. Now it is more beautiful than the lily of the valley, and it lifts its head that the wind may tread over it and hear its mellow song.

The horses poke their bony heads out at the stable-door and snuff the cool air, and shake their trembling ears as the sleet darts between them. Armed with my cane, and wrapped in my coat, I step forth to dare the whistling messengers from the clouds. Whew! How they scatter themselves over my face and cut their horizontal way over the tips of my ears. I place my faithful cane carefully in the ice, else away I would dart and roll over, to the edification of every market-woman that might feel herself secure in woollen straps passed under the soles of her shoes.

Progressing along with all the apparent infirmity of age, though I am but in my younger youth, I reach at last the crowning point of my toil—to ascend that knoll on this side and descend it on the other, is like the passage of the Alps.

Warily my cane is placed, as if I trod upon the loftiest summit of Mont Blanc, and saw beneath me the deep glaciers wherein 'tis almost death to gaze; I stick the point of my square-toed boots into the ice and clamber up. The steep is won—but now for the descent. A wild boy on his skates dashes past me, and away he goes like a rail-car, down the steep; he has passed the fence corner, and the rogue has stopped on his iron heels, to watch the descent of Bonaparte. Lord how the wind whistles around me, and how smooth and clear looks the shining declivity—there is not the slightest shrub to break the monotonous frigidity of the view, nor the grateful furrow of a cartwheel, and down that inclined plane go I must. Shall I sit down and slide it out? The laughing eyes of the skater, peeping over the fence, forbids the idea. The work is commenced—the cane once more planted—the umbrella poised above my head; for the sleet storm is pouring upon us all in feathery glory, and I am off. It is in vain that I try the slide—the equilibrium of my boyhood is gone, and the just precision of my eye, from want of practice, fails me at this momentous crisis. A slip—mercy—and all is over. My heels have kicked defiance to the clouds, and my head has smitten with an audacious force its mighty mother. The umbrella inflated with its own conceits has fluttered away, and is beyond my reach. But I am down, and the occasion

is favorable. There is no bone broken, and away I go upon my back as gently as a sleigh spinning along with four in hand. I heard that wicked urchin's mirth as my heels slipped from under me, and as I glide majestically along, I hear his splintering approach—he shoots by me like an arrow, and a broad grin is upon his handsome face. He has my blessing, bright boy, and though I may stumble frequently in life, may thy course be as it was this morn, happy and secure. He brought me my umbrella, and has brushed the ice from my back.

As I wend up the avenue, hundreds of boys fly past me on their skates, for the pavements and roads are all covered with the ice. Here it is safer walking, for they have roughened the surface with their fluted irons, and I pace along as merry as the rest.

Like an alderman picking his way to a turtle dinner, see that solemn steed, how he minces his steps, and hear him how he snorts, as a flying skater, like a summer swallow-bird, flashes before his frost-webbed eyes, and his poor rider shakes his whip at the boy, who chuckles in his sleeve, and returns to the attack like a Bedouin Arab of the Desert.

The blacksmith's shop is crowded with company, and the beaded perspiration falls from his forehead and hisses on the glowing iron. The two white horses are to be frosted first, for they belong to Mr. ———, and he wants them to pay a visit of some importance to the President. The blacksmith, with a nonchalant air, snatches up the huge foot of an honest cartman's horse, who earns his bread by his daily toil, and hammers away right merrily upon him. The white servant of the great man has to pocket the insult, but his turn will come next. Thanks, honest smith! The poor wood-carrier will bless you this night, when he pours his earnings into his wife's hand, and sends his eldest boy out to buy milk for the evening coffee.

I stand by a man who is digging lustily away at something beneath the sleet: chop—chop—chop—the ice breaks off in cakes, and he draws forth the last evening's paper. He will chop logic over the sage editorial; for bent must he be on learning, that would thus stand in the shivering air, and pick two inches deep in ice for an evening's journal. The editor was highly complimented by the labor.

How the hours wear on—how slowly the hands point upon the face of my time-piece, and yet how swiftly do our thoughts mount upon the four winds, and seek the hearthstone scenes of our friends. Alas! that they are distant from us.

We hear the wind chuckling around the gable-ends of the houses, and almost screaming with delight, when it cuts a corpulent biped across the bridge of the nose with its icy sword.

The night draws on apace—slowly the curtain falls, and dim and indistinct sneak on the dying moments of the day—the grass has not bent an inch, and the tall trees shake their heads ominously, as much as to say, "We'll have a cold time of it out here to-night." Where are your elegant blankets that the gods have sent you?

Will the mice stir abroad to-night? The cat is rolled up in her night-clothes and purs away like an old erone spinning wool. The wiry-headed dog barks ever and anon in his sleep, for he is haunted by visions of sacked towns and dismantled larders.

Oh! how the wind bellows without—"discoursing most eloquent music." The shutters are fastened—the doors are not locked, for some sufferer may knock, and I would not deny him the comfort of my blazing fire. The curtains are not drawn down in such a night as this, for many a poor houseless wretch passing by and seeing all dark, would pass on, and he might find his bed in the deep hollow a few yards beyond my door.

The sleet day has ended in a cold and starry night. The fretted limbs are swaying about in the powerful blast, and as yet I have heard of no accidents. The boys could have met with none, for they were not forced to the deep waters for their skating frolic; and though they, doubtless, have had some delightful tumbles, they are none the worse for that. Fine fellows, how soon the skates are thrown aside, after their first appearance at the barber's.

And now it is growing late; the wand of Morpheus has been passed more than once across my eyes, as the nodding reader will have perceived, and once more I am permitted to snuff my bed-room candle, and don my nightcap.

Washington, Feb. 16, 1838.

THE SLEET.

Awake, awake, the sun is up, awake and sally forth,
We've had a rain of jewelry from out the frozen north;
The earth is robed in dazzling white, each tree is hung with
gems,
And diamonds in ten thousand shapes are hanging from their
stems.

Each bush and every humble shrub, with precious stones is
strung,
And all the purest, brightest things, by handfuls round are
hung;
The emerald! and the amethyst! the topazes! behold!
And here and there a ruby red, is sparkling in the cold.

The chrysolite and jasper see, and that bright Sardine stone
The holy Patmos prophet saw, upon the Heav'nly throne;
Here all the gold of Ophir shines, with all Golconda's store,
And who could ever number up the countless myriads more?

The holly in its darkest green, with crimson fruit looks gay,
Enchased in solid silver too, how rich is its display!
In green and gold the shaggy pine seems almost in a blaze
With all the sun's reflected light, yet soften'd to the gaze.

The cedar! ah thou favor'd tree! in scripture it is told
They laid thee in the house of God, and cover'd thee with gold!
But great as was King Solomon, he, nor the house he made,
Were dress'd in such magnificence as thou hast here display'd!

The beech tree stands in rich array of long and shining threads,
Its brittle boughs all bending low to earth their drooping heads,
And now and then some broken limb comes crashing from on
high,
And showering down a world of gems that sparkle as they fly.

The lofty oak—the hundred limb'd Briareus of the trees!
Spreads out his pond'rous icy arms, loud crackling in the breeze,
And as the roused up lion 'shakes the dewdrops from his mane,'
So does the woodland monarch shake his crystals o'er the plain.

But time would fail to tell of all that bright and starry host
The north-wind brings 'to witch the world' from out the realms
of frost:

The meanest thing—the most deform'd—the dry and sapless
bough,
The bramble rude, the rugged thorn, are pure and spotless now.

'Ye counsellors of earth!' come forth, 'ye princes who have
gold!'

Your diadems, ye kings! bring here,—the jewell'd crowns ye
hold;

Come woman in thine ornaments, in all their costly sheen,
And let them be the loveliest ones that ever graced a queen!

This grass that's trodden under foot, this weed with branching
arms,

Thus glittering in the morning sun, hath fifty-fold their charms;
Then cast your baubles vile away, and bend in solemn thought
To Him, who hath this gorgeous scene, from storm and tempest
wrought.

Yet this fair pageant soon must fade before the breath of noon;
And by the fiat from on high, your wealth shall fade as soon.
Oh lay not worthless riches up, which 'moth and rust' assail,
But those which at the Judgment day, through Christ, will then
avail.

What though the sun so soon must melt this frostwork and its
forms,

He speaks them into life again, who rides amid the storms;
So 'in the twinkling of an eye,' at his last trumpet dread,
Our bodies, fashioned gloriously, shall rise up from the dead.

The sun goes up his destined way—how few do heed my calls!
In tears the vision melts away, 'the baseless fabric' falls.
I too, could shed some tears, alas! that this sweet scene is
pass'd;

For scenes as sweet, it brings to mind, which fled away as fast.
NUGATOR.

* Job, chap. 3d.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF A SCIENCE.

By the author of 'Love at the Shrines,' &c.

THE ANIMAL MAGNETIZER.

How the following wild and eccentric story came into my possession, is a matter of no great import. It came by the right of inheritance, among a golgotha of garret furniture, such as trunks and boxes of all sizes and of every form. On opening one of them, I was struck by a singular looking roll of paper tied up very neatly with a faded piece of brocade, and it was not long ere I found that the writing was that of a very celebrated ancestor of my family, and I set to work to decypher the outré letters, for the benefit of your readers—simply remarking that I have excluded all portions of the record, that appertain to the scientific part of animal magnetism; apprising the general reader however of the fact, that in the early days of the art, the operations were accompanied with music—this remark is relevant to the understanding the story.

THE STORY.

It is night—the weary wind pants around my windows—the fire glows in the hearth, and every now and then, a small cloud of smoke puffs down the chimney, driven out by the blast. It is a sad night, and the world is hushed, and the deep silence is only broken by the baying of the mastiff chained with a double chain to the portal.

How mysterious and awful are these gigantic walls—

those dark recesses—and that old and rusted armor hanging upon iron nails, how it fills me with ideas of the glorious past.

I am now an old man—the silver is about my head, and I am not what I used to be, when I bounded along the liveliest of all the proud ones, that have sunk away forever.

But why should I pause upon the threshold of that which I promised you I would relate? Often and often have I put you off with promises, and now as I feel the cold shiver of old age, I think it high time to gratify your curiosity. In this brief record, you will find ample materials for wonder and admiration, and when I shall have been gathered to my fathers, read it to your children, as a singular event in the life of one of their ancestors.

It is a dreary task to go back to the days of our youth—almost sinful in age to chill the sunshine of such a memory, with his breath iced and feeble; but yet for your sake, my beloved, I will go back upon the dreary travel, and conjure up once more the emotions of my youth, and stir the smouldering cinders in my heart.

It was your mother of whom I shall speak. Her character was gentle, pure and credulous. She had no guile, and when I wooed her, she did not shun me, but met my advances as nature prompted, which was modesty and truth to her. She was to me life—soul—divinity. I sighed for the morning, that it might bring me to her presence—for the night, that I might worship her in all that glorious impregnation of mystery incident to my country.

When I won her it was in the spring, and I remember it so well, so wonderfully well. I see again the moon and stars shining down upon the short crisp grass, and silvering every blade with a rich and fretted scabbard. I see once more the leaves trembling in the gentle breeze, the dark old trees beneath which we used to sit and count the throbbings of our hearts, one against the other. She was guileless as she was beautiful; she loved and was beloved; there was a tacit understanding between our hearts—they had met in the yearning confidence of their strength, and whispered calmly and thoughtfully to each other—there was nothing unexplained. Truth was the sun; the several and many thoughts common between us, the stars to our little world. We moved together, but not apart from the rest—we loved the world, and had our friends—we danced and we sung and whirled along the giddy mazes of society, but we had our world—one single step and we were in it, and it was a paradise.

In those days a wild theory had been started by some of our many dreamers, and all Germany had been tortured by the cruel and hideous doctrine. Crowds followed its professors through the streets, and mystery and majesty and a dreadful awe hung upon their actions and their words.

The science was one that had never before been heard of—it broke suddenly over the heads of our learned men like a thunderbolt, and swept onward into every avenue of the public curiosity. I shared the common wonder, and in my ardent spirit, there was awakened a most painful desire to master its secrets.

In this state of mind, the city in which I lived was visited by one of these strange beings—these teachers of the dark and weird lore, and I hastened to his pre-

sence. I stood upon the threshold of his room—he rose at my appearance. I could not move—for his eyes, large, dark and brilliant, were riveted upon me. There was a fascination in them like a snake's—so surpassingly beautiful were they. His forehead was high, white, and without the trace of a wrinkle, and his dark ringlets fell back upon his shoulders, and added to the wildness of his countenance—and yet he was gentle in every look—a languor—a softness, almost an effeminacy, which soothed the abrupt and startling effect of a first view of him. He spoke to me, and his voice was melodious as the softest music—so low—so gentle. I became acquainted with him, and found him melancholy but not morose—but he looked as we fancy the poets look—those priests of nature. I saw him perform his magnetic wonders on multitudes, and he seemed to sway them as a god. They breathed low and softly when he spoke—their limbs quivered when his large eyes were fixed upon them, and when he moved about the room their hearts would pant like the bosom of love—by a motion of his hand he gave them life, by a glance he could palsy them into a livid and ghastly corpse. Where was the magic of this wonderful being? I watched him like an eagle, but there was ever the same subdued manner about him. He glided across the floor like a woman in a sick chamber; he looked at you, and your very soul bounded and leaped beneath the swimming glance of the philosopher. His habits were secluded and studious. He pored over large tomes and rich-clasped books, and at times his brow would darken as if a tempest of wrath was brooding over him, and again his color would revive, as if ideas like rose leaves, had expanded in his soft and enchanted soul. I became a regular attendant at his rooms, and witnessed some strange scenes in the course of his practice.

It was a weird and ghastly occupation, that of this early magnetizer. He so calm and melancholy—the patient so pale, haggard and ghostlike; and there I have seen him stand gazing on the pallid face until the tears would rush into his eyes, and his whole frame would tremble as with an ague fit.

From a deep interest in the philosopher, I became a warm student of the philosophy. It excited and filled me with visionary thoughts, but I had never allowed myself to be magnetized. An awful dread of putting on the semblance of death prevented me. I did not wish that man should see how I looked when I should be laid out on the final plank—for I knew they would tell Imogen, and her heart would be filled with horror. A shudder would benumb every fibre of my body at the idea of the experiment, and an indistinct shadow waved me back. But I tottered towards the trial; I longed with an eager desire which maddened me to restrain, and yet I dreaded the result. Was it the secret influence of that mysterious man, conveyed through those strange and gloomy eyes, that swayed me to and fro? I fancied that I frequently saw him gazing at me with an earnest look. At this singular period of my life, old impressions returned upon me with renewed force. One in particular, which from its horror, and from the effect it now exercised, I will relate. It stalked before me whenever I entered the magnetizer's—I heard its clanking bones—I smelt its odor of the grave.—When I was a boy some ten years old, an uncle who was a

medical man, lived in my father's house, and was addicted to the relation of marvellous stories, many which have been since published. He would talk of goblins and spectres until the blood of both old and young would tingle in their veins, and he completed his conquest over my imagination. I slept in a small bed at the foot of my uncle's, and long after the family had retired, he would continue to pour into my ears his dreadful adventures. On one night in winter, we had all been shivering with the cold and my uncle's stories; that I kissed my parents and without a light went to my uncle's room. There were a few chunks burning in the hearth, sufficient to light the frightened boy to bed. I was soon undressed and stood over my little bed, and as I made the attempt to hide beneath the bed-clothes, I struck against something hard—it rattled with a hollow sound, and starting back, the ruddy light of the fire streamed full upon the spectacle. I sprung upon the floor, rushed down the stairs, and bursting into the room, shrieked, "The Skeleton! the Skeleton!" My uncle had placed this object in my bed, had laid it out with all its bones and eyeless skull and stinking skin scarce dry, to frighten me! How strong then was the impression of that object upon my mind, when after seeing others in the pallid sleep, I leave to your imagination.

Morbidly aroused to penetrate the science, I continued to pore over every work that touched upon the subject. I thought frequently that I might unveil the awful art by tracing it to magic, and the character of its professor would have given color to the charge. He seldom or never spoke to the crowd, but there was a stern and haughty reserve, that forbade familiarity and inspired the spectators with something akin to fear. To me, however, he was generally kind, but no information would be imparted. Inscrutable—dark and obscure, he stood among the crowd and exercised his power as he pleased.

Meantime my love ran on smoothly and with greater depth and fervor, without those common obstructions, deemed requisite to give its monotonous glory a piquancy and zest. Of course you will imagine that much of our conversation turned on the engrossing subject of magnetism, and she listened fearfully to my comments upon its subtle mysteries.

One evening we determined to visit the magnetizer's together, though I did not remember at the time of forming the engagement, that I had made a professional appointment with a sick friend. I told her the urgency of this visit, and proposed that she should go on to the magnetizer's with her cousin Ernest, where I would meet her in an hour. We parted, and ere that hour had flown away, I had closed the eyes of an old and dear companion—he had died in torture.

Filled with the gloomy impressions from the melancholy scene through which I had just passed, and whose horrid details I will not shock you with repeating, I directed my steps to the room of the magnetizer. The torches were lit along the streets, and the mighty wing of night hung heavily above—a few stragglers passed me, and I hastened on. The cool air in part revived me. I saw the light shining through the tall windows of the exhibition room. It was his gala-night, on which he proposed to exercise to the full the powers that he possessed. The skeptics had dared

him to the combat—he was to strike into a trance the body and the soul, and I rushed onward with a feverish anxiety to witness the grand and crowning scene of the sorcerer.

Suddenly I heard the notes of a soft and voluptuous air. It was a mysterious voice that gave it vent. It seemed to arrest the power of respiration, and a faintness overcame me—it was as if the fragrance of Heaven had found a tongue to syllable its sweets. The melody, for it was more than music, came from a darkened part of the magnetizer's house.

I was arrested, and my heart went slowly and sickly down, and burning thoughts, and deep and languishing yearnings of love took possession of me. A dimness was overspreading my eyesight, and I could hear no other sound but that bewitching voice—that divinity of solitude, and I saw no other object but that dark and solemn house. A numbness seized upon my limbs, and I was fainting, when gradually the air grew fainter and fainter; it appeared to sob, and then all was still as the tomb. The trance was broken. The sickening, but delicious sensations with which I had been filled, departed, and I bared my forehead to the cold breath of the winds, and proceeded.

Would that I had never waked from that glorious enraptment!—would that I could have been arrested and fixed forever in the world of melody created by that voice!

I entered the Hall of Experiment, but every space was crowded. I climbed to the topmost bench of the amphitheatre to see where Imogen and her cousin were. Several dark looking men, on whose shoulders I placed my impatient feet, glared at me with threatening eyes. I gained at last a position where I could command a view of the entire assembly. I glanced eagerly around among the dense mass for my beloved, but nowhere could I find her. I gnashed my teeth, and the blood went swiftly through my body. At length, in a distant part of the room and near to the magnetizer, I saw them sitting together. Oh God! how beautiful she looked! Her auburn locks were parted on her ample brow, and fell in ringlets on her shoulders; a delicate rose was entwined in her hair, and her cheeks were glowing. Had she too been spelled by that superhuman melody? If she had heard that glorious and voluptuous music, what had been her feelings? A cold shudder smote me through the heart, when I saw her dark-eyed cousin gaze earnestly in her face, and then his eyes fell with an abstracted and vacant air, and he appeared absorbed in thought. Had he too been poisoned by the intoxicating melody? He was transcendently handsome, and he had a languid look, that is more dangerous to the female heart than all the flashing eyes and eloquent tongues in the world. I could not reach the pair, and terrible emotions crowded to my brain when I reflected upon the effect of that terrible but delicious symphony. I burned with an inward and almost frantic fire, and several times I was upon the eve of screaming aloud at him, when he cast those baneful and languid looks upon her face. I tore my hair in my silent, but tormenting rage, and there I was doomed to witness the exaggerated scene, without the power of making them know that I was watching them like a hungry serpent. I was absorbed in the one vision of the hated cousin and the beloved girl. I

saw him speak to her with his mouth close to her ear. What he said was urged vehemently. She smiled timidly. Oh that smile! it dispelled every gloom. She shook her head, but he opened his large—his lustrous and splendid eyes, and gazed reprovingly and beseechingly into hers, and in a moment an alarmed and dubious expression flitted over her face, and she averted her look. I could have plunged my dagger into his heart, but I trembled and stood still, while a murmur ran through the crowd, and suddenly the *Enigma* stood upon the platform. He was clothed in a full suit of black velvet, and his forehead shone like a star; his hair fell down in long wavy curls, and his face was pale and his eye dim as an ashen corpse—but even in death beautiful. Had he been communing with that melodious being, and was he just from the conference?

A pin might have fallen and been heard among that absorbed and entranced assembly, and for a moment my attention was diverted from Imogen and her cousin Ernest, and directed in concentrated curiosity towards the operator.

There seemed a sound from afar off, like the dying cadence of a harp, but none heard it distinctly, yet all were startled at its mystery, and then all was still as the grave.

I once more turned towards Ernest and Imogen, and she was deadly pale, while he was flushed and his actions were agitated and nervous. Then was renewed within me the hell that I had before felt.

The magnetizer turned his full eyes from the crowd towards the twain—they were sitting near to him, and a sudden change was visible on his face.

In front of him were the skeptics, or philosophers, who had taunted him to this final trial, and every solemnity had been put in requisition to sustain him in his hour of need. I tried to force my way through the crowd. I could have torn them to pieces, but they moved not, and so I was constrained to be a mere spectator of that scene, which taxed every fibre of my heart to bear.

Suddenly the magnetizer waved his hand upwards and gazed upon Imogen. She was not looking at him at that moment, but no sooner had he made the gesture, than with a quick start she turned towards him. I was struck mute with horror and amaze—my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could neither call aloud nor make a sign.

Horrible sight! In a second, like a stroke of lightning the truth flashed across my mind, and I saw that Ernest had staked his hope of success with Imogen upon the magnetic influence of the master.

The gestures were continued, when all at once the powers of speech and motion came back to me, and I shrieked aloud to the dreaded sorcerer to stop. He did not appear to notice my summons, but proceeded. Again I shrieked and swore that I would strike him dead if he did not desist. *Imogen did not hear me!* She sat like a statue hewn out of the solid rock, with her eyes like those of a corpse, and her mouth open. Her cheeks were deadly pale.

I was possessed at that moment with the strength of a giant. I rushed forward—I trampled under foot those whom I overthrew—I swept with my arms a passage through that solid mass, and stood by the side of the magician. Ernest sprang to me, and we stood face to

face. With a blow I struck him to the ground, and grappled the arch-fiend by the throat. When he turned from his pallid and piteous victim upon me, his eyes glared—his hands were clenched together like the talons of a bird of prey, and he uttered in a sepulchral tone my name. "Restore my Imogen," I cried, "or I strike you dead!" He smiled, and I waved my dagger over his head. His eye followed my gesture, and quick as thought, while the crowd were rushing like a dark and giant wave towards us, that godlike voice from the distance, broke upon my ear. My arm dropped—the dagger fell from my grasp—a clammy perspiration oozed from every pore. I reeled from the intensity of intoxicated sensations, and leant against the wall.

The music continued, and with it seemed to come a perfume that filled the whole room. Not a person moved, but all looked on in fearful amazement at the wonderful spectacle.

There sat my beloved, my adored Imogen, as I have described her, with the terrible sorcerer towering proudly and triumphantly over all. The music paused but for a second, and yet that second was a life to me—not a moment to lose, but I darted forward and regaining my dagger, I plunged it into the body of my foe. I seized Imogen by the hand and tried to wake her. To all appearance she was dead—not a word—not a sigh—not a movement even of a muscle. I called aloud to the bleeding Magnetizer to reillumine the victim of his art, but he replied not.

He alone could rescue her. He who had darkened her spirit could revive the soul, and give it back to life and love. I knelt by his side—I raised him in my arms—I pointed to Imogen, and begged him to wave his hand once more, and wake her from her ghastly sleep. He smiled bitterly, and shook his head with a ferocious smirk of exultation.

Driven to despair, I dashed him away from me, and cast myself upon my knees before the inanimate body of my betrothed; but I gazed upon the vacant eye, and called to the deafened ear.

While kneeling before her, I heard a scream, and then a confused murmur of alarm, and the next moment I saw the figure of a dark and majestic woman standing above the magnetizer. She stooped and raised his head upon her knee and whispered to his ear. He slowly raised his eyes to Imogen and waved his hand. The eyes of my beloved moved—her lips unclosed—she drew a long breath, and rising from her chair fell into my opened arms. The crowd, held back through fear and superstition, now raised a loud shout of joy, and when I looked round for the strange being who had wrought this sudden change, I saw nothing but a small black pool of blood. The enchanter and the enchantress had left the hall.

Here the manuscript is continued with scientific arguments upon the science of magnetism, which may hereafter be published. At present they are too wild and singular for this age. So prone is the youth of our country to indulge in daring speculation, that I will not feed their morbid appetite by a present disclosure.

Petrarch declares that in his youth he saw the works of Varro, and the second Decade of Livy.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

Lines written on seeing a picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, standing alone, just after sunset, on one of the cliffs of St. Helena, gazing in a pensive mood on the wide waste of waters before him.

Napoleon! Child of Destiny! What train
Of agonizing thought employs thy brain,
As o'er the Atlantic wave, with down-cast eye,
And thoughtful brow, thou look'st despondingly?
Does hope of conquest still within thee live?
Or o'er thy fallen fortunes dost thou grieve?
Thy thoughts seem fixed, amid the twilight's gloom,
On other days, perchance, or on the doom,
That war's uncertain chance, and England's hate,
Or the unchangeable decrees of fate,
Has brought on thee. And dost thou seek some balm,
The fever of thy o'erwrought brain to calm?
Art thou at last convinced there is a God
Who rules earth's countless nations with his rod;
Protects the meek; exalts the lowly born;
And sinks the proud beneath the poor they scorn?
Or dost thou still on fickle chance rely?
On changeless fate, and blindfold destiny?
And dost thou vainly hope again to see
The star of fortune rise triumphantly
From out the sea, and claim for thee that throne,
Which thou, with empty boast, didst call thy own?
—The Star of Austerlitz, that led thee on
To fields, where thou thy blood-stained laurels won?
Great chieftain, say, shall it rise no more,
To call thee back from St. Helena's shore,
And blind the nations with its dazzling beams?
Vain hope! the envious clouds that round thee rise
Have quenched its beams, nor shall thy wishful eyes,
Ere see its light again flash on the sky,
The sign and token sure of victory.
Napoleon, say, can'st thou not penetrate
The misty cloud, that darkly shrouds thy fate?
Nor learn the moral of thy life; nor see
Of fame, of wealth, of power, the vanity?
Where has thy greatness fled? Where is thy crown?
Where are the kings that trembled at thy frown?
Has wisdom to thy soul no entrance found?
Has conscience with its sting no power to wound?
Dost thou remain, still haughty, stern and proud,
As when before thee Europe's Sovereigns bowed?
—When France with all its legions, ready stood,
Battling for thee to shed its richest blood?
Napoleon, say, hast thou not felt remorse,
When backward gazing on thy heedless course?
When on thy couch reclined at midnight hour,
And reason o'er thy mind asserts her power,
Do not the ghosts of men in battle slain—
Of millions slaughtered on the ensanguined plain,
Thy boundless love of power to gratify,
Fall oft before thee rise reproachfully,
And call for vengeance on that guilty head,
For which so oft the innocent have bled?
Proud man! thy thoughts were sad enough, I ween,
As from the barren cliffs of St. Helene,
Thou didst survey, heart-sick, the Atlantic wide,
Around thee rolling still its briny tide.
O'er those dark waves full well thou must have known,

Freighted with thee no ship would ere be blown,
By summer gales. O'er that wide sea, gaze on,
Gaze still with hopeless eye, Napoleon!
No more shall Austria hear thy cannon's roar;
No more o'er Alpine heights thy eagles soar;
No more shall Gallia's hosts thy voice obey;
Nor at thy feet her crown Hispania lay;
No more for thee shall youthful warriors bleed;
Or conquered hosts to thee for mercy plead.
Thy sun has set—that sun, whose morning beam
Made thee like more than mortal champion seem.
Slowly it sinks behind the darkened west;
The nations now from fear of thee may rest;
The cliff whereon thou stand'st shall be thy grave,
The sea-bird's cry—the murmur of the wave,
Thy requiem shall sing along the shore,
And Europe hear thy battle-cry no more.

A TREATISE ON THE ART OF NAMING PLACES.

INTRODUCTION.

An eminent writer having favored the readers of the *Literary Messenger* with some valuable hints upon the art of naming horses, I am encouraged by his example to submit a few suggestions on a kindred subject, but one of still more general interest—I mean the art of naming places. My design is, first, to show what is the prevailing practice in America; secondly, to point out its disadvantages; and thirdly, to propose a better method. In a country where new towns and townships, states and counties, are daily springing up, the practical importance of the subject I have chosen, needs no demonstration. To those ladies and gentlemen, in all parts of the union, but especially the new parts, who have votes or influence in naming villages or tracts of country, I respectfully inscribe my lucubrations—humbly soliciting a patient perusal before final judgment.

CHAPTER I.

American method of naming Places.

There are three predominant methods of attaching names to places in the new states of America. The first, and perhaps most common, is to adopt names already appropriated in the older states. An impulse was given to this practice by the events of the revolution, or at least by the desire to perpetuate their memory. Thus the Lexington of Massachusetts propagated its title in Virginia, while Massachusetts, in its turn, received a Princeton from New-Jersey, and Kentucky borrowed both. It may well be questioned, whether the scenes of revolutionary conflict would not have been more truly honored by being left in undisturbed possession of their distinctive names, instead of losing their identity amidst a throng of honorary namesakes. Is it any compliment to Lexington or Princeton, that

the barbarous appendages "N. J." and "Mass." are absolutely needed, to preserve an ordinary letter from miscarriage?

A still more operative cause of this bad practice is the *amor patriæ* of settlers from the east. Springfield, Litchfield, and all the other fields of Massachusetts and Connecticut, are thus made to flourish in immortal youth, and may indulge the hope, that as the tide of emigration rolls towards the Pacific, they shall see their names emblazoned on the map beyond the Rocky Mountains. The only drawback is, that the old yankee towns themselves have stolen names, and must yield the honor to their prototypes in England.

CHAP. II.

Another Method.

The second common mode of giving names, is to select them from the map of the old world. To one who has travelled through New-York, illustration is superfluous. Rome! Syracuse! Ithaca! Jericho! What can be more classical than "Rome, N. Y." These New-York-State Romans, if they ever have occasion to write or speak of the eternal city, are no doubt in the habit of employing the genuine American expression, "Rome, Italy." This is a mere conjecture; but we know full well that some American writers, when they mention the Tuileries or Garden of Plants, can find it in their hearts to say "Paris, France," for fear of confounding it with "Paris, Ky."! What a commentary this upon the merits of the system! This practice is coeval with the settling of New-England. Almost all the names given by the Puritans to places, were taken from the Bible, or brought over from Great Britain. They had a right to pursue this method. They came hither by compulsion, and were fairly entitled to assimilate their new home to the old one as completely as they could, the rather as they could not then anticipate with certainty the growth of their adopted country, and had therefore no reason to expect any actual inconvenience from this kindly remembrance of the names of the old world. There is no such apology for him who travels westward, of free choice, and with his eyes wide open to the practical effects of this imitative nomenclature. What right has he to rob his native town of her good name, by a sort of theft, which nought enriches him, but makes her poor indeed?

CHAP. III.

Another Method.

The third common method of naming places, is to name them after men. The page of history from which these are selected, depends upon the taste and prepossessions of the namers. The refined conception of immortalizing ancient writers, heroes and philosophers, by giving them a local habitation and a name upon our modern maps, has been confined in a great measure to the Empire State. Setting aside some partial imitations on a very small scale, New-York enjoys a glorious monopoly in this branch of the fine arts. The addition of "N. Y." is scarcely needed to prevent

mistakes, after such names as Ovid, Ulysses, or Camillus. May this proud distinction be perpetual! May no inferior member of the union ever trench upon the New-York patent for naming places by the aid of Ainsworth's Dictionary! A less sublime variety of this same method, is to choose the names of moderns, either foreign or indigenous, especially the latter, and particularly those of revolutionary heroes or distinguished politicians. No one could have quarrelled with this easy method of perpetuating worthy names, if it had been provided by agreement or by law, that no name should be given to a plurality of places. The *City of Washington* strikes foreigners as a noble title, having all the qualities of a good name, sonorous and significant, convenient and invested with sublime associations. But alas! we know better. To us, the name of Washington has lost its virtue—we cannot conjure with it. Instead of being consecrated as a national name, it has been debased by association with a thousand hamlets. How strange that emigrants and settlers should imagine they are doing honor to that memorable name, by adding another to the list of its misapplications! If this however, were the only instance of such inconvenient multiplication of a single name, we might be able to endure it, and to persuade ourselves that it evinced the strength of national attachment to the Father of his Country. But what shall we say of the hundreds upon hundreds of ignoble names, which are not only honored with a place upon the map, but with two, three, half a dozen or a dozen places? In this case, the public inconvenience, arising from a paucity of local names, is not, as in the other case, compensated by the value of the names themselves. We have not even this romantic consolation, when our letters miscarry, or come back to us with half-a-dozen superscriptions, half-a-dozen post-marks, and half-a-dozen postages.

CHAP. IV.

Disadvantage of these Methods.

In enumerating these three methods, incidental mention has been made of some particular objections to which each is liable. The objections to the whole system may be reduced to these two heads: 1. Inconvenience. 2. Disgrace. Its inconvenience needs no proof to any one accustomed to write letters. So strong is the feeling of habitual confusion and dubiety, produced by the endless reproduction of the same names, that before long no man will be satisfied, without ensuring the safe passage of his letters, by specifying counties and townships as well as states. It is exceedingly uncomfortable to be always doubting of the whereabouts of every place you read of. Compare your own sensations when you read or hear of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Columbia, Portsmouth, or any of the many *villes* and *burghs*, which are held as common stock by all the states. Compare the uncertainty, vexation and solicitude, the reference to gazetteers and maps or knowing friends, which all such names occasion—with the pleasant sense of certainty and clearness which accompany names that have been used but once—such as Savannah, Cincinnati, Natchez,

or Chicago. Compare our own condition in this respect, with that of Europe, where a duplicate name can scarcely be detected on the most minute of maps. Here is one great advantage on the side of the old countries; an advantage too, arising from their having had their origin in what we call "dark ages," as distinguished from our age of light. The old Goths and Gauls and Saxons neither knew nor cared about the names of other countries, and this happy ignorance compelled them to invent. Our settlers are just well enough instructed to be imitators, and ignorant enough to overlook the disadvantages of imitation. Some New-England emigrants may even be entitled to the credit of not knowing that the good old yankee names, which they are carting to the west, were not invented by the Pilgrims. If the force of prejudice and habit were once broken, an ordinary pedler from "down east," could manufacture new and striking names for places without stint or limit, every one of them better than an atlas full of *villes*, *burghs* and *tons*, [*Calhouns* and *Bentons*, *Jacksons* and *Marshalls*, *Clintons* and *Websters*, *Harrisons* and *Clays*.]

CHAP. V.

Another Disadvantage.

The other disadvantage of the system ought to operate with power on the sensitive self-love of this vain nation. We may vapor as we will about native talent, American genius, an independent literature, and what not! We may rave till we are tired, of our annuals, and fourth of July speeches, and lyceums—it is still as clear as day that we have not even such a measure of invention as would enable us to name our towns and counties, without stealing from the map of Europe; nor taste enough to steal what is worth stealing; no, nor sense enough to consult our own convenience. If we have invention, taste, and common sense, let us begin to show it in our maps and road-books. This national infirmity has not been overlooked by our benignant neighbors. It has caught the eye both of satirists and sages. Witness the hundred *Warsaws* of Sam Slick, as an example from the first class, and the following extract from a work of Sir John Herschell, as an instance of the other. "Those who attach two senses to one word, or superadd a new meaning to an old one, act as absurdly as colonists who distribute themselves over the world, naming every place they come to by the names of those they have left, till all distinctions of geographical nomenclature are confounded, and till we are unable to decide whether an occurrence stated to have happened at Windsor, took place in Europe, America, or Australia."

This apparent poverty is rendered more disgraceful by its leading us to borrow from the very countries, which we profess to rival or surpass in all the qualities of intellect. If we are so wholly independent of Old England, let us prove it, and at the same time promote our own convenience, by disusing English names.—But this, belonging rather to the next ensuing topic, from which it will be needless to detain the reader, by any enlargement on the evil just exposed, the reality of which must be apparent to the mind, and painful to the feelings of all patriotic yankees.

CHAP. VI.

A better Method proposed.

It is not the object of this little treatise to expose an evil, without proposing remedies. To those who are convinced by the foregoing chapters, that the usual practice is both inconvenient and disgraceful, a method of correcting it will now be most respectfully submitted. The statement of this method will include several distinct propositions, any one of which may be adopted if the others are disliked; while at the same time there is nothing to forbid a simultaneous execution of them all. My first proposition, then, is this: that where there is an Indian name, it be retained, in spite of all absurd and tasteless efforts to convert it into something with a *ville*, or *burgh* annexed. If this rational and easy course had been pursued, we should not be now pestered and disgraced by post-office equivokes and geographical double-entendres. Every body who has been in Europe knows that our Indian names of places are exceedingly admired; not merely for intrinsic beauty, which they sometimes want, but as original and dignified by their associations. Oh if our great commercial city could but wear again its fine old Indian title of nobility, instead of being nicknamed after a decayed, mouldering heap of houses in the north of England, preserved from oblivion, only by its splendid minster! After this place New-York is named, to all intents and purposes; although in historical strictness, it derived its title, not from the city, but the *duke* of York. The prefix *new*, is universally disgraceful; a provincial badge which ought to have been knocked off when we gained our independence. The rustic vulgarism, *York*, at which the smart cities laugh, is vastly better; but *Manhattan* would be infinitely, infinitely better. The Canadian York has now a name of its own; ought not our own York to possess one too? It is a matter of congratulation, that in naming our new states, so much good taste and judgment have been exercised. Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan and Arkansas, are names of which we all have reason to be proud. To the end of the civilized world, every educated person understands them, and admires them. This advantage is owing to the obvious fact, that the naming of a state falls into better hands than the naming of most towns and counties; but it proves, that among those concerned, there is discretion and good taste enough, if they were only used to some good purpose. Let those that have authority in this thing, be persuaded not to make themselves ridiculous, by sacrificing noble aboriginal names for paltry imitations and vile compounds. One great example of this folly has been given—not belonging to our own times except by sufferance. To this may be joined a small one of more recent date—one out of a thousand. A beautiful neighborhood in Pennsylvania, was once called *Nesháminy*: it is now called *Hartsville*! There is no weight in an objection sometimes urged to Indian names, that they are frequently uncouth and dissonant. Not to mention that this often seems so only at the first, and that even then, the most uncouth will bear comparison with many of our own domestic manufacture; there is no reason why an Indian name should not be slightly trimmed and softened, by throwing out a consonant or throwing in a vowel, before it is

ultimately fixed by usage. Such a process has actually taken place in most of our current Indian names. The object is, not to preserve the pure form of the Indian word, but to have an original, distinctive name. With such modifications as are here proposed, a noble list of names might be produced, intrinsically fine, and wholly free from the inconvenience and disgrace of being duplicates. A curious illustration of the difference between the two sorts of nomenclature here referred to, is afforded by the title of the celebrated railroad between New-York and Philadelphia. "Camden and Amboy" is unequivocal enough, when written as a compound. But separate the elements, and speak of Camden—you will instantly be asked, which Camden do you mean? Camden, S. C.? Camden, N. C.? Camden, Geo.? Camden, Del.? Camden, N. J.? Camden, N. Y.? Camden, Maine? or Camden, England? But speak of Amboy, and you will hear no question of the sort, unless a Jerseyman should ask whether you meant Perth Amboy or South Amboy; but these are mere fractions of an integer, on opposite sides of the same river, and do not therefore fall within the scope of this discussion.

CHAP. VII.

Another Method proposed.

The method just proposed can be extensively adopted only in the newly settled regions of the country, and even there, it may be open to objection, in particular cases, which must be provided for. The second proposition, therefore, is, that names be given which are descriptive of some characteristic and distinctive feature of the places named, their site, or their environs. That this corrective may not engender the very evil it is meant to counteract, it is of great importance that the names, formed on this principle, should be drawn either from something wholly peculiar to the place in question, or something not likely to be chosen as the ground of a distinctive name in other places.—*Greenfield*, for example, as a distinctive name, is absolutely worthless. It must not, however, be inferred that, by this rule, no such name could be given, except to places which possess some extraordinary natural distinction, such as *Rockbridge* county in Virginia, so called from the famous natural bridge. A circumstance, not wonderful or striking in itself, may be sufficiently peculiar to suggest a local name. An overhanging cliff of reddish earth or stone, though not at all extraordinary, might be a good reason for calling the village near it *Redcliff*; nor is it at all likely, that, without direct piracy or plagiarism, more than one village would select such a name. In order to afford the widest scope for this suggestion, and reduce the chances of direct interference to the lowest point, it may be well to suggest the derivation of descriptive names, in certain cases, from other languages than English, though the latter should in general be preferred. *Tremont*, (from *tres montes*,) would have been a better name in some respects, than *Threehills* or *Threemountains*, and in all respects better than *Boston*, a name purloined from an old seaport in Lincolnshire; nor can it be imagined that *greenmountain* would have been more convenient

or agreeable than *Vermont* from the French *verd mont* or *verds monts*. It may not be extravagant to add, that, in the west, even Indian names might thus be made "to order;" some descriptive epithet being adopted, even though it had never figured as a proper name.

CHAP. VIII.

A third Method proposed.

As a third expedient, may be recommended the imposition of commemorative names—commemorative either of events or persons. The latter species of commemoration it is true, has been the source of much of the confusion now existing. But why has it had this effect? Because the names selected have been those of persons generally known, and likely therefore to receive this honor from many different quarters at the same time. The evil has arisen from a foolish tendency to overlook local and peculiar circumstances, and give the preference to commonplace generalities. If, instead of desecrating some great names, by depriving them of individuality, and unduly honoring some small names in the same way, it had been the practice to call places by the names of founders, early settlers, local benefactors, or eminent inhabitants of any class, even though they might not be members of congress or heads of departments, our maps and gazetteers would have been more respectable. The reader can easily illustrate this remark by applying it to the place of his own residence, and those adjacent to it. It may be added that, besides the superior convenience of this method, it would be a valuable means of doing honor to a multitude of most deserving men, and of saving from oblivion a whole catalogue of names, far more worthy of remembrance than a moiety of those now scattered, with a niggardly profusion, over our territorial surface. As the object of this work is to suggest, and not to amplify, the only other necessary hint, in this connexion, is, that when the names of men are good enough to be distinguished in the way proposed, they are too good to be spoiled and made ridiculous by any sort of barbarous appendage. Who that has a particle of taste can waver between Jacksonville and Jackson? Even Pittsburgh, allowing for the force of habit and association, is less worthy of the place than the naked, ugly monosyllable, *Pitt*, would have been. But, be this as it may, we have enough of *villes* and *burghs* already for a thousand years. The suffix *town*, is not so bad, except when it is frittered into *ton*; but the best and safest rule is to discard them all, and let the name, whether long or short, stand on its own bottom.

CHAP. IX.

A fourth Method proposed.

As a last resort, where the foregoing methods are for any reason inexpedient, names may be invented. I remember to have seen in print, an ingenious mode of managing this sort of manufacture, so as to secure the two important points of euphony and originality. The plan proposed was to form two sets of tickets, one inscribed with consonants and one with vowels, and

then to draw alternately from the two sets, until a name of the required length is constructed. This plan is highly worthy of attention. If the reader will but take the pains to make a brief experiment, in this way, he will be astonished at the infinite variety of new and comely names, which might be substituted thus for our existing nomenclature. It cannot be denied, however, that the names thus chosen, would generally have an air somewhat exotic. For the sake of those who may prefer a more indigenous and English form, another method of invention may be here suggested. This is nothing more than to combine single syllables of different English words, so as to form a compound not significant. A large proportion of the names of minor places on the map of England, would really seem to have been formed in this way, or if they all were once significant, the changes of the language have destroyed their meaning. In order to exemplify the virtues of this method, I open at random a book lying by me, and selecting syllables from different pages, form the following compounds—*Sweetledge, Dwellions, Calsament, Plan-dity, Oldmass*. I know not what the reader may think, but for my single self, I should prefer the worst of these to almost any of our fashionable names; and if such as these can be obtained by lottery, what admirable ones might be contrived by skill!

CHAP. X.

Conclusion.

The four methods which have been proposed, if applied with perseverance and discretion, will ensure a full supply of really distinctive names for all new places in all time to come. But alas, these measures of reform seem scarcely to be worthy of a trial, if the existing practices must also be continued, and for every decent new name, flood the country with a dozen of the old disgraceful sort. As a supplementary suggestion, therefore, it may be added, that the application of the same name to two places, should be rigidly proscribed, if not by law, by public sentiment. It is much to be desired, indeed, that the disuse of duplicate names should arise from an honorable sense of independence and becoming self-reliance, together with a due regard to good taste and the public convenience, than from penal statutes, which I should be loth to see adopted, except in extreme cases. May we not hope that, by the same authority, the use of *vill* and *burgh* will soon be utterly abolished? Nay, may we not go further and anticipate, not only an improvement in the making of new names, but a great retrospective reformation in the old? Is it extravagant to hope that, when the great discoveries developed in this work, have been reduced to practice, their effect upon the public taste will be so great as to disgust all cultivated minds with the abominable system under which most of the names now extant were imposed? May we not expect to see thousands of old Indian names supplanting their supplanters, and innumerable other changes equally delightful, imparting a new aspect to our national geography? This is too bright a prospect—let us drop the veil.

I have purposely abstained from any copious illustration of my different topics. For such illustration,

the materials are abundant, if the public should require a new edition of my treatise, more extended and complete. In the mean time I commend it to their favorable notice.

JOURNAL

OF A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS, CAVES AND SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.

By a New-Englander.

TO CHARLES E. SHERMAN, Esq., of Mobile, Ala.

These fragments of a Diary, kept during a tour made in his society, are respectfully and affectionately inscribed, by his friend and fellow-traveller.

THE AUTHOR.

—Virginia! Yet I own
I love thee still, although no son of thine!
For I have climbed thy mountains, not alone,—
And made the wonders of thy vallies mine;
Finding, from morning's dawn till day's decline,
Some marvel yet unmarked,—some peak, whose throne
Was loftier,—girt with mist, and crowned with pine:
Some deep and rugged glen, with copse o'ergrown,—
The birth of some sweet valley, or the line
Traced by some silver stream that murmurs lone:
Or the dark cave, where hidden crystals shine,
Or the wild arch, across the blue sky thrown.

* * * * *

Wilde.

CHAPTER III.

The White Sulphur Springs of Greenbrier County.—The place described.

White Sulphur, July 23, 1835.

This grand central point of attraction, pre-eminent above all the other localities in the Spring region of Virginia, is a fairy spot lying at the foot of the Alleghanies in a delightful valley; embosomed in shade and surrounded by every charm that lavish nature could bestow upon the most favored retreat. The Spring bubbles up from the earth in the lowest part of this valley, and is covered by a tastefully constructed pavilion, being a dome, supported by twelve Ionic columns, and surmounted by a graceful statue of Hygeia, the patron-saint of healing, holding in her right hand a cup, as filled with water, and in her left a vegetable or herb. This statue was presented to the establishment, by Mr. Henderson, a wealthy planter of Louisiana, who, I believe, went from New England. The pavilion is surrounded by the grateful shade of old oaks, locusts and elms—and hither resort, as to a common focus, the converging radii of the crowd, intent on banishing disease or ennui, gaining health or admiration, displaying personal charms, or sacrificing to fashion. The invalid, pale, emaciated and wretched, may be seen there at almost every hour, waiting till the giddy dance of the gay and volatile, who came there merely to gratify "a truant disposition," shall leave the waters free for him to drink and be healed. The fervish flush, the hectic of consumption, the tottering gait of rheumatism, the wasted form of the dyspeptic, may all be observed in

contrast with the ruddy glow of manly health, the free, elastic step of youthful vigor, the gay smile of unpaired hearts, and the loud laugh of mirth that knows not even the check of another's sufferings. At about an hour before dinner, the fashionable lounge at the fountain commences. Then also commences the playing of the musicians in the ball-room, a fine band of performers, who amuse the visitants to the Springs an hour at noon, and divide with the waters, the attention of the promenaders.

The centre or public building of the establishment, containing the dining room, stage office, post office, bar, and other public offices, is of wood, and has a long piazza running its entire length, forming the common lounge or sitting place during the day and evening. This building commands a view of almost the whole place, and makes a large part of an extensive square, ascending amphitheatrically, and bordered by rows of brick and white painted wooden cabins, with piazzas in front, facing inwards towards the centre of the square, at the lower part of which is the fountain, and the walks and alleys and green plats of which are shaded by a profusion of fine old trees, around which are commodious seats for the ease and comfort of visiters. One thousand acres of land are said to be the property of Mr. Calwell, of which the Springs are the centre, and constant improvements are annually making to the establishment, some of which are now in progress. Among these, the erection of a large and elegant brick house, forming the centre body of a block, the wings of which are to consist of several commodious cabins, is the most prominent. This house is to be for the especial occupation of Mr. Henderson, (the munificent patron of the concern, already alluded to,) whenever he is at the Springs. The domicil of the Calwell family is a plain, substantial cottage of wood, embossed by foliage, and surrounded by verdure, situated in the rear of the public offices.

There is the greatest difficulty experienced by visitors in getting in here. Much favoritism is shown by Mr. Anderson, "the man of all work," who is somewhat arbitrary in the disposal of places. A family in a private establishment, with two or four horses and servants, of course has precedence—and an old acquaintance has the advantage of a new one. This is irksome to the inexperienced traveller, who comes a thousand miles, perhaps, at great sacrifice of time, and money, and convenience, for health. Yet it is constantly the case that he must submit his own claims (though the first on the ground,) to the wealthy fashionable, who comes after him with a greater retinue. Quarantine in some of the neighboring taverns within a few miles of the Springs, must first be performed, while at intervals the inexorable Mr. Anderson, the janitor of the Eden that all are striving to enter, must be besieged with entreaties, and propitiated by fair words. A great man is Mr. Anderson.

The breakfast hour is eight—that for dining, two—and that for the evening meal, seven. The intermission between the two first hours is passed in lounging, calling, promenading, and drinking the waters. The afternoon is spent in reading, sleeping, riding, or—*lounging*. After tea every evening the ball-room is lighted, and thither whoever chooses may resort to join in the mirthful meeting of the young and the gay, from every part of

our common country. The hour for dancing is limited to ten o'clock, and a band of music is provided by the season, for this purpose. They sometimes give concerts, which agreeably vary the amusements of the little community assembled here. And so passes a day at White Sulphur.

No analysis of this water has ever been given to the world. Dr. Rogers of this state has prepared an imperfect one, but it is still in the possession of but few individuals; of course, I am unable to be so particular as I could wish as to its chemical qualities, and must write of its effects, by way of explaining its character. The most skilful physicians advise its use in hepatic, or liver complaints—*dyspepsia*, or disordered digestion—and all those diseases arising from a disordered state of the stomach, or a derangement of the system by injudicious modes of living,—while they reject its use in all pulmonary disorders, or in any affection of the lungs. The rheumatic patient is advised to drink of these waters, preparatory to, or accompanying the use of the hot and warm spring baths,—and the gouty subject, if he be not too far in for it, is recommended to abstain from high living awhile, and try the White Sulphur Water.

July 25.

I have been taking a topographical view of this spot, and append a few statistical remarks, as the result of my observations.

Upon arrival, the traveller stops at the hotel, or public receiving house, where he is disencumbered of his baggage, and obtains permission from the all-powerful manager of the establishment to enter his name on the register as one of its inmates. Then he goes around and views the quarters from which his own are to be selected—for the choice is not left to the guest, but is the grand prerogative of the stern autocrat aforesaid. Proceeding due south from the landing place, you come to a line of beautiful cabins, finely shaded by the venerable trees of the primeval forest, and facing northwest in the direction of the Water Fountain, between which and itself is a verdant lawn, also covered with trees, and laid out in walks and alleys. Happy the favored tenant of one of these tasteful abodes: the only danger in his case is likely to be that of exciting a deal of envy in this little municipality. As you pass to this row of buildings, called *North Carolina Row*, you go by a neat little cabin at the foot of an old oak standing by itself most picturesquely: it is the property of a South Carolinian, and is always tenanted by him, when at the Springs. At other times, it is at the disposal of the proprietor of the estate. This is a common mode of arranging matters here,—several cabins being, in this way, private property. Having gone up *North Carolina Row*, we come to *Paradise*, which runs rectangularly from the upper corner, directly northwest. This is irregularly, but handsomely built, of brick, containing many beautiful cabins, some with and others without piazzas, but all much more finely shaded than the other quarters. On the northern end of this row are, in the course of building, an elegant brick house, with several smaller ones running out like wings from each side. This house has already been alluded to as in the process of building for the use of Mr. Henderson of New Orleans, whose elegant gift of a statue for the pavilion, has also been mentioned. Still further north extends

Alanus Row, a quiet, secluded, retired spot, embosomed in foliage, and out of the view of the spectator in any part of the great square. After some short interval, still extending to the north, are buildings appropriated to the worshippers of *Chance*, both as residences and temples for the performance of their secret rites. Then come the Sulphur Baths, the Stables, which are on a very extensive scale, and the Kennel for the hounds, about sixty of which, of all ages and breeds tenant this last of the quarters at White Sulphur. Returning southwesterly, we come to the *The Wolf Row*, where gay young men and convivial parties "most do congregate;" it is pleasantly situated aloof from the main square, on the opposite side of the road leading to the stables, and makes a picturesque appearance from the northeast. Keeping down on the same side of the way, we next come to the negro quarters, and after a long interval, to the private residence of Mr. Calwell, the proprietor of the Springs. Further yet towards the south, is a new row of buildings, called *Baltimore Row*, a fashionable and handsome, though sunny range of cabins, and facing the green lawn of the great square on the other side of the way. Still further south is a large carriage house for the use of the visitors to the Springs. I have not yet mentioned the *Ball-room*, standing midway between the *Hotel and North Carolina Row*,—a two story wooden building, with sleeping rooms above, and a long hall beneath, where the band plays daily and nightly at certain hours,—where religious services are sometimes performed on the Sabbath,—where the ladies and gentlemen are fond of lounging in chilly or in intensely hot days, and where there is a good piano, a constant source of attraction and pleasure to the musically inclined. Behind the hotel, runs a row of buildings, devoted to culinary purposes, connected with a dining hall;—and, extending northwesterly is *Fly Row*, so called, because of the superabundance of that annoying insect, and the constant desire that is ever being expressed by its tenants to *fly* from its annoyances. In this delectable region (otherwise very comfortable) am I lodged. Beneath the dining hall are the post office, the barber's shop, and a tailor's establishment,—and there is the topography of the White Sulphur, "veluti in speculum."

To manage and carry on this extensive concern, there is first, the proprietor, *James Calwell*, a short, stout, gentlemanly man, of cheerful manners, and a dash of the old school in the cut of his dress, his gait, and his white queue. He lives at his ease, and reaps the fruit of his good fortune in being the possessor of this lucrative spot, to the tune of several thousands of dollars per week, during the six spring and summer months. Next comes his prime minister, Mr. *Anderson*, to whose autocratical endowments I have alluded already. You might as well be out of favor with the king as with the keeper of the king's conscience, and the exerciser of all the king's prerogatives. He is the setter and keeper in motion of all the complicated springs and cranks that regulate the clock-work of this extensive concern, and he most ably performs his allotted part, displaying a great development of the organs of order, constructiveness, locality, verbal and individual memory, and in no small degree those of combativeness and secretiveness. Then come the nine sons of the proprietor,—each in his way. Some keep the accounts of the concern,—others

do the agreeable to the guests,—others, conduct the deer hunts, and fox chases,—and all live like the heirs apparent to the perennial White Sulphur Spring. There is a caterer for the table, whose sleekness of face, rotundity of person, and general air of comfortable well-being, do great honor to the cheer he provides. The servants are numerous,—some of them civil, some saucy, and all accessible to "the soft impeachment" of ready change, by way of spiriting them to an interested discharge of their duties. For all this accommodation, such as it is, you are charged eight dollars per week, or if you stay less than a week, one dollar and fifty cents *per diem*. And *apropos* of this: the other day, on presenting his money to pay his bill, a gentleman was surprised to learn that he was chargeable nine dollars for six days, although he could have remained the seventh, with the deduction of one dollar for the whole time! Who shall talk of Connecticut and her Yankee tricks after this? Yet it "is so nominated in the bond," and "there is no law" at White Sulphur "to alter the decree."

I had been told much to disparage the living, (I mean the *cuisine*,) at this place, and came prepared to find most miserable fare, most wretchedly served up, to the luckless visitant at this monopolizing watering-place. I thought this would not be strange, were it to turn out so;—for a man, who owns a property like this, in the heart of an unsettled country, away from all markets, and fearless of all competition, in catering for the thousands of people who flock yearly to such quarters and such fare as he can spread before them, cannot, methought, be expected to perform miracles, for the gratification of every sense, and the indulgence of every whim of his guests. But I find that rumor has belied our good host, most grossly, in this matter. Considering the prodigious number for whom he provides, his table may be said to be even uncommonly fine: far too good, it strikes me, for invalids, who flock hither to drink mineral waters for health. Venison is a common dish, and the best of mutton, (and very worst of beef,) is daily upon the board, while the pastry cook of the establishment would do honor to the Tremont or Astor.

The lodgings for "single gentlemen without families," are—just such as the casual visitant of a fashionable watering place is willing, (because he can't help himself,) to put up with. Two small beds, in an uncarpeted room, eight feet by ten, present rather a forbidding aspect as the neophyte enters his appointed domicile, after two days waiting for it,—nor is an over-nice examination of the texture of the bed-clothing, or the cleanliness of the bedding, likely to add to his perfect contentedness. But he gets used to it soon,—or grows desperately resigned to it,—and comforts himself with the assurance that he will enjoy the delights of what he is at present deprived of, the better on his return home, from being without them awhile: by suffering them patiently, he is in the fashion, is in the way of being healthy, and is seeing the world!

This property, the White Sulphur Springs, is said to be worth the round sum of six hundred thousand dollars. An act of incorporation, with a charter, has been obtained from the Legislature of Virginia, by a company, who had it in contemplation to purchase it at about that sum, and improve it on a liberal and extended scale.

But nothing was done about it beyond this preliminary step, and it is now held at a higher sum, or else absolutely retained, without the intention of selling, by its present proprietor. It will be a mine of wealth, properly managed, for his children, of whom he has several, and all of whom appear full well to appreciate the value of the property, by living upon it as if it were indeed to be a never failing spring of wealth to all generations. But fashion is a fickle *queen*, though the *queen* of the present high ascendant,—and were fashion to remove her shrine from this favored spot, I much fear that the worshippers of Hygeia would be hardly numerous or important enough to sustain its popularity. But of this there is no immediate prospect. The Springs in this neighborhood, though all valuable, are all without the peculiar properties that render the White Sulphur a necessary resort for the invalid,—and, as the best excuse that can be given by the world for residing half the year at a watering place, is that it is salubrious, there is not much chance that my good friend Calwell's property will depreciate very rapidly.

I could wish, however, that the plan of raising a corporate company to carry on this establishment, as it should be, could have been effectual. Nature has done every thing for the locality, and it is a source of regret that Art had not followed the hints of the elder born sister a little more nearly. There is not that uniformity, that regularity, and neatness of detail, in laying out the place with reference at once to the utility, symmetry, comfort, elegance and *coup d'œil*, which could have been desired. A fine hill on one side the fountain, is marred by being abandoned to the most common and disagreeable uses,—another on the east is covered with houses, whereas it should have been laid out in walks; and the most beautiful part of the grounds are shut out from the view and from the use of the visitants, by being thrown entirely in the rear of the main body of the buildings, consisting of tailors' shops, stores, barbers' establishments, and groceries. There are many unsightly white-washed cabins on the premises, also—coach-stands on the green lawns, and gaming houses near the most frequented parts of the square. All these things, the gradual growth of the place, coming as they have, one after the other, imperceptibly, as the property has increased in value, could be easily remedied now by an enterprising company—while, if left to the proprietors, they can hardly be anticipated to take place.

The woods in this vicinity abound in game—and one of the sons of Mr. Calwell has gained the name of *Nimrod*, and a reputation almost equal to that of Little-John of Sherwood forest, as a huntsman, by the skilful use he makes of a fine pack of hounds, and an unerring rifle, by the aid of which he and his associates are wont to supply the table with good venison. Would that these adjuncts of *Nimrod* were content with this legitimate use of their several powers! But alas! the hounds are baying the livelong night throughout, and murdering the innocent slumbers of those who are "cabined, cribbed, confined" near their quarters,—and the rifle in its turn is the common instrument of slaughter, with which our mutton is prepared for the board. But all pleasures have their drawbacks,—and the mutton is as palatable as the venison.

THE SUMACH TREE.

I love the rose when I am glad, it seems so gladsome too,—
With what a glow it meets the sun!—with what a scent the dew!
It blushes on the brow of youth as mingling in its mirth,
And decks the bride as though it bloom'd for her alone, on earth.

I love the columbine that grows upon the hill-top, wild,—
It makes me dream I'm young again—a free, a blessed child;
But youthful days, and bridal ones, just like the roses flee,
And chaste'n'd fancy turns from these toward the sumach tree.

The sumach?—Why?—Its leaves are fair and beautifully green,
And fringe the brilliant stem that runs—a carmine thread—between;

Its clustering fruit—a velvet cone, of royal crimson hue—
Peers upward midst the foliage fair, in glorious splendor too.

And yet—and yet—the fancy turns in pensive hour to thee,
And twin'd with sober, sacred thoughts art thou, proud sumach tree,

A deep-wrought spell of early days:—in melancholy state
Rank grew a lonely sumach tree beside that grave-yard gate;

Kindred and friends reposed beneath, and oft has childish prayer
Risen from my heart that I, in death, might slumber with them there.

That prayer, how vain! yet still I love in fancy oft to be
Ling'ring within that place of graves, beneath the sumach tree.
Maine. ELIZA.

THE UTILITY OF LIBERAL STUDIES.

We have before us a masterly discourse on this subject, delivered on a literary anniversary in Rhode Island, last autumn, by Professor Goddard.* We propose, by the extracts we are going to make, to save ourselves the trouble of inditing aught of our own, in praise of Liberal Studies. Nor need we;—as every reader, who may go through the extracts, will be satisfied that they can hardly be surpassed, in their way. The author's manner of unfolding his views, is striking and forcible. He takes the following impressive mode of showing the inordinate craving for wealth, that possesses the people of America. Many may stare at the assumption, that Germany is so far before our country in civilization, as is here supposed: and others will be equally startled at seeing New England ranked higher, for cultivated intellect, than Virginia and South Carolina. But both suppositions are true.

'Imagine an exile from intellectual Germany, nurtured amid a nation of scholars, and imbued with all the sympathies of a man of letters, to visit these shores, either for the purpose of bettering his fortunes, or of enjoying freedom of political opinion. With what emotions may we suppose him to survey the actual condition of American society; and what would be his cool, philosophical estimate of our predominant national characteristics? Should he chance, first of all, to be thrown amid the vortices of fashion, and politics, and trade, which, in our vast commercial metropolis, seem, to the eye of a stranger, to engulf all better things; how would his sensitive spirit be driven back upon itself! How would it yearn for the inartificial, and pure, and serene delights of Germany; for her ardent and almost universal veneration for Genius, and Taste, and Learning!'

* 'An Address to the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Rhode Island, delivered Sept. 7, 1836, by Wm. G. Goddard, Professor of Belles Lettres in Brown University.' pp. 38.

'Penetrating into the far West, would our philosopher find his exile cheered by the voice of a more responsive intelligence? By the majestic physical developments of this region of our country, he would, indeed, often be surprised into admiration; and he would look, with somewhat of poetical enthusiasm, upon lakes, and rivers, and forests, and mountains, which, though all unsung, are unrivalled, for sublimity, in the land from which he had wandered. But, think you, would not his enthusiasm be limited to these mute evidences of Almighty power? Among the adventurous and intrepid inhabitants of the West, would he find either sympathy or companionship? Would the hardy pioneer, who is pushing his way towards the very confines of civilization, care to know aught of the progress of exegesis, or of the achievements of antiquarians? Would the land speculator, intent upon some stupendous scheme of gain, lend a patient ear to our accomplished German, as he discussed some difficult problem in moral philosophy, or applied to a favorite author the principles of philosophical criticism?

'Directing his steps towards the South, he would find not unfrequently, among the children of the Sun, a grateful response to the sympathies by which he is moved; a more deeply reflective spirit; a more cultivated taste for the beautiful; powers of more delicate analysis, and more comprehensive generalization. But, even here, our traveller would perhaps complain that, in some circles, *the talk is of cotton*, and that this region of social urbanity and intellectual splendor no more than adumbrates his unforgotten home.

'He next sojourns in New England. Adopting the popular estimate of this favored portion of our country, he anticipates that, here at least, he shall escape the pangs of unparticipated sensibility. He perceives that our territory is studded with schools, and academies, and colleges; and he fondly imagines that, like kindred institutions in Germany, they exert a transforming influence upon the general mind and manners. But, even in New England, he is destined to feel the chill of disappointed hope. He beholds, everywhere, incontestible evidences of enterprise, and industry, and wealth; of rare practical sagacity, and uncompromising moral rectitude. Nay, more: he witnesses many decided proofs of reverence for science, for art, and for letters; and by the whole aspect of society around him, the conviction is impressed upon his mind that, nowhere else in our country is to be found a more enlightened subjection to law, or so general a prevalence of high social refinement. Why, then, it may be asked, does not our traveller feel himself *at home* in New England? It would not, perhaps, be easy so to answer this question as to exempt him from the reproach of fastidiousness. He misses the pervading intellectual spirit of Germany; the enthusiasm, and exhilaration, and simple elegance of her literary circles. It saddens him to recognise, as predominant in many a face, an expression of seated care, or frigid caution, or calculating sagacity. He is repelled by the topics which well nigh engross our ordinary conversation. He is surprised to discover, that our schools, academies, and colleges exert no undivided sway over the public mind. Now, it would be most unreasonable, to insist that the whole order of society in this young and free country—where all is full of enterprise, and change, and progress, should be reversed for the accommodation of a fastidious German scholar. It would be most unreasonable to ask, that the West should intermit her speculations in land, or her emigrations into the far off wilderness; that the South should be less intent upon the production of her great staples; or that the North should force herself away from her ships and her spindles. All this would be impracticable, and, if practicable, it would be full of evil. It may be well, however, to inquire, whether, in the midst of such strong provocations to excess, *the spirit of accumulation is not liable to become extravagant*; whether a more generous culture of a taste for liberal studies would not gratefully temper the elements of our present

social character, and introduce higher and nobler interests into the whole of our social life? Would it not save us from an inordinate admiration of the least enviable distinctions of wealth? *Would it not impart to our manners more of variety, of grace, of dignity, and repose; and to our morals, a more delicate discrimination and a loftier tone?*

How just the following remarks, upon the too prevalent *misdirection* of expenditure among our wealthy people!

'In the selection of those objects of embellishment which it is in the power alone of abundant wealth to command, I am not singular in contending that the decisions of a simpler and better taste ought to be regarded. Is it not a matter of just reproach, that of all the apartments in our mansion houses, *the library is generally the most obscure, and often the most ill furnished*; and that the *fashionable upholsterer is allowed to absorb so much of our surplus revenue*, that hardly any is left for the painter and the statuary? In all this, there is manifested a melancholy disproportion—an imperfect apprehension of some of the best uses to which wealth can be applied. In the spirit of an austere philosophy, it is not required that we should dispense with those costly ornaments which can boast no higher merit than their beauty; but it would be hailed as a most benignant reform, if, in the arrangements of our domestic economy, there could be traced a more distinct recognition of the capacities and destinies of man as an intellectual and moral being—as a being endowed with imagination and taste—with reason and with conscience. How few among us cultivate the fine arts! How few understand the principles on which they are founded—the sensitive part of our nature to which they are addressed! To this remark, the imperfect knowledge of music, which, in obedience to the authority of fashion, is acquired at the boarding school, forms no exception. It may still be affirmed, that we have among us no *class* who delight in music as one of their selectest pleasures; who gaze with untiring admiration upon the miraculous triumphs of painting; who are filled with tranquil enthusiasm by the passionless and unearthly beauty of sculpture. And is not this to be lamented? Do we not thus estrange ourselves from sources of deep and quiet happiness, to which we might often resort for solace, and refreshment, and repose? To these sources of happiness there is nothing in the nature of our political institutions, or of our domestic pursuits, which sternly forbids an approach. We have, it is true, no titled aristocracy; and property does not, as in the land of our forefathers, accumulate in large masses, and descend, undivided, through a long line of expectant proprietors. But there is scarcely a city, a town, or a village in this land, where some could not be found, blessed with every requisite but the disposition, to acquire a genuine relish for the fine arts.

* * * * *

'Again: To few better purposes can wealth and leisure be devoted, than to the acquisition of those languages of modern Europe which embody some of the profoundest researches of science, and some of the most exquisite forms of thought. And yet, except here and there a painstaking or an enthusiastic scholar, how few comparatively of our countrymen can unlock the treasures of any literature save their own. *To this cause may, in part, be attributed some of our most unworthy national prejudices, and that fondness for self-glorification which is reproachfully signalized by foreigners as one of our national characteristics.* Those, who are familiar with men and manners at home and abroad, soon rid themselves of these unenviable peculiarities; but most obstinately do they cling to those who have found no substitute for foreign travel in a liberal acquaintance with the literature of Continental Europe. When this literature, so rich and characteristic, shall, in this coun-

try, be more generally cultivated, it will be strange, indeed, if we do not form more intelligent estimates of other nations, and more modest estimates of our own; if, emancipating ourselves from the servitude of local and arbitrary opinions, we do not acquire a profounder sympathy with universal man, and a truer reverence for those commanding truths which are the common property of our race.'

The mischievous influence of *such* politics as are commonly talked by our country gentlemen and bar-room babblers, is deeply to be deplored. Instead of being a patient and sober inquiry after truth, with a single-hearted wish to judge justly what is right and what wrong; what is for the country's good, and what tends to its hurt;—'talking politics' is commonly nothing more than a senseless wrangle, between partisans whose only thought is to confound each other, even though it be by noise and sophistry: a mere trial of lungs and flippancy, without a care for truth or patriotism. And political aspirants!—how utter, often, is their profligacy! how reckless their abandonment of principle! how servile their obedience to party!—Does not Mr. Goddard offer a remedy—at least a mitigant—well worth trying, for this terrible endemic?

'The value of liberal studies, in counteracting the influence of politics upon the individual and social character of our countrymen, deserves next to be considered. You surely do not require to be told that politics is with us becoming a distinct, though not very reputable trade; that the strife for power is hardly less eager than the strife for gain; that a new code of political ethics has been established, for the accommodation of pliant consciences; and that, almost without an exception, the *public men of both parties, and of all parties, tired of waiting for popularity to run after them, are now eager to run after popularity.* Who now so intrepid as to dare to take his stand, upon grave and well defined principles? In these days of meek condescension to the will of the people, and of affected reverence for their good sense, how few care to lead public opinion aright! how many pusillanimously follow it, when they know it to be wrong! How few, alas! will forego the vulgar trappings of office for the sustaining consciousness, that by no sacrifice of principle or of dignity, did they ever seek to win them! I would fain believe that the days of the republic are not numbered; but I am not without sad forebodings of her fate, when aspirants for popular favor are such utter strangers to the grace of an erect and manly spirit as to be solicitous rather to appropriate to themselves, at any cost, some transient distinction, than to await, with unfaltering rectitude and unfeigned self-respect, the judgments of coming times; when the man of wealth, and talent, and social consideration, outstrips the radical, in zeal for pestilent doctrines and mischievous projects; in fine, when it is incorporated into the creed of the politician, that the people are always in the right; in other words, that public opinion is not only the standard of taste, but the keeper of conscience!

'To most active spirits, the contentions of party are far from being repulsive; and elevated station seldom fails to captivate the ambitious. Thus multitudes, forsaking the round of common occupation, are seen to dash amid the tumults of the people. Thus, too, many of our most gifted men, relinquishing the pursuits of literature, or the sure rewards and the permanent fame of professional eminence, peril their independence, perchance their honor, in a doubtful controversy for some fascinating political distinction.

'Nor is this all. The agitations of politics communicate to the public mind impulses so despotic that it becomes, on all questions, intolerant of dissent. Hence it often happens, that, in matters entirely unconnected

with the contentions of the day, men are proscribed, because they may be content to doubt where others choose to dogmatize; or, because they may dare to differ when the multitude have determined that all shall agree. If this species of tyranny be not sternly resisted, it will banish from the walks of public and of private life all independence of thought and action; all calm discussion of controverted questions; all intrepid defence of unpopular truths.

If the influence of politics, direct and indirect, be thus injurious, it surely demands counteraction. I am not so visionary as to believe that the wider diffusion of a taste for liberal studies would prove more than a partial corrective of evils, which, deeply rooted in the very nature of our government, may, to a certain extent, be deemed inevitable. I cannot doubt, however, that it would render politics a less absorbing game; that it would banish from political controversy much of its acrimony, and lead to more intelligent views of the true interests of the people. The spirit of literature is essentially conservative. It forms a graceful alliance with whatever is elevated in thought or in action; it abhors violence; it is not rampant for change. It protects the sacred inheritance of individual freedom; 'the free thought of the free soul.' It is congenial to the more retired graces of character; to elegance, to dignity, to repose. Surely, in times like these, when a mighty controversy is maintained with the varied forms of evil; when factious violence every where prevails; when radicalism threatens to tear up the base of all social order, we need to calm our troubled spirits, and to recruit our overtaken energies, amid "the still air of delightful studies."

In the subjoined paragraph, Mr. Goddard well probes, and prescribes for, another disease rife in this Union:

'In such studies may also be found an antagonist to the spirit of ultraism. This spirit, at the present day, seems to pervade all lands, where thought and feeling are free. Our own country has not escaped the epidemic phrenzy. We have ultras in fashion, who deem every one a barbarian who will not adopt their conventional standard of propriety and their elaborate style of enjoyment; who will not sacrifice health, and happiness and virtue upon the shrine of their senseless idolatries. We have ultras in politics, who either propagate wild notions, or infer, from sound principles, dangerous conclusions; who revel amid agitations, and who owe all their consequence to their skill in working mischief. We have ultras in philanthropy, who, in the impetuosity of their zeal, sacrifice to an abstraction the substantial welfare of their fellow men; who make rash applications of admitted truth, and who seem to forget that, in carrying out one principle, however sacred, we must never trample upon other principles which are no less obligatory upon the conscience. And, last of all, we have ultras in religion, who, forgetting the weightier matters of the law, lose themselves in the labyrinths of systematic divinity; and who, impatient of a chastised, evangelical fervor, resort to equivocal expedients to generate an effervescent zeal. The spirit of ultraism I cannot pause fully to characterize. It *dwarfs the intellect*, and it *exasperates the passions*. It is *ferocious in denunciation*; it is *enamored of vexed questions*; it is *recruited by gladiatorial strife*. I do not claim for liberal studies the power to operate, directly, as a corrective of this diseased state of the public mind. Some efficacy, however, may be anticipated from their reflex operation. By stimulating the intellect to an exercise of its various powers upon themes of commanding dignity and attractive elegance, they would allay the violence of the passions, and rebuke that unphilosophical spirit which limits itself to a partial reception of speculative truths, and to a partial view of men and manners. They would, moreover, establish among the intellectual faculties that harmony of adjustment and operation,

which is essential to their just procedure, both in matters of speculation and of conduct. They would, in fine, impart to all classes of people, not those feverish impulses which impair intellectual vigor and foster an eccentric zeal; but those healthful interests which are congenial to moderation, to simplicity and to truth.'

After some reflections on utilitarianism—reflections which we dissent from because we like utilitarianism; and which therefore we shall not copy—Mr. G. has the following just and beautiful passage:

'How pervading is the sense of the beautiful, and how full of beautiful forms is this earth on which we are appointed to dwell! Who can look upon nature in her serene aspects and wonderful transformations, and not own it a glorious privilege to comprehend other than philosophical relations, and to enjoy something beside the demonstrations of exact science? At this season of pathetic loveliness,* who can look upon the memorials of the dying year, without confessing the power of imagery to wake to an eloquent response the chords of human feeling?

'This peculiar tendency of American society, which I have cursorily considered, would be exempt from the danger of excess, if liberal studies were permitted to exert their full power of counteraction. Without rendering us impatient of dull realities, they sometimes lift us above them; they quicken within us the sensibilities of taste; they transport us into the region of hopes and fears; of the profound and the indefinite; they invite us to the contemplation of whatsoever is lovely in the sympathies of our common nature; splendid in the conquests of intellect, or heroic in the trials of virtue.'

Lawyers, physicians, clergymen,—ought to read and ponder well this paragraph:

'Professional men, sometimes ready to sink under the pressure of unvaried mental effort, find that occasional excursions into the field of elegant literature impart renewed vigor to their exhausted powers. They do not so much require complete exemption from toil, as *counter excitement*; and to men of refined tastes, this species of excitement is abundantly supplied by those treasures of wisdom and of wit, and those captivating forms of expression, which lie without the boundaries of exclusively professional study. Again, from the peculiar nature of their pursuits, and from the almost incessant attention which they demand, such men are liable to become somewhat narrow and perverse in their judgments. They cultivate few of the graceful sensibilities of their nature; they estrange themselves from the regions of taste; they regale their imaginations with no images of beauty. "There is perhaps nothing," says one of the most original thinkers of the age, "which more enlarges or enriches the mind, than to lay it genially open to impressions of pleasure from the exercise of every species of talent." In this disposition, with rare exceptions, professional men are wanting; and it is this disposition which liberal studies are specially fitted to create. What a reproach attaches to the lawyer who feels admiration for no science but his own?† What physician is thoroughly prepared for the practice of his profession, who has not learned

much which it is not the business of masters in medical science to teach? And, think you, should we hear such repeated complaints of the drowsiness and the aridity of the pulpit, if preachers, less ambitious of soaring to the Alpine heights of theology, spoke more frequently the language of cultivated tastes, sympathies and affections; if, full of the momentous verities of the gospel, they were capable of imitating, however inadequately, the varied song of David, the majestic eloquence of Paul, the seraphic fervor of Isaiah?'

And let merchants of all sorts, mechanics, and farmers, pay heedful attention to the following:

'But it is to those who are familiarly styled *men of business*, that liberal studies should be more particularly commended. Parents often withhold, from such of their sons as are intended for active life, an accomplished education, because they believe that success in active life is rather hindered than promoted by the liberal cultivation of the intellect. In accordance with this belief, it is often said that merchants, manufacturers, and mechanics acquire no additional skill for the conduct of their business, by an acquaintance with general literature. And what if they do not? Were they born to be merchants, and manufacturers, and mechanics, and nothing more? Are they not endowed, like other men, with the higher faculties of their being, and should not these faculties be exercised upon their proper objects? They are not, it is true, candidates for literary distinction; but in whatever sphere they may chance to move they are human beings, and why should they not be rational well informed, refined human beings? If their ordinary occupations be somewhat alien from the pursuits of literature, *this, of itself, is a cogent reason why a taste for such pursuits should be the more carefully fostered.* To the imperfect education of this large and valuable class in every community, may be ascribed the otherwise inexplicable mistakes of men who stand strong in the consciousness of rare practical sagacity. What disastrous errors would such men avoid, if they gave more repose to their passions; and if, by employing their minds upon a larger variety of objects, they sharpened their accuracy, and enlarged their comprehension!'

The concluding paragraph is pregnant with truth and power:

'Well might I be deemed an unfaithful advocate of liberal studies, if, in estimating their value, I yielded no tribute of applause to the solid provision which they make for independent individual happiness; for that happiness which is enjoyed, not so much amid the hum and shock of men, as amid the solitude of nature and of thought. Living in a land where "men act in multitudes, think in multitudes, and are free in multitudes," we are constantly tempted to forget the mysterious individuality of our being; to go out of ourselves for materials of enjoyment; to fritter away our sensibilities, and to debilitate our understandings, amid the false and hollow gaieties of the crowd. I contend for no severe estrangement from the joys of a chaste and elegant conviviality; for no exclusive intercourse with forms of inanimate beauty; for no fearful communion with the mysteries of the inner spirit. But I deprecate habits and tastes which are impatient of seclusion; which destroy all true and simple relish for nature; which scorn all quiet pleasures; which abhor alike the composure and the scrutiny of meditation. As means of reforming tastes and habits thus uncongenial to virtue and to happiness, I can hardly exaggerate the importance of liberal studies. I ascribe to them, however, no power to teach rooted sorrow the lesson of submission; to succor virtue amid mighty temptations; to dispel the awful sadness of the inevitable hour. These are the victories of christian faith; the grand, and peculiar, and imperishable evidences of its power.

* Autumn.—[Ed. Mess.]

† The precepts and the example of the celebrated James Otis deserve to be commended to the attention of every young man who aspires to distinction at the Bar. We are told, by his biographer, that, after leaving College, he devoted eighteen months to the pursuit of various branches of Literature, previously to entering on the study of Jurisprudence. In a letter to his father, he says, "I shall always lament that I did not take a year or two further for more general inquiries in the Arts and Sciences, before I sat down to the laborious study of the laws of my country." He inculcated on his pupils as a maxim, "that a lawyer ought never to be without a volume of natural or public law, or moral philosophy, on his table, or in his pocket."

But I challenge for science and for letters, the noble praise of reclaiming us from the dominion of the senses; of lightening the burden of care; of stimulating within us the undying principles of the moral life.'

ANTIQUE CAMEOS.

NO. I.

ANDROMEDA.

*Nisi quoddam levis aura capillos
Moverat; et trepido manarant lumina fletu
Marmoreum ratus esset opus.*

Ovid.

Entranced in woe, fair Cassiope's child,
The victim of a mother's wanton boast,
Beheld the rugged crags that reared their wild
And threatening heads above the stormy coast;
And as she gazed upon the sea before,
In mockery through her bosom stole a host
Of pleasant memories, while with angry roar
The death-denouncing waves broke on the rocky shore.

The ample treasure of her raven locks
In darksome beauty streaming on the wind,
Upon a pedestal of blackened rocks
Like Parian statue stood the maid, confined
By chains which marred the tender wrists they bound:
The thoughts of home came thronging on her mind,---
Her bosom heaved, her eyes in tears were drowned,
And grief burst from her lips in sorrow's plaintive sound.

She thought of early childhood's summer hours,
Of sportive glee beneath the myrtle shade,
Of garlands wreathed for youthful friends in bowers
Of myrrhine sweets, through which her feet had strayed---
Thought of her father's halls---the dance---the lay
Of minstrel, and the mellow lute of maid---
Then of her doom; and saw with dread dismay
The monster of the deep roll on, prepared to slay.

One piercing shriek of anguish wildly rose
Above the moaning ocean---fear repeat
The hapless cry of agony, and froze
The fount of life within her virgin breast;
While from each starting orb, the tear-drops, o'er
Her snowy bosom showering pearls, confessed
Her lorn despair, as rushing towards the shore
The ravenous monster seemed her beauty to explore.

She trembled like an aspen; and the blood
Was curdling in her veins, as mute she gazed
Upon his bulk, now stretched upon the flood,
Now rolled in spires, as o'er the waves he raised
His towering crest, high gleaming in the air;
And marked his eyes, which like two meteors blazed
Upon his burnished front, with their red glare
Portending darksome death, destruction and despair.

Still onward rolled the portent, till his breath
Came warm upon her, and his nostrils shed
The dewy brine; and armed with pointed death
Appeared the jagged teeth within his dread
And terrible jaws, expanded to devour;
When from the upper air flashed on her head
A sudden light, and, in that fearful hour,
An unseen arm was raised that broke the monster's power.

E'en as his giant body smote the sand,
Swift rushing from the foam-engirdled tide,
With nostrils spread but breathless on the sand
He lay immense,---with jaws expanded wide---
And sinews bent---but rigid as the pile
Of endless crags, that, reared on either side
With everlasting adamant did tile
The rocky ramparts of the sea-defying isle.

And as the maiden slowly raised her eyes,
A form of matchless beauty and of light,
With waving plumes of a thousand dyes,
And looks of love, burst on her raptured sight.
Again life's fear-chilled current freely gushed,
Her eyes that tears had dimmed again grew bright;
And like the rosy morning, sweetly blushed
The blanched and pallid cheek by love's deep hectic flushed.

HERPESUS.

Selection from Blackwood's Magazine for 1818.

ON THE POETRY OF

SCOTT, BYRON, AND WORDSWORTH.

The three great master-spirits of our day, in the poetical world, are Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron. But there never were minds more unlike to each other than theirs are, either in original conformation or in the course of life. It is great and enduring glory to this age, to have produced three poets,---of perfectly original genius,---unallied to each other,---drinking inspiration from fountains far apart,---who have built up superb structures of the imagination, of distinct orders of architecture,---and who may indeed be said to rule, each by a legitimate sovereignty, over separate and powerful provinces in the kingdom of Mind.

Though greatly inferior in many things to his illustrious brethren, Scott is perhaps, after all, the most unequivocally original. We do not know of any model after which the form of his principal poems has been moulded. They bear no resemblance, and, we must allow, are far inferior to the heroic poems of Greece; nor do they, though he has been called the Ariosto of the North, seem to us to resemble, in any way whatever, any of the great poems of modern Italy. He has given a most intensely real representation of the living spirit of the chivalrous age of his country. He has not shrouded the figures or the characters of his heroes in high poetical lustre, so as to dazzle us by resplendent fictitious beings, shining through the scenes and events of a half-imaginary world. They are as much real men in his poetry, as the "mighty earls" of old are in our histories and annals. The incidents, too, and events, are all wonderfully like those of real life; and when we add to this, that all the most interesting and impressive superstitions and fancies of the times are in his poetry incorporated and intertwined with the ordinary tissue of mere human existence, we feel ourselves hurried from this our civilized age, back into the troubled bosom of semibarbarous life, and made keen partakers in all its impassioned and poetical credulities. His poems are historical narrations, true in all things to the spirit of history, but everywhere overspread with those bright and breathing colors which only genius can bestow on reality; and when it is recollected, that the times in which his scenes are laid and his heroes act were distinguished by many of the most energetic virtues that can grace or dignify the character of a free people, and marked by the operation of great passions and important events, every one must feel that the poetry of Walter Scott is, in the noblest sense of the word, national; that it breathes upon us the bold and heroic spirit of perturbed but magnificent ages, and connects us, in the midst of philosophy, science, and refinement, with our turbulent but high-minded ancestors, of whom we have no cause to be ashamed, whether looked on in the fields of war or in the halls of peace. He is a true knight in all things,---free, courteous, and brave. War, as he describes it, is a noble game, a kingly pastime. He is the greatest of all war-poets. His poetry might make a very coward

fearless. In *Marmion*, the battle of Flodden agitates us with all the terror of a fatal overthrow. In the *Lord of the Isles*, we read of the field of Bannockburn with clenched hands and fiery spirits, as if the English were still our enemies, and we were victorious over their invading king. There is not much of all this in any modern poetry but his own; and therefore it is, that, independently of all his other manifold excellences, we glory in him as the great modern National Poet of Scotland,—in whom old times revive,—whose poetry prevents history from becoming that which, in times of excessive refinement, it is often too apt to become—a dead letter,—and keeps the animating and heroic spectacles of the past moving brightly across our every-day world, and flashing out from them a kindling power over the actions and characters of our own age.

Byron is in all respects the very opposite of Scott. He never dreams of wholly giving up his mind to the influence of the actions of men, or the events of history. He lets the world roll on, and eyes its wide-weltering and tumultuous waves—even the calamitous shipwrecks that strew its darkness—with a stern and sometimes even a pitiless misanthropy. He cannot sympathise with the ordinary joys or sorrows of humanity, even though intense and overpowering. They must live and work in intellect and by intellect, before they seem worthy of the sympathy of his impenetrable soul. His idea of man, in the abstract, is boundless and magnificent; but of men, as individuals, he thinks with derision and contempt. Hence he is in one stanza a sublime moralist, elevated and transported by the dignity of human nature; in the next a paltry satirist, sneering at its meanness. Hence he is unwilling to yield love or reverence to any thing that has yet life; for life seems to sink the little that is noble into the degradation of the much that is vile. The dead, and the dead only, are the objects of his reverence or his love; for death separates the dead from all connexion, all intimacy with the living; and the memories of the great or good alone live in the past, which is a world of ashes. Byron looks back to the tombs of those great men “that stand in assured rest;” and gazing, as it were, on the bones of a more gigantic race, his imagination then teems with corresponding births, and he holds converse with the mighty in language worthy to be heard by the spirits of the mighty. It is in this contrast between his august conceptions of man, and his contemptuous opinion of men, that much of the almost incomprehensible charm, and power, and enchantment of his poetry exists. We feel ourselves alternately sunk and elevated, as if the hand of an invisible being had command over us. At one time we are a little lower than the angels; in another, but little higher than the worms. We feel that our elevation and our disgrace are alike the lot of our nature; and hence the poetry of Byron, as we before remarked, is read as a dark, but still a divine revelation.

If Byron be altogether unlike Scott, Wordsworth is yet more unlike Byron. With all the great and essential faculties of the poet, he possesses the calm and self-commanding powers of the philosopher. He looks over human life with a steady and serene eye; he listens with a fine ear “to the still sad music of humanity.” His faith is unshaken in the prevalence of virtue over vice, and of happiness over misery; and in the existence of a heavenly law operating on earth, and, in spite of transitory defeats, always visibly triumphant in the grand field of human warfare. Hence he looks over the world of life, and man, with a sublime benignity; and hence, delighting in all the gracious dispensations of God, his great mind can wholly deliver itself up to the love of a flower budding in the field, or of a child asleep in its cradle; nor, in doing so, feels that poetry can be said to stoop or to descend, much less to be degraded, when she embodies, in words of music, the purest and most delightful fancies and affections of the human heart. This love of the nature to which he belongs, and which is in him the fruit of wisdom and

experience, gives to all his poetry, a very peculiar, a very endearing, and, at the same time, a very lofty character. His poetry is little colored by the artificial distinctions of society. In his delineations of passion or character, he is not so much guided by the varieties produced by customs, institutions, professions, or modes of life, as by those great elementary laws of our nature which are unchangeable and the same; and therefore the pathos and the truth of his most felicitous poetry are more profound than of any other, not unlike the most touching and beautiful passages in the sacred page. The same spirit of love, and benignity, and etherial purity, which breathes over all his pictures of the virtues and the happiness of man, pervades those too of external nature. Indeed, all the poets of the age,—and none can dispute that they must likewise be the best critics,—have given up to him the palm in that poetry which commences with the forms, and hues, and odors, and sounds, of the material world. He has brightened the earth we inhabit to our eyes; he has made it more musical to our ears; he has rendered it more creative to our imaginations.

LORD BYRON'S FAULTS.

[The merits of Lord Byron have been sufficiently trumpeted. No penner of choice verses in a lady's album, but has the oft-quoted beauties of *Childe Harold*, *The Giaour*, and *The Bride of Abydos*, at his fingers' ends. No literary dandy, who draws his morality and his prettinesses of speech from Bulwer, but lisps with equal fondness and familiarity though less knowledge, the euphonious name of ‘Byron.’ It is now time to hear the other side. That our readers may in part do so, we cull from our old Blackwood the following severe letter addressed to his Lordship, by a stern moralist, whose castigation is the more just and effectual, as he evidently holds the powers of the noble poet in the highest esteem.—*Ed. Mess.*]

TO THE AUTHOR OF BEPPO.

My Lord,—It has for many years been almost impossible that any thing should increase my contempt for the professional critics of this country; otherwise the manner in which these persons have conducted themselves towards your Lordship, would, most certainly, have produced that effect. The hyperboles of their sneaking adulation, in spite of the far-off disdain with which you seem to regard them, have probably reached, long ago, the vanity of the poet, and touched, with a chilling poison, some of the better feelings of the man. I have formed, however, a very mistaken opinion of your character, if, conscious as you still are of the full vigor of youthful genius, you can allow yourself to be permanently satisfied, either with the subjects or the sources of the commendation which has been poured upon you. If you feel not within yourself a strong and tormenting conviction, that as yet you have done little more than exhibit to the world, the melancholy spectacle of a great spirit, self-embittered, self-wasted, and self-degraded,—if, in your solitary moments, there shoot not sometimes across your giddy brain, the lightnings of a self-aborrent and un hypocritical remorse, the progress of the mental paralysis has been more deadly than I had been willing to believe;—but even then, a friend of charity and of virtue may expect a ready pardon for having hoped too much, and for having spoken to you in vain.

To few men, either in ancient or in modern times, has been afforded an opening destiny more fortunate than yours. Sprung from a long line of generous ca-

valiers, and inheriting from them a name to which no English ear could listen without respect,—and, adding to these, the advantages of a graceful person and a powerful genius,—where was that object of worthy ambition which could have appeared to be beyond the wishes or the hopes of Byron? You chose to build your fame upon poetry, and your choice was wise. The names of Marlborough, Nelson, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and Burke,—what, after all, are these when compared with those of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton? To add another name to the great trio of English poets, and to share the eternal sovereignty which these majestic spirits exert over the souls of the most free, and the most virtuous of people, this was indeed a high and noble ambition, and the envy of kings might have been due to its gratification. Such were the proud aspirings that a few years ago possessed your mind, and your countrymen were eager to believe and to proclaim the probability of your success. Alas! my Lord, when you reflect upon what you have done, and upon what you are,—when you remember with what wanton hypocrisy you have tortured our feelings, and with what cool contemptuousness you have insulted our principles,—you cannot scruple to confess, that the people of England have been shamefully abused, and are, with justice, disappointed.

I admire the natural splendor of your genius as much as the most violent of your slavish eulogists. I do more—I reverence it; and I sigh with the humility of a worshipper, over the degradation of its divinity. The ideas which you must have of the true greatness of a poet, are, doubtless, very different from those of ordinary mortals. You have climbed far up among the crags and precipices of the sacred hill, and have caught some glimpses of their glory who repose amidst the eternal serenity of its majestic summit. It is not necessary to tell you by what an immeasurable space your loftiest flights have as yet fallen short of the unseen soarings of the illustrious dead. You know and feel your superiority to the herd of men; but the enviable elevation which enables you to look down upon them, convinces you at the same time of your inferiority to those, who sit together in unapproached greatness, the few peerless spirits, alone among men and among poets,—HOMER, DANTE, and the British THREE. Distances and distinctions which are lost to weaker and remoter optics are seen and penetrated by your more favored eye. Beholding, as you do, Alps on Alps rising beyond you, even the gratification of your self-love cannot prevent you from condemning their voice, who would extol you as having already reached the utmost limit of ascension. Nor will this contempt for their foolish judgment be lessened by the consciousness, which I believe you feel, that your progress might have been more worthy of their admiration, had you not clogged your march with needless fetters, and loitered perversely beneath difficulties, which, by a bold effort, you might for ever have overcome.

In spite, then, of the shouts of vulgar approbation, you feel, my Lord, a solitary and unrevealed conviction, that you have not as yet done any thing which can give you a permanent title to being associated with the demigods of poetry. This conviction, to a spirit so haughty as yours, must be bitterness and wormwood. To others it might afford no trivial consolation to know, that although, since poetry began, scarcely one age has passed which did not suppose itself to be in possession of a first-rate poet, the names of those whose claims to that character the world has ratified, may all be written with a single drop of ink. But you, unless you be a greater hypocrite than even I suppose you, have that within which would make you prefer total obscurity to any fame that falls short of the most splendid. By comparing the nature of your own with that of more glorious productions,—above all, by observing the contrast which your own character affords to that of greater poets,—you may perhaps discover somewhat, both of the cause of your failures, and of the probable

method of retrieving them. The compliment which I pay to your genius, in supposing, that, even under any diversity of circumstances, you might have become the rival of those master-spirits with whom you have as yet been so unworthy of comparison, is assuredly a great one. Of all that read my letter, none will understand its weight so well as you: none will so readily confess that it verges upon extravagance, or be so apt to accuse of unconscious flattery the admonisher that has bestowed it.

It is not my purpose (for from me to you such a disquisition would be absurd) to describe, or to attempt to describe, to your Lordship, wherein your productions and your spirit differ from those of the great poets that have preceded you. I am not of the opinion of certain modern sophists, who affect to try every thing in poetry by the rules of logic. I feel, and so does every man of common understanding, that if you were born with the elements of heroic growth within you, your stature has been stunted; and that, when brought into contact with those whom perhaps you might have emulated, you are but a pigmy among a band of giants. One great distinction, however, between you and them, as it relates not to your art alone, but to the interests and welfare of those to whom that art addresses itself, a plain man, who makes no pretensions to the character of a poet, but who loves and venerates the nature of which he is partaker, hopes he may notice in a few words, without giving just offence either to you or your admirers. Your predecessors, in one word, my Lord, have been the friends—you are the enemy of your species. You have transferred into the higher departments of poetry (or you have at least endeavored to transfer) that spirit of mockery, misanthropy, and contempt, which the great bards of elder times left to preside over the humbler walk of the satirist and the cynic. The calm respect which these men felt for themselves, inspired them with sympathetic reverence for their brethren. They perceived, indeed, the foibles and the frailties of humanity, and they depicted, at least as well as you have ever done, the madness of the senses and the waywardness of the passions; but they took care to vindicate the original dignity of their nature, and contrasted their representations of the vice and weakness, which they observed in some, with the more cheering spectacle of the strength and the virtue, whose stirrings they felt within themselves, and whose workings they contemplated in others. Conscious of the glorious union of intellectual grandeur and moral purity within, they pitied the errors of other men; but they were not shaken from their reverence for the general character of man. Instead of raving with demoniacal satisfaction about the worthlessness of our motives and the nothingness of our attainments, they strove, by showing us what we might be and what we had been, to make us what we should be. They drew the portraits of wrath, jealousy and hatred, only that we might appreciate more justly the kindly feelings which these fierce passions expel from the rightful possessions of our bosom. They took our nature as it is, but it was for the purpose of improving it: they sung of our miseries and our tumults in noble strains,

“Not wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds.”

With the names of SPENSER, SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, we associate the idea of our nature in its earthly perfection,—of love, pure, tender, and etherial,—of intellect, serene and contemplative,—of virtue, unbending and sublime. As the Venus, the Apollo, and the Theseus, are to our bodies, the memories of these men are to our minds, the symbols and the standards of beauty and of power. The contemplation of them refines and ennobles those who inherit their language. The land that has given birth to such ministers of patriotism and of virtue, fears not that the sacred flame should expire upon her altars. We are proud of England, because

she produced them, and we shrink from degradation, lest their silent manes should reproach us.

Had it been your destiny to live two centuries ago, and in the place of these illustrious spirits, to form the national poetry of England, how miserably different had been, with regard to you and to themselves, the feelings of your countrymen! In all your writings, how little is there whose object it is to make us reverence virtue, or love our country! You never teach us to despise earthly sufferings, in the hope of eternal happiness. With respect to all that is best and greatest in the nature and fate of man, you preserve not merely a sorrowful, but a sullen silence. Your poetry need not have been greatly different from what it is, although you had lived and died in the midst of a generation of heartless, vicious, and unbelieving demons. With you, heroism is lunacy, philosophy folly, virtue a cheat, and religion a bubble. Your man is a stern, cruel, jealous, revengeful, contemptuous, hopeless, solitary savage. Your woman is a blind, devoted, heedless, beautiful minister and victim of lust. The past is a vain record, and the present a fleeting theatre of misery and madness: the future one blank of horrid darkness, whereon your mind floats and fluctuates in a cheerless uncertainty, between annihilation and despair.

The interest which you have found means to excite for the dismal creations of your poetry, is proof abundant of the vigor of your genius, but should afford small consolation to your conscience-stricken mind. You are a skilful swordsman; but you have made use of poisoned weapons, and the deadliness of your wound gives no addition to your valor. You have done what greater and better men despised to do. You have brought yourself down to the level of that part of our erring and corrupted nature, which it was their pride and privilege to banish from the recollection and the sympathy of those to whom they spake. In the great struggle between the good and the evil principle, you have taken the wrong side, and you enjoy the worthless popularity of a daring rebel. But hope not that the calm judgment of posterity will ratify the hasty honors which you have extorted from the passions of your contemporaries. Believe me, men are not upon the whole quite so unprincipled,—nor women quite so foolish,—nor virtue so useless,—nor religion so absurd,—nor deception so lasting,—nor hypocrisy so triumphant,—as your Lordship has been pleased to fancy. A day of terrible retribution will arrive, and the punishment inflicted may not improbably consist of things the most unwelcome to a poet's view—the scorn of many, and the neglect of all. Even now, among the serious and reflective part of the men and the women of England, your poetry is read, indeed, and admired, but you yourself are never talked of except with mingled emotions of anger and pity. With what pain do the high spirits of your virtuous and heroic ancestors contemplate the degradation of their descendant. Alas! that the genius which might have ennobled any name, should have only assisted you to stamp a more lasting stain upon the pure, the generous, the patriotic, the English name of Byron.

Any other poet might complain with justice, should he see remarks of a personal nature mixed up with a criticism upon his writings. You, my Lord, can scarcely flatter yourself that you have any right to expect such forbearance. If the scrutiny of the world be disagreeable to you, either in its operation or in its effects, you need blame no one but yourself. We were well enough disposed to treat you with distant respect, but you have courted and demanded our gaze. You have bared your bosom when no man entreated you; it is your own fault if we have seen there not the scars of honorable wounds, but the festering blackness of a loathsome disease. You have been the vainest and the most egotistical of poets. You have made yourself your only theme; shall we not dare to dissect the hero, because, forsooth, he and his poet are the same? You have debased your nobility by strutting upon the stage; shall we still be expected to talk of you as of a private

and unobtrusive individual? You must share the fate of your brethren, and abide the judgment of the spectators. Having assumed for our amusement, these gaudy trappings, you must not hope to screen your blunders from our castigation, by a sudden and prudish retreat into a less glittering costume. You have made your election.—The simile which I have employed may appear inept to many; of these, I well know your Lordship is not one.

You made your debut in the utmost dignity and sadness of the Cothurnus. You were the most lugubrious of mortals; it was the main ambition of your vanity to attract to your matchless sorrows the overflowing sympathies of the world. We gave you credit for being sincere in your affliction. We looked upon you as the victim of more than human misery, and sympathized with the extravagance of your public and uncontrollable lamentations. It is true that no one knew whence your sorrow had sprung, but we were generous in our compassion, and asked few questions. In time, however, we have become less credulous and more inquisitive; the farce was so often renewed, that we became weary of its wonders; we have come to suspect at last, that whatever sorrows you may have, they are all of your own creating; and that, whence-soever they may be, they are at least neither of so uniform nor of so majestic a character as you would fain have had us to suppose.

There was indeed something not a little affecting in the spectacle of youth, nobility, and genius, doomed to a perpetual sighing over the treachery of earthly hopes, and the vanity of earthly enjoyments. Admitting, as we did to its full extent, the depth of your woes, it is no wonder that we were lenient critics of the works of such a peerless sufferer. We revered your mournful muse; we were willing to believe that, if such was her power in the midst of tears, a brighter fortune would have made it unrivalled and irresistible. The forlornness of your bosom gained you the forbearance of the most unrelenting judges. Every thing was pardoned to the chosen victim of destiny. We regarded you as the very masterpiece and symbol of affliction, and looked up to you the more that your glory had been withered—

“As when Heaven's fire
Had scathed the forest oak, or mountain pine,
With singed top his stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath.”

Although, however, we at the time believed what you told us, and opened all the stores of our pity to your moving tale, we have not been able to abstain, in the sequel, from considering somewhat more calmly the items of its horror. The first thing which made us suspect that we had been played upon, was the vehemence of your outcries. If your account of yourself were a true one, your heart was broken. You decked yourself in the sable trappings of a Hamlet, and, like him, you were free to confess that “the earth seemed to you only a sterile promontory, and the goodly canopy of heaven a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. You had no pleasure in man, no! nor, for all our smiling, in woman neither.” You stood like another Niobe, a cold and marble statue, frozen by despair amidst the ruin of your hopes. Had your sorrow been so deep, my Lord, its echoes had been lower. The dignified sufferer needs no circle of listeners to fan, by their responding breath, the expiring embers of misery. Poetry was born within you, and you must have made it the companion of your afflictions; but your lyre, like that of the bereaved hero of old, would have uttered lonely and unobtrusive notes, had your fingers, like his, been touched with the real tremblings of agony. A truly glorious spirit, sunk in sorrow such as you assumed, might have well deserved the silent veneration of its more lowly and more happy contemplators. But it would neither have courted their notice, nor enjoyed their sympathy. Alone, in its gigantic wretchedness, it would have scorned to lay its troubles open to the

gaze of common men. Your delicacy was less exquisite, or your grief was less sincere. You howled by day upon the house-top; you called upon all the world to admire your song of lamentation, and to join their voices in its doleful chorus.

Under pretence of making us partakers in a fictitious or exaggerated grief, you have striven to make us sympathise with all the sickly whims and phantasies of a self-dissatisfied and self-accusing spirit. That you were, as you have yourself told us, a dissipated, a sceptical, and therefore, for there was no other cause, a wretched man, was no reason why you should wish to make your readers devoid of religion, virtue, and happiness. You had no right to taint the pure atmosphere of the English mind with the infectious phrenzies of the fever of debauch. Your misery was the punishment of your folly and your wickedness; why did you come to rack the eyes of the wise, the good, and the tranquil, with the loathsome spectacle of your merited torments? Could genius, a thousand times more splendid than yours, entitle the poor, giddy, restless victim of remorse, to make his art the instrument of evil,—to abuse the gifts of his God, by rendering them the engines of corruption and ruin among his fellow men? For shame! my Lord, for shame upon your manhood! If you had acted as became the dignity, either of your person or of your genius, you would have hidden yourself from the public gaze, until you had expiated, in the solitude of some congenial dungeon, the sins that had embittered your conscience, and degraded your muse. You had offended the eternal laws of virtue, and yielded up your self-condemning soul to be the play-thing—the *scipio mirrore*—of doubt, and of derision. But although you felt within yourself the hell of conscience, why should you have assumed at once the malevolence of a demon? Alas! you have not even attained to the generosity of “the superior fiend.” While the abject instruments of his rebellious rage found comfort in the companionship of many, the Satan of Milton preserved a nobler sentiment in the midst of his calamity. He scorned the vulgar consolation, and would have wished to have been alone in his sufferings, as he had been unequalled in his fault.

“His form had not yet lost
All his original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined.

His face
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek.

Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung,
For his revolt.”

I have a singular pleasure, I know not how, in quoting to your Lordship the lines of Milton. You cannot listen to their high and melancholy music, without reflecting with repentant humiliation on your own perverted and dishonored genius. To his pure ear, the inspirations of the muse came placid and solemn, with awful and majestic cadences. She ruffled not, but smoothed and cherished the wings of his contemplation. She breathed the calm of a holier harmony into his unspotted bosom. Reason and imagination went hand in hand with virtue. He never forgot that his poetry was given him, only to be the ornament and instrument of a patriot and a saint. Beside your pillow the “nightly visitant” respires the contaminating air of its pollution. The foul exhalations of disorder and sensuality poison her virgin breath, and dim the celestial lustre of her eye. In despair of ennobling you, she becomes herself degraded, and lends her vigor to be the weapon of that violence, which, had its phrenzy been less incurable, her ministrations might have soothed and tempered. Milton is to you as his own cherub was to the apostate.

“That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee.”

His very name is to your unwilling ears “a grave rebuke;” and you feel, when you reflect upon the beauty of his purity, as the revolted demon did in “the place inviolable.”

“Abashed the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her own shape more lovely; saw, and pined
His loss: but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impaired.”

I give you credit for a real anguish, when you turn from the contemplation of this happy spirit, to that of your own “faded splendor wan.”

Visible, however, as was your apostacy, and mean your vengeance, there was still something about you to create respect, even in those who comprehended the best your vices and your errors. If you were an immoral and an unchristian, you were at least a serious, poet. Your pictures of depravity were sketched with such a sombre magnificence, that the eye of vulgar observers could gain little from surveying their lineaments. The harp of the mighty was still in your hands; and when you dashed your fingers over its loosened strings, faded as was the harmony, and harsh the execution, the notes were still made for their listening who had loved the solemn music of the departed.

The last lingering talisman which secured to you the pity, and almost the pardon, even of those that abhorred your guilt,—with the giddiness of a lunatic, or the resolution of a suicide,—you have tossed away. You have lost the mournful and melancholy harp which lent a protecting charm even to the accents of pollution; and bought, in its stead, a gaudy viol, fit for the fingers of eunuchs, and the ears of courtezans. You have parted

“With what permissive glory, since that fall,
Was left.”

You have flung off the last remains of the “regal port;” you are no longer one of “the great seraphic lords,” that sat even in Pandemonium, “in their own dimensions like themselves.” You have grown weary of your fallen grandeur, and dwarfed your stature, that you might gain easier access, and work paltrier mischief. You may resume, if you will, your giant-height, but we shall not fail to recognise, in spite of all your elevation, the swollen features of the same pigmy imp whom we have once learned—a lasting lesson—not to abhor merely, and execrate, but to *despise*. You may wish, as heretofore, to haunt our imaginations in the shadowy semblance of Harold, Conrad, Lara, or Manfred: you may retain their vice, and their unbelief, and their restlessness; but you have parted irretrievably with the majesty of their despair. We see you in a shape less sentimental and mysterious. We look below the disguise which has once been lifted, and claim acquaintance, not with the sadness of the princely masque, but with the scoffing and sardonic merriment of the ill-dissembling reveller beneath it. In evil hour did you step from your vantage-ground, and teach us that Harold, Byron, and the Count of Beppo are the same.

I remain, my Lord, with much pity, and
not entirely without hope, your Lordship's
most obedient, most humble servant,

PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS.

CHARLATANERIE DES SAVANS.

In an old French work, called ‘La Charlatanerie des Savans,’ is the following note. “D’autres ont proposé et résolu en même temps des questions ridicules—par exemple celle-ci. Devroit-on faire souffrir une seconde fois le même genre de mort à un criminel qui après avoir eu la tête coupée, viendrait à résusciter?”

—“Others have proposed and at the same time answered ridiculous questions—for example the following. Can a criminal be made to suffer a second time the same kind of death, who after having been beheaded, should come to life again?”

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T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

INFLUENCE OF MORALS.

CONTINUED.

By a native (but not now a resident) of Petersburg, Va.

"It is a little singular," says Chancellor Kent, that distinguished jurist, whose whole life and writings, like those of the Roman philosopher, are replete with intellectual and moral excellence, "it is a little singular, that some of the best ethical writers under the christian dispensation should complain of the moral lessons of Cicero, as being too austere in their texture, and too sublime in speculation for actual use. There is not, indeed, a passage in all Greek and Roman antiquity equal in moral dignity and grandeur to that in which Cicero lays it down as a fixed principle, that we ought to do nothing that is avaricious, nothing that is dishonest, nothing that is lascivious, even though we could escape the observation of gods and men." And in some other portion of the works of that sublime moralist, he lifts up his voice from amid the dusky twilight of paganism, and exclaims in a tone not unworthy of inspiration: "The soul, during her confinement in the prison of the body, is doomed to undergo a severe penance: for, her native seat is in heaven, and it is with reluctance that she is forced down from those celestial mansions into these lower regions, where all is foreign and repugnant to her divine nature. But the gods, I am persuaded, have thus widely disseminated immortal spirits, and clothed them with human bodies, that there might be a race of intelligent creatures, not only to have dominion over this our earth, but to contemplate the host of heaven, and imitate in their *moral conduct* the same beautiful order and uniformity, so conspicuous in those splendid orbs." It is upon precepts like this that man should frame his rule of action; it is from the sacred fountain of pure philosophy, that he should derive that sense of the dignity of his nature and of his sublime destiny, which will enable him to correspond with the end of his creation.

In a former number we have erected a standard of morals, which many will censure for its loftiness; and we have, in a spirit of bold inquiry, questioned the utility, in their immediate results and prospective tendency, of the two great revolutions in the religion and government of mankind in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries.

From the former of these great movements, sprang at once into the full vigor of life universal freedom of opinion; and for all the horrors of the latter we are indebted to the deadly legacy of anti-christian doctrines and anti-social principles, which the last age has bequeathed to the present. We have heretofore observed, that since the establishment of universal freedom of opinion, and the discovery of the art of printing, men have been astounded at the facility with which public morals have been corrupted, and, as a necessary consequence, at

the rapidity with which revolutions have been effected. While the press exercises its tremendous agency for weal or woe, the social and political fabric can only be sustained when it reposes upon the broad basis of morality. Experience, with her ever burning lamp, shows us, that the paths of licentiousness lead to the grave of social and political establishments. And wherefore should we not, like the Ismenian priests of old, who sought for prophecies in the ashes of the altar they had raised to their divinity, seek amid the ruins of the past for light to guide us through the darkness of the future?

We adhere to the stern rule, that IT IS THE FIRST DUTY OF EVERY CHRISTIAN AND OF EVERY PATRIOT TO OPPOSE EVERYTHING, WHICH TENDS TO CORRUPT PUBLIC MORALS OR TO PROMOTE LICENTIOUSNESS OF OPINION. The great and fatal error of the present generation springs from the promptings of a presumptuous understanding; and we are prone to persuade ourselves that we live in a boasted age of reason. The invention of poets has been exhausted in describing the sufferings of the human family in the ages of brass and iron: but it was reserved for history to write in the tears of nations the instructive and appalling drama of the age of reason. Before the mind of man was darkened by his depravity, before he tasted of the "forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe,"—all his mental faculties, the will and the understanding, the reason and the imagination, were harmoniously blended and united: but since his fall, a dark spirit has interposed its shadow between him and the sun of righteousness, and disorder and confusion have entered into his mind and soul, and troubled their several faculties. Thus, the light of the understanding not unfrequently illumines the path of duty, but the obstinate will refuses to pursue it; and the eager and chastened will sometimes eagerly gropes its way where the darkened understanding is unable to direct it. In their hostility to the social, political, and religious institutions of the human family, the French philosophists propagated a senseless theory of the progressive improvement of man emerging gradually from the savage state, which they styled a state of nature, and improving imperceptibly in his language and polity. For the direct and consistent revelation of the Deity, they substituted their wild and incoherent speculations. But a wiser philosophy, lighting her torch at the consecrated flame of revealed truth, has dissipated these shadowy theories, and taught us, that the savage state is a state of social degradation, and that what these dreamers have called the germs or roots of tongues are, in fact, the ruins of once perfect languages. But we will reserve the discussion of this interesting question for a future number.

In the primitive revelation the first man received the highest degree of intellectual illumination, which, although obscured by his fall, still shone with a subdued splendor throughout the ages of the primeval world. By a just retribution, as man abused his great intellectual powers, he was gradually deprived of those

high gifts with which he had been originally endowed, and as his will, that moral faculty of the mind, became perverse, this bright illumination was obscured, because in his corrupt state it would have been hurtful rather than beneficial. It was this superior degree of intelligence which gave to the antediluvian races such vast superiority over the succeeding generations of mankind; and it was the same cause that led to that gigantic moral and intellectual corruption, which we can only comprehend in its consequence—the destruction of all flesh upon earth. The will being the moral power in man, it follows from what we have said, that if the will be perverse and licentious, the crimes of men are measured in their enormity by the extent of their understanding. Thus we trace the cause of all the horrors of the revolutions of the last century, urged on by enlightened minds, regardless of the salutary restraint of morals and religion. At the time of the revival of letters in Europe, and the discovery of printing, this key of knowledge, which had been mercifully taken from the corrupt generations, who had so grossly abused its treasures, seemed about to be restored to man, renovated as his soul and intellect had been by a long christian education. And after the intelligence of man had been extended by the revival of letters, and before the purple carnage and material philosophism which quickly followed the reformation, it seemed reserved for these latter ages to witness the full meridian splendor of human intelligences. It appeared that the great scheme of creation was about to be fulfilled, and that the intellectual light which played around the cradle, would brighten the last age of humanity. Men, catching the glowing spirit of Milton, had persuaded themselves that they beheld puissant nations, rousing themselves like a strong man after sleep, shaking his invincible locks; that they saw them as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eye at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance: but the calm impartial voice of history will declare the unsettled condition of the human family, and already discerns the malignant typhon of revolution gathering strength amid the increasing licentiousness of the age, collecting his scattered members, recruiting his exhausted energies, and preparing anew to assault, to oppress, and to desolate the world!

Considering man then as the work of the great Creator, upon whom in his munificence he had impressed his sacred image and bestowed the divine emanation of intellect; looking upon this most wonderful of the works of the Supreme Architect, as endowed with free will, and subjected to restraints admirably adapted to his condition and essential to his happiness; we can only account for his obscured understanding and unparalleled debasement, by the abuse of the favors heaped upon him. For, the whole history of the human race teaches us, that the mental and social degradation of man, in all ages, has invariably followed the corrupt and licentious will, which has led him to abuse his transcendent privileges. God is justice, and governs the world by fixed laws, and the genius of punishment presides over their fulfilment, and invariably chastises every prevarication or departure. The barbarian, debased beneath the primitive condition of manhood, in whom the light of reason glimmers like a half extin-

guished torch in an unwholesome atmosphere, has already suffered in his generations for his deviation from the path of rectitude, and for the abuses of his moral faculty; and untaught by experience, who sells her lessons at the price of tears, the enlightened nations of the present age, in their frightful abuse of the powers entrusted to them for high and holy purposes, seem, in the perversity of a corrupt will, and in the excesses of a presumptuous understanding, rapidly to approach the verge of that sheer precipice, around and beneath which, in the decrees of a superintending Providence, all is darkness and degradation. If the will or moral faculty were properly chastened, to enlighten the understanding would be to improve the heart; but when man, surrendering himself up to the desires of a rebellious will, "sins against the canon laws of his foundation," and is at war with his nature, to expand his intellect is to heap the measure of his enormities.

It will be objected that an enlightened understanding may compel the will. Alas! such is not the history of man. Throw around him a blaze of light, and closing his eyes to the celestial radiance, how often do we find him descending the paths which lead to the dark and unfathomable abysses of crime? He drinks abundantly of all the wells and springs of knowledge, but, like the fabled waters of the Golden Fountain, they convert him into stone. If virtue be not founded in the moral instead of the intellectual faculty, how shall we account for the transcendent virtues of the son of Jesse, the untutored peasant king, whose pastoral staff was displaced for the royal sceptre; whose harp, in the language of a beautiful writer, whose harp was full-stringed, and every angel of joy and of sorrow swept over the chords as he passed, but the melody always breathed of heaven; who hath dressed out religion in such a rich and beautiful garment of divine poesy as becometh her majesty, in which being arrayed, she can stand up before the eyes even of her enemies in more royal state than any personification of love, or glory, or pleasure, to which highly gifted mortals have devoted their genius. Let us confess the amiable truth: his will was chastened and obedient, the moral faculty was upright, and the divine flame of intellect in this pure atmosphere burned with a brilliant and holy lustre. And if the enlightened understanding can compel the reluctant will, how was it, that the son of David, he, to whom God had given "a wise and an understanding heart, so that before him there was none that was like unto him, neither after him was there any to arise like unto him,"—abandoning himself to the appetites of a depraved will, and forgetful of his covenant with Jehovah, "turned away from the commandments and the statutes, which the Lord had set before him, and served other gods and worshipped them?" And if to enlighten the understanding be to improve the heart, how shall we account for the corruption of all flesh in the races of the antediluvian world, which so far surpassed the generations of our age in knowledge and understanding? Whence the necessity of that divine prayer taught us by the meek and merciful Redeemer, "deliver us from temptation?" or of that other humiliating confession in the ritual, "we have done the things we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things we should have done?" Alas! it is too often the case, the waters of virtue, like the sacred fountain of Dodona, cease to flow in the

noontide blaze of intellect, but gush forth in sparkling and plenteous effusion in the stillness of the benighted mind.

It was ordained of old, even from the creation, that beneath the branches of the tree of knowledge should lurk the enemy of man. Not all the vigilance of the celestial wardens of the gates of Paradise could repel the great corrupter of the will. But since "no falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper, but returns of force to its own likeness," armed with the spear of truth, let us endeavor to disrobe vice of her seemliness, and compel her to indue her pristine and repulsive deformity.

Inaccessible to the prejudices of the age in which we live, we have boldly canvassed the utility of the religious reformation of the sixteenth century in its ultimate consequences. Originating with man, it could not claim a celestial origin, and participated in the fallibility and frailty of his nature. If we could trace the divine impress in its character, introduction, or consequences, we are not so unmindful of the fate of the Israelite who stretched forth his arm to uphold the ark of the covenant, as to attempt an exposition of its effects upon the destinies of the children of men. There is but one reformation of the religious institutions of the human family, which bears the broad seal of the Deity, and that seems to have been pre-ordained from the beginning for the redemption of a lost world. From the fall of man, every system of polity, every type and figure of religious observances among the chosen people, shadowed forth this mighty revolution. The christian era constitutes a fixed central point in the history of man, and while preceding generations, filled with hope, looked forward to the coming of the Sun of Righteousness to resuscitate a perishing world, subsequent ages have looked back to the advent of the Redeemer as the sacred fountain, from which all the springs of life were to flow forevermore. The wise men, who came forth from towards the rising of the sun, were not the only watchers for the star that stood over the stable of Bethlehem, while the shepherds adored the infant Saviour. The rising of that star had long been foretold in those sublime passages of prophetic inspiration, which were consecrated to the Israelite; and the Gentiles had learned that it was to be to them too a light of salvation, and a gathering together of the nations of the earth into one fold under one divine pastor. When the veil of the temple was rent asunder and the mysteries of the sanctuary were revealed; when the oracles of paganism were struck dumb on their altars; when the types and figures of the old religion were overshadowed by the presence of the Deity; the only religious reformation, which has been promised to man, or which is consistent with the divine scheme of redemption, was consummated. Hence all subsequent changes in the religious polity of nations, are the work of human hands, and like any other result of merely human agency, are legitimate subjects of investigation. Whether mankind has gained anything permanently beneficial, by the reformation of the sixteenth century, which at far less cost to humanity and religion must not necessarily have followed the revival of letters and consequent intellectual development; whether the substitution of the revilings and mutual massacres of rival sects was less prejudicial to the true inter-

ests of religion than the persecution and intolerance of one established institution; whether it would not have been better to have purified and remodelled the ancient temple, venerable for its age and coeval with christianity, than to have erected a thousand different altars; whether universal freedom of opinion and its dark satellite infidelity, the leading consequence and necessary result of this reformation; whether all these have not rather retarded than promoted the social and moral improvement of man,—is a fair field for the exercise of philosophical inquiry.

The first great reformation, or divine fulfilment of the designs of Providence in the religious government of man, was introduced in a time of profound peace, at a period when the shadow of the Roman eagles had been thrown upon the uttermost boundaries of the known world, and when the language of Greece, with all its graceful purity, had attained its highest excellence. Its spirit was peace and good will towards man, and its corner stone was unbounded brotherly love. It was heralded in by a man of many sorrows, but whose life was a faithful exhibit of the sublime doctrines he taught. Clothed with the power of the Father, he was meek and humble of heart, and he never suspended the laws of nature, obedient to his will, but to bless and to sanctify those whom he ransomed from perdition. Did the dead arise from a bed of corruption, and cast off his tabid cerements,—the soul too was purified, and it was only the promise of a more glorious resurrection! Did the leper cast his scales, and was made whole in the flesh,—the spirit too was chastened, and he was clad in the raiment of innocence! Did the blind see,—the hand that restored his vision cast a divine ray into his soul, and he was blessed forevermore! Did the good man seek for virtue or the wise man for the lessons of wisdom?—the Sermon on the Mount contained every lesson of morality, all the fruits of wisdom. But the reformation of the sixteenth century originated in angry and exacerbad feeling, and one of its first consequences was a multiplication of conflicting and hostile sects, which during a space of thirty years deluged in blood the fairest provinces of christendom. In England, Scotland, France, Germany, and Ireland, the red car of reform rolled in the blood of slaughtered recusants. Each sect boasted its martyrs, but humanity and religion shuddered at the multitude of deluded victims. The primitive purity of the established current of religion, as it had flowed from the fountain of truth, may have been troubled by the admixture of licentious indulgences and lax morality, yet it would have been no difficult task to trace it in the midst of its slime and pollution, to its pure and sacred source. When the proud city of Babylon was beleagured by the forces of combined nations, the turbid waters of the great river were diverted into new channels, and though Babylon the great fell, the numerous currents deflected from the ancient bed, instead of uniting and rolling on in one pure stream, stagnated into a pestilential marsh, until nothing but the booming of the bittern and the howling of the hyena marked the spot where once stood in purple pride the city of the plain! Reformations therefore in the religious observances of a people, the work of perishable mortals, and divested of supernatural agency, whether they originate in Arabia or Germany, in

the solitary cave of Mecca or in the monastic cells of Erfurt, whether they eventually introduce sensuality or infidelity,—are subjects which fall peculiarly within the province of the philosophy of morals.

Carefully eluding all points of controversy in which religionists or sectarians might feel interested, and confining our remarks strictly to the operation of events upon the morals of a people, it is scarcely necessary for us to admit, that in the beginning of the sixteenth century, a large portion of the clergy had swollen beyond the girth of the canon, that the temporal power of the Roman hierarchy had become unhappily blended with its spiritual dominion, and that all reflecting men of the age felt and admitted the necessity of reformation in the morals of the teachers of the laity.

It may have been, that in the moral stagnation of the age, the torrents of revolution were required for the lustration of the people. Like the waters of the great deep, it may have been necessary for the preservation of pure and wholesome religion, that the conflicting tempests of unlicensed opinions and sectarian feelings, should sweep over its bosom, and agitate the element to preserve its purity; so that when the strife should have been rebuked, and calmness restored, it might have reflected from its pure and unruffled surface the unbroken image of the Everlasting. But when the winds were abroad, there was none to stay their violence, and men, alarmed for the protracted continuance of the storm, looked in vain for the celestial image of purity and peace, to spring into life, like the beautiful Aphrodite, from amidst the foam of the tempestuous sea. But if a divine spirit had raised and governed this tempest, as in the days of the redemption of man, when the "storm of wind came down upon the lake, and they were filled with water, and in jeopardy, there would have been among them One, to whom they would have gone, and said, Master, save us or we perish; and he would have arisen, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the waters, and they would have ceased, and there would have been a calm." But alas! there was none so powerful, and the waves of that tempest yet burst against the trembling monuments which girt and defend the morals of christendom.

If we incline to judge impartially between the establishment of religion at the introduction of christianity and its projected reformation by means merely human in the sixteenth century, we must learn to discriminate accurately between what is essentially divine and unchangeably eternal in the revelation of love, and the elements of destruction, which man has opposed thereto, or mingled therewith. In the ages which preceded and followed the christian era, we trace with sentiments of grateful admiration, of amazement and awe, the special dispensations of Providence for its propagation and advancement, its security and protection, and the wonderful concurrence of events towards this single object of divine love; while, in the introductory and concurrent circumstances of the reformation of the sixteenth century, we are compelled to lament the early appearance of those germs of disorganization, which have since shaken to their foundations the social establishments of the human race. Next to the bitter revilings of hostile sects, which, after this latter event, sprang immediately into life, our attention is forcibly attracted

to the alarming progress of infidelity, the elder daughter of that universal freedom of opinion, which this revolution necessarily introduced. Unrestrained by authority, and fostered by the prevailing liberalism, which a sudden freedom from restraint invariably produces, the philosophers and illuminati broached their appalling doctrines, subversive alike of government, social order, morals, and religion. The reformers had overthrown the temporal power, and circumscribed the spiritual dominion of the papal hierarchy; but the infidel and the scoffer, quickened like the reptile in the warm sunlight of science, exulted in the triumph of naturalism over christianity. Voltaire, in the concentrated malice of his heart, declared himself the personal enemy of God; Rousseau, more dangerous, because less indiscreet, proclaimed the worship of nature. The one was an open blasphemer, the other a dreaming sophist. The former would have erected amid the ruins of the christian temple an altar to Moloch; the latter, in the illusions of a mind not totally depraved, would have deified mysterious nature. From the declared enemy of christianity there was little to fear, but its firmest muniments were shaken by the insidious scoffer. While the stones which were hurled by the Roman soldiery against the walls of Jerusalem were white, danger could be avoided; but when the color was changed by the command of Titus, there was no longer a warning voice to bid them "bow down, for the bolt cometh." Voltaire was an atheist, because his wishes had warped his judgment, and made him disbelieve christianity because it was opposed to his passions. "This was his condemnation: he loved darkness rather than light, because his deeds were evil." But Rousseau was one of the most dangerous sophists of his age; and in the significant language of La Harpe, "every thing in his writings, even truth itself, deceives." What evils have not these men entailed upon the human family, by the perversion of exalted intellect? Filled with the sacred flame, it only expanded within their bosoms and spread its warmth around to detach the frightful avalanche, and scatter desolation.

Not all the celestial harmonies of that nature, which in the wild delirium of infidelity, he would have deified, could elevate the soul of the sophist to its beneficent author; and though endowed with all the graces of a refined intellect, he remained like the "Sea of Glass" in the valley of Switzerland, fast locked in the icy fetters of disbelief, though summer smiled around, and all the flowers of loveliness blossomed on its borders.

The whole history of the generations of the children of men has been an unceasing struggle between the benevolence of the Creator, and the rebellious will of his creatures. In the blissful walks of Eden, he bestowed upon our first parents the highest degree of intelligence of which their nature was susceptible; and with the slightest possible restriction, imposed as an acknowledgment of their dependance, they offended him in the only way in which they could rebel. In the ages which preceded the deluge, men were gifted with powers of intellect, of which we can frame but an imperfect conception; and they rapidly attained to such abandoned profligacy, that "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth." And when to regenerate lost man the awful price of the redemption was paid,—when by a long course of christian education he

had been fitted for intellectual advancement,—when the revival of letters had rendered him impatient of the blessing, even in the morning of science, he snatched the first rays of the rising sun to kindle the flame of rebellion.

Man is a social being. A pure morality is essential to the preservation of social institutions—and morality reposes upon revealed religion. Whatever therefore tends to shake the religious principles or to corrupt the morals of a people, is destructive of the social establishments and happiness of man. It is by this standard that we estimate the virtues or the vices of those who undertake to entertain or to instruct mankind. There is something so essentially criminal, so wholly unnatural in the perversion of that intellect, which has been bestowed on us for the praise of God and benefit of our fellow creatures, to the corruption of the morals of a people, that we are at a loss to conceive the inducement to a crime so foul and destructive. We can only compare such miscreants to that most unfortunate of the family of man, the public executioner; an officer absolutely necessary for the preservation of social order. His head and heart are constructed like ours, and yet by some unaccountable propensity, he prefers, to all the agreeable, lucrative, and honorable professions which present themselves in such numbers to the strength and to the ingenuity of man, the miserable employment of inflicting pain and death upon his fellow mortals. He is either ignorant of public opinion, or has the effrontery to brave it. The public authorities have no sooner assigned him a dwelling, than the habitations of others are removed out of sight; and in the midst of such a solitude he lives with his family and children, from whose lips alone he catches the tones of the human voice. And after an execution, when his loathsome task is consummated, he stretches forth his hand, red with the sign of death, and justice, shrinking from his presence, throws him a few pieces of gold, which he bears off between two lines of spectators retiring with horror at his approach. *No moral eulogy is applicable to him, for all such regard the social relations which unite the human family—and this man has none.* And yet all power, all greatness, all subordination depend upon the executioner; he is at once the horror and the bond of society. Remove from the world this incomprehensible agent, and that instant order will yield to chaos, governments will be subverted, and society perish. God, who established sovereignty, likewise ordained punishment; these are the two poles between which he has poised our globe, for "Jehovah is the Lord of the two poles, and upon them he has ordered the world to roll." And if such be the degradation of a human being in the discharge of a necessary and important duty for the maintenance of order, if such be the estimation in which he is held, and no moral eulogy be applicable to him, what station shall we assign to those, who, perverting the endowments of the intellect from their legitimate use, labor to sap the foundations of morality, and to subvert the social fabric by corrupting the *VIRGINS OF WOMAN*, the fast and firmest bond of civilization and society?

At the very head of the band of remorseless disorganizers, who, in despicable imitation of Voltaire, have assailed the morals of those two germs of society, women and young men, stands Edward Lytton Bulwer;

and it is sufficient to banish his productions from every domestic hearth that no husband can read Falkland or Ernest Maltravers to his wife, no fond brother to his sister, no father to his daughter. There is no more frightful evidence of the decline of public morals in the present generation, than the lamentable facility with which this fascinating writer has perverted the taste of nations, and substituted for the pure morality and manly vigor of Walter Scott, the sickly *sentimentalism* and the licentious profligacy, which infect every page of his romances. And unless this style of writing be utterly repudiated, there is much cause to apprehend a rapid descent to that gross licentiousness of manners and morals, which have invariably preceded the most deplorable social and political convulsions; for these enemies of mankind, unless they be repulsed in their first advances upon the citadel of virtue, like the martial Romans, deny all mercy when the battering ram shall have once smitten the walls. We feel no disposition to distinguish between the merits of creeds, but it would perhaps have been well for the interests of society, if the religious sects, which protested against the ancient establishment, had not neglected in their zeal to reform abuses, to retain that admirable feature in its ecclesiastical polity, which elevates matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament, and while it merely permits that a wife be put away for the single cause of infidelity, yet holds the bond to be indissoluble, and literally adheres to the solemn injunction, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." It is the high prerogative of christianity to have elevated woman to her proper station; and in all the events connected with its establishment, she has occupied an important station. As if by a just retribution, as she had been the first to disobey, we find her throughout the ancient dispensation in a state of comparative debasement, in which she was doomed to remain until the coming of the Messiah, when she was to bruise the serpent's head beneath her heel. But since that era, while in pagan nations she still abides the primal curse, she has been elevated to a level with the sterner sex wherever the light of christianity has been diffused. We need not advert to the terrible rites of the people who inhabit the banks of the Ganges, or the aborigines of our own forests, for evidences of the debasement of woman; for all the systems of ancient legislation despised, degraded, and maltreated the female race. "Woman," says the law of Menou, "in infancy is protected by the father, by the husband in youth, and by the son in old age. Her proper state is always that of dependance. The unconquerable capriciousness of her temper, the inconstancy and versatility of her character, the absence of all personal affection, and the natural perversity which characterises her sex, have not failed, notwithstanding every precaution, to detach them in a short time from their husbands." Plato wished that the laws would never for a single moment lose sight of woman, for, said he, if legislation on this point be unwise, they no longer constitute the half of the human family; they do however form more than the half, and just so much as they exceed us in number, are they inferior to us in virtue. All are acquainted with the almost incredible slavery and endless tutelage, to which women were subjected in Athens. Upon the death of a father who left behind him an unmarried daughter, the next of kin of the same name

was entitled to educate her and make her his wife; and a husband could bequeath his wife upon his death, as a part of his property to any individual he might think proper to select. Who does not recollect the severity of the Roman laws towards females? We might well imagine, when we remark the policy of these ancient legislators with respect to the *second* or *inferior* sex, that they had taken their lessons in the school of Hypocrates, who considered them essentially and radically evil. "Woman," he declares, "is perverse by nature; her disposition ought to be continually repressed, otherwise it will burst forth like the branches of a tree in every direction. If the husband be absent, the parents are unable to restrain or control her; she must be entrusted to the care of a friend, whose zeal will not be blinded by affection." In a word, the legislation of all nations of the earth has degraded woman; and even at the present day she is a slave under the Koran, and little better than a brute among the savages. The Gospel alone, by developing their innate and essential excellence, has been able to elevate them to an equality with man. It alone has proclaimed the rights of woman; and after having bestowed those rights upon her, has implanted within her bosom a principle the most active and powerful, whether for good or evil, which was the only security for their protection. Destroy, or even weaken the influence of this divine law in a christian community, by extending to woman that freedom which can only be safely enjoyed where that influence is deeply felt; and you will immediately behold that noble and touching liberty, which she derives from the Gospel, degenerate into the most shameless licentiousness. They will become the most terrible instruments to extend that universal corruption, which in a short time must shake the pillars of the state. The result of such widespread corruption must be felt in any nation; and soon, very soon, as public morals are corrupted, the government itself, reposing on morality, must bow down burdened with precocious afflictions, and its leprous decrepitude will fill all beholders with dismay and horror. A Turk or a Persian, who should attend one of our festive dances, would consider us mad; for he could not reconcile to his ideas of female purity this mingling of the sexes, and this unmeasured license. The heart of woman is so much more awake to celestial influences, her disposition is so much more conformable to the spirit of revelation, that by a kind of retributive justice, christianity has thrown around the sex her lightest mantle of freedom, and knowing well how easy it is to inspire vice, she has denied to the sterner race the power to compel it. Let this maxim be deeply impressed upon the minds of legislators, that as woman owes her freedom and elevation to christianity, so it will be necessary, before abolishing the scriptures, either to confine her, as in the Ottoman empire, or to subject her to frightful laws, as among the Hindoos. Well did the projectors of the French revolution understand the intimate connexion between christianity and female excellence, and the influence of that sex upon the morals of a people; and it is one of the darkest features in that darkest page of the book of man, that they first degraded her to a level with the brute, and only offered her their disgusting homage when she had been stripped of every moral attribute. When Elizabeth of France was led

to the scaffold, how touchingly does her simple remark find a response in the human heart: "Believe me, my friends, when you put persons of my sex to death, God thinks of it more than once." In imitation of the divine founder of that religion which had elevated her sex to its proper dignity, her last moments seem to have been more occupied with the guilt of her persecutors than with her individual sufferings. This is no place for a eulogy upon woman, doomed, devoted, suffering woman. In the hour of hope her presence gilds the distant horizon, in the day of prosperity she enhances its comforts, and in the dark hour of adversity, when the manly trunk is shaken by the tempest, she clings around it and supports it with all her delicate tendrils; and when the bolt shall have fallen, and the riven and shattered stock is all that remains of robust virility, she gathers up her clustering foliage around it, in tender solicitude to shelter and conceal from the scoffing and mockery of an unfeeling world the ruin which drags her to the earth. It has been the proud destiny of this country to have produced two distinguished personages, who, in point of true dignity and moral weight of character, have surpassed all the sons of the children of men. And it is not the least of the high attributes of these men, that they entertained and expressed throughout all the vicissitudes of an eventful life, a proper regard for the excellence, and a lofty sense of the purity of woman; and the daughters of their descendants will have shamed their mothers, before they forget the exalted virtues of Marshall and Washington. Woman, without whom the two extremities of life would be without succor, and its intervening space without pleasure, is not only the pride and ornament of joyous life, but her affections, like the waters of the Lybian fountain, grow warmer as the shades of adversity darken around the paths of our pilgrimage. The great objection we have to the principles and morals of Bulwer, Byron, and all that licentious school, is, that they attempt to infuse their mortal venom wherever its pernicious influence is most destructive; for they seek not only to sully the mirror of virgin purity, but to loosen the sacred bands of wedlock, and ridicule the sanctity of conjugal rites. In this the spirit of their writings is directly opposed to the genius of christianity; and worse than the infidel, they not only strike at the faith, but they labor to subvert the existence of social man. Let no lukewarm christian, let no tardy moralist tell us of the rape of Helen, or of the derelict queen of Carthage, from whose hapless and illegitimate loves have sprung two of those poems which seem destined to immortality. They were penned before the introduction of christianity, and were designed for a people among whom woman was deplorably debased, and the mere instruments of a master's pleasure. The scholar still admires in the Iliad, the wisdom of Nestor, the craft of Ulysses, the valor of Achilles, the courage of Hector, the prowess of Ajax, the sorrows of Priam, and the regal state of Agamemnon; but in the effeminacy of Paris and the inconstancy of Helen, there was nothing to shock the morals of a pagan generation, and woman was already debased beyond the influence of writers. But under the christian dispensation, since the revival of letters, and the consequent refinement of morals and manners, woman has become the bond of society; and those who spread before her the seductive

illusions of vice under the seemly garb of virtue, deserve to be accursed of God and man. How few works are there of a light character in English literature which a virtuous woman may safely read? Yet, be it mentioned to the enduring honor of the author of *Waverley*, that in the whole series of his romances there is not perhaps a single passage, which, in the hour of dissolution, he could have wished obliterated.

But if there be those who desire to learn how genius inspired by virtue can speak of holy wedlock, let them turn to the epic of Milton, and behold the mysteries of nature unfolded with all the chaste sublimity of christian eloquence.

To what causes shall we attribute the depraved taste of the present generation, and the morbid appetite for intellectual and moral excitement? Whither has fled the Anglo-Saxon solidity of our character, and to what are we indebted for the frivolous levity of the age? The shadowy genius of German mysticism seems to have impregnated our literature; and the perverted, unnatural, unhallowed sentiments of Byron, the filthy puling of Moore, and the deliberate seduction of Bulwer, seem to have banished all taste for the ease and elegance of Addison, the dramatic sublimity of Shakspeare, the surpassing purity of Milton, and the touching eloquence of the Bible. And the old English writers with all their Saxon vigor, how are they neglected! How beautifully has Bishop Taylor, in his sermon upon marriage, shadowed forth the immense consequence to man of the unsullied purity of woman? In that discourse his chaste and eloquent sentiments find their way directly to the heart. Marriage, he says, is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage hath cares, yet the single life hath desires, which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but instances of duty and exercises of piety; and therefore if single life have more privacy of devotion, yet marriage hath more necessities, and is an exercise of more graces. Marriage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents, and the charity of relations; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries only one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect, and hath in it the labor of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more safety than the single life; it has more care, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad, is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys. It lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world. There is nothing can please

a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love. No man can tell, but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges: their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society. But he that loves not his wife and children feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows, and blessing itself cannot make him happy; so that all the commandments of God enjoining a man to love his wife, are nothing but so many necessities and capacities of joy. She that is loved is safe, and he that loves is joyful. The wife should partake secretly, and in her heart, of all her husband's joys and sorrows, and believe him comely and fair though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him. She that hath a wise husband must entice him to an eternal dearness, by the veil of modesty and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity: her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetnesses and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies. Such is a touching sketch of the bliss of wedded life, and of the dependance of the happiness of man upon the purity and excellence of woman; and it is into this garden of bliss, to corrupt and poison everything around, that the immoral writer would crawl, like another serpent, to tempt the virtue of the daughters of Eve.

But we must conclude. How much of the literary fame of Byron and Bulwer is to be attributed to adventitious circumstances; of Byron to his title and of Bulwer to his clique? Why should we on this side of the Atlantic, in the infancy of a literature struggling into life against the jealousy and overpowering opposition of European writers, join in the senseless cry of defamation against our own countrymen, which is raised by venal and selfish pamphleteers? Virtue alone can lead to substantial fame; and while the English writers are viciously and dangerously corrupt, American authors, animated by a pure ambition, will gather no renown at the price of virtue. And whatever station may be assigned them in the temple of fame by a perverse generation, will matter little to those, who, in addition to the warm approbation of every upright heart, will carry with them into the evening of life the consoling reflection, that those signal attainments which are theirs for high and holy purposes, have been successfully devoted to the advancement of morals and the best interests of man. He who, in a corrupt age, has disdained to turn aside even for a moment, from the rude pathway of virtue, to build up a fleeting reputation amid the ruins of morality and virtue, will be remembered and read long after those enemies of mankind, who now shed a baleful influence in society, shall have passed away, like those noxious lights, which can only exist in a state of impurity and putrescence.

In conformity with the principles which we have endeavored to establish in relation to the perversity of the moral faculty in man, we already perceive the bud-

ding fruits of licentiousness. The unsparing license with which public and private morals have been assailed, has introduced into society a corresponding spirit of innovation upon all established institutions, social and political. We have broken loose from our ancient moorings, and are rapidly leaving the ancient landmarks far behind us. Putting out from the shores, and guided by the polarity of reason, we are seeking restlessly and hopelessly for happier climes. The whole world, all the nations of the earth, are in a state of unwholesome agitation; we have become impatient of the salutary restraints of law and order; and if we may correctly judge of the explosion which impends by the tremulous agitation which we observe and feel around us, there is yet reserved for history lessons which she may not obliterate with her tears, because they are designed to appal and to instruct future generations. "The stateliness of houses," we quote and conclude with this beautiful passage from an eminent writer, "the goodness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be occasion at any time to search into it, such labor is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws, all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. Since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon the world, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labor hath been to do his will. 'He made a law for the rain; he gave his decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment.' Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were for awhile, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it may happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now, as a giant, doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand, and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the withered breasts of the mother when the fountain of life had been dried up; what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly, that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

"Of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her rest is in the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform

consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." Who would disturb this organic harmony? None but the enemies of God and man!

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

Hinc illa lachryma?

DEDICATED TO MY DAUGHTERLESS MOTHER.

I would I were on some far strand,
Where wildly rolls the ocean wave,
Far distant from my native land,
And pure affection's early grave.

There, oft alone, unseen, I'd roam,
When high its troubled waters rose,
Far from the green haunts of my home,
Where all my buried hopes repose.

And could I find one kindred form,
Like me oppressed, to share my wo,
Some sea-boy from the ocean storm,
O, then life's transient years might go.

There would I live and die, forgot
By all that I have known before,
With murm'ring waves to mark the spot
On that secluded peaceful shore.

For now I feel each passing day
Seems longer than an age to me,
For life's pure dreams have fled away,
And love and hope have ceased to be.

Why should I wish to perish here,
And wither, where all else is bright,
Where not a smile, nor e'en a tear,
Illumes the darkness of my night?

When by that distant snowy foam,
Of every joy of life bereft,
No rending bitter pang would come
To mind me of the home I left.

Yes, there I'd roam with spirit free,
And look to childhood scenes no more;
For what is left to solace me
When all I've lov'd have gone before?

And now the last hope of my heart
Is fled where all is bright and fair,
And I would willingly depart
Could I, dear sister, meet thee there.

And tell me, Susan, whose far grave
I ne'er again shall stand beside,
Will thy pure spirit by that wave
Commune with me at eventide?

O! say it will—and I will haste
With heart of joy to that far sea;
For life is now a dreary waste,
And I would sleep in death with thee.

Tallahassee county, Alabama.

MR. BUCKINGHAM.*

We must confess, that, if our expectation, in purchasing this work, had been to receive entertainment and instruction from the perusal of Mr. Hildreth's notes, we should regret, full as much as its value would justify, the half-dollar given in the exchange. We have here little more than the dry bones of those beautiful forms which have so delighted Mr. Buckingham's hearers; and, indeed, even this skeleton is not complete and symmetrical. The editor informs us, that, in order to complete his work, and make up for want of care and attention, in reporting a part of the course, he "has taken the liberty to make use of such authorities as came in his way, to fill out the notes of the highly interesting lectures, which form the groundwork of the following pages." If we were not expressly told, in the preface, that Mr. Buckingham had sanctioned the publication, we could not have supposed it to have been issued with his concurrence; not only because it would seem to conflict with his own interest, but also on account of its extreme meagerness. And, even now, we doubt whether he did not merely affect to permit what he could not well prevent. What is to be thought of a reporter, who, having forgotten the point of a good joke, or the humor of an allusion or illustration, gravely tells the reader, that, here, Mr. Buckingham "very facetiously remarked upon" such or such a subject; giving the same satisfaction as do those anecdote-retailers, who, invariably forget the latter half, or, at least, the gist of their stories? And what of an attempt to heighten our interest in a dull chapter, by informing us that "the audience, which had listened with eager attention, retired in a state of the highest gratification?"

We have recently had occasion to devote a few pages to a brief notice of Mr. Wolff, the missionary, a somewhat distinguished traveller, who, like Mr. Buckingham, visited this country and chose the medium of public lectures, for disseminating that knowledge of foreign lands, which he had acquired in his wanderings. We now propose to lay before our readers a parallel notice of Mr. Buckingham; and, as before, shall begin with such biographical particulars as we have been able to collect, acknowledging ourselves indebted for nearly all the matter, and even much of the phraseology introduced, without mark of quotation, under this head, to the sketch appended to Mr. Hildreth's Notes, and to Mr. Buckingham's "Address to the People of the United States," prefixed to the same. The former is extracted from a British periodical—"The Preston Temperance Advocate," in which it appeared nearly a year ago.

Mr. Buckingham was born at Flushing, within the harbor of Falmouth, in the county of Cornwall, on the 25th of August, 1786. His circumstances were humble, as we presume from the fact of his being so early devoted to a sea-faring life: at nine years of age he went to sea in one of his majesty's packets, from Falmouth to Lisbon. During his third voyage, the ship's crew

were made prisoners of war; and he, with the rest, was taken into Corunna, and there detained several months. At length, however, they were all released, on condition of their marching to Lisbon—a distance of more than three hundred miles,—where they arrived after a tedious and painful journey of several weeks, having travelled barefoot a great part of the way. From Lisbon they sailed for England. Buckingham was now only in his eleventh year.

His subsequent life, until 1813, with the exception of a short interval, was passed in the sea-service; and after his twentieth year, in the capacity of a commander, he sailed to all the four quarters of the globe, visiting chiefly, however, the West Indies, and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Having acquired a competency, in this occupation, he contemplated retiring from the service, and, with this intention, repaired to Malta; but, being soon driven thence by the violence of the plague, proceeded to Smyrna, and afterwards, travelled very extensively over the East. From his own short account of the regions through which he journeyed, contained in the address, above mentioned, we shall extract a condensed sketch of his travels.

Along the shores of the Mediterranean, among the Grecian Isles, in Asia Minor, Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, and India, he personally inspected nearly all the remarkable cities and monuments of ancient greatness, which these countries contain. In Egypt, the gigantic pyramids, colossal temples, stately obelisks, majestic statues, and gloomy catacombs and sepulchres, which stud the classic banks of the Nile, from Alexandria and Grand Cairo to the cataracts of Syene. In Arabia and Palestine, the mountains of Horeb and Sinai; the Desert of Israel's wanderings; the plains of Moab and Ammon, with Mount Pisgah, the valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea; the ruined cities of Tyre and Sidon; numerous towns and villages celebrated in profane and scripture history; the city of Jerusalem, with all its sacred localities—the Garden of Gethsemane, the rock of Calvary, and the Holy Sepulchre. In Syria, the sea-ports of Berytus, Byblus, Tripolis and Laodicea, with the great inland cities of Antioch on the verdant banks of the Orontes, Aleppo on the plains, and the enchanting Damascus; the Temple of the Sun at Baalbeck, the splendid ruins of Palmyra, the gorgeous monuments of ancient magnificence in the Roman settlements of Decapolis, and the still earlier dominions of those who reigned, before either Greek or Roman, in Bashan and Gilead, and the regions beyond Jordan. In Mesopotamia, including the ancient empires of Chaldea, Assyria, and Babylonia, the birth-place and abode of the patriarch Abraham—Ur of the Chaldees, the ruins of Ninevah and Babylon, Bagdad, the renowned capital of the Caliphs, and the remains of the Tower of Babel, on the plain of Shinaar.

Media and Persia came next in order. Here he visited the ruins of ancient Ecbatana, the tomb of Cyrus at Pasargada, the remains of the great Temple of Persepolis, all rich in objects to gratify antiquarian taste; with the populous cities of Kermanshah, Isfahan and Shiraz, and the lovely valleys of Persian landscape, replete with the beautiful and picturesque. In India, a more extended field, to which a longer time was devoted, far more was seen and experienced. It is enough to say,

* Notes on the Buckingham Lectures: embracing Sketches of the Geography, Antiquities and present condition of Egypt and Palestine: compiled from the Oral Discourses of the Hon. J. S. Buckingham. Together with a Sketch of his Life. By James Hildreth. New-York: Leavitt, Lord & Co. 1838. 19mo. pp. 268.

that, after having navigated and accurately surveyed the Red Sea, from Suez to Babelmandel, and the Persian Gulf, from the Euphrates to Muscat, he coasted along the peninsula of Hindostan, visiting all its principal ports, and ultimately reaching the British capital in the East—Calcutta, on the banks of the Ganges.

What a vast field for observation and research was thus traversed. How many objects exciting the imagination, kindling a glow of zeal in the devotee of antiquarian lore, and deepening the reverence with which the student of ancient story regards the scenes that fancy has assisted the wonder-telling page to depict. If there be any grade of superstition which deserves to be cherished, as, at least, innocent, and productive of refined pleasure, it is that which impresses the living with a profound veneration for the abodes once peopled, and the graves still tenanted by the mighty dead: that which awakens the mingled feeling of awe and admiration, with which we trace man's lofty genius and power, and, withal, his frailty, in the monuments that have so far outlasted their proudest builders.

During his stay in Egypt, Mr. Buckingham seems to have enjoyed much of the favor and confidence of the Pasha, Mohammed Ali, whom he was instrumental in inducing to extend the commercial relations of his people with Great Britain and India. He also had influence enough to introduce the cultivation of cotton and sugar on the banks of the Nile; and is said to have been the first to recommend the plan of sending Egyptian youth to England, to receive education in the various arts and sciences of refined civilization. More than one hundred have already been so instructed in Great Britain, and a number in France, at the expense of the Pasha. Another measure which he recommended—the re-opening of the ancient canal across the isthmus of Suez—was not adopted; but this proposal, joined to other causes, led to a communication by steamboat, from Egypt to India, through the Red Sea, since established. During one of his journeys between these two countries, which he made over land, he wore the costume of the Arabs; and this, aided by a flowing beard, and the perfect knowledge of Arabic that he had acquired in his travels through Egypt, greatly diminished the perils of the way.

Returning from this adventurous journey, he sailed on an expedition against the pirates of the Persian Gulf; and, after a successful struggle for their extirpation, reached India a second time. Here he was appointed to the command of a frigate, belonging to the Imaun of Muscat, an independent Arab prince, in which he made several voyages in the Persian Gulf, and along the Indian coast, until reaching Calcutta, he resigned his trust, being unwilling to countenance and protect a barbarous traffic carried on by the Arabs, between Madagascar and Muscat. At Calcutta, by the invitation, it is said, of the merchants of that city, to whom his conscientious relinquishment of such a lucrative command had recommended him, he established a journal, to advocate the rights of the inhabitants—both natives and foreign settlers—to British freedom and privileges. He continued to conduct this journal for five years, and according to his own representations, his establishment, at the end of that time, was worth 40,000 pounds, and yielded a nett yearly income of

8,000 pounds, when for some of his strictures upon the oppressions exercised by the Company, he was arbitrarily banished from the country, by the temporary governor general, without trial or the privilege of making a defence, and all his property and prospects destroyed at a single blow.

On returning to England, Mr. Buckingham applied for indemnity against this unjust sentence, to the British government. All seemed to feel that gross injustice had been done him; multitudes were, deservedly, indignant at his wrongs; well attended public meetings were held to express this popular feeling; and a parliamentary committee, composed of men of all parties in politics, unanimously pronounced the condemnation of the East India Company. But, from some cause or other—either the chartered privileges secured to that company, the influence which it could exert, or the difficulty of bringing such an offender to justice—no measure of redress was afforded, though Mr. Buckingham urged his claims with untiring assiduity. He did not, however, stop here; for, disappointed in his hopes of obtaining justice, for himself, he devoted his attention to the investigation and public exhibition of the evils of the East India monopoly, and labored for its extinction. Partly in furtherance of this object, and, partly, we suppose, as a means of support,—for he was now reduced to poverty—he established and sustained for six years a monthly publication, entitled the "Oriental Herald," which had an extensive circulation, and, no doubt, served to awaken the public mind to a due sense of the important end which he was striving to accomplish. Some, naturally enough, accused him of being actuated by motives, arising from private interest; and no one can doubt, that his opposition to the Company was strengthened by the bitter recollection of his own wrongs—he must have been more than human to have overcome all feeling of personal resentment; but, still, no doubt, a warm patriotism was the main spring of his exertions. On giving up his journal, he travelled extensively, over England, Scotland and Ireland, lecturing in all the important towns, to large audiences. We are not informed whether his lectures, during the four years thus spent, were devoted, exclusively, to the denunciation of the East India monopoly; or were, also, descriptive of his travels: we suppose the latter. At any rate, we know that he has, at some time or other, delivered in the mother country the same lectures that he is, now, delivering here. He is said to have addressed no less than five hundred thousand, or, according to his own statement, one million of persons, in the course of this crusade; and at the same time, to have sustained active discussions, on his favorite subject, in numerous public journals.

We next find Mr. Buckingham in the British House of Commons, where he represented the town of Sheffield. His constituents had been so impressed by his zeal and activity in the cause of equal rights, that, though personally unknown to them, excepting as a public lecturer, he was chosen a candidate, and returned to parliament, victorious over three opponents, natives of the town; and since that period, until his recent departure from England, has continued, as their representative, to enjoy a large measure of esteem and their firm support. His labors in the legislature were chiefly directed to great philanthropic objects:—In

advocating all such he seems to have taken a prominent place. He had, at length, the satisfaction of seeing the accomplishment of his chief desires—the East India Company deprived of its illiberal charter; and, in India, the suttee abolished, the freedom of the press established, the revenue derived from idolatry suppressed, the right of settlement admitted, trial by jury secured, and, in short, the whole law of the land remodelled, upon the groundwork of British liberty.

Another object for which Mr. Buckingham labored was, the abolition of impressment and flogging in the navy and army; and his speeches on the former subject led to the passing of an act to encourage the voluntary enlistment of seamen. He also succeeded in carrying through both houses, a bill for the relief of authors and publishers, who having, before, been obliged to deposit eleven copies of each new work, in certain specified libraries, by the provisions of this bill need deposit only five. As chairman of the committee on shipwrecks—a situation for which his maritime experience and sympathies peculiarly fitted him—he prepared an able and valuable report. But the philanthropist may honor him for a still more signal service in the cause of humanity. He was the first to introduce the subject of *Temperance* to the consideration of the House of Commons. In the session of 1834, he delivered a forcible speech on moving for a select committee, to inquire into the causes and effects of intemperance, and, despite the opposition of government, carried his measure by a large majority. After several weeks of labor, and the collection of an immense quantity of evidence, from all parts of the country, the report of this committee, drawn up by Mr. Buckingham, as chairman, was laid before the House, and was ordered to be printed and published. Besides being copied into the columns of almost every newspaper in the United Kingdom, it was reduced into a single sheet, of which more than two million copies were struck off, and circulated, in Great Britain, Ireland, and America.

We pass over several less notable, though very important, measures, advocated by Mr. Buckingham, during his continuance in the House of Commons. His biographer remarks, "that, besides his parliamentary duties, he hardly ever omitted a day, in which he was not found, both in the session and in the recess, engaged in some public labor for the public good, in attending meetings and delivering addresses in favor of education, temperance and peace, and the promotion of the health, morality and happiness of his fellow creatures!" Having for six years represented the town of Sheffield, at the close of the session of Parliament, in July, 1837, he paid a farewell visit to his constituents, and announced to them his intention of retiring from public life. His avowed object in taking this step was, that he might have time, while a few years of health and activity might remain, to provide a retreat for the winter of life, and acquire the means of making that retreat independent as well as honorable. For this purpose he has visited our country. Arriving at New York in October last, he published the "Address to the People of the United States," before mentioned, and commenced lecturing. His success in that city seems to have been ample: delighted crowds thronged his rooms, and the public journals, without exception, so far as we have seen, trumpeted forth his praise in reverberating blasts.

At present, (March 14th,) he is in Washington, repeating his lectures.

Before leaving England, he published an address to the British people, giving an outline of his intended voyages and travels. Of this we will give a short abstract, as a proper ending to the brief sketch of his past life, which we have attempted. After completing his tour through the United States, and the British possessions, he contemplates passing on to the West Indies, and Gulf of Mexico. Here he wishes to determine the practicability of cutting a ship canal across the isthmus of Darien; and having accomplished this object, will proceed by way of Panama, Acapulco, or Lima, to China; from thence by the Philippine Isles, to Australia and Van Dieman's Land; and after visiting the principal stations in the Eastern Archipelago, by Malacca and Singapore, to India. Throughout the latter portion of this route—from the shores of the Pacific to India—he intends to combine the occupations of the traveller, the navigator and the merchant, defraying the expenses of his investigations, by operations of trade and barter by the way. In returning to England, he will revisit most of the Eastern countries over which he has already travelled, and traverse several parts of Europe.

To explain the objects of these contemplated wanderings, he recurs to a plan which he brought before the British public in 1830, of a voyage round the globe, to be undertaken at the expense of government. This plan, he says, was approved by a large number of the most distinguished members of the royal family and nobility, and by the leading men of science in France and England; and was prevented from being put in execution only by the political excitement and changes growing out of the late French revolution. The expedition was to be employed in making accurate surveys of coasts and islands imperfectly known; in ascertaining the commercial wants and resources of new countries, as a guide to commercial enterprise; in making scientific observations; and introducing the arts and learning of civilization among barbarous and savage tribes. Its motto was to be, "*Discovery—Commerce—Civilization*;" and this latter term he now explains by the included words, "*Temperance—Education—Mercy—and Peace*." In elucidation of this motto he remarks,

"The most fertile sources of crime and misery, in every country and clime, appear to me to be intemperance, ignorance, national and sectional animosities, oppressions, piracies and war; and the abatement of these, and the substitution of their opposites, is the most effectual reform which can be accomplished on earth. During my future course, therefore, whether in America or our colonies—through the Pacific or in the Australian seas—in China, India, and the Arabian gulf—in the isles of the Mediterranean, or on the continent of Europe, I shall seek for and profit by every occasion I can command, to advocate the four great moral objects I have named:—by recommending and assisting in the promotion of temperance societies, and infant and adult schools;—by communicating the arts connected with printing, where these may be at present unknown, and establishing periodical journals for the diffusion of useful information, and the advocacy of philanthropic improvements;—by teaching the advantages of union and co-operation in the formation of commercial asso-

ciations and friendly institutions, tending to bring hostile nations into more frequent communication through the mutually beneficial channel of unfettered commerce, and to bring opposing sections of nations into more familiar intercourse through the reciprocally advantageous medium of social meetings; so that each may benefit by a mutual interchange of their respective products, and a free utterance of their respective thoughts;—by visiting captives and prisoners, as well as courts and camps—in order to effect, if possible, by remonstrance and persuasion, a relaxation of the too bloody and barbarous punishments which unhappily everywhere prevail, and to show by example as well as precept, how much more powerful is the law of love than that of fear, and how much more desirable the reformation than the torture of any human being, both for the sake of the individual victim, and of society at large, as well as for the glory of Him “who desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live;”—and above all, by pressing on the heads of governments, as well as on every class of the community, the ruinous and destructive policy of war, so revolting to all the best feelings of our nature, so subversive of the best interests of society, so contrary to the precept and example of Him who commanded us to “do unto others that which we would they should do unto us;” and who taught us, when we pray, to ask that our trespasses might be forgiven “as we forgive those who trespass against us.”

We cannot help expressing our surprise, that into this splendid scheme for “the most effectual reform that can be accomplished on earth,” the idea of propagating the religion of Christ does not directly enter!

From time to time, during his travels, Mr. Buckingham intends to transmit to London, for publication, the manuscripts of his journals. He anticipates that these will be sufficient to form a suitably sized volume, every few months.

Thus far we have exhibited Mr. Buckingham, in the light which he himself, and the author of the Sketch, to which we have already acknowledged our obligation, have cast upon his history. We now propose to attempt an estimate of his true character and abilities, relying, chiefly, on other testimony; though, by this, we do not mean to insinuate any thing against the credit of his biographer in the Preston Advocate: at least what we have drawn from this source bears good evidence of being, in the main, correct. As a text, on which to found a few remarks, we copy the following from a late English work—Grant’s “Random Recollections of the House of Commons.”

“MR. BUCKINGHAM, the member for Sheffield, is a person whose name has been, for the last eight or ten years, most prominently before the British public. He is generally supposed to have something of the quack in him. I am not sure that the charge is altogether unfounded, though I am persuaded he has often been actuated by the most disinterested motives in cases in which the general impression has been quite the reverse. I believe he may—unconsciously I have no doubt—have exaggerated the extent of his pecuniary losses by the arbitrary proceedings of the Indian government; but it cannot be denied that he did, in addition to the abstract tyranny and injustice of those pro-

ceedings, suffer in purse, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, prospectively, to a very large amount. That he has kept his persecutions, by the Indian government, before the public, with a prominence and steadiness at which other persons similarly circumstanced would have shrunk back, is not to be denied; but great allowances are to be made for him, when it is recollected that he lost, not a part, but the whole of his fortune, by his deportation from the East Indies, and that ever since he has had to struggle with all the horrors of poverty, sometimes, indeed with something approaching to absolute want.

“Mr. Buckingham is a man of more than respectable literary attainments. His travels in Mesopotamia and other countries of the East, are among the best that have been published respecting those countries. His *Oriental Herald* also, a great part of which was written by himself, was a journal of considerable merit. The great fault of his style, is its extreme wordiness.

“As a member of parliament he has not earned much reputation. On first entering the house he made great efforts, by repeated speeches of considerable length, to acquire for himself a name as a legislator; but the attempt was quite a failure. There was a strong prejudice against him, owing, in a great measure, to the general impression that he was a political adventurer. When he rose to address the House, the circumstance became a signal, sometimes for forced coughs, yawnings, &c. and always for inattention and other marks of want of respect. The result has been that he now scarcely ever speaks at all. Nor was he by any means regular in his attendance in the house last session, though previously he was one of the most exemplary in this respect, out of the whole six hundred and fifty-eight.

“Mr. Buckingham is a fine speaker. His manner is remarkably easy and pleasant. There is not a more fluent speaker in the house. His voice is sweet and melodious; but there is a sameness in its tones. His action is graceful, but is deficient in energy. He can speak at any time and on any subject. In person he is tall and handsome. Notwithstanding all the hardships and fatigues he underwent in his extensive journeyings in tropical countries, he appears to be of a vigorous constitution and in excellent health. His complexion is fair, and his hair of a light gray. He has a fine forehead. His features are regular, but distinctly marked. His face is full, and has something very intellectual about it. In his appearance and manners, he is quite the gentleman. He is about fifty years of age.”

We know of nothing which looks like quackery in Mr. Buckingham, excepting the language in which he sets forth to the public his own services and merits, and flatters those from whom he solicits patronage. Certainly the eulogiums which he passes upon his patriotism and philanthropic labors; the strong terms in which he speaks of the effect produced by his discourses, and of the unlimited confidence reposed in him by his constituents; of the bright and irresistible flame which he kindled throughout the entire British nation, and the triumphant accomplishment of all his plans and views, would suit the character of some peddling vender of pills and potions, much better than they do that of a reputed scholar and gentleman. At

least, in reading his address to the people of the United States, we were frequently and forcibly reminded of vermifuges and panaceas, the wonders of which, set forth by their humane and disinterested compounders, rarely indeed, in the columns of respectable newspapers; but, in unbroken continuity, on the pages of numerous penny sheets, sometimes fall under our notice. We do not say, that he exaggerates his own merits in a single instance: we have no evidence opposed to his assertions; and, even if we had, should esteem ungracious the task of contradiction. We doubt Mr. Buckingham's good taste, not his veracity. His self-bestowed panegyrics savor too strongly of the hustings. And so, we do not object to the flattery, which he lavishes upon the people of the United States, excepting as it looks, under present circumstances, too much like the fawning of a parasite. We would have a candidate for popular favor, carry with him, in his approaches to the public, the refined delicacy of private intercourse, avoiding whatever may give rise to the imputation, that, counting his wages, he panders to the passions of the multitude—shunning the very appearance of evil. We do not doubt that Mr. Buckingham's success has been increased by his skill in trumpeting. Without barefaced protestations, glaring sign-boards, and puffing extraordinary, quacks could scarcely make a subsistence by their trade. Their gains arise from practices which honest and respectable men despise; and their prosperity can scarcely sanctify the cajolery and deceit which have paved the way to fortune.

All must agree in giving Mr. Buckingham credit for considerable literary attainments. We cannot speak of his lectures from personal knowledge, not having had the pleasure of hearing them—a pleasure which we anticipate with impatience. But that they are, in a high degree entertaining and instructive, and, in point of style, polished and elegant; that they evince not only his abundant opportunity, during his travels, of collecting interesting and valuable information, but, also, his intelligence as a traveller, and the accuracy of his observations in Eastern lands, is the universal testimony of his American auditors. Mr. Grant's estimate of his merits as a public speaker is, also, corroborated by the impression which he has, already, made in this country. We have heard his oratory characterised, by several of his New York hearers, in nearly the same terms quoted above, so far as applicable to the lecturing style.

The feelings and habits of the present age are, certainly, unfavorable to that medium of communicating knowledge, which Mr. Buckingham has chosen. Lectures delivered as a part of the regular system of instruction, in academic institutions, or under the auspices of literary societies, though their use, in some cases, may be doubted, are, in this country and in Europe, established on a footing, which gives them the highest respectability, and ensures the character of the lecturer from any suspicion of quackery, or any danger of sinking in the public esteem. But the profession of an itinerant lecturer, who deals out his information to promiscuous audiences, at twenty-five or fifty cents a head, for some reason or other, about which we shall not stop to inquire, is not in very good repute. As if conscious of this, Mr. Buckingham labors to show, that he has not engaged in a business which should hold a

low place in common estimation; and for this purpose, besides alluding to his own success in Great Britain, adduces the example of many renowned men, "from the days of Abraham, who, according to the testimony of Josephus, thus taught the Chaldean astronomy to the Egyptians," down to the times of Marco Polo, Columbus, Camoens, Raleigh and Bruce. But we do not think him very happy in this attempt. Most of the examples which he cites are inapplicable to his case. If he had wished to defend the lecturing system in general, he need not have gone so far out of the way for authorities: in numerous European and American colleges, he might have found a sufficient sanction for that system. But, evidently, he is endeavoring to defend the peculiarities of his plan. Now, few, if any, of the illustrious instances enumerated are characterised by these same peculiarities. And, moreover, he has not taken into account the difference between the wants and resources of the times to which he recurs, and those of the present age. What would be thought of a public teacher, who, at this day, should open his school in a garden or grove, and plead the example of the sages of antiquity? In spite of Mr. Buckingham's classical and scripture authorities, the business of itinerant lecturing must continue to be of, at least, doubtful respectability. But this does not prevent its character's being, in some instances, elevated by the repute of particular individuals. In fact, it may be considered as a business which can yield no honor to any man, but on which honor may sometimes be conferred, by the weight of an established reputation for worth and learning. If he had been satisfied with setting forth his own experience, trusting, chiefly, to his well known character, we, at least, should have esteemed his prologue more appropriate. But, while making these remarks, and they are not made in an unkind spirit, we are free to congratulate Mr. Buckingham on his eminent success—on the respectability and even distinction given to his profession, by the force of high mental endowments, and that public esteem, with which his labors and services have been rewarded.

The question naturally occurs, what is the probable measure of benefit resulting to the community from such lectures? It is very certain that those really devoted to study may learn much more economically, as regards the expense, both of time and money, from books, than from oral discourses. But the latter have this superior advantage—that they attract the attention of multitudes, who thus imbibe knowledge, without any great effort, and who would never seriously apply themselves to books. And the excitement which the charms of oratory produce—the sympathies awakened in a crowded lecture room, tend to impress truth more forcibly upon the memory, thus, in some measure, making up for the opposite advantages of frequently renewed impressions. There are, however, other benefits, and of a different kind, resulting from such discourses as Mr. Buckingham's: they exert an influence tending to improve the morals and refine the literary taste of the community. There is a craving appetite, in persons of every class of society, for amusement; and, in most persons, for some amusement which does not require great mental effort. Hence the theatre, and other resorts of a still more pernicious character, are so much frequented. But we venture to assert, that,

to the great mass of men, intellectual amusements, suited to the capacity of those to be entertained, and not requiring forced intellectual exertion, are more attractive than any other. Our pleasures are heightened, tenfold, by the feeling that they are merely innocent; but, how much more by the consciousness, that our minds are expanded and our hearts improved, while the buoyant spirits, and the glowing blood give us new physical life. The history of theatres themselves sustains our position. If, then, proper and permanent sources of literary recreation were opened, they would diffuse a moralizing and refining influence. And such an influence has been exerted by Mr. Buckingham's lectures, though to a very small extent, because operating for so short a time. No doubt, multitudes in New York, listened to his discourses with chained attention, who, but for them, would have passed the time in utter listlessness, or in dragging the foul waters of dissipation, for unsatisfying and debasing pleasures.

Mr. Buckingham has been well received in the United States; and, no doubt, his fortune is rapidly improving, despite the pressure of the times. But, while we rejoice to hear of his success, we cannot approve of all the means employed to testify respect for his character. As a sincere patriot and philanthropist—for such we esteem him—he claims our admiration and praise; but, here he stands so prominently before the public, as a distinguished lecturer, that there is danger, lest testimonials, given to his worth and services in the cause of humanity, should, in the popular acceptance, be laid to the account of his popular eloquence. And while we, therefore, object to some of the public demonstrations of respect for him, which have been made, our objection to the manner of these demonstrations is still greater; especially to that of one, the credit of which rests with the good people of Philadelphia.

Before Mr. Buckingham left New York, he received an invitation to a great *temperance festival*, to be given to him in the city of Brotherly Love. *On dit*, that a dinner was first contemplated; but, then, many wished to extend the honor to Mrs. Buckingham; and, besides, a number of ladies, whose husbands were foremost in the affair, desired to be presented to the accomplished lecturer. Accordingly, to suit all concerned, a grand temperance tea-party was resolved upon. Now, the difficulty arose—where could a room suitable for the occasion be procured? After some consultation, it was, luckily suggested, that the Arch-street theatre, then unemployed, might be hired; and this expedient was adopted by the grave deliberators, some of whom, as we understand, were clergymen and inferior church-officers. The twenty-second of February was honored by the festival. For some time previously, it was advertised in the newspapers, and tickets offered at a dollar each. Of course, multitudes furnished themselves for the occasion: some, perhaps, in anticipation of convivial pleasure; some who were anxious to see and hear Mr. Buckingham; some, who, though principled against theatres, were glad of an opportunity to see the inside of one, without sin; and most, because the price of admission was so moderate. The appointed evening came, and the way to the place of temperate feasting was thronged. In looking round, on this gaily dressed assemblage, filling the boxes, and crowding the covered area of the pit, one might, almost, have expected

to see the curtain rise, and some celebrated actress make her debut amid shouts of applause. Perchance the polluted imaginations of some might have directed their eyes to the "third heaven," where the "nymphs of the pavé" usually shine, expecting there to behold the usual attraction.

But such thoughts were soon dissipated by a solemn sound, rising over the general buzz of conversation and merriment—the voice of prayer. A blessing was invoked upon the assembly, and the object for which it was convened—perhaps, too, upon the house in which they were met. This part of the scene reminds us of the prediction of one devoted to the pleasures of the turf:—that, before many years a prayer would be offered from the judges' stand, at every horse-race, on behalf—either of the men or the horses, we know not which. But we would not speak lightly of things that we hold so sacred. Let us pass on to the further development of this curious spectacle.

Mr. Buckingham addressed the crowd in a speech more than two hours long. His audience, with riveted attention, drank in his words, and those who had formed a high idea of his eloquence were not disappointed. Several other speakers followed him, who, perhaps, might, with better taste, have reserved their remarks for another occasion. We have not been informed of the exact "order of exercises," but suppose that, at this juncture, the speeches being finished, refreshments were served up. It would appear that they were delicious and abundant; though, indeed, it is said, that a large proportion of the eatables prepared were devoured rather before their time, by some very officious persons—frequenters of the theatre, no doubt, their knowledge of its localities having apparently been so correct—who broke in from the back of the house. However, the loss was either immaterial, or very soon repaired. But the alarm occasioned thereby, making all feel how precarious was the tenure on which their rights depended, quickened the activity of the crowd, in emptying the loaded chargers. The popular appetite, too, had been sharpened by the piquant intellectual repast. We Americans are charged with swallowing our food in hungry haste. But those who eat with great rapidity, must be equally hurried in seizing on their victuals: the supply must equal the demand. Plates, on this memorable evening, it is said, were scarce; or else the impatience and anxiety of the multitude, wrought up, by the occurrence just mentioned, to a pitch of phrenzy, forbade even the decency of a moment's delay. A thousand hands delved, incontinent, into the curiously ornamented pyramids of ice-cream, and gallantly offered their tempting spoils to the admiring fair, who had already devoured them with their eyes. Perhaps, however, all did not eat, as fast as they emptied their dishes: we are sure that some were seen, pocketing every manner of good things, even to the ices.

At length the crowd dispersed, at a good hour, and in decent order. The next morning's papers contained glowing descriptions of the "*GRAND TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL*;" and the Arch-street dealers in grog boasted, that for many a day their receipts had not equalled those of the previous night!

To speak seriously, we have stated nothing in the above account, which we do not believe to be substan-

tially correct. Nor do we think that the doings of an American mob cast any stigma upon the character of the American people. Even our mob would suffer nothing in the comparison with the mob of any other nation; but that is no reason, why its triumphs should be hailed with applause. If Mr. Buckingham should "write a book," descriptive of scenes in the United States, we are sure that he will feel much difficulty, in attempting to picture this temperance festival; what with his gentlemanly feelings toward those who would have done him honor, and his vivid sense of the ridiculous.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON HUMAN CREDULITY AND VERSATILITY.

By a Southron.

It is curious to observe how the opinions and the follies which have been exploded in one generation are often revived in another, and embraced with as much confidence and ardor as if they never had been rejected or exposed. It is not quite fifty years, I think, since the imposture of Mesmer received the stamp of reprobation from the philosophers of France, assisted by the sagacity of Franklin. In this day of light and intelligence, it is again revived under new auspices and with more exorbitant pretensions, and meets with the countenance of men of science, and the most unbounded credulity of thousands who flock to witness its wonders. There seems indeed to be a cycle in human affairs, like the cycles which govern the movements of the heavenly bodies in their sublime and wonderful revolutions. Our habits and our manners, our follies and our propensities all have their day, and are laid aside for others which in their turn prevail for a season, after which the former return upon us and are received with renewed eagerness and favor. Thus they follow each other in a perpetual round, and verify, to a great extent at least, the wisdom of the adage, that there is "nothing new under the sun."

The truth of these remarks will be questioned by none; yet it is probable there are some who have not duly considered to what a variety of subjects they may be extended. All observe it in the fashions. The dresses of our fair ladies, which a few years ago were so narrow that they could scarcely step, and so thin that they shivered with cold, have at length got back to the ample dimensions of former days and the comfortable habiliments of their grandmothers. The large and inconvenient sleeve is giving way; and the bosom, once too temptingly displayed, has been kindly hidden from our view, and the less attractive back and shoulders are now exhibited in its stead. Short waists, flowing robes and the graceful drapery of the Grecian costume have yielded to long waists, short skirts and heavy plaits, while the old fashioned bishops are revived in the admired tournures of our lovely daughters. It is true we have not yet returned to high-heel shoes and cushions for the ladies, or to periwigs and powder for our sex. But the former may reasonably be expected, if the young Victoria, ambitious of queenlike majesty and impatient of her want of height, should add to her

heels, or resort to that other succedaneum for a scanty stature, the ladies' cushion. I have a sample before my eyes of that antique head-dress, in a colored print of the lovely Antoinette, which has been handed down from the last generation in the family of a patriot to whom Louis the sixteenth was always dear. Wigs too will come in with the first battered beau of the *haut ton* who seeks to cover his baldness or to hide his gray hairs; and old as I am, I expect to see the reestablishment of long queues with powder and pomatum, and all the disgusting consequences which attended them. But the return of old times is not confined to the fashion of our coats. Our habits and manners have changed not less than our dresses. And some chance may yet bring them back again in all their freshness. Take for instance, the vulgar habit of profane swearing. When I was a boy, every gentleman swore;—and what is worse, in every company. Even the ear of the fair sex became familiar with this gross violation of decorum. But as Bob Acres says, "Damns have had their day." What gentleman would now blurt forth his vulgar oaths before a lady, or wound the sacred ear of a divine by "taking the name of the Lord in vain?" and yet a war, with all its other mischievous consequences, may bring back into polished life this disgusting practice. "The soldier, bearded like the pard and full of strange oaths," is ever so great a favorite with the fair, that his follies will be forgiven and his bluntness forgotten, in the richness of his epaulets and the gallant trim of his regimentals. The same destructive besom may sweep away our temperance societies, and the can and the tankard of the camp may again introduce that censurable excess which prevailed at our banquets in by-gone days. I remember "when I was young and debonair," I was at an entertainment in this city, which was served in the second story of the house, whence there was no escaping by a window. The landlord most hospitably locked the door and put the key in his pocket, and the glass was circulated so briskly that there were left but few to bury the dead. These excesses are now indeed no more; but I fear they are but suspended for a season, in spite of all the efforts and all the influence of temperance societies. These arrogate to themselves that change in manners which is chiefly the result of the perpetually varying current of human affairs. In its eternal windings it trenches upon our customs in succession, wearing away first one and then another, and giving rise to new ones which flourish in their turn for a season, until they too are swept off by the same resistless tide. Conceding the beneficial influence of temperance societies, particularly among the laboring classes, we are unwilling to believe that they have been the sole occasion of the happy changes we have witnessed. What society is there against swearing? what combination against fox hunting? what against balls at public houses? what against barbecues? Yet all these are obviously in the wane, from the silent but effectual operation of public sentiment, and of the perpetual fluctuation of everything that is human. Our customs and opinions succeed each other as the congo and the minuet have been succeeded in the ball-room by the waltz and the gallopade. This is particularly manifest, as we shall see in the sequel, in matters of the deepest concern; in the sciences, in religion and in politics. But before we

touch upon them, let us advert for a moment to the subject of human credulity, which, though in a state of perpetual change, seems indelibly ingrained in the character of our race.

Philosophers have never agreed upon the characteristic by which man is to be distinguished from all other animals in the creation. Plato defined him to be a two-legged animal without feathers. But Diogenes turned this definition into deserved ridicule. Some say that man alone is a rational animal; but the dog and the beaver, and the ant and the bee, stand forth as the champions of the inferior races, and challenge for them also the attributes of reason. Once it was said that man was a cooking animal; but the ouran-outang denies our exclusive title to that appellation. For my own part, I incline to look upon him as a *credulous* animal, though I thereby hazard the exclusion of the skeptics from the pale of humanity—a consequence at which many of my readers would not be disposed to repine. The truth is,—however numerous the individual exceptions may be,—there is no trait of the human character more universal than this. In all time and in all countries, superstition and credulity have lorded it over the mind. To say nothing of ghosts and hobgoblins, of demonology and witchcraft, of the foul fiend that haunts the moor, or the flying Dutchman that makes the seaman's blood run cold, we may go back to classical days for our illustrations. What a lasting monument of human folly is to be seen in the heathen mythology, where superstition is busy in the apotheosis of the winds and of the floods, and where every affection of the soul is invested with an imaginary form, and placed by devoted polytheism in the temple of the gods? Look at their oracles, now uttering the maxims of the sage and delivering the predictions of a penetrating sagacity, and now practising the cheats of a juggler, or answering questions about the future, in riddles that serve but to perplex, or to lead to destruction the misguided inquirer. And yet they were crowded by the credulous; and the monarch and the slave were found together at the shrine. Turn away from the land of literature and the arts, from the land of Socrates and Solon, to the country of the demigods of Italy, the country of Brutus and of Tully. Over that wonderful land the same superstitions reigned, and the same ready credulity in the monstrous creations of heathen mythology. What then shall we expect when we pass into Asiatic climes, to the country of Zoroaster and Confucius, to the land of Brama or Mahomet? Over all of them credulity sits brooding, and the darkness of ignorance covers them as with a pall. Is it better with christianity; with the christian who justly derides the mythology of the heathen and the false prophets of the musselman and the hindoo? Ask the sects of each other. Ask of the protestant the history of credulity in popish countries. Straitway he recounts a long catalogue of her superstitions. He points at once to her priests,—here giving absolution;—there praying a soul out of purgatory;—here curing a disease by the influence of their prayers, and there administering extreme unction to the departing zealot. He points to the tombs of the fathers crowded with prostrate pilgrims, and brings you the toe of St. Peter, or a veritable fragment of the cross, or the liquifying blood of the holy St. Januarius. Who but blushes for humanity at such an exhibition of its follies? Credulity

herself would blush, if she were not too credulous to perceive her delusions.

Turn next to the protestant;—are his skirts clear? I am too much of a protestant to be an impartial judge in such a matter, but there are some of its churches that I can venture to approach. Take the church of the Baron Emanuel Swedenbourg, an enthusiastic and visionary man, whose heated fancy led him to believe that he had ascended to the fifth heaven, and there had seen all the glories of the godhead, and mingled with angels and archangels around the sapphire throne of the great Jehovah. Yet this religious madman had his devoted followers, who believed his visions, dwelt upon his rhapsodies, and doubted not his revelations. I once had the pleasure of meeting with one of his sect, a remarkably intelligent lady of the New Jerusalem church, with whom I entered into an interesting conversation about her great apostle. I asked her if his followers really believed he had ascended to the fifth heaven. "Assuredly, sir," said she. "And upon what grounds do they believe it?" said I. "Upon the same," said she, "on which you believe that St. Paul had done so before him. Both of them were pure and virtuous, and pious and inspired men, and neither would have asserted that which was untrue!" Thus it is that credulity affords a ready answer to every difficulty; so that we almost cease to wonder at the declaration of the ancient father, who, in the fulness of his faith exclaimed, "*Credo quia impossibile est.*"

When we turn to the ordinary occurrences of life, while superstition and credulity meet us at every step, they are yet perpetually changing, like a Proteus. In one age, we have a monarch touching a patient for the king's evil, or a noble lady soothing the pain of her champion's wound by anointing the spear with which it was inflicted. In another, we have one impostor performing wonders with Perkins's points, and another practising the ridiculous mummeries of animal magnetism. Charms* and conjuration are the every-day remedies of the vulgar, and quack medicines and infallible prescriptions fill the columns of our journals and the stomachs of the sick. We cannot lay a fence or kill a hog without looking at the age of the moon, whose influences, extending beyond the tides, are fancied to rule over the ravings of the lunatic† and the fluids of our frames. It is wonderful, too, to see this ready credulity exhibited by the most intelligent. Dr. Johnson believed in ghosts: Those who burnt witches for the love of God, were among the first men of their day and generation: and in these our times, we are

* There is an amusing reminiscence handed down by tradition, of an incident which occurred in the old court of chancery before the venerable chancellor Wythe. One morning on taking his seat, he complained with some warmth of the masses of trash which the counsel introduced into the records; and in proof of it, read the deposition of an aged lady in support of the credit of another witness. She said, "She had known him from a boy, and that when he was a youth he was one of the greatest liars she ever knew. That she felt sorry for him, and as a cure advised him to swallow the heart of a rattlesnake; that he did so, and ever since, he had been as truthful a man as any other in the settlement." I am not sure that this is the only instance of the prescription of a bolus or a charm for the cure of a moral infirmity.

† This opinion is, I imagine, as old as Hippocrates: Lord Bacon obviously espouses it, though he denied that the influence of the moon satisfactorily accounted for the tides.

not without examples of a ready belief of whatever is miraculous. Here we have the two first men of their day, disputing for the hundredth time whether cheat is a distinct plant, or springs from an injured grain of wheat. The old chief justice maintained the latter, and of that opinion most certainly was Lord Bacon.* There we have a venerable old man, whose gray locks straggle scantily over his scalp, sitting with his elbow rested on a table, with a glass tumbler before him. He holds between his finger and his thumb, a simple thread, to which is appended a small key, so held as to be within the mouth of the glass. What is he about? He is exhibiting his *key clock*!† He verily believes that from some secret cause, some influence emanating from his hand, or some wonderful correspondence between the glass and the key, this simple apparatus will strike the hour of the day with unerring accuracy. No argument can overthrow his convictions, and yet he is among the most venerable and respectable of men, and fills his elevated station with dignity and ability. I have heard he derived the hint from Lord Bacon's works. After a diligent search through the *Instauratio Magna*, the *Sylva Sylvarum*, and the *Novum Organum*, which form together that wonderful *omnium gatherum* of wisdom and of notions, I at length met with the passage which gave rise to this curious conceit. [see vol. 2, p. 64.] No man, indeed, was ever more full of such conceits than was the great stickler for the theory of the antagonizing principles of radical heat and radical moisture. But let us not jeer this greatest of philosophers, whose noble genius gleamed through the darkness of the age in which he lived. It shed its bright rays over every science, and laid the foundations of that analytical philosophy, which in our times has led to such wonderful results. Let us rather reproach ourselves for still clinging to the nonsense and the impudence of charlatanism, in spite of the wise lessons we have imbibed from his philosophy. Let us lift up our eyes in amazement at the countenance given by the intelligent among ourselves to the grossest of impostures. In this boasted era we have had Redheffer's perpetual motion as a fair set-off against the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone of former times. We have also the *Quarterly Review*, gravely publishing a narrative of the wonderful performances of an Egyptian magician, through whose incantations an untutored boy can call up the spectres of the dead, as the witch of Endor brought into the presence of the trembling Saul, the awe-inspiring image of the departed prophet. And we are gravely told by the accomplished editor how far above suspicion is the source from which this wonderful story is derived; as though he yielded credence himself, to the miracles of this magician of the land of necromancy. Again; at this moment, animal magnetism, though exploded fifty years ago, as an impudent imposture, is revived both in Europe and America, with renovated zeal, and received with obvious favor by many of the illuminati. Exhibition rooms are crowded with gaping spectators, who swallow every monstrous pre-

tension with unsuspecting credulity, and scientific men are to be found engaged in eager investigations into the mysteries of the art, with less zeal for the exposure of impostors, than for the establishment of so valuable a discovery on the surest foundations. Human foresight cannot anticipate, indeed, the mighty wonders it is yet to work, and the countless blessings it is to shower upon our race. It will accomplish with so much facility what now costs both labor and time; for it shames the telegraph in its operations, and leaves even steam itself at a countless distance in the rear. Cognate with the lightning, the magnetic influence can "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." Of what use, then, are the wonders of the telegraph or the yet greater wonders of our express mails, when a sleeping girl, under the manipulations of a magnetizer, can see what is going on in the extremities of the "empire," and give you the news of the very moment in the most distant corners of the earth? For we have no reason to doubt, that if this new Pythian priestess can, in the infancy of the art, discern in her visions what is going on in Philadelphia, while she is sleeping quietly in New-York, her visual ray will soon be so improved as to enable her to discern what is passing in the remotest kingdoms of the world. Such wonderful results lead to the suspicion that this most valuable discovery must have been well known to the ancients, and was the true secret of the oracle at Delphi and the vaticinations of the cave of Trophonius. Be this as it may, the magnetic lady bids fair to render altogether superfluous the espionage of courts, and the use of spies in the camp of an enemy. What movement of an army could be inscrutable to a secretary who had been duly magnetised, or to a general who had had the benefit of the passes of the operator; when a girl fast asleep, can see through a millstone at a glance, and discern without difficulty the interior of a dwelling a hundred miles removed? And then what an acquisition to science! that an ignorant female, who, when awake, hardly knows that there is such a thing as what Mrs. Ramsbottom calls the "abominable* region," and who cannot tell the liver from the spleen, should all at once be initiated in her sleep, into the mysteries of nosology and pathology and physiology, and all the secrets of the materia medica; and without seeing or touching a patient, should be able to judge of his disease, and prescribe the proper remedy for its cure! Verily this is a wonderful science, and entitles its professors to an eminent exaltation. It is true that it is somewhat partial in its influences, and uncertain in its operations. It requires FAITH and WEAK NERVES† to ensure the success of an experiment; and it is said that in the recent exhibitions in a certain city, even the intimation by a visiter, in an audible voice, of a design to apply a red-hot poker to the nose of the sleeping patient, had a very marvellous effect upon the profoundness of his slumbers. Whether this was occasioned by the disturbing influence that iron

* "Abdominal."

† "Men are to be admonished," says Lord Bacon, "that they do not give place and credit to those operations, because they succeed many times; for the cause of the success is oft to be truly ascribed unto the force of affection and imagination upon the body agent; and therefore these things work best on weak minds and spirits; as those of women, sick persons, superstitious and fearful persons, children and young creatures."

* He says, vol. 1, p. 489, speaking of the diseases of grain, "Another disease is the putting forth wild oats (obviously our cheat) into which corn oftentimes doth degenerate."

† This incident is taken from real life.

must naturally have over the magnetic current, or by the natural repulsion of the tip of the nose for the white heat of a poker, I must leave to others to determine. I can only say that I learn no attempt was made at a repetition of the scientific experiment in a town where there was so little faith and such iron nerves, accompanied by an obvious disposition to make the actual cautery the test of truth. The experimenter and his familiar, it is said, precipitately took leave, and departed to pursue their investigations on some more propitious theatre. Much regret was felt at this premature retreat, as an opportunity would have been afforded by a few day's delay, of greatly advancing the cause of benevolence, as well as of science, by subjecting to the magnetic influence some unfortunate children who have been blind from their birth, and on whom the blessing of sight could doubtless have been conferred, for the time being at least, by this great cathedra of the 19th century.

Let us pass from animal magnetism to medicine. Fifty years ago a dose of calomel was shunned as a poison, and tartar emetic was looked upon with an almost holy abhorrence. Since that time they have been dignified as the Samson and Goliath of the materia medica, and are exhibited without scruple, by the ignorant as well as the initiated. The former has been indulged in to an excess against which all are now ready to exclaim. I was once much amused at a practical joke upon its extravagant use. In passing through a village, I saw a flour barrel standing at an apothecary's door, with the word "*Calomel*" in very large capitals marked upon its side. In amaze, I drew up my sulky, and asked an explanation. It turned out to be a piece of humor of the young apothecary, in ridicule of the preposterous extent to which the doses of this medicine were carried among the customers of his master. A humorous gentleman of the same place declared that in a severe illness he had taken so many pills,—not all calomel, it is true,—that when he sneezed they flew all over the room. But this passion has passed away, and we are getting back to what our forefathers thought to be a wholesome horror of mercury, and a wise confidence in nature, as the only true doctor. The science of medicine is, perhaps, above all others most remarkable for its oscillations. The medicaments in vogue at various times, are quite amusing. Lord Bacon's works are full of those of his day, many of which he very confidently recommends. Among others, he advises "a trial of two kinds of *bracelets*, for comforting the heart and spirits, one to be made of the *trochisk* (or cake) of vipers, and the other of snakes; for, *since they do great good inwards, especially for pestilent agues, it is like they will be effectual outwards.*" He tells us too, that "the moss which groweth upon the skull of a dead man, unburied, will staunch blood potently;" a quality which it has in common with the "blood-stone," and "the stone taken out of the toad's head," which is "very efficient, as the toad loveth shade and coolness;" and what is very wonderful, he gives in detail an account of the "English ambassador's lady at Paris, helping him away with" (i. e. curing) "a hundred warts within five weeks, by rubbing them once with a bit of bacon skin, which she afterwards nailed up to a post in the sun." Nevertheless, he seems somewhat skeptical about the "constantly received and avouched"

opinion "that the anointing of the weapon that maketh the wound will heal the wound itself."*

Such a mass of absurdities cannot fail to excite our laughter in these days of light and scrutiny. Yet are we sure that the hobbies of modern practitioners will not be equally derided when we shall be in our graves? The liver and the nerves, the mucous membrane, and the spinal marrow, the heart and the brain, all of which have had the ascendant in their turns, may very possibly soon give way to some new theory, which the enthusiasts in pathological anatomy may elaborate from their minute investigations. Already have the visions of glory which filled the dreams of Lavater been dispelled by the greater glories of phrenology and the successful theories of Gall and Spurzheim. Those who can laugh at lord Bacon and his fanciful notions, will yet gravely descant upon the developments of the brain as indicated by the skull, and pronounce ex cathedra that the subject of examination is according to the principles of their art, a saint or a Scapin, a philosopher or a fool. Nay more: not only do we learn from the ingenious German the position of every passion and every talent in the map of the human brain, but we are now promised by the naturalist Geoffroy St. Hilaire, a series of memoirs on the functions and situation of the soul itself. He states that he has no hesitation in treating on this subject;—that he feels strong in his own powers, and means first of all to examine the nature of the *spiritus corporis* of St. Augustin!!† In truth there seems no measure or limit to the whimsies of the human mind, nor any reasonable hope that with all the advantage of the wisdom of other times we shall ever be any wiser than those who have gone before us.

It were well, indeed, if in more important concerns the versatility of the human character was not as conspicuous as in the lighter matters which we have been passing in review. But unhappily it is otherwise, *Graveurs mement.* The oscillations in religion and the

* I have in my possession a folio volume translated from the French, and purporting to have been written by the physician of the King of France, about 170 years ago. It is a treatise on pharmacy, materia medica and the practice of medicine, and exhibits of course the most approved state of the science at that day. Truly it is a curiosity. The recipes resemble Lord Bacon's. The fillings of a dead man's skull are the prescribed remedy for epilepsy and madness, and distilled vipers, the specific for the bite of every species of rabid or venomous animal; provided, always, the patient has not been bitten above the teeth, for in that case the poison is inevitably fatal. Hartshorn is also a great panacea with this grave doctor. He tells us it is extracted from the horn of the elk, the swiftest of all animals, whom the hunters can never take unless they find him sick; and even then they must be very adroit, for if the animal discovers them, he puts his hind foot to his left ear, which cures him in an instant, and he flies beyond the reach of his pursuers!! Such was the profound ignorance and ridiculous credulity of this grave medic, who was doubtless looked up to in his own times as a miracle of sagacity and wisdom. In what light his successors of the present day will be regarded by their successors a hundred years hence, time must develop. But if we may conjecture, from the diversities already prevailing among the Sangrados and Brunonians, the Broussaists and the Old School, the Thompsonians and Homoeopaths, we should prophesy, that the theories and practice of them all, will be remembered only as subjects for ridicule in some Literary Messenger of the day, while some new system will, in its turn, be the hobby of the profession, and prevail until it has immolated its heretomb, as others have done before it.

† Eclectic Journal of Medicine, vol. I. 305.

radical changes in political opinion, are as remarkable, though not quite so rapid, as the revolutions of fashion in the cut of a coat or the maxims of etiquette. Take religion: its state and condition how surprisingly different at different times!! Let us go back somewhat more than a century. In the 46th number of Addison's *Spectator* of the date of April 1717, we have the following letter illustrative of the state of things at that day.

"Sir, I am one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a gospel gossip, so common among the dissenters. Lectures in the morning, church meetings at noon and preparation sermons at night, take up so much of her time, it is very rare she knows what we have for dinner, unless when the preachers are to be at it. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere sermon pop-gun repeating and discharging texts, proofs and applications so perpetually, that the noise in my head will not let me sleep till towards morning. The misery of my case is great, and great numbers of such sufferers plead for your pity and speedy relief, otherwise we must expect in a little time to be lectured, preached and prayed into want, unless the happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it.

Yours, &c.

R. G."

Who would not think that this letter was written in these our own times, which exhibit occasionally, at what are called "revivals," the same inveterate spirit of church going and "gospel gossips?" And yet how numerous have been the ebbs and flows of fanaticism and even of "pure religion and undefiled," since the day when Addison, the gifted champion of christianity, thought it necessary to chastise the excesses of its votaries by his ingenious and amusing satire. I remember well the decorous solemnities of the church more than fifty years ago and the respectful deference which was paid to all its ministers. I remember well the punctuality with which upon my knees at the lap of a sainted mother, my hands were lifted up, morning and evening, to the giver of all good, in my little prayers. Then came the tempest of the French revolution. It swept away religion as with a besom.* It struck down the ancient monarchy with all its appendages, and the ecclesiastical state, which clung to it like a parasitical plant, went with it. But as sometimes happens in the convulsions of a revolution, the destruction of abuses involved the eradication of much that was sacred and most worthy of veneration. Religion itself fell into disrepute, and the apostles of the

* It must not be forgotten, however, that the poison of infidelity was long circulating through Europe before its signal triumph in the French Revolution. To mention the names of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Condorcet and Jean Jacques Rousseau, and of Hume, Helvetius and other disciples of the same school, is scarcely necessary. But there is one not so generally known who far surpassed them all in the boldness of his blasphemies. I allude to the Baron D'Holbach, a German writer, of whom Voltaire thus speaks in a letter to D'Alembert: "I have just read 'Good Sense.' There is more than good sense in that work. It is terrible." And D'Alembert echoes back the remark: "I think as you do in regard to 'Good Sense,' which appears to me a much more terrible book than 'The System of Nature.'" What, reader, think you must be the character of that work, the hardihood and blasphemies of which were terrible even to Voltaire and D'Alembert? And yet, believe me, it is far worse than your imagination, even thus aided, can suggest. D'Holbach was born at Heideisheim in 1723 and died in 1789. He lived principally in Paris, and was a member of the academies of Petersburg, Berlin, &c.

new philosophy sedulously sought to obliterate every trace of its existence, by the abolition of institutions which had prevailed for twenty centuries. The sabbath was changed into the decade, and the surplus of five days, which were thus left in the year, were called in the republican calendar the *sans culottides*! The contagion of infidelity spread far beyond the limits of the new republic. It was smuggled into the American States, with the extravagancies of Jacobin principles, which received too ready an admission from the votaries of rational liberty among us. The effect was correspondent. The religious institutions of the land withered at the touch of that great pollution. Religion was not only neglected but mocked at and despised; and though the benign spirit of our institutions forbade persecution in its most odious forms, yet the bigotry of skepticism—not more tolerant than the bigotry of the fanatic, looked with contempt and contumely on the scanty few, who still were followers of the cross, and faithful to their divine master through good and evil repute. Again a change has come over the face of things. The reign of skepticism has been short, and religion has once more resumed her sway. The pendulum has made a complete vibration, and we are now, as in the days of Addison, in danger of falling into the opposite extreme of "gospel gossiping."

I tremble to think that these mutations in human affairs are destined sooner or later to sap our political institutions. The fluctuations of opinion on the subject of forms of government already begin to show themselves among us. Not only are there those who, weary of the Union, would willingly go back to the wretched system of independent states, or throw themselves upon the protection of a feeble confederacy, but there are others in whom fretfulness at the triumph of political adversaries inspires a doubt of the success of our experiment in representative democracy, and prompts a secret sigh for institutions like those of the father land. These you may occasionally hear gloomily suggesting that a people never can be happy under a government like this, and that our rights would be more secure and our prosperity less interrupted under the rule of Nicholas or Napoleon, or the gentle reign of the young Victoria. God forbid that our cycle should as to this matter be very speedily accomplished. But the versatility of public opinion leaves no room for much confidence in the permanence of our institutions. Of this versatility, daily evidence is afforded. Take a single instance. The sentiment has now become familiar that a slave population is the happiest in the world, and that the existence of slavery is neither a moral nor political evil. Compare this growing sentiment with the opinions of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, or James Madison and George Wythe, and their disciples. Compare it with the sentiments boldly, though indiscreetly advanced, about five years ago in the General Assembly of Virginia; and we shall see at once how little confidence can be placed in the steadfastness of our principles. Whether wrong then or now, is immaterial to the matter in hand. The change itself establishes the position for which alone we contend. It sustains the charge of fickleness and versatility, and with fear of greater changes, perplexes and confounds us. The human mind, emancipated in this happy country from every fetter, riots in its liberty and runs into ex-

traces. The trammels of prejudice having been thrown aside, we look to the benign light of reason alone to direct our pursuit of truth. But unhappily the mists of passion and the *ignes fatui* of theoretic notions, entice us from the paths of true wisdom, and we wander backwards and forwards in the trackless regions of boundless speculation. The inevitable consequence is, that all principles are unsettled and all opinions unstable. There is nothing sure, nothing sacred, nothing immutable among us. We have no axioms (in politics, at least,) which may not be contested, no postulates which may not be denied. The great problem yet to be solved by the statesmen of the country, is to give steadfastness to opinions and stability to principle; to correct that perpetual tendency to change which gives some fitness to the comparison of a republic to a vessel that is tossed upon the unquiet waves of the never resting ocean. This problem can only be solved through the agency of education; not in the learning of the schools alone, or in the acquisition of a wretched smattering in ancient tongues, but in the great lessons of wisdom and virtue also. We must, in this respect at least, take our model from the ancient philosophers. Our youth must be taught *things* as well as *words*. The schools of ethics must devote themselves less to the metaphysics of the science, than to the great and practical principles of true wisdom. The pulpit, instead of being confined to the mysteries of theology and the discussion of intricate points of doctrine, must condescend to instruct their flocks in the great duties of life. They must mingle with the lessons of christianity, the inculcation of the beauty of virtue and the temporal as well as eternal advantages of a pure and sublime morality. *That*, after all, is the only foundation upon which political philosophy can firmly rest. The principles of right and wrong are ingrained in the nature of things. They are as eternal and immutable as the heavens from which they emanate. What rests upon them will be steadfast and enduring, instead of undergoing that perpetual vacillation which is fated to every institution built upon the principles of "adulterated metaphysics."

I shall conclude my "rambles" by a short quotation from Edmund Burke, though his political speculations are in very bad odor with us. In his splendid declamations in defence of antiquated error, there is nevertheless intermingled much profound wisdom, which our prejudices against him and his opinions ought not to lead us to disregard. Though he may cherish too far the growth of our prejudices, it behooves us to take care that in attempting to eradicate them, we do not root out also our most valuable principles. Let us not destroy the wheat in pulling up the tares. Let us be careful, while we disabuse the mind of pernicious prejudices, to fill their place with the sound and well reflected opinions of wise and virtuous men: let us "engage the mind in a steady course of wisdom and of virtue," and fill it with good principles "of ready application in the emergency," so that the man may not "be left hesitating in the moment of decision, skeptical, puzzled, and unresolved." "You see, sir," says Mr. Burke,* "that in this enlightened age I am bold enough to confess that we are generally men of untaught feelings; that instead of casting away

all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree, and, to take more shame to ourselves, we cherish them because they are prejudices; and the longer they have lasted and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them. We are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason, because we suspect that the stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and ages. Many of our men of speculation, instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom which prevails in them. If they find what they seek, and they seldom fail, they think it more wise to continue the prejudice, with the reason involved, than to cast away the coat of prejudice and leave nothing but the naked reason; because prejudice with its reason has a motive to give action to that reason and an affection which will give it permanence. Prejudice is of ready application in emergency; it previously engages the mind in a steady course of wisdom and virtue, and does not leave the man hesitating in the moment of decision, skeptical, puzzled, and unresolved. Prejudice renders a man's virtue his habit and not a series of unconnected acts. Through just prejudice his duty becomes a part of his nature."—If I cannot concur in carrying these opinions to the extent to which Mr. Burke would carry them, there are yet some prejudices that I would anxiously cherish in the bosom of the rising generation; I speak of our prejudices in favor of our free institutions and of that union which under heaven is their surest guarantee.

GARVIL

ADAM O'BRIEN.

About the year 18—, I left the valley of the Shenandoah, on an excursion over the Alleghany range of mountains, which I had never traversed before that time. It was early in the month of May, and the broad and fertile lands of the garden of Virginia were putting on their rich verdure, and the forests had unfolded their leaves, and the whole air was redolent with the blossoms of our flowering locust. As I ascended the steep and rugged road from the mouth of Savage to the Backbone, vegetation gradually disappeared, and every bud was as closely locked up on the summit as in the middle of winter. The view, though unobstructed by foliage, was not, however, as extensive as my fancy had suggested, and far less imposing than many mountain prospects with which I was familiar. On the right, however, you see, in your ascent, the vast cleft in the great Alleghany, through which, the Crab-tree and Deep creek pour their waters, forming with the rills that tumble from the mountain sides, the Savage river, which I had just passed. In the distance this cleft or gap looks as regular as the chop of the woodman's axe. It is the most stupendous chasm I have ever seen, and is one of the greatest curiosities of our mountain country. It is not universally known that the most western waters of old Cohongaronta (for that was one of the Indian names of the Potomac) rise on the western side of the great Backbone; so that the lofty ridge of the

* Vol. III. 106, 107.

Alleghany does not in this spot divide the eastern and the western waters from each other. The dividing ridge is a small mountain which does not exceed five hundred feet in height, and forms by its semicircular shape a sort of cove, behind the great mountain, within which the waters gather that make the Savage river. They then pour themselves through the mighty gap which some convulsion has opened for them, the sides of which cannot be less than 2,000 feet in height. After dwelling for some time on this stupendous object, I descended into the glades, whose beautiful natural meadows, interspersed with small hillocks, covered with clumps of trees free from undergrowth, were in striking contrast to the rugged scenery of the frowning mountain. The soil is, however, cold, and the seasons as backward as on the highest pinnacle of the Alleghany. The consequence is, that population is very scanty, though the country is often covered with beautiful herds of cattle, which are driven from Hampshire, Hardy and other counties, in the spring, to range in those abundant pastures during the heats of summer. Pursuing my way through the continuous meadows to the little Yough, I found myself at sunset in comfortable quarters at old Armstrong's, with a good fire, which the cool evenings made agreeable; and strong coffee, good tea, exquisite venison and fine trout to regale me. Next morning I resumed my march with little hope of such another inn. In a dozen miles I left the glades, and ascended Briary or Cheat mountain, the view from which is not less magnificent than that from the Warm Spring rock. At its foot, on the western side, roll the waters of the Cheat, the largest branch of the Monongahela, bordered by some fertile low grounds, and forming where the road crosses the river a beautiful farm called the Dunkard's bottom. I paused on the bank of this noble stream, not with admiration only, but with doubt about crossing it. I heard at the inn that it was *fordable*, but as I was also told a man had been drowned there only half an hour before, and as I knew how reckless of danger backwoodsmen are, I was still hesitating. Just then a horseman appeared on the opposite bank. Though distant three hundred yards, I could discover that he was a stout, fat man, on a very small and weak horse, riding on a large bag, and his bridle reins, as I afterwards found, were made of a strong tow string. He plunged in and the water was in an instant up to the root of his horse's tail. He laid himself back pretty much at his ease, and left his little horse to feel his way among the huge stones that render that ford one of the worst in Virginia. He stemmed the torrent successfully, and at length reached the shore. "Good God, friend," said I, "how could you venture across this torrent on that little horse with your weight, and that large bag full of oats?" "Lord bless you, sir," said he, "I did not care nothing at all about it. You see, sir, I knows this here river as well as my own cabin. You must know I was the ferryman here many a day, and many a time I have swum it when it was higher nor it is now. So if I had got a ducking, I could ha' got out slick enough." As I had no fancy, however, for such a navigation, and had not been trained to the dauntless habits of our hardy highlanders, who fear nothing, and always "go ahead," whatever stands in the way, I quietly wended my way to the ferry, where I passed dry shod, and escaped a cold bath at the expense of a ninepence.

Passing Kingwood, the county-town of Preston, evening brought me to Gandy's, far famed as being the worst house on the road. But unfortunately there is no missing it. He who luxuriates one night at Armstrong's, was always destined inevitably to all sorts of discomfort at Gandy's. It is situated at the eastern base of Laurel Hill, which seems to say to the wearied traveller, with more success and less presumption, than Canute to the ocean—"Thus far shalt thou go and no further." Accordingly I resigned myself to my fate and entered the uncomfortable "Place to rest at for travellers." As I walked into the apartment and drew my chair near the fire, my eye was attracted by an aged man, who was eating his very frugal meal at a table, almost as long as the side of the house, to which it seemed attached as a fixture. His back was to me, and though the scanty gray locks which were scattered on his scalp bore evidence of his great age, yet his brawny shoulders and muscular frame seemed to contradict their testimony. He wore a hunting shirt dyed with arnotto according to the fashion of the country, and his dress otherwise corresponded with this indication of his condition in life. The old lady who was giving him his supper was herself nearly eighty years of age, and was engaged in conversation when I entered. The first sentence I heard was from her lips.

"And how old are you now, sir?" said she.

"Ninety-three, madam," said he.

The answer startled me.

"Ninety-three," said I, "and where do you live?"

"In Kanawha, sir."

"In Kanawha! why that is one hundred and fifty miles from here."

"Yes, sir."

"And how did you get here?"

"I walked."

"And how far do you walk in a day over these mountains?"

"About twenty-five miles, sir," said he.

I was much surprised, but here suspended my examination. The old lady recommenced hers.

"And how old is your youngest child, sir," said she.

"A year last April, madam," said he.

"And how old is your eldest?" said I.

"Sixty-four years old," said he.*

My curiosity was very much excited by this account of himself, from the lips of a patriarch bordering on a hundred years of age, and not less so by the plain and simple good manners of the venerable old man. So as soon as our scanty and uninviting meal was ended, I took the liberty of asking the name and somewhat of the history of this pilgrim through life's weary way, who at more than fourscore and ten years was still struggling in the humble walks of life; still pursuing with unextinguished zeal some phantom—some hope—some glowworm fire, and still looking to earth as to his home, instead of pointing for it, like Anaxagoras, to the skies. What hope—what object could have tempted him so far from home? Was it that he could say in the pathetic language which even Burns could envy,

"Na'e hame ha'e I, the minstrel said,
Sad party strife o'erturned my ha',
And lonely at the eve of life,
I wander thro' a wreath of snaw"?

* The above detail, as well as what follows, is literally true.

It was not this: he had a wife and a young child the object of his care. Was the burden beyond his strength? Then he had a son of more than sixty, on whom to lean in his latter day, when pressed by the hand of rude mischance, and compelled to throw himself and his helpless charge upon another for protection and support. What then was the motive of this wanderer through almost trackless mountains—on foot—alone—his staff his only stay, and even without a dog for company? Reader! he was on his way to the county of Monongalia to ferret out a LAND TITLE!

I am well aware that in any other country than this, my story would be disbelieved. My readers would set me down as a pretender in the almost threadbare art of romancing, and my only credit would be the zeal which I display in contributing my mite to your pages. But those who are familiar with American backwoodsmen, feel and understand at once, how powerful a motive with an old settler and locator of land-warrants, is the hope of securing a title to some scanty glen among the hills, or of discovering a spot of vacant land between the boundaries of other occupants. Upon inquiry, I found that my new acquaintance was no other than Adam O'Brien, of celebrated memory in the north-western part of Virginia, where his name or rather its initials are to be found marked on numerous trees as evidences of settlement. He was, I think, an Irishman by birth, though he was certainly in Virginia as long ago as the war of 1756, at the time of Braddock's defeat. At a later period he seems to have gone over the Alleghany, contrary to the King's proclamation, and was found in that region at the commencement of Indian hostilities before the battle of the Point in 1774. In this situation he became an Indian scout or ranger, and passed his days upon the frontier, amid all the hardships and privations of the forest, and in perpetual hazard of the tomahawk and the scalping knife.

After learning his name, and the service in which he had been engaged in the prime of life, I asked him what circumstances had led him at so early a day to pass into the wilderness and encounter all the perils and the sufferings of the frontier. "Why, Lord bless you, sir," said he, "I did not mind it a bit. It was just what I liked. You see I was a poor man, and I had got behind hand, and when that's the case you know there's no staying in the settlements for those varments, the sheriffs and the constables. They are worse than Indians any day, for you daren't kill 'em no how. Now you know the King's proclamation* warned every body to keep the other side the big ridge, so there was no people over on this side except what run away from justice; and when they got here they were as free as the biggest buck agoing. The red men lay still after

* I presume he alluded to the proclamation of 1763, which reserved "the lands and territories lying to the westward of the sources of the rivers which fall into the sea from the west and north-west," and "strictly forbid on pain of the King's displeasure all his loving subjects from making any purchases or settlements of any of the said lands without his special leave." It also expressly enjoined upon all officers to seize and apprehend all persons whatever, who, standing charged with treasons, misprisions of treasons, murders, or other felonies, or misdemeanors, shall fly from justice, and take refuge in the said territory, and send them under proper guard to the colony where the crime was committed, &c. in order to take their trial for the same." The trans-alleghany country thus appears to have been the city of refuge of those early times.

the peace in sixty-three, so we were as well off as could be in these here backwood settlements. We had tramped through the woods too often not to know where the good land was upon the water courses. Some squatted here and some there—near enough to hear a dog bark or the crack of a rifle, but not too near neither. There was a fine place at the Dunkard bottom, and there, there was a settlement, and there was a settlement where Clarksburg now is. This, mind, was just after the peace, when Fauquier was governor. Well, we all had our little cabins, that hadn't a nail in 'em, but the roof was of clapboards, kept on by a long sapline laid crosswise, and tied fast with hickory wither. You may see some of the like of 'em now in the nooks of the hills. And we had our little patch of corn and potatoes, and powder and ball enough to keep us in bear meat and venison. And now and then a pedler would come over among us, with a little rum and ammunition, and some pins and needles for our old women, and a heap o' little matters that would suit the like of us. We had no money—not even a cut half-bit; but every body had skins, and that was the very things the pedlers come for. And if so be, one had no skins, his neighbor would lend him some, and next time, maybe, he would have to borrow. And we all wur snug and comfortable, I tell you. But at last came the Revolution, and there was a land office opened for patenting the vacant lands; and then the land spekulators poured upon us; and as all settlement rights were saved, all our settlements were as good as gold, and we set about making new settlements. That was easy done. There was nothing to do but mark your name on a tree, and cut down a few saplines and plant a handful of corn, and you'd get a right to four hundred acres of land, though it afterwards cost a good deal of hard swearing, as you may guess. You may see A. O. B. now upon a heap of the trees in the woods through the country here. That stands for Adam O'Brien. That's my name; and I was employed to make settlements on the good lands, and many of 'em I did make sure enough, and after all I am now as poor as a bear in the month of March.

"Well, as I was a saying, we lived quite happy before the Revolution, for there was no courts and no law and no sheriffs in this here country, and we all agreed very well. But by-and-bye the country came to be settled; the people begun to come in, and then there was need for law; and then came the lawyers, and next came the preachers, and from that time we never had any peace any more. The lawyers persuaded us when we lent our skins to our neighbors that we ought to take a due bill for 'em, and then if they did'nt pay they never let us alone till we sued 'em; and then the preachers converted one-half, and they begun to quarrel with t'other half, because they would not take care of their own souls; and from that time we never had any peace for our soul or body. And as for the sheriffs, the varmint, they were worse than a wild cat or a painter; for they'd take the last coverlet from your wife's straw bed, or turn her out of doors in a storm. Oh Lord! oh Lord! its I that knows it! my old blood gets hot when I think of it. My second wife, no, it was my third wife, was lying in of her fourth child in the 'cold winter,' in the middle of January.

* Panther.

One of these here spekulators had brought suit agin me for my little settlement, and what with bad management and hard swearing and perjury, he gained it. And the sheriff come one snowy day in January, with a writ of possession to turn me out, and out we went, and my poor wife I took to an old cabin that had but half a roof on, and she never was out of it till she come out a corpse. I'll tell you, what mister, I thought I'd rather live among the savages all my days, and take my chance of a tomahawk, than live among justices of peace and lawyers and sheriffs, who with all their civility, a'nt got no natral feeling in 'em. They sarved me amost as bad as the copper devils sarved old Tom Hart there down upon the Ohio.*

"How was that?" said I, wilking to divert the mind of the poor old man from reminiscences that seemed to shake his aged frame with emotion.

"Oh!" said he, "it was a sad affair, but what every body looked for in them hard times. I heard old Hart tell about it myself, one time when the Osages was coming into Virginia on their way to the seat of government. They staid all night at Gallipolis, a little below the Point,† not far from where I live, and they were to have a war-dance, and the folks all wanted to go over from the Point to see it, and they wanted Hart to go. And he would'nt. And they asked him why not? And he said because he should want to kill one of them, and he said he was too old to commit murder, and the Indians were all at peace, and it would be a sin to kill one, but if he was to go he should want to kill one of the damned copperheads. And so he up and told what aggravated him so much agin 'em.

"You must know, just about the time of the battle of the Point the Ingians was even on, around the settlements. The settlers were sometimes forted,‡ but whenever the innimy retired they went on to their settlements agin to plant and work their corn, and then the savages would come upon 'em of a sudden, and burn and scalp and slaughter all they come across. The man of the house had to go to the field with his gun, and oftentimes when he was at the plough the woman kept watch with the rifle. Rich people, mister, who have now got all these here lands, don't think much of what a world of suffering they cost the poor settlers. Well! Tom Hart went out one morning to plough, leaving his wife and children at home, and taking his rifle to shoot a buck if he should see one, for he never mistrusted about the Ingians, as it was rather before the troubles broke out, and they had for sometime been quiet. As he was coming home from his work what should he see but his house all afire. He run on, not slow, I tell you, and when he got there, he burst through the fire and found his wife and one child tomahawked and scalped and t'other child gone. He rushed out—for the fire was too hot for him to stay, and took the trail and followed on. He heard a cry like a wild turkey, and he knew it was an Ingian. So he got behind a tree and answered him; and presently a tall Ingian come tramping through the bushes, thinking 'twas another Ingian that answered. So he shot him.

* The above recital is as nearly as I can recollect a substantially accurate statement of the old man's remarks.

† Point Pleasant.

‡ Gathered together in a fort with block houses for defence.

He then followed on the trail 'till about dark he came to where they were camped in the fork of two little cricks. And there was his little daughter in the thick of them. I forget how many they were, but not many; so he makes for home as fast as he can—gets back to the settlement and gets what neighbors he can to go with him. And so they went, and 'tween daylight and sunrise they come upon 'em, where they were with the little gal. They sneaked up and all were to fire together, and he begs them for God's sake not to hit his child. And so they let fly, and some tumbled down, and some jumped up and run off, and Hart and his men set up a whoop, and rushed on and saved the child and carried her safe back, and ever since that time he's been mortal innimy to all the race, and I raly think he would kill one if he was to see him, no matter where. And yet he got his spite out of 'em at the battle of the Point. How many he killed that day he never could say for sartain; but he could swear to two, for as the Ingians and white men were treed, whenever they could they took good sight, and twant hard to tell when they knocked one over."

A new subject was thus broached, and I asked him if he was at the battle of the Point; he answered in the affirmative, and told me a good many things about it which I had heard before. I was particularly struck with his account of old Cornstalk, the Indian chief, who commanded the red men. He was often during the day on a little hillock where he could command a view of the whole battle, and gave his orders in a voice like a speaking trumpet. The old man could not repress his admiration of the noble savage, though he was his *natural* enemy, and he inveighed in strong language against the manner in which he was slain.

We sat till late bedtime chatting about Indian affairs and early times. I remember a little anecdote which gives a vivid idea of the state of the frontier population, while the Indians were yet hovering around them. Clarksburg was a small village much exposed, and the children were kept within very narrow limits, lest a lurking savage should chance to fall upon them. The little urchins, however, then, as now, sometimes broke their bounds. One evening, when a squad of them had wandered too far, they discovered an Indian who was creeping up to surprise them. They all set off for home at full speed, and the Indian finding himself discovered, pursued them fiercely with his tomahawk. The larger children were ahead, but one little fellow, though he ran his best, fell into the rear, and the savage was gaining on him. At last the boy got so far that his pursuer stopped, poised his tomahawk and threw it at him, but missed; upon which, the dauntless child, looking back, exclaimed, "Ahah! you missed me though, you slink."

After several hours of interesting conversation with the old centenarian, we retired to rest. The next morning, though I rose with the sun, he was gone before I was up, and two days afterwards I met him again in Clarksburg, which he had reached after a circuit of more than sixty miles, travelling on foot at about thirty miles a day. How he succeeded in his land claim I never heard, nor do I know whether he yet lives. The days of his pilgrimage are probably ended, though his brawny frame, his firm and well developed muscles, and his fine "thews and sinews" might well have lasted him for half a century more.

JOANNA OF NAPLES.*

This is an exquisite *morceau*, and the printer has sent it from his hands in a style befitting the beauty of its literary execution. This is a charm which it ever stands an author in hand to seek. It is an *a priori* argument in favor of his book that it is thus beautifully printed,—its “rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin.”

The author of “Miriam” and the present work, is Miss Park, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who originally intended to weave a tragedy from the rich material, which, like a lump of virgin gold rather than of ore, she has snatched from the quarry, and wrought into a most touching and intensely interesting history. But as she approached the task, her eyesight failed her, and she was obliged to present the work in a less pretending—but to our minds, a far more inviting form.

That which would have deterred an ordinary mind from attempting this task, seems to have suggested its execution the more forcibly to hers. She had been reading *Mrs. Jameson's Life of Joanna of Naples*, in the *Biography of Female Sovereigns*,—and was led by that perusal to examine all the records of that celebrated queen, to which she could gain access: and, to quote the beautiful language of her preface to this little production, “When deprived of her customary occupations, by partial blindness, one of her chief resources against the weariness of forced idleness was in exercises of the memory and invention. She sometimes entertained herself with weaving fictions, and planning little works destined never to come forth from the chambers of her brain; and amid the visionary processions which moved through her darkened apartment, many a time did the majestic figure of the Neapolitan queen sweep sadly by, the heroine of the unwritten romance. As a memorial of those hours, when the faculties mercifully bestowed on every human mind asserted their power to charm away physical evil, she has, the last summer, committed some of their fruits to paper, and the task has again beguiled a few weeks of ill health. Want of eyesight has prevented her indulging in researches that might have graced her pages with antiquarian lore; but she trusts she has avoided any serious anacronisms. Her narrative is not a work of pure fiction, as most of the leading characters and principal events are historical; and she has endeavored to take no unwarrantable liberties with facts, as recorded by writers, who believed Joanna innocent of the crimes charged upon her by her enemies.”

For this she is to be thanked by all who have pondered regretfully over those pages of history which record the imputed, but yet unproven crimes of the gifted and the beautiful: and the more is she entitled to the gratitude of such readers, that she makes out a good case, (to speak in legal language,) for the noble subject of her romance.

The strongest passages in the writings of any historian, who can be considered as impartial and independent upon this question, against the fame of this ill-fated queen, are the following, from Hallam's “Middle Ages,”—which are, at best, but doubtful witnesses

* *Joanna of Naples*. By the author of “*Miriam*.” Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1833.

against her, adding but little force to the prejudiced accounts the church of Rome has handed down to posterity, concerning the monarch who had the independence to espouse the cause of Clement against the usurper Urban. “Public rumors, in the absence of proof, (says Hallam,) imputed the guilt of this mysterious assassination, [of Andrea, her husband,] to Joanna. Whether historians are authorized to assume her participation in it so confidently as they have generally done, may perhaps be doubted: though I cannot venture, positively, to rescind their sentence.” “The name of Joan has suffered by the lax repetition of calumnies. Whatever share she may have had in her husband's death, and certainly under circumstances of extenuation, her subsequent life was not open to any flagrant reproach: the charge of dissolute manners, so frequently made, is not warranted by any specific proof, or cotemporary testimony.”

But the reader of this little romance will conceive a *beau idéal* of the character of Joanna of Naples, which will make him willing, (or we greatly mistake,) to believe nothing of that heroic woman, not proved,—which is inconsistent with the beautiful portraiture that the pencil of Miss Park has produced.

Another feature of this work will strike the reader. The author shall state this feature in her own happy manner. “In this Tale,” she says in her preface, “the author has remembered a wish often expressed in her hearing by judicious mothers; she has endeavored to discard the machinery usually employed in works of fiction; and to bring strong passions and affections into play, without the coöperation of that, on which the main interest of a romantic story commonly depends. She respectfully waits the decision of the public, as to the degree of interest excited for a heroine, whose fears and trials are not interwoven with a love-tale. Her little work is published in the hope, that, if it win the approbation of her young readers, they may be led by it to the fountains of history, ever pouring forth bright streams of pleasure and instruction. As the current comes gliding down from the urns of dim antiquity, it brings us awful truths, that deserve contemplation,—the insufficiency of human greatness, the dangers of a blinding prosperity,—the terrible retribution, which so often overtakes guilt, even on this side of the grave.”

We commend this book as one of the choicest productions of the day,—and express a hope, which we know all our readers will echo, when, upon our recommendation they shall have perused it,—that this will prove but the commencement of a long series of similar favors, for which her countrymen are yet to be laid under willing obligation to the fair and gifted authoress.

HEXAMETER VERSE.

Gabriel Harvey, who “had the ill luck to fall into the hands of that restless buffoon Tom Nash,” attempted to introduce the Hexameter into our versification. His *Encomium Lauri* thus ridiculously commences:

What might | I call | this tree ? A | lawrell ? | O bonny | lawrell !
Needes to thy | bowes will I | bow this | knee, and | vayne my
bonnetto.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF LIVING AMERICAN POETS AND NOVELISTS.

NO. I.*

FRANCIS WILLIAM THOMAS, ESQ.

This gentleman, now a resident of Cincinnati, is a native of Baltimore. In 1829, we find him a member of the bar in that city, and distinguished for his forensic talents. In 1830-'31, he emigrated to Cincinnati, and shortly afterwards connected himself with a political paper, which bore intrinsic evidence of being controlled by a powerful pen. During his residence in Baltimore, Mr. Thomas, although very young, drew the attention of political parties to himself, by several popular addresses, on occasions of great political excitement. His oratorical powers were of a high order; his eloquence graceful and winning, and frequently varied by flashes of wit, and irresistible humor; and when pointed at a party opponent, often barbed with the keenest sarcasm.

His talent for swaying political assemblies was soon discovered, and appreciated by his new fellow-citizens. He had been a resident of Cincinnati but a few months, when, in every gathering of the people, his voice was heard, stirring them by its powerful eloquence.

His readiness at repartee, and the biting force of his sarcasm, may be shown by the following incident. Like a certain noble poet, Mr. Thomas has a defect in one of his limbs; but, unlike him, he has the wisdom to be wholly indifferent to this peculiarity. On one occasion, during which he was the orator of his party, some reflection, by an opponent in his speech, upon his lameness, started him from his chair. With a kindling eye, and a lip writhing with indignant contempt, he turned upon the gentleman, and in a voice calm and clear, but which rung like a clarion, said—"I thank God, that he gave me not two perfect feet, lest my footsteps should be mistaken for *that man's*!" The careless, but inimitable attitude of his pointed finger, the dark flashing eye, which sought out that of his opponent, and the scorn that dwelt on his curling lip, as he threw all the depth and bitterness of his sarcasm into the last two words, were irresistible and overpowering.

Although editor of a warm partisan paper, and launched on the tumultuous sea of politics, Mr. Thomas found time during the lulls of the tempest, to gaze on the colors of the rainbow; to admire the snowy crests of the waves, as they showered their crystals at his feet; and to amuse himself in watching the prismatic changes of the nautilus, as he trimmed his transparent sail. Amid the roar of the waves over which his bark was borne,

he could appreciate, and seize upon, the brighter, as well as encounter the darker objects in his path; and poetry, with her fascinations, allured him from the tumultuous sea, to glide among her flowery isles, and listen to the melody of Calliope and her sister train.

The "EMIGRANT, or Reflections while descending the Ohio River," a poem, published in 1838, first introduced Mr. Thomas to the public as an author, although he had previously written some fugitive pieces, one of which, entitled, "'Tis said that Absence Conquers Love," was set to music, and is now one of the most popular American lyrics, and may be found on every young lady's piano. Perhaps an incident like the following, is more grateful to a living author, than a Shakspearian opulence of posthumous fame. In 1835, Mr. Thomas arrived in Philadelphia, a total stranger. Without any object to awaken a train of reflections which could make him feel less alone, he walked out in the evening a few hours after his arrival, and hearing from one of the merchants' palaces on Chesnut street, a sound of music, he paused to listen. The words of his own song fell on his ear, warbled by one of the sweetest female voices he had ever heard. The emotions this gratifying incident awakened, were peculiarly pleasing. He felt from that moment that he was no longer a stranger.

"Hoc est,
Vivere bis, vltā priori frui."

The "Emigrant" is a poem in the heroic measure, and the metrical arrangement of its stanzas is similar to that of Gray's "Ode to Adversity." It contains 91 stanzas, and is 728 lines in length. It abounds with strong and beautiful imagery; original and stirring thoughts; is occasionally varied by thrilling transitions, and is not deficient in sound philosophy. In perusing this poem, the reader is struck with a certain energy and manly tone of thought pervading it; and discovers with pleasure, that the author has not sacrificed noble and sound sentiments and common sense, for the sake of a happy turn of verse, or to introduce a garland of fine and flowery words; nor has he substituted an unmeaning word, on account of its smoothness, for one more expressive and sonorous, as is the custom of many of our modern poets, who often seem to prefer smoothness of verse to soundness of thought.

The following extracts will show the character of the poet's mind, and better illustrate his powers than any description of them. The first quotation is from the opening stanza of the poem, and happily expresses the feelings of the Emigrant, on leaving his old, and seeking a new home.

"We both are pilgrims, wild and winding river!
Both wandering onward to the boundless west—
Chanceful and changeful is my destiny;

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* These sketches are numbered, without any reference to literary pre-eminence.

I needs must follow where thy currents lave—
Perchance to find a home, or else, perchance a grave."

There is a sombre coloring visible throughout this poem, which takes its hue from the peculiar feelings of the writer, who at the period of its composition, labored under ill health. He touchingly alludes, in the eleventh stanza, to this infirmity, and finely and poetically expresses the feelings of an ambitious spirit thus clogged in its aspirations.

"Is health returnless? Never more may I
Throw by the staff on which, alas! I lean?
Is the woof woven of my destiny?
Shall I ne'er be again what I have been?
And must the bodily anguish be combined
With the intenseness of the anxious mind?—
The fever of the frame and of the soul,
With no medicinal draught to quell it—or control?"

The following apostrophe to Love, is rich with the quaint and beautiful imagery, which characterises the old masters of the English lyre:

"O, Love! what rhymers has not sung of thee?
And who, with heart so young as his who sings,
Knows not thou art self-burthened as the bee,
Who, loving many flowers, must needs have wings?
Yes, thou art winged, O, Love! like passing thought
That now is with us, and now seems as nought,
Until deep passion stamps thee in the brain,
Like bees in folded flowers, that ne'er unfold again."

We will add another quotation, which breathes the divine afflatus in every line, and marks the accurate observer of nature:

"And the wild river, laughing, laves its banks—
A babbler—like a happy-hearted girl,
Dancing along with free and frolic pranks;
The leaves o'erhanging tremble like the curl
That plays upon her forehead as she goes:
While, 'mid the branches free from human woes,
The wild bird carols to its happy mate,
Glad for the present hour, nor anxious for its fate."

A more eloquent definition of Eloquence has seldom been written than the following:

"And this is Eloquence. 'Tis the intense
Impassioned fervor of a mind deep fraught
With native energy, when soul and sense
Burst forth embodied in the burning thought;
When look, emotion, tone are all combined—
When the whole man is eloquent with mind:
A power that comes not at the call or quest,
But from the gifted soul and the deep-feeling breast."

The succeeding stanzas, suggested by the sight of Blannerhasset's island, on sailing past it, will close, save one in allusion to his profession, the extracts from this poem. The second stanza, it will readily be seen, alludes to Col. Burr:

"Isle of the beautiful! how much thou art,
Now in thy desolation, like the fate
Of those, who came in innocence of heart,
With thy green Eden to assimilate;
Then art her coronal to nature gave,
To deck thy brow, queen of the onward wave!
And woman came, the beautiful and good,
And made her happy home 'mid thy embracing flood.

Alas! another came; his blandishment,
The fascination of his smooth address,
That read so well the very heart's intent,
And could so well its every thought express,
Won thy fair spirits to its dark design,
And gave our country, too, her Cailline.
He lives---the Roman traitor dared to die!
Yet in their different fates behold the homily."

The following and last quotation we shall make from the "Emigrant" is a pleasant allusion to the author's profession. Its truth and accuracy will find defenders in all who have to do with the "glorious uncertainties of the law."

"Soon must I mingle in the wordy war,
Where knavery takes in vice, her sly degrees,
As slip away, 'not guilty,' from the bar,
Counsel or client, as their honors please.
To breathe in crowded court, a poisonous breath---
To plead for life---to justify a death---
To wrangle, jar, to twist, to twirl, to toil,---
This is the lawyer's life---a heart-consuming moil."

We will here close this notice of Mr. Thomas's poetical works, for these "sketches" are not intended either for elaborate reviews or criticisms, but, simply, brief notices of the writings and style of authors, illustrated when necessary, by occasional quotations. We would observe, however, that the "Emigrant" was, even in this day, when poetry is so little read and appreciated, favorably received, and won for the author the praise and popularity due to genius. A poem of a different cast from the "Emigrant," several cantos in length, and abounding in keen satire, humorous hits at the times, and enriched with several admirable portraits, originating in the eccentricities and absurdities which characterize the fashions and follies of the present structure of society, is now we learn, in preparation by the same author.

In November, 1835, Mr. Thomas threw down his gauntlet in the lists in which he had appeared with some success as a poet, and challenged public opinion as a novelist. At this period, tired with

"Wrangling, jarring, twisting, twirling, toiling,"

he had retired both from the editorial chair and the bar, and devoted himself to the more congenial pursuits of literary composition.

"CLINTON BRADSHAW, or the Adventures of a Lawyer," is the title of the work by which he made his first appearance in this new path of literature. In applying his talents to this fascinating species of composition, which has in a great measure taken the place of the epic-rythmical poem, Mr. Thomas was only directing his genius into a field where it could take a higher and wider range. The poet is necessarily the creator of the novelist; and although popular poets will not always make popular novelists, yet no man, however severely his mind may be cultivated, however accurate and extensive his knowledge, however polished and classical his style, can become a popular novelist without being also a poet. The

one without the other, is the statue of marble, which passes—the triumph of his skill—from the hand of the sculptor, charming the eye with the exquisite symmetry and life-like truth of its proportions, wanting the soul to give animation to the eye, pencil the veins with azure, and give to the boom the undulating swell of the heaving wave.

"Clinton Bradshaw," to make use of the words of another, "is the story of a young lawyer of limited means and popular talents, whose ambition urges him to elevate himself by all the honorable means in his power. His professional pursuits lead him among the coarsest criminals, while his political career brings him in contact with the venal and corrupt of all parties. But, true alike to himself and the community of which he is a member, the stern principles of a republican and the uncompromising spirit of a gentleman are operative under all circumstances."

The reception of this book by the public, although of a kind flattering to the author, was not such as to stamp it with that decided mark of approbation, which is the index of popularity; nor such as those which had measured the intellectual strength of the writer, and witnessed, on other occasions, the bold flights of his genius, had anticipated. The causes which operated against its entire success, lay in the introduction of one or two characters of both sexes, such as Fielding has successfully drawn, but which in the present modification of public taste, even from the pen of a Fielding or a Smollet, would have been received with distaste. The truth and coloring of these portraits were undeniable, and evinced the pen of a master; but they belong to a school now out of date, and are superseded by subjects, which, although of a more chastened and refined character, are also less marked by strength and durability. Another cause may be traced to a peculiarity which may apply with equal force to all American novels, written to portray American manners and customs in American cities. The characters being such everyday people as we meet with in the commonplace routine of life, can be invested, however powerful may be the wand of the magician who calls them up to act their part on fiction's stage, by none of that magic and romance, which is at the present day, and indeed since the days of Mrs. Ratcliffe, has been the *sine qua non* of a successful American novel. It is different with the novels of other countries. The transcendent genius of Scott, in delineating the manners of his countrymen, was aided by the romance of that land of story. There was a stirring tale speaking in every glen; a tradition hanging on every mountain's brow, and ruined castle-wall; and *brownies*, *bogles* and *elves*, wandering on heaths, living in wild caves, or presiding over fountains, were ever ready to start up at the bidding of the great enchanter.

Even tales of London life, have their charms for the American reader: for, with a colonial feeling, that still lives in the hearts of all true Americans, and that derives its existence from the worthiest and holiest principles of human nature—love of "*faderland*"—we still look with a romantic and filial interest towards the "mother country." All that strengthens these associations, and brings us, in imagination, nearer to a land we love to contemplate at a distance, is readily received and cherished. It is, perhaps, to this poetic feeling, rather than to the intrinsic worth of the works themselves, that pictures of London life and manners, which differ but very little, if at all, from those in the principal cities of the United States, find here such extensive circulation, and so large a number of readers; while an American work, of superior merit, cumbers the shelves of the booksellers. We have, moreover, such a consurable, but, by the way, very natural propensity, to read of princes, dukes and baronets, that the mere glimpse of these titles, as they catch the eye in running the fingers over the leaves, is sufficient to secure a purchaser and reader, while the pretty nose is turned up, or the manly lip ejects a "pshaw!" at meeting in the novel lying beside it, only plain misters, and colonels, may be, and peradventure a senator or two, and a president. One "my lord," is worth an army of these republican characters; and so, aside from our colonial prejudices for everything English, the American work is thrown down with something like contempt. It is owing to these causes, that American pictures of manners in American cities, are not popular here, when, at the same time, they may be so in England—for we often first know our authors through the kindness, or rather justice of the British press. Viewed under these circumstances, it is not surprising that a novel of this class—in which "Clinton Bradshaw" is to be ranked—should have met only with partial success, where the author's friends, basing their judgment upon a knowledge of his powers, anticipated the most sanguine result. That it did not at once, therefore, take the high stand as a novel, its intrinsic merit entitled it to, is to be referred to causes beyond the control of authors.

The foregoing remarks, it should be understood, do not apply to American novels as a *class*, but to that *species* of them called "fashionable novels," the characters of which are daily familiar to our eyes, and therefore altogether wanting in those mysterious parts, that go to make up a hero or heroine: Cooper, Simms, Kennedy, Bird, and others, to be hereafter named, have shown us that the American novel can be invested with a dignity, power, and romantic interest, rivalling British works of this class. Our strictures apply only to what may be termed "civic novels." Probably all American novels of this species, however

well written and brilliant with genius, will, in their native country, meet with an indifferent reception, and have only an ephemeral existence. Perhaps it may be laid down as an undeniable proposition, that no novel can *live*, unless it is based on some remarkable historical event, which, like leaven in the lump, leavens the whole, infusing into it a principle of perpetuity. Independent of the genius of the author, this is the great secret of the Waverly novels—the leaven of history pervades them all.

"Clinton Bradshaw," however, was only a trial of the author's powers, as a youthful knight tilts in the tournament to try the metal of his barb, and test the strength and fitness of his armor, before he encounters in the more deadly strife of the field. It has been said that one sin is inevitably the parent of a numerous progeny: an author's first book is equally prolific. "Clinton Bradshaw," after having passed into a second edition, was followed eleven months afterwards, (in November, 1836,) by a second novel, entitled, "EAST AND WEST." During the interval, however, he was engaged in the composition of a satirical poem, already alluded to, called "The Beechen Tree," and about the length of the "Bride of Abydos," and with a somewhat similar variety of versification. This will be published sometime in the present year, probably; but, whenever it does appear, it will eminently contribute to the poetic fame of its author.

"East and West" assimilates to the same species of fiction, with which "Clinton Bradshaw" has been classed, but does not decidedly belong to it. Like that work, it is constructed upon no historical basis or popular tradition, but professes to be a picture of American manners, deriving its interest solely from the virtues and vices of the characters, and the circumstances in which they are placed. It differs from "Clinton Bradshaw," however, not only in not confining its scenes to the streets and houses of a metropolis, and their trite, daily histories, thereby encroaching too closely upon the province of the penny press, and lessening the dignity and charm of epic composition, but it differs from it in the variety and originality of its characters; the frequent changes of its scenes; (especially in the second volume, to which these observations exclusively apply;) its stirring incidents, and glowing descriptions of western scenes, character and adventure. The character of Blazeaway, a "river character," so called, and a spirited and thrilling narrative of a steamboat race, mark the second volume as no ordinary production. The two volumes are of very unequal merit; the first coming under the class of "city novels," while the second is of a widely different and more popular character. The cause is neither altogether in the author, nor in the style; but in the subject and scenes. He leaves the

paved streets and fashionable folks, brick-houses and pier-glasses behind him, with the first volume. In the second, he fearlessly spreads his wing and plumes his crest, like the unchained eagle, who soars to his native mountains, and with a bolder pen, seizes upon the themes and scenes, which, beyond the Alleghanies, spring up unbidden on every side, rich and inexhaustible material for the romancer.

The West is the legitimate empire of the American western novelist; and when he shall be content to wield over it the sceptre of his genius, and unfold its wild traditions, his works will contain the true principle of life. "It is a land," says the celebrated Mr. Flint, in a recent letter to the writer, "where every thing in history, natural and civil, every thing in nature and art, pertaining to it, touching its settlement and progress, is, in itself, matter of romance, and wanting, to those who have not seen and observed, *vrai semblance* almost in the same ordinary standard of romance."

A pen that can discourse so eloquently of the West, as in the following stanzas, taken at random from the "Emigrant," should seek no different theme: his muse should linger,

"Where stole the paddle-plied and tottering bark
Along the rough shore's cragg'd and sedge side;
Where the fierce hunter, from the forest dark,
Pursued the wild deer o'er the mountains wild."

* * * * *

"Yet, who that ever trod upon the shore,
Since the rude red man left it to his tread,
Thinks not of him? * * *

That Indian mound
Will soon be levelled with the plough'd up ground;
Where stands that village church, tradition's hold,
The war-whoop once rung loud, o'er many a warrior
cold."

"Within thee, river! many a pale face sleeps,
And many a red man's ghost his vigil keeps;
And many a maid has watched thy dark banks over.
For thee, perchance, thy stream ran red with blood,
There pale and red men met upon thy shore,
Embracing foes, they sank within the flood,
Fierce twins in death, and joined forever more!
But, God is just! to him the red race fly,
Driv'n to the pathless west, thence upward to the sky."

"Here once Boone trod, the hardy pioneer,
The only white man in the wilderness;
That mountain there, that lifts its bald high head
Above the forest, was perchance his throne!"

"How fertile is this 'dark and bloody ground':
Here death has given many a horrid wound!
Here was the victim tortured to the stake,
While dark revenge stood by, his burning thirst to slake."

* * * * *

"Methinks I see it all within yon dell,
Where trembles through the leaves the clear moonlight;
Say, Druid oak! canst not the story tell?
Why met they thus? and wherefore did they fight?
And wept his maiden much? and who was he
Who thus so calmly bore his agony?
Sang he his death-song well? was he a chief?
And mourned his nation long, in notes of lengthened
grief?"

It will be discovered by those who compare Mr. Thomas's novels, especially "Clinton Bradshaw,"

with this fine poem, that he has not yet done justice to his talents, or chosen subjects most congenial with his tone of mind, or best suited to the development of his powers. The admirers of genius will therefore look with some anxiety towards the future direction of powers which have not been conducted into the channel to which they have already shown a natural tendency.

Although the writer has not seen a review, not even the briefest newspaper notice of "East and West," and cannot therefore determine the kind of reception it has received by the editorial corps and the reviewers, yet judging only from the work itself, and the opinions of many who have perused it, he is confident of its title to a fair share of popularity, which must, in some degree, however, be qualified, by the causes above stated, operating on fictions of the class to which this belongs. It is spirited and racy, enriched with fine thoughts, and abounds in admirable sketches of character. The style, though not elegant or studied, is bold, free and flowing, as if the author wrote with ease and rapidity.

In briefly sketching the character of Mr. Thomas's mind, the poet and the novelist are too inseparably united to admit of their peculiar features being separately considered. As an observer of nature, he delights in the contemplation of the sublime and terrible, rather than the picturesque; choosing to spread the wings of his imagination and sail above the beetling crags, rather than fly through fairy dells, or hover in the shadowy grove. But he is not an enthusiastic admirer of "grassy meadows, breezy slopes, inspiring hills and mountain crags;" and will turn his back on the fairest scene, to seat himself in some quiet corner, if he be travelling, perchance in a steamer on the Ohio or Mississippi, to hold conversation with some "character," whom accident may have thrown in his way. It may be remarked, here, that his conversational talents are of the highest order; his voice agreeable, and his address and manners popular and prepossessing.

Perhaps the most prominent trait of Mr. Thomas's mind, is his perception and instinctive appreciation of the picturesque, eccentric and absurd, and what is called *original* points in the appearance, habits, or characters of men. With an eye to the humorous, and a passion for observing what he has emphatically termed "characters," he is at all times observant, and constantly deriving in this way, not only amusement to himself, but for his readers. Probably there is not a character, particularly the ruder ones, (for it is the unhewn block, and not the polished column which forms subjects for his study,) in his novels, which is not drawn from living originals; who, at a public table, in the street or highway, have unconsciously sat for their portraits to this observing painter of men and manners. It is this naturalness, this

not so much copies of men, as the men themselves, that constitutes the peculiar charm of Mr. Thomas's prose writings. This talent of observation has led him to study the characters of distinguished men; and insensibly created a taste for biography, which he has displayed in an eminent degree, in a popular biographical sketch of Wirt, published shortly after the death of this distinguished man.

We will now conclude this article, which has insensibly grown to an unexpected length, with a brief sketch of Mr. Thomas's personal appearance, inasmuch as it is not the fashion now-a-days for authors to show themselves to their readers, like their olden time predecessors, *en frontispice*. He is about twenty-eight years of age, five feet nine inches in height, compactly built, and slightly inclined to be fleshy. His complexion is a healthy brown; his hair black and wavy, and is worn long and negligently about his temples. His forehead is straight and high, with the intellectual organs strongly developed. His eyebrows are square and full, and beneath them plays a pair of deep-set eyes of the keenest black, with a lively if not a laughing expression, in which mixed humor and penetration predominate. His nose is straight and faultless; his lips accurately chiseled, and remarkably flexile, and capable of expressing humor or sarcasm in a striking degree. The ruling expression of his face, which is that of a handsome, dark complexioned man, is good humor and intelligence, and is marked with decided intellect. His address is courteous and gentlemanly; his politeness, proceeding rather from the heart, than the observance of mere external forms. On account of the slight peculiarity before alluded to, which renders artificial aid indispensable, he walks with a stout cane, with one arm behind his back, and his face bent, as if in deep thought, on the pavement, at which times, his face wears that solicitous look often observable in men, who, like him, have from infancy been the martyr of severe physical suffering. As an author, Mr. Thomas has only to be taught by further experience the natural tendency of his fine powers, to rank high among native American authors.



CURIOUS ELEMENTARY BOOK.

There exists a very curious little book in German, published at Leipzig in 1743, entitled "A new book of the A B C in 100 languages, or fundamental instruction for acquiring in the most tender youth not only German, Latin, French and Italian, but likewise the oriental and other languages." It contains, in fact, the alphabet and first elements of 100 different languages, ancient and modern. It was reprinted in 1748 and greatly augmented. The second edition contains the Lord's prayer in 200 languages. It is by John Frederick Frita.

LINES

Presented with a New Album.

Go! pretty book!
And when upon thy snowy page,
My fair shall look,
Tell her, whose love I would engage,
That to my partial eye she seems to be,
More pure and spotless far than even thee.

Tell her when treasures rare,
Fair volume, on thy page shall meet,
That then I will compare
To her own mind thy tassellated sheet,
Where taste and heavenly poesy combine
To make mosaic of this page of thine.

Or tell her that I send
An empty casket to her care,
And bid my friend
Store it unstintingly with jewels rare,
Culled by young fancy from the heaps that lie
In the full treasures of fair poesy.

And when o'er thee
Her gems are strewed, oh then I'll hope
Once more to see
Thee, beautiful kaleidoscope!
And on thy glittering wreaths and changeful hues,
Pore with delight, and tedious hours amuse.

Or shall I liken thee
To the smooth surface of a lake,
In which we love to see
The stars of heaven reflected back,
When night unrolls to the enchanted eye,
The 'spangled curtain of the dark blue sky?

Oh! there the radiant spheres
In heaven's inverted concave glow,
And every ray appears
Reflected from a deep abyss below,
While o'er our heads their orbs through ether roll,
And with poetic rapture fill the soul.

Above the rest resplendent,
The bard of Avon's waneless star,
Shines lord of the ascendant,
And shoots his blazing glories far,
While next, immortal Milton's sapphire rays,
Pour on the eye a bright empyrean blaze.

But, ah! the attempt were vain,
To number all the starry host,
That in her splendid train,
Bright eyed poesy can boast,
These glimmering faintly, while with powerful ray
Those shoot abroad as general as the day.

Disdain not yet the beam
That genius scatters from his glittering car,
Although it may not gleam
From Byron's sun or Moore's bright morning star,
But gathering all their rich and varied dyes,
Shine like a rainbow in the vernal skies.

JOURNAL

OF A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS, CAVES AND SPRINGS
OF VIRGINIA.

By a New-Englander.

To CHARLES E. SHERMAN, Esq., of Mobile, Ala.

These fragments of a Diary, kept during a tour made in his
society, are respectfully and affectionately inscribed, by his
friend and fellow-traveller. THE AUTHOR.

— Virginia! Yet I own
I love thee still, although no son of thine!
For I have climbed thy mountains, not alone,—
And made the wonders of thy vallies mine;
Finding, from morning's dawn till day's decline.
Some marvel yet unmarked,—some peak, whose throne
Was loftier,—girt with mist, and crowned with pine:
Some deep and rugged glen, with copae o'ergrown,—
The birth of some sweet valley, or the line
Traced by some silver stream that murmurs lone:
Or the dark cave, where hidden crystals shine,
Or the wild arch, across the blue sky thrown.

* * * * *
* * * * * Wilde.

CHAPTER IV.

Sunday at White Sulphur. Reflections. An Excursion to
Lewisburg. A Deer Hunt. More Visitors. The Climate. Fine
Nights. Serenades. A Night Ramble. The Array of Stars.

White Sulphur Springs, July 27, 1835.

Yesterday was Sunday:—

But the sounds of the church-going bell,
These vallies and rocks never hear,
Ne'er sigh at the sound of a knell,
Nor smile when Sabbaths appear.

There are occasionally religious services in the ball-
room, when a clergyman, willing to perform there, is to
be found among the guests, but yesterday, the appear-
ance of the blacks in their best attire and in their high-
est spirits, was the only indication of the return of that
sacred day. Perhaps there were less promenading, less
music, and less gaiety than during the rest of the week,
but still to a New-Englander, it seemed very little like
Sunday.

But nature's Sabbath dawns wherever the heart is
attuned to that sacred sympathy which sees in the quiet
seclusion of the woodland retreat, a fit altar for the
sacrifices of a grateful heart, worshipping beneath the
blue dome of Heaven, as in a temple built by Deity, as
the place which he has made glorious for his presence,
and where to the pure in spirit he is ever accessible,
though arrayed in all the splendor of his divinity. It
never can be that

"Sunday dawns no Sabbath-day for him,"

who, removed far from the delights of home, cannot
worship in temples made with hands, though the spirit
of worship and the sentiment of gratitude, and the emo-
tion of a humble and dependant heart, on a review of
its own demerits and its abounding causes of thankful-

ness, may yet be ever active within him. Such a one finds a temple, an altar, a choral symphony, wherever the cope of Heaven arches over the retreats of nature, wherever the shade of the forest, the rippling of the streamlet, and the music of birds, invite to meditation, to reflection, to adoration of the gifts, and wonderful order of Providence, and to the welling-up of those emotions, which, while they are irrespective of time and place, are as grateful in the sight of Him who looks upon the heart, as though they sprung from the stuccoed domes, the vaulted roofs, and Gothic arches of the proudest fanes erected by the hands of man. And where does nature keep Sabbath, if not here, in these pathless woods,—on the slope of these magnificent mountains,—beneath these mild skies, and amid these sylvan shades, tuneful with the voices of a thousand birds, and soothing the spirit of the worshipper with the gentle flow of many brooks, musically gliding over the pebbles that lie below, glistening in the straggling sunbeam that finds its way through the overarching foliage?

At no great distance from this spot the sermon of the old blind preacher, described so touchingly by the late William Wirt of Virginia, in his celebrated "British Spy," was delivered. All will recollect that pathetic story: the woodland scene among the mountains,—the passionate eloquence of the preacher,—the raising of his sightless eyes to Heaven,—the description of the Saviour's sufferings,—the comparison between the death of Socrates and that of Christ,—and that glowing peroration, "Socrates died like a philosopher,—but Jesus Christ like a God!" That sermon was uttered in such a temple, and surrounded by such associations as I have imperfectly described. That temple was among these very mountains, and between their ridges reside the descendants of that old blind patriarch: and such were the recollections that have sanctified the day that has just passed, otherwise unmarked by any surrounding religious associations.

July 28.

An excursion to Lewisburg. This is a pleasant little village, distant from the White Sulphur about ten miles, and a pretty ride, often enjoyed by the residents here. With good horses and in a convenient phaeton, (a Baltimore friend's,) the journey was accomplished in little more than an hour and a half, through a lovely tract of country, the whole length of which was traversed by the fine turnpike of which I have already said something in commendation. We passed, and were passed and met by several vehicles, in which pleasure-parties to and from the Springs, below as well as above, from the Sweet as well as the White Sulphur, were dashing along the well graded road, all in high glee. Arrived at Lewisburg, I went over to the Court House, where the court of appeals was in session. This is the highest tribunal in the state, and the chief justice, or president, is *Henry St. George Tucker*, to whom I have already particularly alluded. There were one or two important cases expected to come on,—and the distinguished Richmond barrister, *Chapman Johnson*, was there. But the cases were postponed or settled, and I had not an opportunity of hearing, as I had hoped to do, the argument of the learned counsel. It was a disappointment, but these are the lot of man, and I went back to the hotel, enjoyed a dinner that would have surprised nine-tenths of the country inn-keepers of New England, by

its sumptuousness, and trotted back to the Springs, on the whole quite pleased with my little excursion.

July 29.

A deer hunt. This morning "the hounds were unkennelled, all ripe for the chase," and came dashing through the square, baying in full chorus, with half a dozen young gentlemen, headed by Nimrod, who ever and anon blew a note on his horn to keep in the hounds, all arrayed in proper trim for hunting the deer in the neighboring mountains. It was a novel and a gallant sight. The morning was clear and brilliant, and every thing promised a merry excursion, and plenty of sport. The huntsmen were mounted on fine horses, each carried a gun or rifle, and off they went for the mountain, in a southerly direction. Arrived at the haunts of the game, the leader of the chase stationed a man at several open passes or intervals among the mountains, who was to watch the coming forth of the deer as he should break cover, and bound for shelter across them to the opposite thicket. The hounds were all this time on the scent, and soon the game was afoot. The crack of rifles was heard, and the deep baying of the hounds was unintermitting. But, contrary to the usual good fortune of Nimrod and his "merry men all," there was no game struck, or if struck, it was but slightly, and not skilfully enough to secure the prey.

"So letting the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,"

the huntsmen returned, with no other satisfaction for their morning's excursion, than a good ride, good exercise, and the customary "treat" from the individual who was so unfortunate as to make an unsuccessful shot. Such is a stag hunt in the Alleghanies, and differing only from the most of them, in the important particular, that the specimen furnished you was not crowned with the usual success.

The Springs are still filling. Scores of applicants are turned away daily, and are quartered about in the neighborhood, ready at any moment to slip in, whenever the scales of Mr. Anderson's even-handed justice shall incline favorably. Among the last new arrivals are large parties from South Carolina. Virginia, too, is on the *qui vive*. The neighboring Springs are pouring in upon us their visitants, and the surrounding country is full of *quarantiners*, waiting for admission. Not a place in which to lay one's head can be had, *inter parietes*, and as to Dickson's, the Sweet Springs, "the White House on the Hill," the Brick Tavern, and all the other suburbs of this place, numerous as they are, they are overflowing with anxious expectants, (four beds in a room, and three in a bed,) who every morning turn their longing, lingering look towards the paradise they may not enter. Some, more hardy than the rest, come boldly in, deposit their baggage on the piazza, borrow a friend's room in which to dress, spend the day and evening, and then sleep, or not sleep, heaven only knows where, until the dawn of the day which is to admit them to a cabin in "Alabama Row," or "The Wolf." I have frequently seen recumbent forms upon the benches under the trees in the square, covered with thick great-coats or cloaks, at midnight, apparently enjoying sound repose in the still moonlight, undisturbed save by a casual footstep or the occasional baying of

the awakened hounds. What will not people do to keep their place in the train of fashion and pleasure?

But few go away, compared with the number of arrivals. The pleasures of the place, the opportunity of social intercourse of a grade much higher and more agreeable than is usually enjoyed at watering places, the convenience of making pleasant excursions for miles around the Springs, as a common centre, attract and retain many more guests than the pleasure or the necessity of drinking the waters. *Paradise and North Carolina Rows*, present every evening a most attractive spectacle, the white piazzas filled with crowds of happy visitors, and vocal with hundreds of joyous voices. The seats beneath the trees at twilight are also well filled, and the dancers are beginning, as I write, to gather in the hall. The translucent clouds resting on the peaks of the mountains, have caught and reflected the last rays of the sun that has long since disappeared behind them, and are now softening from their yellow lustre into a thin curling mass of vapor, through which the stars are beginning to twinkle, and beneath which the new moon is bashfully sinking behind the hills. The new moon! If there be not in the modest beaming of that pale crescent the promise of midnight serenade, and of beauty's dream broken by the gentle breathings of flute and flageolet, perchance of manly voice, to the touch of the gay guitar,—there is no virtue extant in the legendary lore of astrology.

The evening air among these hills is damp and misty, and yet no one ever takes cold here. There seems to be a salubriousness even in the vapors which rise amid the mountains, and descend in showers or dews upon us in this happy valley. The truth is, these vapors, from the nature of the soil and the atmosphere, are not miasmatic nor impure. They rise from the pure bosom of our "gentle mother," and bear with them nothing that is not healthful, mild and salubrious; and it has actually come to be a popular belief in this region, that the night airs and night dews of the White Sulphur, are highly beneficial to invalids.

July 30.

I did not miscalculate on the gallantry and taste of the lovers at Spa. There were serenades last night, even as I predicted. Towards midnight I was awakened by a strain of sweet music, breaking in upon the stillness of night, and charming the air with melody. It proceeded from the band at present performing here, and was executed with taste and feeling. Soon a voice came stealing, in unison with the strain, upon my ear. It was breathed from the lips of some youth beneath a lady's window in *Paradise Row*, and it was with singular appropriateness of selection, that the serenader, in a mirthful and arch style of execution, commenced with "We're all a'noddin',"—following this introduction with "Oft in the Stilly Night," and closing his performance with "Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour." Soon all was hushed, the tinkling of the guitar, the breathing of the flute, the warbling of the clarionet, the swell of the mellow horn, and the accents of the serenader, all died away upon the ear, and the fair objects of this graceful compliment were left to dream of the sounds to which they had been listening, just as the evening star was also pillowing itself upon the clear mountain top.

"Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
The floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb
But in his motion like an angel stings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

I was curious to see how this lovely place looked beneath the still and quiet cope of heaven, lighted only by the stars, at deep midnight; and finding it impossible to recover the sleep that had been broken by the serenaders, I walked forth into the open air, and commenced my midnight ramble. Before me stood the pavilion, imbosomed in foliage,—its white columns showing like marble in the clear starlight. The white cluster of stars that extends in a milky path across the heavens, was shedding down a soft and peculiar radiance upon the statue that presides over the fountain,—while a solitary lamp hung within, to light the casual visitant to the pure element that bubbles up beneath. I stooped to quaff the elixir; for I have learned, as all will learn who come and try, to love it as never did a devotee of Bacchus love the juice of the ruddy grape. I pursued my way refreshed,—and followed the spring from its outlet to its course among the woods that hang over it, reflecting their heavy limbs in its translucent waters. It is a beautiful little stream, and pursues its steady, onward, undeviating, and perennial path, until it swells the current of the great Ohio in the west.

As I passed along this little river's bank, beneath the overarching woods, I suddenly roused the hounds, that lie in their kennel at my left. They had been tired with the day's chase, and were more quiet than usual. Indeed, I had not thought of my proximity to them, as I went on my silent way. But no sooner did they hear my footsteps near their domain, but as if by a unanimous concert of purpose, they rushed open-mouthed to the fence of their enclosure, and raised a baying, that reminded me of Virgil's description of the barking of Cerberus, on the descent of Æneas to Avernus. As my steps receded, they became quiet, or nearly so, an occasional short, sharp howl, alone testifying the unwillingness with which dogs as well as men submit to have their slumbers broken. I felt no compunction on that score, however, offsetting thereto many similar disturbances suffered on my own part, attributable to the agency of these very gentry. So, leaving them to reflect on the virtue and propriety of retributive justice as they best might, I pursued my walk.

The array of stars is a noble sight, even to the uninitiated in astronomy. The stars,—the same stars that on the plains of Shinar God bade his chosen patriarch Abraham to count as the number of his seed,—the reward of his faithfulness. The same stars beneath which Jacob lay, and dreamed that they formed the pavement upon which angels walked;—the stars, the bright, the beautiful, the musical stars, that sang at nature's birth, and that sing ever in their spheres. The unloosed bands of the Pleiades, twinkling in their seven harmonious orbits,—the belted Orion,—the Serpent twining its lustrous folds between the Bears,—the lovely Lyra, on which you can almost fancy the symphonies of the heavenly choir are singing,—the Dogs, beautiful and more bright than those which poets fabled as accompanying Diana in her chase,—Aldebaran, prince of

Hyades,—Gemini, those gentle twins,—Capella, that seems a train of starry effulgence as she bounds across the firmament, like the Capella of the hills she shines upon. Thus did I wander and gaze, until my weary footsteps tended homewards, and I returned to my pillow, just as the last glimmer in the latest cottager's window was expiring.

CHAP. V.

Death at the Springs. Funerals. The Stranger-Dead. Leave-takings. Poetry to the Pope. Time at the Springs.

White Sulphur Springs, July 31, 1835.

Death is everywhere,—and the healing waters of this blessed Spring are not always efficacious. But two deaths have occurred here this season, and one was that of Dr. Stevenson of Boston; whose amiability and excellence of character, whose gentleness and suavity of manners, whose professional and literary skill and genius, and whose general value as a citizen, are well known to Bostonians. He died here, in this lovely spot, whither he had come to avail himself of the use of the waters, being in a very low state of health—away from all save a few friends who surrounded his pillow during his last days, and made up by their assiduous attentions and delicate offices of kindness for the absence of those comforts which can only be enjoyed, at such a time, among one's kindred. He was much respected and lamented here, no less than at home.

The other was that of a New York lady, who had left that city in delicate health, to travel to the western country, where she had relatives. This journey was recommended to her by her physicians, as likely to restore her to health, and with her husband, she reached this point in her tour, where, having business of pressing importance to attend to, he left her, not worse than she had been on her journey thus far, and returned to New York. He had, however, been there but a few days, when he heard, first of the extreme illness of his wife, and on his way to meet her here, of her death. He took the stage-coach in which I came from Staunton, and we came on together. Heart-broken he arrived at the Springs to perform the last sad offices to the remains of the partner of his life,—but too late. They had been faithfully discharged by strangers: and he had only the sad consolation to learn that all which could be done had been performed by the residents and visitants of the Springs, in the neighborhood where he had left her,—and to visit her grave in the little burying ground connected with the place.

Such little incidents, at places so thronged with people from all parts of the country, strangers to each other, and having no other sympathies with each others' feelings than that which is the dictate of a common nature, are always touching and impressive. It was a moving sight to behold that pall borne to the grave in a land so far from the home of the departed, by the hands of strangers,—to see the remains of loveliness and worth followed to the tomb by those who had not known in life the form that had faded and was now mouldering to ashes, but who felt bound by the strong chain of

human sympathy, to do these last sad offices to one who had not died "among her kindred." There was a check awhile to all the gaiety and mirth of this gay and mirthful place, and the semblance, if not the reality of decent sorrow and quiet sadness, gave a striking illustration of the natural effect upon the mind of such lessons of the mutability of human affairs, as the funeral train pursued its slow and solemn way through the walks now deserted by the gay crowd, whose demeanor indicated that such an impression was produced as the scene seemed to demand. It was a moving illustration of the truth, that "in the midst of life we are in death."

* * * * *

The parting of friends, whose friendships have been formed but within a few weeks, and who, on bidding farewell to each other, have no other ties to sunder than those that have had so short a time to twine around their hearts, would hardly seem, when abstractly considered, as likely to cause much mutual regret or to produce a pang to feelings so slightly interested by association, habit, or sympathy. Yet there is, now and then, at places like this, (where we meet for the indulgence of the best feeling of our nature, whence all interests that can clash with each other are, in the nature of things, completely shut out and unthought of, and where every one strives to enjoy the opportunity that may never again occur, to become interested in those he meets, and to make himself acceptable to them,) a parting that approaches in poignancy the separations of older friends, and the sundering of ties more strongly knit. It is honorable to our nature that this is so. At a place like this, there is a gathering of those whose habits and education are such as to render them likely to be mutually pleased with each other, and to unite them together by such common bonds as are furnished by the scene, the nature of the occasions that call them hither, and the similarity of pursuits and identity of purposes that mark their life while here. The little community becomes more and more consolidated in feeling, and its component parts become more and more necessary to each other's enjoyment—and thus, when there occurs a rupture in the chain of sympathies so produced by the removal of a single link, it is sympathetically felt throughout all the rest, and the loss is felt in proportion to the importance of the link to the continuity and strength of the chain.

August 3.

Here is a copy of verses which have been "a nine days' wonder" at this place, and the curiosity as to the authorship of which has hardly yet subsided. They are addressed to a gentleman well known and highly appreciated in the annals of White Sulphur, the grand master of ceremonies for years on festive occasions, and by prescription the *Patron* of the establishment. I may be breaking faith to send it to the press, but I hope it will be excusable, as an attempt to preserve, in a durable form, one of the prettiest "bubbles of the Brunnens," which the season has produced.

TO WILLIAM POPE, ESQ.

Oh the White Sulphur Spring! the White Sulphur Spring!
How pure, how limpid, how cool are its waters!
Every year, thither borne upon hope's buoyant wing,
Hie the brave and the fair and the rich from all quarters.

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Some go to seek pleasure and some to woo health,
And others, like "Cecilia in search of a wife,"
Whose virtues and charms, though unaided by wealth,
Shall solace their cares and enrapture their life.

But others there are, the base sordid elves !
Who sigh not for these—their object is money !
Ye favored of fortune, take care of yourselves !
Ah ! list not their love-tales, though melting as honey.

Oh the White Sulphur Spring ! the White Sulphur Spring
Can cure every evil that ever was known—
Gout, fever, dyspepsia, and each horrid thing
That e'er worried the flesh or tormented the bone.

How verdant its lawns in the depth of the mountains ;—
How snug are its cabins, all ranged in a row—
What spruce beaux and belles daily quaff at its fountains,
So gay and so stylish, they make quite a show.

When the bell sounds to dinner, what throngs sally forth,
Of bachelors, maidens, of husbands and wives !
There Tories and Whigs, from the South and the North,
Talking and walking as if for their lives.

At table what scrambling, and bustle and clamor !
Here gentlemen calling, and there servants running !
Vulcan's stout myrmidons, wielding the hammer,
Could not have occasioned a clatter more stunning.

But enough of *terrestrials* ; now haste we to *Paradise*,
Where dwell the bright houries, whose soft silken chains
Have entwined many hearts, and led them to sacrifice
Friendship's sage feelings to love's silly pains !

There you'll find sweet Miss C. and Miss B. and Miss W.,
And some other belles who in R——d reside ;—
But beware of their charms, they have power to trouble you,
And cause what is much like an *ache in the side* !

From Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, New York,
From Louisville, Lynchburg, and Edenton City,
There are fair ones and rare ones—just look in that walk !
'Tis filled with the graceful, the beauties, the witty !

There are songstresses also among the blithe train,
Whose soft notes enchant as they fall on the ear—
And Havana can boast of a nymph whose sweet strain
It delights every lover of music to hear.

At night you must wend to Terpelchore hall ;
You'll see there assembled a brilliant collection,
Who form every evening a sociable ball,
Where cotillions and waltzes are danced to perfection.

There are judges and gen'als, whose names I could mention,
And lawyers and doctors, all worthy of fame ;
But to lengthen this ballad is not my intention,
Such time would it take every one to proclaim.

Yet ere I conclude, lo ! a paradox hear !
Though protestants all, yet obey we a POPE,
Whose mandates give pleasure, whene'er they appear—
That long he may reign most devoutly we hope !

* * * * *

Time wears on here amidst new arrivals, new departures, new faces and new incidents. The strong man of yesterday has his chill or fever to-day, and the languid eye of a few hours bygone, is relighted now with its pristine lustre. All the world has dyspepsia, or is diseased in the liver, or racked with rheumatism, or eaten up with ennui, or bewildered with those *gentlemen in blue*, who often drive a man out of himself to get rid of them : and so "all the world" come to the Springs. Shoals of valetudinarians, of convalescents, of robust impersonations of ruddy health, and of that numerous class of Spa-visitants who drink the water "from mere

wantonness,"—(to say nothing of adventurers, matrimonially, mammonially, and mirthfully,—of old men to spend fortunes, and young men to get them,—of old women to marry daughters, and young women to marry husbands,)—daily arrive at our doors, anxious for admission to these crowded cabins, and are more often turned off than taken in. Meantime enough of novelty is discovered in the morning to last during the day,—a new equipage, a new dress, a new gait, a new expression, a new manner or a new oddity, serving as a topic of conversation to fill up the intervals of lounging or sleeping, of reading, writing, eating, drinking, and bathing,—until night-fall, when the ball-room is lighted, the music strikes up, and the dancers gather in the hall. There, all is animation until the clock strikes eleven,—the merry meeting is dissolved, sleep seals the drowsy eyes of the tired devotee of pleasure, while those of the suffering sick are yet unclosed, and strangers to the sweet restorer the live long night. As the day, so the darkness wears away apace,—another sun dawns over the mountains, and our little world awakens again to go through its gay routine, till weariness, the desire to change, or the end of the season, puts a period to the scene.

THE WEST FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

By L. M. of Washington City.

CHAPTER II.

The object of Major G. and his party was to reach the foot of Spencer's mountain before nightfall, that they might commence its ascent at the first dawn of the morning. They had before them a toilsome, laborious, and dangerous undertaking. The trace was winding, and not more than three feet wide. Above, the rocks were piled together in such immense masses, and to such an amazing height, that it was fearful to look up. At various projecting points of them, the hawks and eagles were seen teaching their young to try their strength in short and fluttering flights, then returning to the shelter of their maternal wings. Below, the ravines were so deep that if the traveller dared to look down into these bottomless abysses, his head became dizzy, and he lost all self-command. After the march was commenced not a word was spoken. Each rider having his gun in his hand, and his baggage on his shoulder, drove his steed slowly before him, conscious that he might be shot down at every turn of the trace. At short distances the caravan was halted that the horses might take breath. At last the whole of the company reached the highest point of the mountain without interruption. Casting their eyes down the precipice up which they had clambered, they felt an involuntary shuddering. But the prospect was now magnificent. The sun was shining in all his glory ; the sky was cloudless. Behind them afar off, they saw the Holston winding its way to the south-west. Before them, on their left, was the broad Tennessee, whose placid waters were moving slowly on to mingle with those of the father of rivers. The fogs which had settled on the

swamps and marshes were rising and dissipating under the influence of the increasing heat. Occasionally, the smoke of some far distant Indian fire was mingling itself with the surrounding atmosphere. No sound of the woodman's axe interrupted the silence that pervaded this illimitable wilderness. The tops of the trees had budded; the snakes had shed their skins, and were crawling slowly from their dens; the bears were emerging lazily from their winter wallows; the wild geese were uttering their glad cries. To the right and to the north of the travellers there was an interminable stretch of bald, bleak and barren mountains. But the scene that lay before them and at their feet was ravishing. They beheld at last the mighty West, the future abode of countless millions. Descending the mountain, the party halted about dusk; struck their flints; applied the sparks to some dry leaves; kindled up fires; secured their horses so that they might feed on the case, and be readily found in the morning; broiled their meat; passed the good-natured joke around, and rolled up in their blankets, with their heads resting upon their saddle seats, they soon fell away into sleep.

On the thirteenth day after leaving the landing, the travellers reached the Nashville station. When they emerged from the contiguous wood, and were seen by the settlers, loud, long, and reiterated shouts rung through the air. The men rushed out to meet and congratulate them on their coming. The women and children gathered around them. Even the horses which they rode seemed to be conscious that they had reached once more the abodes of civilized man. The arrival of the strangers was like sudden and unexpected succor sent to a besieged and starving city. The hunting dogs pawed about their feet as if they were old friends.

In consequence of this accession to their numbers, the settlers took immediate steps to procure additional means of subsistence. A strong detachment was detailed for the chase. The seine was hauled, and large quantities of fresh fish taken. The opening spring admonished the young men to start their ploughs. They were encouraged to do so by the reflection that the recent addition to their strength gave new assurance that they would be able to keep their footing in the country.

Within five miles of Nashville there were three stations, at each of which there resided about eighty persons, most of them adults. Runners were sent to inform them that a large number of emigrants had arrived, and that it was proposed to celebrate the event by a dance at the Nashville station the next evening. This invitation produced a strong and delightful sensation amongst the invited. They anticipated, truly, that the strangers had brought letters and messages from their relatives and friends, of whom they had not heard for a long time, as well as small tokens of continued affection. All attended this celebration who were able to do so. Of young girls there were some fifteen or twenty, and a like number of married women with their children. In going even these short distances, the visitors moved in military order. The females kept the trace. In front and rear, as well as on each side of them, the young men were stationed, who were well armed, and moved with the utmost circumspection. The whole of the guests arrived in safety. About dark the musicians tuned their violins, and the

merry dance was begun. All seemed to forget that they were surrounded by a vigilant, insidious and remorseless foe—so strong is the social principle in our bosoms! so regardless are we of the coming calamities of the future, in the enjoyments of the present!

About midnight the partners in a reel took the floor and moved off. One of the ladies in it was descended from a distinguished family in North Carolina. Her person was small and delicate; her complexion brown; her eye of a dark hazel—large and languid. The expression of her countenance was exceedingly mild; her manner gentle and fascinating. Those who approached her, however rude and rough, were softened by the kind and gracious way in which she addressed them. That one so beautiful and of a nature so tender, should have adventured into so wild a country, excited wonder in those who were unacquainted with her story. But this high-born and high-bred woman had become devoted to an enterprising and chivalric young man, who loved her so passionately that he could not permit the winds of heaven to visit her too roughly, and who had recently received the appointment of surveyor-general of the new territory; a post requiring talents and education—one of great profit and imminent peril. After his marriage Major R. proceeded to prepare for a journey to the west. As the period of his departure approached, his young bride declared her unwillingness to be separated from him. He remonstrated with her kindly, but she persisted in her resolution to accompany him. After her arrival at the station she had given birth to a female infant.

Suddenly, some person said, "What cry is that?" The music was hushed. It was, indeed, a cry of deep distress and alarm. The tramp of horses descending the hill that overlooked the fortress was heard—the riders approaching at full speed, and redoubling their efforts to be heard. Terror was depicted in every countenance. The women grew pale, and the children gathered around their fathers and mothers.

The commander of the station exclaimed, "Indians!" As quick as thought, every man sprang to his rifle, tomahawk and knife. This commander was a veteran in war, of iron nerves, hard features, thick set and broad shouldered, slow in his movements, of solid judgment and immovable courage. Great confidence was reposed in his military skill. When in his cups he would tell over how he had fought through the recent revolutionary contest; that he was standing close by Campbell, when he received from the surviving officer at King's mountain the sword of the gallant Ferguson; that on the next morning he had assisted in hanging a gang of Tories, which was, as he believed, the best act of his life.

The commander, Major W., said to his company with perfect coolness, "Those who are coming are the surveyor-general and his party; watch, and when they reach the gate open it, let them in, then close it instantly and bar it." In a moment they were in at a full strain and breathless. The company crowded around them. When they were able to speak, they stated that the party of the surveyor-general, which had gone out four days before, to make some surveys, being on its return, was suddenly set upon by more than four hundred Indians; that the surveyor and two of his chain-carriers were killed, and that they four had narrowly

escaped. Before this short narrative was closed, a faint shriek was heard from the devoted and gentle wife of the surveyor, who had sunk to the floor like a doomed victim. Three of the women bore her off to one of the cabins, whilst a fourth took care of her child.

In a short time the station was surrounded by the whole force of the savages. The commander adopted the most judicious measures with the greatest deliberation. The establishment called the "station," was built of long logs, placed end to end, and close together, the outsides were hewed down smooth, so that an enemy could not reach the top, about twenty-five feet high, except by ladders. There were port-holes in the sides. This wooden wall enclosed about four acres of ground, within which there was a spring and many log dwellings. At the south-eastern corner there was a gate, high enough for a man on horseback to enter. This gate was used so continually that it became necessary to frame it out of substantial pieces of wood, placed six or eight inches apart, in order that it might have the proper lightness, turning as it did on imperfect wooden hinges.

The wife of the commander of this rude fortress was a heroine in the broadest sense of the term. At the time of which we are speaking she was about thirty, and the mother of six children. She was unusually tall, with large limbs, and inclined to corpulency. When she moved in pursuit of any purpose she seemed to stride over the earth. Her hair was of a light flaxen color, was turned back from her high, broad forehead, and tied behind by a simple leathern string. It was of great length, and spread all over her shoulders. Her step was quick; her eye piercing, and of the brightest blue; her complexion of the most beautiful white; her person was perfectly erect; her chest large and prominent; her voice was loud and penetrating. When she spoke, the hearer instantly detected in her the spirit of command. The passions of this woman were stormy, and yet her affections were tender and ardent. In all the relations of wife, mother, sister and friend, she manifested the deepest and most endearing devotion. Her female companions looked on her with awe and reverence, because she was gifted with so sound a judgment, and so great a share of common sense. Her apprehension was as rapid as the lightning. Unlike most of her sex, she was a total stranger to thick-coming fancies, but saw everything that concerned her interests through the medium of an unclouded reason. When placed in emergencies, she had all the admirable readiness of woman.

As soon as the men had taken the positions assigned them, Mrs. W. observed to her husband, whom she familiarly denominated John, "I think that there are not enough bullets moulded, or patches cut; the powder-horns want filling; the boys had better throw out their priming and pick their flints." To one of the women she said, "Go to yonder furthest cabin and bring me some bars of lead." To two others she cried out, "Mend up the fires—put on the skillets and hand me the moulds; set a bucket of water close by to cool the balls in." The lead being brought, she seized an axe and cut up enough of pieces to fill the vessels. Hurrying to a large poplar chest, she drew therefrom a wooden box containing powder; the flasks having been brought to her, she filled them with as steady

a hand as if she had been engaged in an indifferent duty, and apparently without losing a single grain—so concentrated were her energies in this cause of life and death! She cut up a quantity of patches, and when she delivered them, she remarked, "that without them the balls would be too small for the bores of the rifles, and that they might make scattering fire." In about an hour after the first alarm, the enemy gathered around the station. They kindled a fire near the gate, but so much wide of it that those within could not assail them successfully. Having gathered up some live chunks, they advanced with loud yells, with the view of applying them to the gate, but just as they were in the act of doing so, the whites poured into them a deadly volley. Several were heard to fall, and were quickly dragged away by the survivors.

A considerable time elapsed before a second assault was made. At length, the enemy approached, some with fire, and others with their guns in their hands, which they suddenly protruded through the spaces of the gate, discharged them, and shot down seven of the whites; five of whom were killed on the spot.

It was now clear that a desperate effort must be made to disperse the party. If the fortress were set on fire, the assailants would gain an entrance, and every soul within would be massacred. The force of the Indians was so great, that if they persevered, they could afford to lose a large number, provided they should be able at last to achieve a victory. A short council was held, when Henry G. stepping forward, with a firm voice and manner, suggested a new plan of operations. He proposed, that twenty of the men should clamber up the inside of the wall of the station, take their positions on the plate at the top, and fire upon the assailants as they gathered at the gate. Such an attack, he said, would do certain and fatal execution. The resolute wife of the commander, who was everywhere amidst these horrors wholly undismayed, listened to this plan with intense interest. Clapping her hand upon Henry's back, she said, with enthusiasm, "You are a dear, brave boy."

On Henry's turning his eye to his left, there stood his father. Every drop of blood seemed to have left him; his face was of an ashy hue. In a suppressed tone, he expostulated gently, and seemed convulsed by a struggle between paternal affection and the sentiments of a high and delicate honor. He said simply, that perhaps the assailants might be repelled without so great a hazard, and that the position on the top of the wall would expose every one who ascended to almost certain death.

But a very large majority were in favor of the new scheme. Henry offered to lead the party, and in a moment the required number were in readiness.—They reached the plate with much difficulty, but when there, they could not be readily seen, as the night was dark.

In a little time, upwards of one hundred Indians moved up to the gate; some with pieces of timber on their shoulders, with which they intended to batter it down; others with fire, and others with their pieces loaded. When they had become huddled together and had fallen into confusion, presenting the appearance of a disorderly and uncontrolled mob, the whites below and those above fired at the same instant. It was

understood, that Henry and his party should descend immediately after they had delivered their fire, but one of the men, who was large and heavy, was slow in his movements; an Indian who was standing some ten or fifteen paces from the crowd, saw him, raised his rifle, and drew the trigger: the bullet struck him between his eyes, and he fell like a mass of lead perfectly dead at the feet of his wife below, who was watching to ascertain his fate. She sunk down on his lifeless body, and both were quickly removed by the order of Mrs. W. Seeing him fall, she sprang to him, and throwing her keen eye upon him, she cried out in a plaintive tone, "Poor fellow, he is gone!"

It appeared afterwards that this last effort of the whites had been so fatal to the enemy that they were disheartened, and had imbibed the opinion that those within the fortress were far more numerous than they really were.

Accordingly they withdrew, taking both their dead and wounded with them, as was their established custom. After the day had dawned, the commander ordered that the necessary preparations should be made for the interment of those who had fallen. The young men procured some stakes, which being driven into the ground, rough planks were placed thereon, and the whole of the six corpses were laid out side by side, and dressed in white cotton homespun. The wife of the commander covered each gently with a white sheet. Having done this, she passed out of the station, and in about half an hour returned with both hands full of wild flowers, which she scattered over the dead bodies. Amongst the killed was a stripling, who was uncommonly handsome, and who was just nineteen, the oldest child of his parents, who were also residing within the fortress. Raising the sheet, this woman looked at him long and earnestly, then said, whilst the tears were stealing down her face, "What a pity that he should have been cut off so soon!"

The parents of this youth sat down together near his body, and remained by it throughout the day, to all appearance wholly inconsolable. On the other side, was the wife of him who had fallen from the top of the rampart, wrapt in grief.

Her two little children were at her feet, unconscious of their irreparable loss. Perceiving that their mother withheld from them her accustomed endearments, they endeavored in vain to arouse her attention by climbing up on her knee, and inquiring of her by their looks, "what was the matter with her?"

About eleven o'clock, the whole company was gathered around the dead bodies. The women sung several hymns. After they had ceased, those present dispersed, that they might partake of a slight repast. The order was, that the interment should take place a little before sundown. Just as the procession was formed, the commander said, that no brave soldier who fell in battle under his eye, should ever be buried without military honors; that this act of respect was always due to the memory and deeds of the gallant defenders of their country; that such was the established custom during the revolutionary war. A platoon was detailed for this duty. The company moved slowly on—the women singing as they proceeded. When it had reached the graves, Major G. stepped forward, and read the funeral service. The old veteran then waved

his hand, and the platoon fired into the cold and narrow abodes of the fallen. The sound reverberated along the neighboring hills, and at last died away upon the ear. The party returned in profound silence.

But there was one being who had participated in the recent tragedy, and who commanded the sympathy of every heart. This was the wife of the surveyor-general. Her misery seemed to be unsusceptible of any alleviation. Unlike most of those around her, she had left all her relatives behind her, for she had literally torn herself from the embraces of her father and mother, to participate in the fortunes of a husband whom she adored. The road before him was thickly beset with dangers—wealth and honor were within his grasp—but he had fallen, and she was desolate.

The wife of the commander used every effort to soothe her wounded spirit, by arousing her to a sense of the dependant condition of her infant. She sometimes dressed it, and laid it by her side; she offered her the consolations of religion; but the stormy scenes of a western frontier were too rough for the gentle nature of this woman. The arrow which had been shot at her had reached her heart. She gradually pined away, and mourned as one without hope. The long hours were passed in listlessness and dejection. She sat and watched day after day the sun descending in cloudless glory into twilight. She cast her longing eyes in the direction where they told her lay the unburied and unhonored corpse of her husband. At last, she sent one of the children one morning to the wife of the commander with a message that she wished to see her. This summons was obeyed instantly. She desired that her child should be brought and laid beside her. Pausing for several minutes, during which the tears ran rapidly down her pale cheeks, she broke silence, and said, "My time has come; my spirit is broken—life is to me a burden. I have struggled a good while between hope and despair. This child will soon be an orphan. Your never-ceasing kindness has enkindled in me towards you an affection almost filial. I have sent for you to bid you farewell, and to commit this infant to your charge. I have to request that you, whenever this horrid war shall be followed by peace, will cause my child to be taken, and placed in the arms of my mother." Then reclining her head, and placing her lips on those of the infant, she gently breathed out her immortal spirit.

PRYNNE'S HISTRIOMASTIX.

Prynne's 'Histriomastix' is a quarto of more than 1100 pages—an invective against the stage—the matter chiefly temporary and levelled at fugitive events—the author never ventures upon the most trivial opinion without calling to his aid whatever has been said in all ages and nations—a *Helluo librorum* in which are quoted more than a thousand authors. Milton says of Prynne, "that hot querist for tythes whom ye may know by his wits lying ever beside him in the margin to be ever beside his wits in the text."

THE FATE OF THE GIFTED.

"As the body wastes,
The spirit gathers greater strength, and sheds
On the admiring world supernal light.
Alas! that eloquence will soon be mute—
That harp, unstrung, shall lose its loveliness,
Nor know its own sweet sound again."

It has long been a popular superstition, that superior mental endowment marks its possessor for an early grave. And not only so, but that early doom must result, as a consequence, from a highly gifted mind. That the opinion is erroneous, at least in so far as a false cause is assigned for an effect, need not be denied. If it be true that unusual talent will inevitably invite death, the converse of the proposition ought to be equally true, that the entire void of mental possessions ensures a "green old age." But we do not propose to combat error, neither do we intend to write a philosophical disquisition. That the gifted *do* find an early tomb, is so frequently true, that we cannot wonder at the prevalence of the superstition, nor deem the sentiment of the ancients singular—

"Whom the gods love, die young."

In many instances, we may mark the foe that destroys them. In one case, a feeble physical frame seems to wear rapidly out, and consumption "flushes the cheek"

"With roses that bloom only o'er the grave;
And in that eye that once so mildly beamed,
Kindles unnatural fire."

In another case, poverty seems to have presided at the birth, and attends untiring throughout the short term of days, till despair and horror dry up the very fountain of life, and the poor victim sinks into an untimely grave. But we sometimes look in vain, and hence, no doubt, the notion, to which we have alluded, of the peculiar partiality of Heaven.

At the risk of the charge of exquisite sentimentality, we hazard the assertion, that men of unusual poetical character seem to possess but little sympathy with the utilitarian world around them: Their soul is cast in a finer mould than that of the crowd with which they are doomed to mingle. The hum and bustle of the machinery of life jars discordantly on their ear. It is true, that the poet sometimes makes a *business man*: but it is not his peculiar talent that makes him thus. He becomes so in opposition to it. We are indeed at fault if a political economist would not endorse his genius as *unproductive capital*.

When we speak of the poet, we by no means use the term in a limited sense. We mean the man of genius—of sensitive spirit—of brilliant imagination and fancy—of a soul delighting in the bright and beautiful things of earth—the child of nature. For such—though they possess many points of difference, and diversity of taste and pursuit—are united by a common bond of sympathy. The god within responds to the god without. The same yearning of soul after spiritual things is theirs. The same turning from the discordant throng away, to commune with the "voices of nature." They behold

"With mind inspired and genius-brightened eye,
Those beauties which eternally shine forth,
Nature, in all thy works! To them what joy
The morning landscape yields; when the young sun
Flings o'er the mountain his first bickering ray,
And tips with wavering gold the embattled tower,
While the first gleam the waters catch!

What joy
Amid the forest depths to wander on,
O'er flower-impurpled path, and list the tones
Of the deep water-fall at silent noon,
Drowning the wood-lark's song; and then to view
Its angry flood, headlong from rock to rock,
Leaping in thund'rous rush, with silvery arch,
Melodiously sublime!

And oh! how sweet
To them the golden sunset's glowing hour,
When high amid the evening's gorgeous pomp
That light the west, the mountain lifts its head,
A rich impurpled pillow for the god
Of day to rest on; when the flocks and herds
Are wandering homeward to the tinkling sound
Of their own tuneful bells: and pastoral reed
And song of milk-maid fill up every pause
In nature's vesper-anthem, while the spire
And sun-gilt tower glow with the day's last beam!"

What lover of literature has not mourned over the fate of the lamented White? Who can read the story of his toils—his sufferings—his death—without a tear? He was worthy the plaintive lay of the mighty bard who bewailed him. And such is the fate of many. After a few years of sorrow and suffering among those who cannot appreciate them aright—whose heart cannot sympathize with their heart—from poverty, from disease, from overwrought sensibility, or some kindred cause, the frail mortal tenement is dissolved, and the spirit which seemed formed only for heaven, seeks again its native skies!

"And then mankind
In generous mockery, pay that tribute due
To their transcendent talents, and the grave
That hides their cold remains with laurels deck!"

We have not chosen our present theme for the purpose of a mere idle waste of sympathy. We have been betrayed into a much longer prelude than we anticipated. We have long wished to publish in a connected form (accompanied with a brief biographical sketch) a few of the fugitive articles of some who have contributed largely to our periodical literature, and who have fallen early in the race, while winning an honorable renown. We would do it both from a sense of justice to departed worth, and also from what we deem the just merit of the articles themselves. Two hold an especial place in our memory, though, as circumstances favor, we may continue our notice. The sketches must of course be brief—*too brief*—and the number of articles extremely limited. In the *order* of the arrangement we design no reference to the relative talent of the individuals, but consult only our own convenience. The remainder of our present number we propose to devote to the memory of the late

CHESTER A. GRISWOLD.

"The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair,
Hath sought the grave, to sleep forever there."

Mr. Griswold was a native of Cooperstown, Otsego county, New York, but for the last few years of his life was a resident of Utica, New York, where, we be-

lieve he commenced his literary writings. He enjoyed early advantages for a good English education, which were well improved. Further than this his studies did not extend; and at a period of life when those who design pursuing a liberal education enter college, young G. assumed a station in a mercantile house. From hence his course of life was of nearly uniform tenor. He changed his situation once or twice, till he received an appointment to a place in a banking institution, in which he remained till his death.

In private life, Griswold was deservedly esteemed. His mind (by his own tuition,) was remarkably well cultivated: and from entire amiability of disposition, "none knew him but to love him." In the discharge of his business-duties, he was conscientiously faithful; and literary pursuits, for which he felt a passion, were only allowed to engross his leisure hours. When about eighteen years of age he first became known to the reading public, through the medium of the periodicals, to which he contributed largely, over the various signatures of "Malcom," "A.," "Alleyne," and "C. A. G." In several instances he proved a successful competitor for literary prizes. "*Lundy's Lane*," a prize tale, written for the "*Rochester (N. Y.) Craftsman*," a literary periodical of considerable repute, edited by Brooks, is doubtless fresh in the memory of many of our readers. Our author died soon after completing his twenty-fourth year. His literary career had but just begun: and we deem it but just to state that not only were his articles the fruit of occasional hours of leisure, and hastily written, but were generally sent to the press without revision or correction. Of his style we shall leave the reader to form his own opinion, from the various specimens we shall present.

Griswold was a poet, in every sense of the word: but he entirely intermitted poetical writing sometime before his death, and we think many of his prose articles by far the best. It is to be regretted that many of his articles are lost; yet from the few we possess, the reader will be able to form a somewhat just opinion of his merit.

From "Lines suggested by Salathiel," we select a few passages:—

"Tower and turret, citadel and wall,
Lay wrapped in falling sunlight! 'twas the hour
When Judah's sacrifice arose on high,
And o'er the hill, the valley, and the wave,
The mighty shadow of descending eve,
Was trembling like a visionary thing!
The sun went down, and all the golden glow
Of palace and of temple passed away,
And twilight wept o'er falling Israel!
Then the soft music of the hymn pealed forth
On cymbal and on harp to heaven!

* * * * *

Darkness fell—

Broad darkness: not a star looked down to earth.
Living and dead lay still: the sword was sheath'd,
But 'twas not in the scabbard; and the spear,
The blood-red javelin and the gory helm,
The broken buckler and the tatter'd flag,
Were strew'd in ruins, tarnished and defaced.
Then came the star forth from its glorious seat,
On wings up-borne, descending like a bride
In nuptial garments, till it hung upon
Its self-depending balance o'er the walls,
Clothed in unearthly splendor: not the sun
In all his glory, not the meteor blaze
In all its fierceness, ever beamed so bright!
At length it stood, in all its burning glow,

The mighty image forth, to earth and heaven,
Of heaven's first earthly temple! then a sound
From fitting forms and airy shapes came down,
Floating on ether: 'twas the song of heaven—
Sweet, melancholy, wild; 'Let us go hence!
Nature stood still—all earthly sounds were still!
'Let us go hence'—'Let us depart'—'Away'—
Again rung mournful, mild, and freely forth;
And clouds came down, and roll'd in snowy coil
O'er all the visionary scene: but still
The wailing sound was heard—'Let us go hence!'"

There is certainly musical versification and fine sentiment in the following *tranquil*

" STANZAS.

"Sad and low o'er the dark tomb where sleep the departed,
The white charnelled bones in their clay-covered bed,
Sweeps a voice like the moaning of one broken-hearted,
A voice like a wail from the land of the dead.

Oh! it loves the calm hour when the daylight has faded,
The still of the evening, the hush of the grave!
When the mountain and valley by moonlight are shaded,
And the sun hath withdrawn all the glory he gave.

Then it comes, with its silvery sweet tone of sadness,
And sighs as it lingers, and moans as it flies:
Then hush'd as the tomb be the vain voice of gladness,
And wet with the sad tear of sorrow, the eyes.

Ah! kneel by the place where are charnelled the lowly,
Who once trod the earth with a step like thine own;
The earth which thy footstep now presses is holy,
And rife with a moral the cold sculptured stone.

How soon must thy slumber, like his thou art reading,
Be silent—as lonely, as lowly, as deep!
Even now is the breath, tho' it passes unheeding,
Gone forth, that may sigh o'er the place of thy sleep.

Then lay thee in mourning, in sorrow, and anguish,
Beside the green mound where the cold sleepers lie:
For the spirit—a pris'ner the spirit doth languish—
To hail the glad hour when its clay cell shall die!"

The following verses from "The Song of the Sea Dæmon," though not perfect, contain many thrilling lines:

"I dwell in the ocean wave,
Low in the boundless deep:
There in the halls of Neptune's cave,
Where serpents glide and where monsters creep,
When the billows have rocked the god to sleep,
I love to waken the whirlwind's rage,
And smile when the waters rave!

I waken the sleeping gale,
And revel in the surge;
And I laugh when the whirlwinds rattle,
And sing with glee my unhallowed dirge,
And over the angry waters urge
With lightning speed the tattered sail,
And yell with joy when the proud turn pale!

I fly with the groaning barque,
And smile at the mortal fear;
I am seen in the fitful dark,
And shriek my dirge in the tingling ear,
Laugh at the toil and the terrors jeer;
I flap my wing o'er the quivering ark,
Like the dæmon of anguish, pale and stark.

I ride on the lightning's flash;
I come like the angry cloud;
And I mock the terrible crash
Of the thunder's pealing deep and loud;
I bring the sailor his ghastly shroud,
And over the deck like a dark wave dash,
While the sea, the sky, and the whirlwinds clash!

I hide with a mist the rock,
And cover it with a wave;
And scream aloud when I hear the shock,
And view the death of the fair and the brave:
I fly to open the briny grave,
And an hundred daemons around me flock;
Discordant their screams as their red hands lock,
And with fiendish yells their requiem mock!"

Our author's imagination seemed at times especially to delight in scenes of wildness and gloom. The following has much of the "German" in its conception and execution:

"REVELS OF THE DEAD.

"Dark midnight abroad
Her robe doth fling,
And spirits awake
To their revelling;
And the groaning yew, and the howling blast,
Bring fear to the heart as it wanders past.

Pale Luna is hid;
She would weep to see
The reckless mirth,
And the revelry;
Wild as the blast and rude as the gale
That paints the cheek of the proudest pale!

In the darkened sky
Is the folded cloud,
Dense, cold and damp,
As a daemon's shroud;
Riven and torn, yet gathering still
For the storm to toss and spread at will.

And unearthly sounds
Are echoing near,
That chill the heart
Of the brave to hear;
Wild; ringing like those who the red wine quaff,
The fiendish glee and the fiend-like laugh!

Still when the sound
Of the storm is least,
You may hear the mirth
Of the goblin feast;
And when dim night the faint moon looks thro'
You may see the rites of the ghostly crew.

On the church-yard green
Is the spectre's walk;
By the charnel house
Cold spectres stalk;
And their white bones rattle at every breath;
Gaze on if thou wilt: 'tis the dance of death!"

We have already remarked that we thought Griswold's prose writings among his happiest efforts. Some of the finest "Tales" and "Sketches" we remember to have read, were from his pen. The length of these, of course, forbids their transfer in an article like the present.

A short time before his death, he commenced a series of articles for a literary periodical, of which we were for a time the editor, entitled "*Vagaries—by an Idler.*" It was a rambling, unconnected series—entirely free from restraint—abounding in fine sentiment, in the happiest style of composition. As these were his last articles, we shall venture upon a few extracts at random. From the first number the following seem the best for our purpose:

"The sun again comes out, bright and shining, just above the far faint line that bounds our vision; with clouds above and

around him, upon which his gentle looks fall like an infant's slumber.

How delicious the air is after a pleasant June shower. You can feel it almost by intuition before it has quite reached you, bearing the same pleasant sensation one feels standing beside a cool fountain as the clear jet leaps upward, and falls back into the basin, sparkling in the light of the moon and many lamps, like a host of diamonds and rubies. The wind steals along so silently and so softly, that but for the moving and trembling of the locks upon one's brow and its glad whisper, you would scarce know that it passed at all. And the beautiful flowers that were so faint and languid, now lift up their dewy heads to the sky in silent adoration! And there darts off a bright bird, with a clear long whistle, who has sung no song to-day till now; rising higher and higher up into the empyrean; and his song coming fainter down to the world beneath him.

It is a pleasant thing to look out upon the 'living things' of the vegetable world,—to commune with

'Nature in her cultivated trim.'

* * * *

How very soon it is possible to wear out and forever erase all the first loves, the warm and elastic feelings, that the young boy takes with him into the world, and should wear to his grave. One by one, month by month—they wither—fade—expire. And so sacred as they were too!—So mutable a thing the human mind is: Yesterday, sunshiny, clear: To-day, guilty, fearful: To-morrow, gloomy, morose: The day after, misery, with a painted smile for the world, and a curse for itself—

The mind is a strange compound. There is one I should much like to analyze. It was once, I am sure, full of all manner of kindly feelings: But I would not feel the bitterness of the sneer that is forever gathering on his lips and in his eye, for the wealth of Ind. He rhymes occasionally, and rather well too for one who makes no pretensions to the science. (Science! it's reduced to a science now, they say.) I have several pieces of his; but all of them—light or dark, gay or gloomy—bear the impress of—what shall I call it?—loneliness! Here is one, (I don't think he'll ever read this; so I may venture:) It is certainly far from being faultless, but it is better than nineteen-twentieths of the periodical trash with which we are absolutely deluged; and that is very far from being a compliment.

"They are breaking, one by one, the ties
That harmonized the spirit's tone;
Darker and deeper bows the gloom
That o'er the bosom's light is thrown,
A pall of night around the tomb.

Alas! so many strings are broken,
So many ties asunder rent
That never may be strung again,
That discord with its tones are blent,
And every tone is one of pain.

Stern worldliness creeps round the soul,
And cankers every gentle feeling;
Save in some far and secret part
Where memory from a cold world stealing,
Revives the tones that soothed the heart.

So, as a harp that once hath poured
The joy its master's spirits felt,
Hath one by one its tones all shattered;
And all the chords that used to melt
The soul to mirth, are torn and scattered:

Hangs silent on the lonely wall
That echoed once its stirring tone,
And the dust gathers softly o'er it;
The living harp's-strings, one by one,
Are broken, with the heart that wore it."

"There—I'm sorry the heart's broke, though—but think the harp is not, altogether; though it may be shattered."

We cannot pass by the following, from the second number:

"Hallowed, all hallowed, gentle eve, are the blushing glances of thy milky sky; when the glorious sunset, picture of the first golden gush of youthful idolatry, has faded to the mellow sadness of man's maturer years, and save a few exquisite purple tints reflected from the blue ocean below to the delicate ocean above, thou art with all thy fanciful and ethery forms, one languid yet spiritualized whiteness; yielding up thyself as to slumber, to purify and hallow man's aching, mammon-bound soul!!

'Oh the full flow of the fetterless spirit!' how joys she to speed, as on the snow-white pinions of a dove, and join communion with her kindred among thy unsullied phantasies, by ethery partitions. How would she rejoice to rest from her world-weariness upon the pale velvet ottoman which thou hast even now spread out for the resting place of thy wandering beautiful ones.

And thy quiet stars come forth on the great deep, the crystalline fount of heaven, to hold holy communion with spirits of earth and heaven: and they burn, and burn, and dazzle, as bright as they did when the first smile of their existence lit up the void gloom of an unredeemed chaos; and they sing—all cannot bear them—but they do sing, sweet as the first hymn of the whole creation—and then they melt into a delicate softened splendor, as a snowy haze flows like a gauze veil before them."

We cannot pass the third number so hastily. It is in the happiest vein of humor, and only regret that we must curtail it at all.

* * * * *

"The moss-covered ruin, where wild ivy weaves,
Lay darkly and lonely, all shrouded in leaves:
Within and around it were many a token
Of famished decay, stones scattered and broken,
And weeds thick and lank; foul grass, tall and lank,
Sprang out through the windows and up in the doors;
But grew where the sun might not nourish its blade,
Hiding its green where the wall cast a shade.

And up through the floors
Came the cold creeping vines,
That languidly twine
On the shattered wall and weep
Those venomous tears that steep
The soul to a voiceless, dreamless rest,
* * * * *
The soul to a dreamless sleep.

The wild wind swept the lanky leaves,
And closer crept to the mossy eaves
A black and loathly crow,
Who had dined that day on a wind-bleaching skeleton:
'Twas a feast that he relished you know,
So sweet, so tender, so gelatine;
Sooth 'twas a joy to his maw.
'Haw, haw,' he muttered 'haw, haw; haw, haw!'
And the wild woods echoed 'haw, haw; haw, haw!'

A wolf came out from his dusky den,
And a hungry look had he;
I woe he has sought the lonely glen,
Or slept all day in the dingy fen,
And stalked to-night to see
If a lamb had strayed the fold:
He 'grinned a ghastly smile' when he saw
Where the crow had dined that day,
And he crunched the bleaching bones, and rolled
The shattered skull away:
And the crow he shook his jetty wing,
And laughed till he made the ruin ring
With his hideous laugh, 'haw, haw; haw, haw!'

A bat crept out of his daylight hole
To breathe the smoky exhalation;
Fresh from the villanous congregation
Of hairy spider and sightless mole;
And he fluttered his wing and snapt his teeth,
As he met an owl on the swampy heath;
'Hoot, to-whoo! whither away,
Son of the night, whither, whither?'
'To breathe, to flutter, to play,
To see the young roses wither.'

Arcturus looked down through a mist-shrouded canopy,
(Armed to the teeth in his burnished gold panoply;)

South there was little to see;
Mists gathered thicker and faster and wider,
Darkness, (a steed without bridle or rider,
And a swift footed steed is she!)

Rolled her broad banner afloat:
'Gods!' growled the star, 'what a planet!
So dark and so gaunt,

When to us there is light from the gold-giving sun,
It is dreary and dismal: how can it
Linger along with its mist and its cloud,
Still breathing unburied, but robed in a shroud,
I wonder there's people to man it!"

And the star was in a wonderful passion
When he sniffed the steam that the earth gave up,
So he chirruped his steeds, and laid the lash on;
'How the mists gather! Phœbus! I'd rather
Suffer the steam of the Hadean cup:
Onward, gee ho! onward, gee up!
We leave the wind jogging, as onward we dash on.'"

The series only comprised five numbers. The manuscript for the fifth number, "*Piast of Kruxwitzer*," an historical tale, was received; but before it was in type the writer was called hence by death. The unostentatious piety which had marked his life, shone brightly at his death, and a world of change, of toil, and suffering, was doubtless exchanged for "the better land."

The following article was sent us for publication shortly after his death. It was evidently hastily written and unrevised:

"Paleness was on her face; the sickly glow
Of slow decline sat on that faded cheek;
O'er the blue, languishing, yet lucid orb,
Fell jetty ringlets; and the pencilled brow,
More deeply shaded by the pearly white
That gathered round it, far excelled the hue
Of feeble imitation. She reclined
In melancholy posture; and the tear
Wrung from the heart, steep'd the long silken lash,
And wandering o'er her face, at length reclined
In peace upon her bosom: there it slept!
I never gaze upon the languid form
Of youthful beauty, when the unwilling hand
Of the stern tyrant rests upon her heart,
And pales the hue, and drives the brilliant flash
Of the soul-speaking eye, but sadness steals
Down to my inmost soul, and lingers there
In melancholy sweetness. Then the voice,
Feeble, yet clear, like sounds unearthly, fall,
B'otting remembrance out of earthly things.
Her form was lovely, yet more lovely far,
And thrilling, was her low tuned voice. She sung:

'Yet linger awhile!
Speed not so swiftly, ye light winged hours,
For lovely yet are the spring-tide bowers,
And sweet the smile
And fragrant breath of the morning flowers;
Yet linger awhile!

'Ah! why depart?
There is comfort yet by the cheerful hearth;
There is verdure yet on the teeming earth;
And many a heart
Is beating yet in its hidden worth!
Then why depart?

'Ah! linger yet!
The earth is not all a worthless thing;
Still fair is the twilight hour of Spring,
When dew-drops wet
The glistening gold of the humbird's wing;
Ah! linger yet!

'Nay, then, depart!
Thou wilt not stay in thy ceaseless task,
When a lingering hour is all I ask;
But this warm heart
In eternity's sunshine soon shall bask;
Depart! depart!

A smile, a sad, sad smile, a starting tear
Lingered an instant on that spotless cheek,
And both departed with the dying strain!
The mould now rests upon that form; and cold,
Cold as her marble is that marble brow!"

We close our extracts, and in justice to their author again repeat that they must not be viewed as *finished productions*. They were only the first fruits of a genius that had not enjoyed every advantage of early cultivation; and were the production of occasional hours of relaxation from severe duties; and only as such should be judged. Had Heaven lengthened out the days of their author, we doubt not he would have won a high place among the writers of our country. But it was not so to be: the shaft of the spoiler was sped, and in the morning of his manhood Griswold was called to sleep in the grave of the gifted!

"Rest thee, bard! no cares beset thee,
In the mansions of the blest;
Though a mourning throng regret thee,
Yet it will not harm thy rest:
Fare thee well! thy place of sleeping
Guardian Virtue watchful keeps;
She will point to kindred weeping,
Where the sainted Peet sleeps!"

March 9, 1838.

C. W. E.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous—from 1798 to 1830.—Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire,—and translated from the French for the Messenger, by a gentleman in Paris.

MARSHAL DAVOUST.

Whoever is able to do so, may explain the following fact. I speak as an eyewitness.

The French army had lost the battle of Waterloo, in consequence of numerous faults committed (whatever may be said) by Marshal Ney, Marshal Grouchy, and the Emperor himself. The army had effected its retreat upon Paris. The Emperor, returned to the Elysée-Bourbon to sign a second abdication, had left the chief command with Marshal Davoust. The grand headquarters were at Villette.

In the opinion of many military men all was not yet lost; at any rate, things had not yet been brought to a conclusion. The army, a little recovered from its fatigues, was full of anger; it demanded to be led to battle; and would not have been deaf to the voice of the representatives of the people deputed to it. What might have been the consequence of a different course from that which was pursued, no one can tell.

What I pretend to establish, is, simply, that nothing was yet terminated. Twenty-four hours after the fact of which I am about to speak, the Prussians, chased by the French cavalry, fled along the road to Versailles. In fine, the words *suspension of arms* and *capitulation*, had not yet been pronounced.

Some business carried me to the saloon of the general-in-chief; he was standing up, speaking in a very bad humor (according to custom) to several officers. I waited my turn. Looking mechanically around me, my eyes fell upon a large sheet of paper open upon the Marshal's table; mechanically I read the line, in large letters, that was at the top of the paper. I read,

"CANTONMENT OF FRENCH TROOPS BEYOND THE LOIRE."

During the few days that the army remained under the walls of Paris, the Emperor offered several times, even after his abdication, to place himself at the head of the troops, as a simple General, for the purpose of striking a decisive blow. At several of the barriers there were horses kept in readiness, by domestics in his livery. Marshal Davoust being informed of these propositions—he who had obtained from the Emperor a fortune of eighteen hundred thousand livres of income—publicly announced his intention of arresting Bonaparte, in the event of his presenting himself either as Emperor or General!

THE ROYALISTS DURING THE HUNDRED DAYS.

A provisional government had been formed after the second abdication of the Emperor. The army was assembled under the walls of Paris. The enemy might still have been forced to purchase dearly the fruits of its lucky victory at Waterloo. M. Real, who had been appointed prefect of police, on the arrival of the Emperor at Paris, on the 20th of March, proceeded to the house of the Duke of Otranto, where the members of the provisional government, of which the Duke was president, were assembled. M. Real went for the purpose of resigning his office.

"I do not desire," said he, "to remain in office to open the gates of Paris to foreigners, as was done in 1814."

They replied that things were not yet desperate, that it was necessary to wait the result of the negotiations that had been commenced, and, if it should come to that, the chances of battle.

"Could you," said Carnot, a member of the government, "arrest two or three hundred royalists, who, by their intrigues, embarrass the action of the government, and prevent the execution of our plans?"

"Nothing would be easier, but I will not do it; the royalists at this moment are quiet. The Prussians and English are at work for them; they have no occasion to meddle in the matter. If it be resolved to defend ourselves, to fight, it will be a different thing. In that event I will remain at my post; and it will not be 300, or 600, but perhaps 6000 royalists that I will arrest. And if the struggle should be prolonged, it may be presumed that I will do more than arrest them; for in that case they may rise against us; my duty will then be to restrain them, and I will not hesitate about the means. But all this is perfectly useless. Instead of preparing for battle, you are treating with the enemy. Paris is your palladium, and you are ready to sacrifice everything to save a city. I am, consequently, perfectly useless to you, and I come accordingly to offer my resignation."

"Designate some one to supply your place."

"It is a bad trust to give to any one; I should despair, if any of my friends was charged with it."

"What do you think of M. Courtin, formerly imperial attorney?"

"I have heard him well spoken of. The firmness, which I am informed he possesses, would be superfluous; but take him if you please, and especially if he pleases to accept the office. I wish him much happiness."

M. Real, having again become a private man, was proscribed by Fouché, his old friend. He was indebted to the Duke of Descazes for his permission to return to France.

On quitting the prefecture of police, M. Real burnt all his correspondence during the Hundred Days. If these papers had been saved, the restoration would have found in them precious information as to the value of the devotion of certain men. I could cite names, but I will imitate the discretion of which M. Real has set me an example.

THE VOYAGE TO GHENT.

The voyage to Ghent, that title to so many favors in the first days of the second restoration, to so many accusations after the revolution of July, was not equally appreciated by all the ministers who came into power after the Hundred Days. The Duke of Feltre was almost the only person who attached great value to this proof of fidelity; the Duke was himself a new convert, he had all the zeal of a neophyte, and labored by all the means in his power to cover with oblivion his former services. For him, for the creator of *fourteen categories*, there existed in fact but two—the brigands of the Loire, and the men of Ghent; and if in his organization of the army—(I use the word organization to express an idea, for what the Duke of Feltre accomplished in 1815 and 1816, never deserved the name of an organization)—if then to complete the rolls of officers of his shadow of an army, he resolved to use the brigands of the Loire, it was because he was unable to find a large enough number among the men of Ghent.

Marshal Gouvion-Saint-Cyr, the immediate successor of the Duke of Feltre, required some other guarantees than could be furnished by an emigration of a few days. The voyage to Ghent was of but little importance in his eyes. When applications were made to him founded upon this claim alone, he would reply with an ironical smile—"You have then made the sentimental journey to Ghent; you have done well; but if you have no other antecedent services on which to found your claims, I advise you to destine yourself for a civil career."

This severe frankness rendered the illustrious Marshal, who took so much trouble to repair the blunders of the Duke de Feltre, extremely unpopular. Under the Duke they had dreamt of the return of the good old times; under him, at least, a duchess could solicit a regiment for her cousin, and a marchioness be brought to bed, as in former days, of a captain of dragoons. Marshal Saint-Cyr, to destroy at once all these hopes, to cut off all such solicitations, presented and caused to be adopted his famous recruiting law—his revolutionary

law as it was called, which classed in the same rank and subjected to the same law, the son of a duke, and that of his farmer, and which opposed a barrier to aristocratical ambition, which time or some distinguished action could alone beat down. From that moment France was lost, the scenes of '93 were returned.

M. de Talleyrand was a man of too much intelligence not to appreciate at its proper value the famous voyage to Ghent; but he had too much tact to speak of it as the Marshal Saint-Cyr had done.

A young man was engaged in soliciting a situation; he sought M. de Talleyrand. Louis XVIII. had particularly recommended him as having been at Ghent.

"It appears to me, sir, that if the King desires to give you a place, he has no occasion for my assistance to do so. But, in fine, you have been at Ghent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you very sure, sir, that you were at Ghent?"

"How, sir!"

"Do you see I also was at Ghent; I am certain of it. There were three or four hundred of us in that city, and I have already given places to more than fifteen hundred as having been there. You see, that without wronging any one, I may be allowed to doubt on this subject."

ZEAL.

M. de Talleyrand is one of those men to whom the public have ascribed the greatest number of *bons mots*. Loans are only made to the rich, they say, and M. de Talleyrand is really rich in wit. In 1815, after the Hundred Days, M. de Talleyrand, on his appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs, received a visit from those employed in his department. "There is one thing, gentlemen," he said, "which I recommend to you above everything else; it is, that you have no zeal. I detest zeal."

THE PROVOST COURTS.

Whenever a government creates extraordinary tribunals, it appoints its judges not for the purpose of trying, but of condemning. This principle must be applied to the Provost Courts—an atrocious jurisdiction, which I will describe in a single word.

A Provost's Court which sat at Macon, in 1816, condemned to an imprisonment of two years an old soldier then employed as a laborer on a farm, for having called his horse *Cosack*; he had been found wanting in the respect due by France to the foreign armies, and the Provost's Court of the Saone and Loire thought itself charged with the duty of avenging the insult. The poor man died in prison.

Everybody at this time refuses the responsibility of the introduction of Provost's Courts; and it is with reason they do so. He who first conceived the idea of drawing the restoration beyond the law, was a great enemy both of his country and of the restoration. It is a mistake to suppose extraordinary tribunals useful under extraordinary circumstances. It is a violent but inefficient remedy, and inflicts the most deadly wound upon the hand that employs it.

MILITARY HONORS TO PORTE-COCHÈRE.

Had I only heard the story which I am about to relate, I should not have believed it to be true; but I speak as an eyewitness, and I could call more than fifteen hundred persons to substantiate its correctness.

On the return of Louis XVIII. from Ghent in 1815, he stopped at Cambray; he refused the lodgings which had been offered him in the palace of the bishopric, because the bishops had, during the Hundred Days, figured on the *Champ de Mai*; and he passed the night in the house of one of the richest inhabitants of the city. From 1816 to 1820, on the anniversary of the passage of Louis XVIII. through Cambray, the troops of the garrison were assembled on the parade ground, and there, formed in platoons, they defiled before the house which Louis XVIII. had inhabited; the officers saluting the *porte-cochère* with their swords. In 1820 this ceremony took place for the last time; the officers defiled before it on that occasion with their backs turned, shrugging their shoulders, and with such other strong marks of contempt that it was never attempted again.

THE GLASS EYE.

The true Emperor of Austria, H. M. Metternich the first, has but one eye; but this loss is so ingeniously concealed by a glass eye, that it is generally unknown, even in Germany. M. de Metternich, formerly a very handsome man, was still young when he lost the sight of his left eye in consequence of disease. The globe of the eye remained entire, but dulled and without light. A skilful artist, whose talent and discretion were well paid, succeeded in covering this globe with a moveable envelope of enamel, perfectly like the right eye, with all its color and brilliancy. The envelope is affected by every motion of the globe of the eye, and the illusion is so perfect, that M. de Metternich was enabled to figure in all the congresses, to pass his life in the world, and to marry twice, without his secret having been discovered. A singular circumstance betrayed it to the public.

George IV. King of England, had expressed a desire to obtain for his gallery the portraits of all the sovereigns of Europe. His most distinguished painter, the celebrated Lawrence, was sent for this purpose to the continent. Lawrence concluded that George IV. would be pleased to have the portrait of Metternich, were it only as an appendage to that of the Emperor Francis. He asked the permission of the Prince, and obtained several sittings from him.

On one of these occasions, Lawrence observed that a ray of light fell directly on the left eye of M. de Metternich, and that the Prince supported it without lowering the eyelid, and even without contracting the brow. He at first admired the eagle glance which could thus resist the sun; but fearing that such a position would finally fatigue the Prince, he engaged him to change it. But M. de Metternich found himself comfortably seated, and preferred to remain where he was. Lawrence insisted several times upon the change, and was unable to comprehend the obstinacy of M. de Metternich, until the *valet de chambre* informed him by a sign, that the left eye of the Chancellor of Austria had nothing to fear from the sun.

WERTHER.

Goethe represented at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, the sovereign of whom he was both the minister and friend. The great age of the poet, his fine figure, and his immense renown, drew upon him the attention and homage of all the plenipotentiaries of the congress. An Englishman, who had just arrived, and was but little familiar with German literature, inquired with a good deal of curiosity of one of his countrymen the name and title of a man whom the most distinguished persons only accosted with veneration. He was told that it was the celebrated Goethe, the illustrious author of *Werther*. He was satisfied with what he heard, and approaching Goethe, saluted him and said:

"I have just arrived, sir, from Paris; I have seen your *Werther*, it is a charming work, and has amused me extremely."

"How, sir?"

"It is one of the pieces at which I have laughed most heartily; there is particularly one actor, named Potier, who is full of rage—he is quite a curiosity."

The only reply that Goethe made was to turn his back upon the speaker, pronouncing the word *pfeif* (horse)!

HEROES IMPROVISED.

About the year 1817 or 1818, Lieutenant-General Count Cæsar Berthier had been named inspector-general of infantry in the 12th military division, of which the head-quarters, now at Nantes, were at that period at *la Rochelle*.

The isle of *Rhé*, which was a part of this division, had a garrison of two battalions of infantry; the General was to inspect them. He was received at Saint Martin, the principal, or rather the only city of the island, in the house of the mayor. This functionary thought it would be well in the presence of a Lieutenant-General of the King's armies, to make some display of the royalist sentiments which animated him.

The General professed the most perfect indifference in matters of political opinion, and it was not long before he grew weary of the loquacious loyalty of the municipal magistrate.

"Sir," said he to the mayor, "your opinions do you much honor; but I see in your house things which appear to me but little in accordance with the sentiments you profess."

"How, General?"

"What is the meaning of these pictures, on which I see the name of the Emperor, battles, capture of cities, &c. &c.? Do you think that we are still at that period? Are you ignorant that all the paintings representing scenes under the empire have been removed from the museum and the gallery of the Luxembourg? Ought it not to be so in the house of a functionary appointed by the King?"

"But, General, these pictures, to which I attach no sort of importance, are the only ornaments of this room."

"If you call those things ornaments, I have nothing more to say; it seems to me, however, that you might find better."

"I would have already had them removed, General,

but they were placed there at the time that the paper was; it has changed color everywhere except under the pictures, and my saloon would be frightful if there were four large squares of fresh papering in the midst of hangings already much faded."

"At least cause the seditious inscriptions that I read at the bottom of them to disappear; you might easily make better. Take down one of them, and give me some paper."

The General dictated an inscription to his aid-de-camp, had one of the frames opened, and pasted over the old inscription that which he had just dictated; it was—the battle of *Austerlitz*, gained by *H. M. Louis XVIII.* The same change effected in the second picture which represented the battle of Jena; this was given to *H. R. H. Monsieur, Count d'Artois*; the battle of Eylau to *H. R. H. the Duke d'Angoulême*; that of Moskowa to *H. R. H. the Duke of Berry*. Another and the last battle was about to be given to the Duchess d'Angoulême; but no woman was represented in this last picture, and the General, fearing lest the pleasantry should appear too striking, stopped with the Duke of Berry.

"You see," said he, "the resemblance in your pictures is not so striking that one may not be deceived; besides all did in fact take place under the virtual reign of *H. M. Louis XVIII.* One may, therefore, without impropriety attribute to him or the Princes of his house whatever was done, because it all passed under their names."

"It is true, General; I had not thought of that, and I thank you very much."*

SMALL STREAMS FROM GREAT RIVERS.

Besides the civil list, fixed at 25,000,000 of francs, *Louis XVIII.* and *Charles X.* enjoyed a handsome revenue, the product of certain taxes and rents, the origin and amount of which escaped the investigations of the Court of Accounts. That which is known as the *privy purse of the King*, was a separate affair, having, like the budget of the state, its expenses and its ways and means. In 1814 and 1815, diligent investigations were made to ascertain which of all these little branches of revenue enjoyed by the ancient monarchy could be preserved under the new laws. Among the discoveries they found that the produce of winning tickets in the royal lottery of France, not claimed by the owners, would rightfully fall to the King's share.

During the restoration, when a year had elapsed without any demand having been made for the money drawn by the tickets, a sort of prescription (I do not know how legal) determined that the produce of the sums thus forgotten, should be added to the *privy purse* of his majesty. The King, under these circumstances, exhibited himself as the real representative of his subjects.

From 1814 to 1830 the winning tickets not reclaimed produced, at least, the sum of 500,000 francs a year.

The King of France, it will be seen, was the only person in his kingdom who could gain by the lottery without adventuring anything. If, in its origin, the

* This pleasantry of General Caesar Berthier caused him soon to be placed in retirement.

lottery had not been called the *royal lottery* of France, the circumstance that I have just mentioned would have sufficed to make it deserve the title.

CONSEQUENCES OF MILITARY EXECUTIONS.

When an unfortunate soldier is condemned to death by a council of war and executed at Paris, the receipts at the bureaux of the lottery are augmented by more than a half in the fortnight which succeeds. Whenever the *Gazette des Tribunaux* publishes the account of the execution of a soldier, it registers with great care the number of the coach used to carry him to the *plaine de Grenelle*: it is this number (of the coach) which decomposed and recomposed in every possible way, reproduces itself on an immense number of tickets, *all of which will be certainly successful*. The calculations are infallible if it be possible to obtain the age of the prisoner, and to combine the number of his years with that of the coach.

Since the government, in its exalted philanthropy, has prohibited the circulation of chances below the price of two francs, associations of *under shareholders* are formed (the fools who lay out their money in lotteries are pompously styled *shareholders*). These *under shareholders*, to the number of four or five, unite their capitals for the purchase of the *minimum* chance fixed by the legislature.

The seat of these societies is generally in the environs of the potato markets; it is there that the chances are discussed and the dreams commented on.

M. NEPOMUCENE LEMERCIER.

M. Lemerrier, as member of the French Academy, has exhibited throughout his life evidence of the most honorable independence. Though received with the most extreme favor by Bonaparte when first consul, he did not vote the less publicly against his accession to the imperial throne; and he ceased to visit him as soon as he assumed the imperial crown. The Emperor loved the character of M. Lemerrier, and esteemed his talents. The only favor, however, that M. Lemerrier ever accepted from him, was the restitution of the various confiscated property that had belonged to his family. Under the restoration, M. Lemerrier was what he had been under the empire; but the restoration was less fond than the empire of independence, and M. Lemerrier was from 1815 to 1830, in the most complete disgrace. He revenged himself by writings, breathing the purest patriotism, and contended courageously against the rigors of the censorship. M. Lemerrier had, besides, to struggle under every government against the minor annoyances of those in power. His fine drama of *Pinta* was forbidden to be represented under the directory, under the empire, and under the restoration. Under the consulate, Bonaparte, who had not then established a censorship, supplied its place by sending on their travels the principal actors who played in the drama of M. Lemerrier.

When, after the Hundred Days, M. de Vaublanc, the most original of all ministers of the interior, past, pre-

sent, or to come, wished to purify literature, the sciences and the fine arts, he struck from the list of the members of the institute a certain number of men whose political opinions were considered suspicious.

Among this number were Messrs. Étienne and Arnault. It was necessary to supply their places. M. Desèze presided at the sitting during which the new members were to be named. In examining the ballots, M. Desèze came across a ticket on which were the names of Molière and J. J. Rousseau.

M. Desèze spoke in severe terms of this vote, which he said was an *insult to the Academy*.

M. Lemer cier, rising immediately, said:

"I am unwilling that any one of my brother members should be suspected of what has been called an insult to the Academy. The ticket which has been thus spoken of is mine. Far be from me the thought of failing in the respect which I owe to the Academy; I have had but one wish—to give a logical vote. Heretofore, we have been invited to supply the places of deceased Academicians, we have naturally chosen from among living candidates; now we have to choose the successors of living members, we cannot do better than to select from dead candidates."

OUR ROBINS.*

At a short distance from the village of S——, on the top of a hill, and somewhat retired and sheltered from the roadside, lives a farmer by the name of Lyman. He is an industrious, intelligent, and honest man; and though he has but a small farm, and that lying on bleak stony hills, he has, by dint of working hard, applying his mind to his labor, and living frugally, met many losses and crosses without being cast down by them, and has always had a comfortable home for his children; and how comfortable is the home of even the humblest New-England farmer! with plenty to satisfy the physical wants of man, with plenty to give to the few wandering poor, and plenty wherewith to welcome to his board the friend that comes to his gate. And, added to this, he has books to read, a weekly newspaper, a school for his children, a church in which to worship, and kind neighbors to take part in his joy and gather about him in time of trouble. Such a man is sheltered from many of the wants and discontents of those that are richer than he, and secured from the wants and temptations of those that are poorer.

Late last winter Mr. Lyman's daughter, Mrs. Bradley, returned from Ohio, a widow, with three children. Mrs. Bradley and I were old friends. When we were young girls we went to the same district school, and we had always loved and respected one another. Neither she nor I thought it any reason why we should not, that she lived on a little farm, and in an old small house, and I in one of the best in the village; nor that she dressed in very common clothes, and that mine,

* This is the story promised in our last No., from Miss Sedgwick's "Love-Token for Children." It is, in the language of the writer on Sunday Schools, "a touching and instructive lesson to young readers;" yet "Mill Hill," or "Widow Ellis and her son Willie," would have been selected in preference, but for their greater length.—[Ed. Mess.]

being purchased in the city, were a little better and smarter than any bought in the country. It was not the bonnets and gowns we cared for, but the heads and hearts those bonnets and gowns covered.

The very morning after Mrs. Bradley's arrival in S——, her eldest son, Lyman, a boy ten years old, came to ask me to go and see his mother. "Mother," he said, "was not very well, and wanted very much to see Miss S——." So I went home with him. After walking half a mile along the road, I proposed getting over the fence and going, as we say in the country, "'cross lots." So we got into the field, and pursued our way along the little noisy brook that, cutting Lyman's farm in two, winds its way down the hill, sometimes taking a jump of five or six feet, then murmuring over the stones, or playing round the bare roots of the old trees, as a child fondles about its parent, and finally steals off among the flowers it nourishes, the brilliant cardinals and snow-white clematis, till it mingles with the river that winds through our meadows. I would advise my young friends to choose the fields for their walks. Nature has always something in store for those who love her and seek her favors. You will be sure to see more birds in the green fields than on the roadside. Secure from the boys who may be idling along the road, ready to let fly stones at them, they rest longer on the perch and feel more at home there. Then, as Lyman and I did, you will find many a familiar flower that, in these by-places, will look to you like the face of a friend; and you may chance to make a new acquaintance, and in that case you will take pleasure in picking it and carrying it home, and learning its name of some one wiser than you are. Most persons are curious to know the names of men and women whom they never saw before, and never may see again. This is idle curiosity; but often, in learning the common name of a flower or plant, we learn something of its character or use; "bitter-sweet," "devil's cream-pitcher," or "fever-bush," for example.

"You like flowers, Lyman," I said as he scrambled up a rock to reach some pink columbines that grew from its crevices.

"Oh, yes, indeed I do like them," he said; "but I am getting these for mother; she loves flowers above all things—all such sorts of things," he added, with a smile.

"I remember very well," said I, "your mother loved them when she was a little girl, and she and I once attended together some lectures on botany; that is, the science that describes plants and explains their nature."

"Oh, I know, ma'am," said he, "mother remembers all about it, and she has taught me a great deal she learned then. When we lived out in Ohio, I used to find her a great many flowers she never saw before; but she could class them, she said, though they seemed like strangers; and she loved best the little flowers she had known at home, and those we used to plant about the door, and mother said she took comfort in them in the darkest times."

Dark times I knew my poor friend had had—much sickness, many deaths, many, many sorrows in her family; and I was thankful that she had continued to enjoy such a pleasure as flowers are to those that love them.

As we approached Mrs. Lyman's, I looked for my

friend, expecting she would come out to meet me, but I found she was not able to do so; and, when I saw her, I was struck with the thought that she would never living leave the house again. She was at first overcome at meeting me, but, after a few moments, she wiped away her tears and talked cheerfully. "I hoped," she said, "my journey would have done me good, but I think it has been too much for me; I have so longed to get back to father's house, and to look over these hills once more: and though I am weak and sick, words can't tell how contented I feel; I sit in this chair and look out of this window, and feel as a hungry man sitting down to a full table. "Look there," she continued, pointing to a cherry-tree before the window, "do you see that robin? ever since I can remember, every year a robin has had a nest in that tree. I used to write to father and inquire about it when I was gone; and when he wrote to me, in the season of bird-nesting, he always said something about the robins; so that this morning, when I heard the robin's note, it seemed to me like the voice of one of the family."

"Have you taught your children, Mary," I asked, "to love birds as well as flowers?"

"I believe it is natural to them," she replied; "but I suppose they take more notice of them from seeing how much I love them. I have not had much to give my children, for we have had great disappointments in the new countries, and have been what are called very poor folks; so I have been more anxious to give them what little knowledge I had, and to make them feel that God has given them a portion in the birds and the flowers, his good and beautiful creation."

"Mother always says," said Lyman; and there, seeming to remember that I was a stranger, he stopped.

"What does mother always say?" I asked.

"She says we can enjoy looking out upon beautiful prospects, and smelling the flowers, and hearing the birds sing, just as much as if we could say 'they are mine!'"

"Well, is it not just so?" said Mrs. Lyman; "has not our Father in heaven given his children a share in all his works? I often think, when I look out upon the beautiful sky, the clear moon, the stars, the sunset clouds, the dawning day; when I smell the fresh woods and the perfumed air; when I hear the birds sing, and my heart is glad, I think, after all, that there is not so much difference in the possessions of the rich and poor as some think; 'God giveth to us all liberally, and withholdeth not.'"

"Ah!" thought I, "the Bible says truly, 'as a man thinketh, so is he.' Here is my friend, a widow and poor, and with a sickness that she well knows must end in death, and yet, instead of sorrowing and complaining, she is cheerful and enjoying those pleasures that all may enjoy if they will; for the kingdom of nature abounds with them. Mrs. Bradley was a disciple of Christ; this was the foundation of her peace; but, alas, all the disciples of Christ do not cultivate her wise, cheerful, and grateful spirit."

I began with the story of the robin-family on the cherry-tree, and I must adhere to that. I went often to see my friend, and I usually found her in her favorite seat by the window. There she delighted to watch, with her children, the progress of the little lady-bird that was preparing for her young. She collected her

materials for building, straw by straw and feather by feather; for, as I suppose all little people know, birds line their nests with some soft material, feathers, wool, shreds, or something of the sort that will feel smooth and comfortable to the little unfledged birds. Strange, is it not, that a bird should know how to build its nest and prepare for housekeeping! How, think you, did it learn? who teaches it? Some birds work quicker and more skilfully than others. A friend of mine who used to rear canaries in cages, and who observed their ways accurately, told me there was as much difference between them as between housewives. Some are neat and quick, and others slatternly and slow. Those who have not observed much are apt to fancy that all birds of one kind, for instance, that all hens are just alike; but each, like each child in a family, has a character of its own. One will be a quiet, patient little body, always giving up to its companions; and another for ever fretting, fluttering, and pecking. I know a little girl who names the fowls in her poultry-yard according to their characters. A lordly fellow who has beaten all the other cocks in regular battle, who cares for nobody's rights, and seems to think that all his companions were made to be subservient to him, she calls *Napoleon*. A pert, handsome little cockcomb, who spends all his time in dressing his feathers and strutting about the yard, is named *Narcissus*. *Bessie* is a young hen, who, though she seems very well to understand her own rights, is a general favorite in the poultry-yard. Other lively young fowls are named after favorite cousins, as *Lizzy*, *Susy*, &c. But the best loved of all is one called "*Mother*," because she never seems to think of herself, but is always scratching for others; because, in short, she is, in this respect, like that best, kindest, and dearest of parents, the mother of our little mistress of the poultry-yard.

To return to the robin. She seemed to be of the quietest and gentlest, minding her own affairs, and never meddling with other people's; never stopping to gossip with other birds, but always intent on her own work. In a few days the nest was done, and four eggs laid in it. The faithful mother seldom left her nest. Her mate, like a good husband, was almost always to be seen near her. Lyman would point him out to me as he perched on a bough close to his little lady, where he would sit and sing most sweetly. Lyman and I used to guess what his notes might mean. Lyman thought he might be relating what he saw when he was abroad upon the wing, his narrow escapes from the sportsman's shot, and from the stones which the thoughtless boy sends, breaking a wing or a leg, just to show how he can hit. I thought he might be telling his little wife how much he loved her, and what good times they would have when their children came forth from the shells. It was all guesswork, but we could only guess about such matters, and I believe there is more thought in all the animal creation than we dream of.

Once, when he had been talking in this playful way, Lyman's mother said, "God has ever set the solitary birds in families. They are just like you, children; better off and happier for having some one to watch over them and provide for them. Sometimes they lose both their parents, and then the poor little birds must perish; but it is not so with children; there are always some to take pity on orphan children, and, besides, they

can make up, by their love to one another, for the love they have lost."

I saw Lyman understood his mother; his eyes filled with tears, and, putting his face close to hers, he said, "Oh no, mother! they never can make it up; it may help them to bear it."

When the young birds came out of their shells it was our pleasure to watch the parents feeding them. Sometimes the father-bird would bring food in his bill, and the mother would receive it and give it to her young. She seemed to think, like a good, energetic mother, that she ought not to sit idle and let her husband do all the providing, and she would go forth and bring food for the young ones, and then a pretty sight it was to see them stretch up their little necks to receive it.

Our eyes were one day fixed on the little family. Both parents were perched on the tree. Two young men from the village, who had been out sporting, were passing along the road. "I'll bet you a dollar, Tom," said one of them, "I'll put a shot into that robin's head." "Done!" said the other; and done it was for our poor little mother. Bang went the gun, and down to the ground, gasping and dying, fell the bird. My poor friend shut her eyes and groaned; the children burst out into cries and lamentations; and, I must confess, I shed some tears—I could not help it. We ran out and picked up the dead bird, and lamented over it. The young man stopped, and said he was very sorry; that if he had known we cared about the bird he would not have shot it; he did not want it; he only shot to try his skill. I asked him if he could not as well have tried his skill by shooting at a mark. "Certainly!" he answered, and laughed, and walked on. Now I do not think this young man was a monster, or any such thing, but I do think that, if he had known as much of the habits and history of birds as Lyman did, he would not have shot this robin at the season when it is known they are employed in rearing their young, and are enjoying a happiness so like what human beings feel; nor, if he had looked upon a bird as a member of God's great family, would he have shot it, at any season, just to show his skill in hitting a mark. We have no right to abate innocent enjoyment nor inflict unnecessary and useless pain.*

The father-bird, in his first fright, darted away, but he soon returned and flew round and round the tree, uttering cries which we understood as if they had been words; and then he would flutter over the nest, and the little motherless birds stretched up their necks and answered with feeble, mournful sounds. It was not long that he stayed vainly lamenting. The wisdom God had given him taught him that he must not stand still and suffer, for there is always something to do; a lesson that some human beings are slow to learn. So off he flew in search of food; and from that moment, as Lyman told me, he was father and mother to the little ones; he not only fed them, but brooded over them just as the mother had done; a busy, busy life he had of it.

* Lord Byron somewhere says, that he was so much moved by seeing the change from life to death in a bird he had shot, that he could never shoot another. I may lay myself open to the inculcation of a mawkish and unnecessary tenderness, but I believe a respect to the rights and happiness of the defenceless always does a good work upon the heart.

"Is it not strange," said Lyman to me, "that any one can begrudge birds their small portion of food? They are all summer singing for us, and I am sure it is little to pay them to give them what they want to eat. I believe, as mother says, God has provided for them as well as for us, and mother says she often thinks they deserve it better, for they do just what God means them to do." It was easy to see that Lyman had been taught to consider the birds, and therefore he loved them.

Our attention was, for some days, taken off the birds. The very night after the robin's death, my friend, in a fit of coughing, burst a bloodvessel. Lyman came for me early the next morning. She died before evening. I shall not now describe the sorrow and the loss of the poor children. If any one who reads this has lost a good mother, he will know, better than I can tell, what a grief it is; and, if his mother be still living, I pray him to be faithful, as Lyman was, so that he may feel as Lyman did when he said, "Oh, I could not bear it if I had not done all I could for mother!"

The day after the funeral I went to see the children. As I was crossing the field and walking beside the little brook I have mentioned, I saw Sam Sibley loitering along. Sam is an idle boy, and, like all idle boys I ever knew, mischievous. Sam was not liked in the village; and, if you will observe, you will see that those children who are in the habit of pulling off flies' wings, throwing stones at birds, beating dogs, and kicking horses, are never loved; such children cannot be, for those that are cruel to animals will not care for the feelings of their companions.

At a short distance from the brook there was a rocky mound, and shrubbery growing around it, and an old oak-tree in front of it. The upper limbs of the oak were quite dead. Sam had his hand full of pebbles, and, as he loitered along, he threw them in every direction at the birds that lighted on the trees and fences. Luckily for the birds, Sam was a poor marksman, as he was poor in everything else; so they were unhurt till, at length, he hit one perched on the dead oak. As Sam's stone whistled through the air, Lyman started from behind the rocks, crying, "Oh, don't—it's our robin!" He was too late; our robin fell at his feet; he took it up and burst into tears. He did not reproach Sam; he was too sorry to be angry. As I went up to him he said, in a low voice, "Everything I love dies!" I did not reply, I could not. "How sweetly," resumed Lyman, "he sung only last night, after we came home from the burying-ground, and this morning the first sound Mary and I heard was his note; but he will never sing again!"

Sam had come up to us. I saw he was ashamed, and I believe he was sorry too; for, as he turned away, I heard him say to himself, "By George! I'll never fling another stone at a bird so long as I live."

It must have done something towards curing his bad habits to see the useless pain he had caused to the bird and the bird's friend; and the lesson sank much deeper than if Lyman had spoken one angry or reproachful word, for now he felt really sorry for Lyman. One good feeling makes way for another.

To our great joy, the robin soon exhibited some signs of animation; and, on examination, I perceived he had received no other injury than the breaking of a

leg. A similar misfortune had once happened to a canary-bird of mine, and I had seen a surgeon set its leg; so, in imitation of the doctor, I set to work and splinted it, and then despatched Lyman for an empty cage in our garret. We moved the little family from the tree to the cage. The father-bird, even with the young ones, felt strange and unhappy for some time. It was a very different thing living in this pent-up place from enjoying the sweet liberty of hill and valley, and he did not know our good reason for thus afflicting him any better than we sometimes do of our troubles when we impatiently fret and grieve. In a short time he became more contented. The family said he knew Lyman's footstep, and would reply to his whistle; sure am I Lyman deserved his love and gratitude, for he was the faithful minister of Providence to the helpless little family. They never wanted food nor drink. When, at the end of a very few weeks, he found them all able to take care of themselves, he opened the door of the cage and said, "Go, little birds, and be happy, for that is what God made you for."

The birds could speak no word of praise or thanks; but happiest are those who find their best reward, not in the praise they receive, but the good they do.

VISIT TO THE NATIVE PLACE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Bright summer's flush was on thee, clime belov'd,
When last I trod thy vales. Now, all around,
Autumn, her rainbow-energy of tint
Pours o'er copse and forest,—beautiful,
Yet speaking of decay. The aspiring pine
Wears his undying green, but the strong oak
Like smitten giant, casts his honors down,
Strewing brown earth, with emerald and gold.
Yon lofty elms, the glory of our land,
So lately drooping 'neath their weight of leaves,
With proud, yet graceful elegance, to earth,
Stand half in nakedness, and half in show
Of gaudy colors. Hath some secret shaft
Wounded the maple's breast?—that thus it bends
Like bleeding warrior, tinging all its robes
With crimson,—while in pity by its side,
The pallid poplar, turning to the eye
Its silver lining, moans at every breeze.
I walk'd with sadness thro' these alter'd scenes.
The voice of man was painful. On the ear,
Idly and vain it fell,—for tearful thought
Brought faded images of early joys,
And lost affections.

Yonder low-brow'd cot,
Whose threshold oft my childish foot has cross'd
So merrily,—whose hearth-stone shone so bright,
At eve,—where with her skillful needle wrought
The industrious matron, while our younger group
Beguil'd with fruit and nuts, and storied page,
The winter's stormy hour,—where are they now?
Who coldly answers,—dead?

Fast by its side,
A dearer mansion stands, where my young eyes
First opened on the light. Yon garden's bound,

Where erst I roam'd delighted, deeming earth
With all its wealth, had nought so beautiful,
As its trim hedge of roses, and the ranks
Of daffodils, with snow-drops at their feet,
How small and chang'd, it seems!—That velvet turf
With its cool arbor, where I lingered long,
Learning my little lesson, or perchance,
Eying the slowly-ripening peach, that lean'd
Its glowing cheek against the lattic'd wall,—
Or holding converse with the violet-buds,
That were to me as sisters,—giving back
Sweet thoughts. I would not wish to sit there now!
Changes, 'mid scenes that we so much have lov'd,
Are death-bells to the soul.

See,—by rude cliffs
O'er-canopied,—the dome, where science taught
Her infant rudiments. First day of school!
I well remember thee,—just on the verge
Of my fourth summer. Every face around,
How wonderful and new! The months mov'd on,
Majestically slow. Awe-struck, I mark'd
The solemn school-dame, in her chair of state,
Much fearing, lest her all-observant eye
Should note me, wandering from my patch-work task,
Or spelling-lesson. Still, that humble soil
Lent nutriment to young ambition's germs:
"Head of the class!" what music in that sound,
Link'd to my name—and then, the crowning joy,
Homeward to bear, on shoulder neatly pinn'd,
The bow of crimson satin, rich reward
Of well-deserving,—not too lightly won,
Or worn too meekly. Still, ye need not scorn
Our ancient system, ye, of modern times,
Wiser, and more accomplish'd. Learning's field,
Indeed, was circumscribed,—but its few plants
Had such close pruning, and strict discipline,
As giveth healthful root,—and hardy stalk,—
Perchance, enduring fruit.

Beneath yon roof,—
Our own no more,—beneath my planted trees,
Where unfamiliar faces now appear,
She dwelt, whose hallow'd welcome was so dear,—
O Mother, Mother!—all thy priceless love
Is fresh before me,—as of yesterday.
Thy pleasant smile,—the beauty of thy brow,
Thine idol fondness, for thine only one,—
The untold tenderness, with which thy heart
Embrac'd my first-born infant, when it came
With its young look of wonder,—to thy home
A stranger visitant. Fade!—visions, fade!—
For I would think of thine eternal rest,
And praise my God for thee.

And now, farewell
Dear native spot! with fairest landscapes deck'd,
Of old romantic cliff, and crystal rill,
And verdant soil,—enrich'd with proudest wealth,
Warm hearts and true.

Yet deem not I shall wear
The mourner's weeds for thee. Another home
Hath joys and duties,—and where'er my path
On earth shall lead,—I'll keep a nesting bough
For Hope the song-bird,—and with cheerful step
Hold on my pilgrimage,—remembering where
Flowers have no autumn-languor. Eden's gate
No flaming sword to guard the tree of life.

SPRING.

A SONNET.

"From all she brought to all she could not bring."

The gentle gales, the warbling birds of spring,
 Its woods, its verdant fields and opening flowers,
 Fresh o'er the mind that feels their presence—bring
 The memory sad of unreturning hours:—
 Of friends whose heart his heart was wont to meet
 When on the earth this joyous season shone,
 Of scenes and pleasures mournful—yet how sweet!
 Sweet, for they have been,—*mournful*, because gone!
 Alas! that joys should be so brief, so few,
 While griefs are many and so long remain:
 Like shady springs which once or twice we view
 In toilsome journeys o'er a desert plain,
 Or like lone isles that dot the deep wide sea;
 So small life's bliss,—so great its griefs to me!

Norfolk, May, 1838.

C. H.

TO MARY,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

'Tis a wild fancy, but the heart believes it,—
 That when on earth of nature's handiwork
 The best and loveliest specimens appear,
 Her humbler children wear their robes of joy
 And smile a welcome to her favorites.

Fair child of May! when thou wast born—the rose
 Its sweetest breath, its richest hue displayed;
 The drooping lily raised its head and smiled;
 The laurel and the ivy filled the woods
 With varying colors and with soft perfumes;
 The sun then shed his gentlest beams and served
 But to illumine, not to heat the earth,
 While little birds their liveliest carols sung,
 And in full chorus joined to hail thy birth.

Since then, sweet friend, thy life has been all May,
 The autumn blast has scared no joys of thine,
 The wintry snows have fallen not on thy heart,
 Nor has the breath of summer—hot and dry—
 Over thy vernal happiness been blown.
 Such may it ever be,—may flowers still strew
 Thy path through life, and rainbows fill thy sky;
 May sorrow shun thee,—no dark cloud o'ercast
 Thy blissful prospect or obscure the past!

Norfolk, May, 1838.

C. H.

CHILDREN.

Blossoms of earth! our path of life adorning,
 Ye are the types of guilelessness and truth!
 Fresh and untainted as the breath of morning,
 Ye give to age itself, a touch of youth,
 And in your pure caresses hold a charm,
 All grief to soothe, all anger to disarm.

Yours is the power to win us and to soften
 With words of music, far beyond the notes
 Of harp or viol—I have heard them often,
 Still on my ear their fairy sweetness floats—
 And bright locks parted o'er a snowy brow,
 And soft blue eyes beam on me—even now!

I mark your eager looks, your shouts of gladness,
 In sports where laughter rings a joyous peal—
 Your voices chase away all thoughts of sadness,
 My infant days before me seem to steal,
 And bright-winged hopes a seraph train arise,
 Of bliss for ye on earth and in the skies!

Hearts that seem frozen to all tender feeling
 Melt at the glance of childhood—as the snow
 Dissolves in sunshine—in its looks appealing
 Angelic innocence and beauty glow,
 And breathe new harmony in life's dull strain,
 Gild every sorrow—soften every pain.

Babe! whose sweet laugh like tuneful bells is ringing,—
 Boy! of the sturdy step and beaming eye—
 Girl! on whose dimpled cheek the rose is springing,
 With voice of clear and thrilling melody—
 Ye touch the chords of pleasure's silent lyre,
 And with a joy untold, the soul inspire.

Visions of happy times ye bring before me—
 Hours when my heart was like th' untired wing
 Of a gay bird—their mem'ry hovers o'er me
 Like autumn days that wear the smile of spring.
 Ah! ye are gems indeed, whose heavenly light
 Is the pure spirit's lustre, always bright.

Be blessings on your gentle hearts forever!
 May no unkindness chill your artless glee!
 No hand the links of love between ye sever,
 And virtue's star your guiding planet be!
 May peace and health in life's dark chalice pour
 For you their sparkling waters, evermore!

E. A. S.

March, 1838.

INNOVATIONS IN STYLE.

Multa genera sunt enuntiandi, nec ullus distortius quam hoc.
Petrus.

Man's unceasing thirst for novelty and change, is almost as conspicuous in language as in dress. Sometimes we see it in a single word or phrase, which, introduced by some eminent writer or speaker, is readily adopted by the herd of imitators until it obtains a general currency, and either becomes incorporated in the language, or, sharing the fate of last year's fashions, is laid aside and forgotten. At other times the love of innovation takes a higher aim, and ambitiously strives to introduce a new manner and style of writing, well aware that there is no praise an author can obtain which ranks so high as that of originality. If this enterprise be associated with genius, and be cleverly executed, it is sure to be rewarded with an ample harvest of admirers and imitators, most of whom, not very nicely discriminating between its merits and defects, will be likely to copy the latter, as the easier of the two, until by the effect of reiteration and extravagance, they gradually open the eyes of the public to false pretension, and good taste resumes its legitimate ascendancy.

Of this character were the affectations of Sterne, who had for a time a host of copyists, but who has long since ceased to exert any influence on English

literature. Dr. Johnson, too, had somewhat earlier introduced a new manner of writing English, which was recommended by yet more genius and mental vigor than Sterne's. He added something, as he justly alleges, "to the grammatical purity of the language, and to the harmony of its cadence," and yet more, he might have added, to its compactness and precision. But with all these real improvements of our style, he *worsened* it, as Mr. Southey would say, or deteriorated it, as he himself would have said, by the introduction of so many words from the Latin and the Greek. The body and heart of our language are Anglo-Saxon, and while it has been enriched and improved by the naturalization of new words to express ideas which our simple-minded ancestors did not possess, such foreign intruders should not be so numerous or conspicuous as to overcrowd the natives of the language. These words of foreign derivation not only take away from the homogeneousness of our mother tongue, and give to it the air of a piece of patch-work, but they also want the raciness and pungent force possessed by the Anglo-Saxon, by reason of its furnishing nearly all our names of sensible objects, our household terms, and the expressions of our simplest and strongest feelings.

Nor was it only by his profusion of Anglicised Latin words, that Dr. Johnson presented a faulty model of style. He had also a stately pomp of manner, which he no more laid aside on light and gay topics, than on grave and important occasions; and he was withal so habitually sententious, that he would express the most trite and familiar truth with the solemnity of an oracle. Such as, "Labor necessarily requires pauses of ease and relaxation, and the deliciousness of ease commonly makes us unwilling to return to labor"—"It is not only common to find the difficulty of an enterprise greater, but the profit less, than hope had pictured it"—"He that never extends his view beyond the praises or rewards of men, will be dejected by neglect and envy, or infatuated by honors and applause." Such truisms, which have been taken at random from a paper in the Rambler, Vol. III, No. 128, should be merely hinted, not formally stated. Even when the weight of matter, as is most frequently the case, has much to recommend it, these insulated sentences, assuming the importance of maxims, seem ostentatious and dictatorial, and are, at best, objectionable for their mannerism.

It was in vain that these faults were seen by a few and condemned; that Goldsmith, Hume, and some others, continued to write with the graceful ease and simplicity of Addison, and that the voice of criticism was now and then raised to condemn these solemn fopperies of style; the various knowledge and the sterling sense they bedizened, so recommended them to the mass of readers, that their magniloquence and sententiousness were everywhere, either purposely or unconsciously imitated.

There can be no question that Dr. Johnson's influence on English style was long and extensively felt, nor was there clear evidence that this influence was in the wane, until some time after the beginning of this century. There then appeared a body of writers, who resisting the force of his authority and example, wrote in that free, spirited, and natural manner which accords with the genius of the language as well as of the people who speak it; and to which the national taste is sure to return, as to its home, however it may be for a while, led astray by the seductive glare of novelty.

From the time that all vestiges of Dr. Johnson's characteristics began to disappear, and a purer taste prevailed, English style continued to improve, and the language was never, perhaps, so generally well written as it has been in the 19th century. Since then it has possessed the terse vigor of the age of Elizabeth, without its quaintness or harshness; the simplicity of the reign of Queen Anne, without its looseness; and the rhythm and correctness of Johnson, without his formality or pomp. It has added, in short, precision and force to the ease of nature and the grace of variety. In proof of this, I may refer to the writings of Southey and Sir Walter Scott, generally, to the best articles in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, to Gifford, to Hallam, to Washington Irving, to the elder Bulwer, to Charles Lamb, to very many of the lighter articles in the English periodicals, to a few of our own, and to Dr. Channing, though his style, perfect as it is in its kind, may be said to have the excellencies which characterise the last century rather than this.

But the prurient desire of innovation, it seems, could not remain long idle, and it has lately challenged public applause,

"while it pursues
Things, unattempted yet in prose."

Some writers in the most popular English journals, perceiving that style had gained greatly in vivacity and attractiveness by assuming the free and careless turn of conversation, or at least of epistolary writing, have so entirely affected this manner, that they often exceed the utmost license of extempore and unpremeditated speech. Finding that some happy novelty was occasionally a violation of rule, they make a merit of setting all rules at defiance, and systematically seek to give piquancy to language by disregarding its proprieties. Perceiving that words a little turned from their ordinary acceptation have given a grace to the diction of such masters as Burke, or Jeffrey, or Sidney Smith, these imitators wrench and twist them to all sorts of strange uses. Having seen that some of these seasonings were useful to stimulate the languid appetites of the overcrammed reader, they empty their little cruets into the dish and ruin it. They cannot distinguish between

freedom and licentiousness, and like the under-bred pretender to gentility, mistake impudence and forwardness for gentlemanly ease.

Of this class of innovators, Mr. Carlyle must be considered as the leader. Possessed of unquestionable talent, he seems determined, by pushing the late licentious novelties of style, and such others as he can devise, to the furthest verge of extravagance, to be the founder of a new school; and this honor, some of his complacent admirers are already disposed to award him. Assuredly no writer has taken such freedoms with the English language—not even the wildest rant of our July orators, or the silliest twaddle of the *Review*—or, in thus “overdoing termagant,” and out-heroding Herod, has so violated every rule of purity, elegance, rhythm and propriety, for the sake of unduly pricking the lagging attention of the reader. In a word, his purpose is to give to what he writes all the piquancy he can, provided it can be understood, and even to risk making it unintelligible, if only he can make it pungent.

Mr. Carlyle's style of writing corresponds to the *caricature* style in painting, which aims to produce effect by as much distortion and exaggeration as is consistent with resemblance. His object is to rouse the attention and quicken the conceptions of his reader; and not trusting solely to the originality, or force, or justness of the thought, to derive what aid he can from the quaintness and strangeness of the expression. He is, in this way, sure of the praise of boldness for his new, wild, out of the way phrases, if for nothing else, with the vulgar herd of readers, who are all the while kept in a sort of wonderment, very much as if they were listening to the mixture of rhapsody and burlesque of a clever man half drunk, or on the verge of insanity. If there be anything in the thought that is truly just, and sensible, and striking, as there often is, the author is likely to obtain the more credit for it by reason of the odd language in which it is conveyed. The awakened attention into which the reader is surprised, is regarded by the admirers of this style, as evidence of a livelier and clearer conception of the thought. But in this they are often mistaken. A caricature may be, and not unfrequently is, obviously like the original; but the resemblance is commonly far inferior to that of a regular portrait by a master. The pleasure it gives arises not so much from the fidelity of the likeness or the skill of the artist, as from surprise that there should be any resemblance where there is so much exaggeration. The *grotesque* may divert us by its oddity and incongruity, but it is only the *beautiful* that inspires us with admiration.

But, as some may say, if the mass of readers are pleased, and if they are made to attend to those facts and propositions which the author wished to impress on their minds, what does it signify that

this effect is produced by distortion and exaggeration? Is not his object, and indeed the main purpose of writing, answered? I answer that it is not. In the first place, the extraordinary effect of these clap-traps for the reader—of these spurs to quicken the flagging intellect—of these flaps imported from Laputa is but temporary. Whenever this caricature style of writing becomes familiar, as it soon must, it loses all that first recommended it both to its inventors and imitators. Besides, with the few whom an author would be most ambitious to please, and who are the final dispensers of literary fame, the difference between elegance and coarseness, between harmony, delicacy, polish and propriety on the one hand, and ruggedness, homeliness and rusticity on the other, can never be abolished; nor where the latter qualities are wanting, can any bold, new, odd devices of language supply their place. Whatever may be the stimulus of their novelty, real beauty, melody and grace will assert their sway over the human heart, as certainly as we find that the burlesque sketches of Cruikshanks do not impair our relish for the beautiful creations of Italian sculpture or painting, or that a farce, however ingenious or comic, cannot supersede the higher merit of tragedy or genteel comedy. Nor can the slipshod, uncombed, unwashed muse of Don Juan, with all the genius, wit and caustic satire she displays, ever throw Childe Harold, or Pope's Rape of the Lock, or his Moral Essays into the shade. No one knew this better than Byron, who, if he had not written other and better poems than Don Juan, would never have indulged his perverse humor in such a vagary.

The style that has been thus reprobated, has been, with some slight qualifications, warmly commended by the London and Westminster Review, in its notice of “The French Revolution,” in the July number. The reviewer admits that “a style more peculiar than that of Mr. Carlyle, more unlike the jog-trot characterless uniformity which distinguishes the English style of this age of periodicals, does not exist.” He admits, too, that some of the peculiarities of this author are mere mannerisms, “from some casual associations, and that some of his best thoughts are expressed in a phraseology borrowed from the German metaphysicians.” But after these admissions, the reviewer adds: “These transcendentalisms and the accidental mannerisms excepted, we pronounce the style of this book to be not only good, but of surpassing excellence; excelled, in its kind, only by the great masters of epic poetry; and a most suitable and glorious vesture for a work which is itself, as we have said, an epic poem.” I cannot resist the temptation of citing one or two specimens of this style of “surpassing excellence,” and which the reviewer intimates is to be the model of all future historiana. They must be considered

as fair specimens, as they are among those selected by the eulogising reviewer himself.

The fourth book thus opens in one of the author's soberest moods :

"The universal prayer, therefore, is to be fulfilled! Always in days of national perplexity, when wrong abounded, and help was not, this remedy of States General was called for, by a Malesherbes, nay by a Fenelon: even parliaments calling for it were 'escorted with blessings.' And now behold it is vouchsafed us; States General shall verily be!

"To say, let States General be, was easy; to say in what manner they shall be, is not so easy. Since the year 1614, there have no States General met in France; all trace of them has vanished from the living habits of men. Their structure, powers, methods of procedure, which were never in any measure fixed, have now become wholly a vague possibility. Clay, which the potter may shape this way or that:—say rather, the twenty-five millions of potters: for so many have now, more or less, a vote in it! How to shape the States General! There is a problem. Each body-corporate, each privileged, each organized class, has secret hopes of its own in that matter; and also secret misgivings of its own,—for, behold, this monstrous twenty-million class, hitherto the dumb sheep which these others had to agree about the manner of shearing, is now also arising with hopes! It has ceased, or is ceasing to be dumb; it speaks through pamphlets, or at least brays and growls behind them—in unison,—increasing wonderfully their volume of sound."

The next chapter thus notices the election of deputies to the States General :

"Up then, and be doing! The royal signal-word flies through France as through vast forests the rushing of a mighty wind. At parish churches, in townhalls, and every house of convocation; by bailliages, by senechalies, in whatsoever form men convene; there, with confusion enough, are primary assemblies forming. To elect your electors; such is the form prescribed: then to draw up your writ of complaints and grievances, of which latter there is no lack.

"With such virtue works this Royal January edict; as it rolls rapidly in its leathern mails, along the frost-bound highways, towards all the four winds. Like some fat or magic spell-word;—which such things do resemble! For always, as it sounds out, 'at the market-cross,' accompanied with trumpet-blast; presided by bailli, senechal, or other minor functionary, with beef-eaters; or, in country churches, is droned forth after sermon, '*au prône des messes paroissiales*;' and is registered, posted, and let fly over all the world,—you behold how this multitudinous French people, so long simmering and buzzing in eager expectancy, begins heaping and shaping itself into organic groups, which organic groups, again, hold smaller organic grouplets; the inarticulate buzzing becomes articulate speaking and acting. By primary assembly, and therefore secondary; by 'successive elections,' and infinite elaboration and scrutiny, according to prescribed process,—shall the genuine 'complaints and grievances' be at length got to paper; shall the fit national representative be at length laid hold of.

"How the whole people shakes itself, as if it had one life; and, in thousand-voiced rumor, announces that it is awake, suddenly out of long death-sleep, and will thenceforth sleep no more! The long-looked-for has come at last; wondrous news, of victory, deliverance, enfranchisement, sounds magical through every heart. To the proud strong man it has come; whose strong hands shall no more be gyved; to whom boundless unconquered continents lie disclosed. The weary day-drudge has heard of it; the beggar with his crust moistened with tears. What! To us also has

hope reached; down even to us? Hunger and hardship are not to be eternal! The bread we extorted from the rugged glebe, and with the toil of our sinews, reaped and ground, and kneaded into loaves, was not wholly for another, then; but we also shall eat of it, and be filled? Glorious news (answer the prudent elders,) but all too unlikely!—Thus, at any rate, may the lower people, who pay no money taxes, and have no right to vote, assiduously crowd around those that do; and most halls of assembly, within doors and without, seem animated enough."

On the preceding passage the puffer of a brother reviewer remarks, "Has the reader often seen the state of an agitated nation made thus present, thus palpable? How the thing paints itself in all its greatness—the men in all their littleness! and this is not done by reasoning about them, but by showing them." Letting this pass, I will cite one more passage, in which the author thus opens a chapter with a notice of the rescue of the Hotel-de-Ville from the flames :

"In flames, truly—were it not that Usher Maillard, swift of foot, shifty of head, has returned.

"Maillard, of his own motion, for Gouvion or the rest would not sanction him—snatches a drum; descends the porch-stairs, ran-tan, beating sharp, with loud rolls, his rogue's-march; to Versailles! *allons; à Versailles!* as men beat on kettle or warming-pan, when angry she-bees, or say, flying desperate wasps, are to be hived; and the desperate insects hear it, and cluster round it,—simply as round a guidance, where there was none; so now these menads round shifty Maillard, riding-usher of the Châtelet. The axe pauses uplifted; Abbé Lefevre is left half-hanged; from the belfry downwards all vomits itself. What rub-a-dub is that? Stanislas Maillard, Bastille-hero, will lead us to Versailles. Joy to thee, Maillard; blessed art thou above riding-ushers! Away then, away!

"The seized cannon are yoked with seized cart-horses: brown-locked Demoiselle Thérigne, with pike and helmet, sits there as gunneress, 'with haughty eye and serene fair countenance;' comparable some think to the *Maid of Orleans*, or even recalling 'the idea of Pallas Athene.' Maillard (for his drum still rolls) is, by heaven-rending acclamation, admitted General. Maillard hastens the languid march. Maillard, beating rhythmic, with sharp ran-tan, all along the quais, leads forward with difficulty, his menadic host. Such a host, marched not in silence. The bargeman pauses in the river; all wagoners and coach-drivers fly; men peer from windows,—not women, lest they be pressed. Sight of sights: Bacchantes, in these ultimate formalized ages! Brown Henri looks from his Pont-Neuf; the monarchic Louvre, medicean Tuileries see a day not theretofore seen."

Such is the work which the reviewer pronounces "not so much a history as an epic poem," whose extravagancies of diction, often is tasteless as they are affected, he would place in the same category with the inspirations and exquisite art of Shakspeare and Milton, of Homer and Virgil, of Tasso and Ariosto, of Byron and Scott. It is the picturesque and graphic character of Mr. Carlyle's book, on which the reviewer founds so outrageous a panegyric. These are sufficient in his eyes, not only to redeem it for the faults he has noticed, but also to exalt it into poetry. But he evidently confounds the separate provinces and excellencies of poetry and of prose. The purpose

of poetry, at least of the higher species, is to address itself to our sense of the beautiful and the grand, and by means of the artifices of language, to enkindle, through the medium of the imagination, the same rapture and enthusiasm which produced it. But how circumscribed is this purpose, compared with that of prose, which seeks to transmit every shade of thought as well as feeling, that can arise in the human mind? Its most frequent and its worthier object being to inform and instruct, its immediate aim is often not so much to excite feeling as to allay it or prevent it. It indeed also endeavors to please by the decorations of its language and imagery, but pleasure is its means, not its end. The graces of diction and the embellishments of fancy are useful auxiliaries to keep up the reader's attention, and to illustrate a subject by presenting a new object of resemblance. These are the legitimate purposes of ornament in prose, and when carried further, it is used as some use their finery, not so much for setting off their persons, as for making a display of their wealth.

But if we were to disregard the well-settled distinction between poetry and prose, it would be a very mistaken and insufficient theory of the former to consider its graphic power as its only, or even its highest excellence. Whatever ideas are conveyed to our minds through the eye, whatever visual objects assist in exciting emotion, as to these, the more vividly the poet can exhibit them the better. But he has much to transmit that is independent of form or color—much that has no sensible properties whatever. How many noble sentiments, tender feelings, deep seated emotions are best transmitted by the most shadowy abstractions, and can be transmitted in no other way!

Of this character are many of the finest stanzas in *Childe Harold*, as for example:

"Oh! ever loving, lovely and beloved!
How selfish sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far remov'd!
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last."
Canto II, 96th Stanza.

"But I have liv'd, and have not liv'd in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire;
And my frame perish, even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly which they deem not of,
Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love."
Canto IV, 137th Stanza.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more."
Canto IV, 178th Stanza.

So when Eve says to Adam,

"With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun."

And when she goes on to describe the most striking beauties of nature, the most poetical part of the passage is when she adds,

"But neither breath of morn, &c.
—without thee is sweet."
Paradise Lost, IV, 639.

The reviewer has therefore overrated the powers of the graphic and picturesque, even in poetry, whose loftiest flights and most rapturous bursts touch our hearts by means that are beyond the reach of painting. But in history, which aims to make us acquainted with the progress of society, and of the causes and effects of its changes, and where it is of more importance to know the state of the general mind, as to intelligence, opinion, and moral feeling, the graphic style of writing can perform a much more limited part. Its chief use is to enhance the reader's pleasure, so that what he reads is more attended to and better remembered. But the historian would forego his highest duties, who should aim at nothing more than to present us with a series of lively portraits or groups of individuals, with all their attendant localities and personalities. The following paragraph from Hume's notice of the restoration of Charles the 2d contains more sound philosophy and conveys more solid instruction than a chapter of such sketchy stuff as we have cited from Mr. Carlyle.

"Agreeable to the present prosperity of public affairs, was the universal joy and festivity diffused throughout the nation. The melancholy austerity of the fanatics fell into discredit, together with their principles. The royalists, who had ever affected a contrary disposition, found in their recent success new motives for mirth and gaiety; and it now belonged to them to give repute and fashion to their manners. From past experience it had sufficiently appeared, that gravity was very distinct from wisdom, formality from virtue, and hypocrisy from religion. The king himself, who bore a strong propensity to pleasure, served, by his powerful and engaging example, to banish those sour and malignant humors, which had hitherto engendered such confusion. And though the just bounds were undoubtedly passed, when men returned from their former extreme; yet was the public happy in exchanging vices, pernicious to society, for disorders, hurtful chiefly to the individuals themselves who were guilty of them."

But the reviewer asks, "Does any reader feel, after having read Hume's history, that he can now picture to himself what human life was among the Anglo-Saxons? how an Anglo-Saxon would have acted in any supposable case? what were his joys, his sorrows, his hopes and fears, his ideas and opinions on any of the great and small matters of human interest? Would not the sight, if it could be had, of a single table or pair of

shoes, made by an Anglo-Saxon, tell us, directly and by inference, more of his whole way of life, more of how men thought and acted among the Anglo-Saxons, than Hume, with all his narrative skill, has contrived to tell us from all his materials." To this interrogatory I would give a decided negative. Such a sight might gratify an antiquary, might even give a vague idea of the state of some of the mechanical arts, but would afford us no insight into the moral qualities of the Anglo-Saxons, their opinions, laws, habits or civil institutions. We indulge an allowable, or if you please, a liberal curiosity in inquiring into the persons, dress, manners and domestic habits of the great *dramatis personæ* of history, but who is the wiser for a knowledge of these particulars? What reader ever had a juster conception of the important points of Julius Cæsar's character from the fact mentioned by Suetonius, that by way of concealing his baldness he was in the habit of bringing down his hair from the top of his head, (*capillum revocare à vertice*) and that of all his public honors there was no one that he so highly valued as the privilege conferred on him by the senate of always wearing a laurel crown.

But it is time to bring this disquisition to a close. It was prompted by a wish to put our young writers on their guard against imitating a style of writing which has been so bepraised as Mr. Carlyle's by partial friends, or perhaps interested associates,* and which, with some merits, appears to me to have still greater defects. The caution will scarcely appear unnecessary to one who will look into the January number of the Democratic Review, where he will see, in the article on the federal judiciary, a palpable imitation of Mr. Carlyle's peculiarities. The writer evidently possesses talent, was well informed on the subject of which he treated, and if he had been content to say what he knew or thought in his own way, he might have given to the public a pleasing as well as instructive essay, but by laboring at sudden transitions, at new turns of expression, and at wild bursts of extravagance on subjects essentially sober in their character, he has disfigured the suggestions of a shrewd and reflecting mind, and given a further offence to good taste by becoming the copyist of so faulty an original. Affectation is bad enough any way, but at second hand it is intolerable. Let me then hope that if our writers will content themselves to rank with the *servum pecus*, we shall select better models than the poetry-prose of Mr. Carlyle, whose recent writings, if they obtain more than an ephemeral notoriety, will in time be regarded as showing us what we ought rather to avoid than to imitate.

QUILIBES.

March 28, 1838.

* Mr. Carlyle is himself a regular contributor to the London and Westminster Review.

HICKORY CORNHILL.

A LETTER FROM HICKORY CORNHILL, ESQ. TO HIS FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.*

Since you beg me to write how I pass off my time, I will try, my dear friend, to inform you in rhyme :
And first, every morn, the debates I attend
Of the folks who the laws come to make or to mend ;
Where I hear, now and then, mighty fine declamation
About judges and bridges, and banks and the nation.
But last night my amusement was somewhat more new,
Being ask'd to a party of ladies at loo.
Ah ! then, my dear neighbor, what splendor was seen !
Each dame who was there was array'd like a queen.
The camel, the ostrich, the tortoise, the bear,
And the kid might have found each his spoils on the fair.
Though their dresses were made of the finest of stuff,
It must be confess'd they were scanty enough.
Yet that nothing thus sav'd should their husbands avail,
What they take from the body they put in the tail.
When they sit they so tighten their clothes that you can
See a lady has legs just the same as a man :
Then stretch'd on the floor are their trains all so nice,
They brought to my mind Esop's council of mice.

'Ere tea was serv'd up, they were prim as you please,
But when cards were produc'd, all was freedom and ease.
Mrs. Winloo, our hostess, each lady entreated
To set the example. " I pray, ma'am, be seated."
" After you, Mrs. Clutch." " Nay, then, if you insist—
Tom Shuffle, sit down, you prefer loo to whist."
" I'm clear for the ladies. Come, Jack, take a touch.
You'll stump Mrs. Craven, and I Mrs. Clutch."

* Some thirty years since, the ladies of Richmond, influenced by the example of the other sex, were greatly addicted to cards. At first they merely sought to beguile the occasional dulness and formality of small evening parties, and played very low,—commonly at loo,—but after a while, they were prompted chiefly by the hope of winning, since, not content with the interest excited by the game itself, they also staked their money freely in by-bets, so that it was not unusual for a lady to win or lose fifty or sixty dollars of an evening. While the fair votaries of fashion were thus eagerly indulging in what appeared to them no doubt an allowable recreation, many saw with concern the prevalence of a practice that was no less unfriendly to the pleasures of conversation, than to some of the most amiable traits in the female character ; and especially to those which had been thought to characterize the matrons of Virginia. When the practice was at its greatest height, the above piece of humorous satire made its appearance in one of the city papers. It was cordially welcomed by the community generally—by the more moral part for its purpose, and by the other portions for its truth of resemblance, and a certain spice of *espiglerie*, which they thought they perceived in it. They even undertook to assign its imaginary characters to particular individuals, though this was always denied by the author, except so far as he had, in delineating from fancy, unconsciously copied some personal peculiarities of manner or language. The piece thus met with a popularity beyond its real merits, and for a week it might have been heard the subject of mirth and quotation from the boys in the streets to the belles in the drawing-room.

The practice of loo-playing was then seen to decline, and was finally laid aside. The public was inclined to attribute the change to the well-timed ridicule of Hickory Cornhill ; but it is highly probable that this rage for play, like other acute diseases, would, after having reached its crisis, have gradually disappeared. The Editor is now induced to republish it, from the belief that it will revive interesting recollections with some of the readers of the Messenger, and, as a piece of topographical history, be not unacceptable to the present generation. To such of them as have not been initiated in the mysteries of loo, many of the terms here introduced may be unintelligible. Indeed, these occupy perhaps too large a portion of Mr. Cornhill's epistle, if it had not been probably part of the author's purpose to throw ridicule on this very slang which is so offensive to good taste, and to all friends to female delicacy and refinement.—[Ed. Mess.]

Without further parley, anon were allur'd
Two beaux and four ladies around the green board.
When I could but admire that choice occupation
Which call'd forth such bright and refin'd conversation.

"Now, ladies, determine what shall be the loo."
"My dear Mrs. Clutch we will leave it to you."
"One and one, you know, Fribble, I think the best game."
"I always knew, Madam, our tastes were the same."
"Come, Shuffle, *throw round*---let us see who's to deal---
"I cannot tell why, but I already feel---
Stay, stay, there's a knave---that to-night I shall win.
It fell to you, Shuffle---you're dealer, begin."
"Is diamond the trump? then I vow I can't stand."
"I must also *throw up*"---"Let me look at your hand."
"Won't you take a *cross-hop*?" "Madam, what do you say?"
"I'll see you, friend Tom, *if I have but a tray*."
"Play on, Mrs. Clutch, for I know 'twas a *stump*."
"Ace of spades"---"I must take it; you're off with a trump."
"No indeed---but I've noticed, whenever you stood,
"If I was before you, I always was loo'd."
"And there's Mrs. Craven, she threw up the knave."
"I know I did, Ma'am, but I don't *play to save*."
"Come, ladies, put up, *don't be bashful* and shy."
"I'm already up"---"So am I"---"So am I."
"Say, Mrs. Inveigle"---"Oh, is it a spade?"
"I stand"---"So do I"---"After two I'm afraid."
"And I'll *make a third*"---"Well, *here goes* for the money,
"Though I don't win the pool, I'm sure of the *poney*.
And *here goes again*"---"Which of these must I play?"
"Always *keep a good heart*---ah! you've thrown it away."

And thus they go on---*checking, stumping, and fleeting*,
With other strange terms that are scarce worth repeating.
Till at length it struck twelve, when the winners proposed
With the loo which was up, that their sitting should close.
On a little more sport though the losers were bent,
They would not withhold their reluctant assent.

Mrs. Craven, who long since a word had not spoke,
Who scarce gave a smile to the sly equivoque,
But, like an old mouser, sat watching her prey,
Now utter'd the ominous sound of "I play,"
And straight loo'd the board, thus proving the rule,
That the still sow will ever draw most from the pool.

Though much had been lost, yet when now they had done,
Not one of these dames would confess she had won.
But soon I discover'd it plain could be seen
In each lady's face what her fortune had been.
For they frown when they lose, and again when they win
The dear creatures betray it as sure by a grin.

Mrs. Craven, whose temper seem'd one of the best---
So winning her ways---thus the circle address'd:
"Good ladies and gents, Monday eve'ning with me,
Remember you all are engag'd to take tea.
But don't stay after six, for I horribly hate,
When I am to play loo, to defer it so late.
I expect the Dasheagles, and mean to invite
The Squabs from the country, with old Col'nal Kite.
And I think, Mr. Cornhill, 'tis high time that you
Should, like the town beaux, join the ladies at loo."

I thank'd her, and told her that one day I might
Deserve such an honor, then wish'd her good night.
So I hied to the Eagle, resolving to send
Of this night scene a sketch to my neighbor and friend.

H. C.

CONFUCIUS.

Of the four books attributed to Confucius, viz. Ta-Kio, Chung-Young, Lungya, and the book of Conversations, only the first chapter of the first, i. e. of the Ta-Kio, is the work of Confucius.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

Written in the Album of Miss E. M. S.

BY J. C. M'CABE.

The lady from her casement gazes,
The gentle winds are sweetly sleeping,
While one bright star in beauty blazes,
Its vigils in the heavens keeping.
Why looks she forth at such an hour,
While smiles her lovely lips are wreathing?
Perhaps she hears within her bower
Some lover's lute its low tones breathing.
See! see! she looks upon that star!
Lone sentinel! whose solemn glory
Burns o'er the slumbering lake afar,
And gilds the distant mountain hoary.
Smile, sweet one, smile! for tears may soon
Chase from thy cheek the hue of gladness,
And morning hopes in sorrow's noon
May sink where joy is lost in sadness.
And thou, bright star, whose beams are shed
O'er hill and lake, with holy duty,
Mayst be a taper o'er the dead,
A watcher o'er the grave of beauty!
Richmond, April, 1838.

WASHINGTON'S WRITINGS.*

The eleventh and twelfth volumes of this work have now made their appearance. These, which complete the series of the writings of Washington, are accompanied by the long expected first volume which contains his life.

We have already taken notice of the first five volumes which appeared, and we are happy to say that the high praise then bestowed on them, is, in great measure due to the rest of the series. We acknowledge, however, that, in some instances we have been disappointed. From some specimens of Mr. Sparks's judgment in selecting and his skill in arranging the documents in his hands, we had, perhaps, been led to expect too much in other instances. We cannot better illustrate the character and value of this work, than by giving somewhat in detail, the papers relating to a particular transaction. The reader will thus be enabled to see the sort of light which it sheds on the history of the past, and the insight which it affords into the character of Washington, and of some of those with whom he had to do. We allude particularly to the papers relating to an affair popularly known as the "Conway cabal." Of this (though the volume containing it has already passed under our

* "The Writings of George Washington; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, official and private, selected and published from the Original Manuscripts: with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations. By Jared Sparks. Boston: Russell, Odiorne & Metcalfe, and Hilliard, Gray & Co."

review) we beg leave to speak with some particularity. The public has heard much of this transaction, but has never before been permitted to look so closely into its details. That the general result was honorable to General Washington and disgraceful to his enemies, has often been proclaimed. The confidence of his countrymen in his virtues prepared them to receive this annunciation as just and true, but in doing this they rather acquiesced in the judgment of others than judged for themselves. The opportunity of thus judging is now afforded them. Unfortunately the number of those who have the means of acquiring the costly publication before us and the leisure to turn over its numerous pages is necessarily limited. There are thousands capable of investigating and understanding the subject who will not enjoy this advantage, and we trust that we may find favor with our readers, when we avail ourselves of this occasion to give them a nearer view of the transaction.

There was perhaps no event which conduced more to the successful conclusion of the revolutionary war, than the victory at Saratoga, and the consequent capture of Burgoyne. There had certainly been no affair before that time comparable to it for brilliancy, or for the importance of its results. Not only was the army which had so long hung on the northern frontier annihilated, but it was clearly shown that all attempts at invasion from that quarter must be fatal to the invaders. The attention of congress was no longer distracted by the necessity of resisting the efforts of the enemy to penetrate at once from the north and the south along the valley of the Hudson, and thus to effect a junction in the heart of the continent, and to cut off all communication between its eastern and western sections. Relieved from this double danger, men began to breathe more freely. In the splendor of the achievement they saw a glorious presage of ultimate success, and hailed it as the morning star of a day of triumphant liberty. The intelligence of this important event was the more striking because it was unexpected. It came like light shining out of a dark place. The remoteness of the scene and the tardiness of communication by land, had left the public in gloomy and boding ignorance of what was passing there. The news of the result preceded any knowledge of the causes which led to it, and its annunciation procured for General Gates a sudden burst of popularity which might have turned a sounder head.

At the same time the situation of General Washington was most unenviable. His unsuccessful attack on Germantown had just been made. The unfortunate affair of Brandywine had not long preceded it, and baffled and disheartened, he was preparing to withdraw his shattered and ineffective army to their inglorious winter-quarters at Valley Forge. Twelve months might be sup-

posed to have nearly obliterated the recollection of his brilliant but brief career of victory in the winter of '76-7, and men might have been excused for believing that nothing but the success of Gates saved him from destruction.

It was while he thus lay, incapable of doing anything to claim the favorable notice of the public, that the intrigue known by the name of the "Conway cabal" was set on foot. Its object was to dislodge him from his place in the confidence and service of the people, and to place General Gates at the head of the army. That officer was a soldier by profession, who had carried arms with honor to himself for more than twenty years. Beyond this, little was known of him besides his late brilliant achievement. Of the advantages and disadvantages of his situation when opposed to Burgoyne, the public had no means of judging. Everything was naturally presumed in his favor. It was not until the disastrous and disgraceful battle of Camden had stripped him of his laurels, that men began to reflect on the arduous character of the enterprise in which Burgoyne had been baffled. It was no less than an attempt to penetrate through the heart of a continent inhabited by a hardy and hostile yeomanry with arms in their hands. It was the spontaneous movement of these that cut off his retreat and hedged him around with difficulties, and drove him on his fate. He was caught in the cleft of the oak, and had no choice but to perish by famine, or to surrender at discretion.

But of all this, at the time, the world at large knew nothing. The whole merit of the achievement was attributed to the commander. He was the lion of the day; the theme of all eulogy, the object of universal admiration. Nothing was more natural than to suppose that the fickle voice of the multitude might claim for this new favorite the first place in the service of the public. The idea was caught at with avidity by many. This was especially the case with men whose aspiring and presumptuous ambition stood rebuked by the unpretending modesty of Washington, and with others whose loose morality quailed before his stern, uncompromising virtue. In each of these descriptions General Conway stood prominent. An Irishman by birth, and an adventurer by profession, he had in early life sought his fortunes in France, and devoted the prime of his manhood to the service of his country's enemies. The same spirit of adventure and quest of advancement led him to America, and hither he brought with him the taste and turn and talent for intrigue on which promotion so much depends in those ancient monarchies,

"Where ladies interpose, and slaves debate."

He was not slow to discover the unmeasured and vain-glorious ambition of General Gates, and anticipating his speedy advancement, determined

to secure his favor by being among the first to hail the dawn of his greatness, and to prognosticate its meridian splendor. His letters to Gates seem calculated to answer the double purpose of gaining his favor and stimulating his ambition. In confederacy with others of the same views, a party was formed in congress who contrived to procure the appointment of a board of war suited to their purposes, and anonymous letters were addressed to influential men everywhere, lauding the exploits of Gates, and arraigning the conduct of Washington. But the popularity of that extraordinary man was not of a nature to be dissipated by a puff of caprice, or a blast of adverse fortune. It rested on the universal conviction of his disinterestedness, his magnanimity, and his law-abiding devotion to the authority of congress, and to all the duties of his important trust. It rested too on the personal acquaintance of nearly all the leading men of the country, who had known him for more than twenty years as a model, not only of virtue, but of wisdom, sobriety, judgment, fortitude and firmness; in short, of all those great qualities from which alone success in great affairs can be confidently expected. The anonymous defamations addressed to these men were not merely thrown away; they were in several instances communicated directly to Washington himself, who was thus apprised of the intrigue which was going on. In all this there was nothing to indicate the parties to the conspiracy, but there was enough to rouse the sagacious vigilance of the commander-in-chief, and to enable him to draw conclusions from circumstances which might otherwise have demanded no notice.

It happened that about this time General Wilkinson mentioned, in a way which brought the fact to Washington, that Conway had written to Gates a letter containing these words: "Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it."

This was enough for Washington. He perfectly understood the characters of the men, and was at once *au fait* to the whole intrigue. His sagacity in detecting, and his address in exposing it, the dexterity with which he turned on General Gates his own arts and devices, convicting him on his own showing, of prevarication and falsehood, the withering sarcasm which is employed in the performance of this task, along with the delicate and self-respectful courtesy of his phraseology, and finally the calm magnanimity with which he forbears to press a disgraced and humbled adversary, present a study, of which they who would learn to "quarrel by the book," would do well to avail themselves. We doubt whether any more admirable composition can anywhere be found than the letter to General Gates, in which he plainly intimates that he does not believe him, and goes on to prove by an argument at once ingenuous and

conclusive, that his incredulity was justified by the words and actions of the party himself.

But we are getting ahead of our story. Immediately on receiving the information abovementioned, Washington addressed a letter to Conway, apprising him that it had been received. This letter contained only these words:

"Sir: A letter which I received last night contained the following paragraph:

"'In a letter from General Conway to General Gates, he says, "Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it.'

I am, sir, your humble servant."

Having despatched this letter, Washington coolly awaited the result. It came in due time. No sooner does Gates hear of the affair than he writes to Conway, (of whom Washington takes no farther notice,) telling him he had learned that one of Conway's letters to himself had been copied, and begging to know which. To this inquiry Conway could give no answer, and Gates, with a trembling eagerness to know the worst, addresses a letter to Washington himself. The latter knew his man. His enemy had ventured from his covert, and he was resolved not to permit him to escape without something decisive. It happened that General Gates, wishing to make a parade of openness and sincerity, had sent a copy of his letter to congress, in consequence of which he received the reply through that body. These letters we beg leave to lay before the reader, as being more interesting and satisfactory than any abstract that we can give of them.

Horatio Gates to George Washington.

"Albany, 8th December, 1777.

"Sir: I shall not attempt to describe what, as a private gentleman, I cannot help feeling, on representing to my mind the disagreeable situation in which confidential letters, when exposed to public inspection, may place an unsuspecting correspondent; but, as a public officer, I conjure your excellency to give me all the assistance you can, in tracing out the author of the infidelity, which put extracts from General Conway's letters to me into your hands. Those letters have been stealthily copied; but which of them, when, and by whom, is to me as yet an unfathomable secret. There is not one officer in my suite, nor amongst those who have free access to me, upon whom I could, with the least justification to myself, fix the suspicion; and yet my uneasiness may deprive me of the usefulness of the worthiest men. It is, I believe, in your excellency's power to do me and the United States a very important service, by detecting a wretch who may betray me, and capitally injure the very operations under your immediate directions. For this reason, sir, I beg your excellency will favor me with the proof you can procure to that effect. But the crime being eventually so important, that the least loss of time may be attended with the worst consequences, and it being unknown to me, whether the

letter came to you from a member of congress or from an officer, I shall have the honor of transmitting a copy of this to the president, that the congress may, in concert with your excellency, obtain as soon as possible a discovery, which so deeply affects the safety of the states. Crimes of that magnitude ought not to remain unpunished. I have the honor to be, &c."

George Washington to the President of Congress.

"Valley Forge, 4th January, 1778.

"Sir: Unwilling as I am to add anything to the multiplicity of business, that necessarily engages the attention of congress, I am compelled by unavoidable necessity to pass my answer to General Gates through their hands. What could induce General Gates to communicate to that honorable body a copy of his letter to me is beyond the depth of my comprehension, upon any fair ground; but the fact being so, must stand as an apology for the liberty of giving you this trouble, which no other consideration would have induced me to take. With the greatest respect, sir, I am, &c."

George Washington to Horatio Gates.

"Valley Forge, 4th January, 1778.

"Sir: Your letter of the 8th ultimo came to my hands a few days ago, and to my great surprise informed me that a copy of it had been sent to congress, for what reason I find myself unable to account; but as some end doubtless was intended to be answered by it, I am laid under the disagreeable necessity of returning my answer through the same channel, lest any member of that honorable body should harbor an unfavorable suspicion of my having practised some indirect means to come at the contents of the confidential letters between you and General Conway.

"I am to inform you, then, that Colonel Wilkinson, on his way to congress in the month of October last, fell in with Lord Stirling at Reading, and, not in confidence that I ever understood, informed his aid-de-camp, Major McWilliams, that General Conway had written this to you: 'Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it.' Lord Stirling, from motives of friendship, transmitted the account with this remark: 'The enclosed was communicated by Colonel Wilkinson to Major McWilliams; such wicked duplicity of conduct I shall always think it my duty to detect.' In consequence of this information, and without having anything more in view than merely to show that gentleman, that I was not unapprised of his intriguing disposition, I wrote to him a letter in these words:

"Sir: A letter which I received last night, contained the following paragraph: 'In a letter from General Conway to General Gates he says, *'Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it.'* I am, sir, &c."

"Neither this letter, nor the information which occasioned it, was ever directly or indirectly communicated by me to a single officer in this army out of my own family, excepting the Marquis de Lafayette, who, having been spoken to on the subject by Gen. Conway, applied for and saw, under injunctions of secrecy, the letter which contained Wilkinson's information; so desirous was I of concealing every matter that could, in

its consequences, give the smallest interruption to the tranquillity of this army, or afford a gleam of hope to the enemy by dissensions therein.

"Thus, sir, with an openness and candor, which I hope will ever characterise and mark my conduct, have I complied with your request. The only concern I feel upon the occasion, finding how matters stand, is, that in doing this I have necessarily been obliged to name a gentleman, who, I am persuaded, although I never exchanged a word with him upon the subject, thought he was rather doing an act of justice, than committing an act of infidelity; and sure I am, that, till Lord Stirling's letter came to my hands, I never knew that General Conway, whom I viewed in the light of a stranger to you, was a correspondent of yours; much less did I suspect that I was the subject of your confidential letters. Pardon me then for adding, that, so far from conceiving that the safety of the states can be affected, or in the smallest degree injured, by a discovery of this kind, or that I should be called upon in such solemn terms to point out the author, I considered the information as coming from yourself, and given with a friendly view to forewarn, and consequently to forearm me, against a secret enemy, or in other words, a dangerous incendiary; in which character, sooner or later, this country will know General Conway. But in this, as in other matters of late, I have found myself mistaken. I am, sir, your most obedient servant."

Horatio Gates to George Washington.

"Yorktown, 23d January, 1778.

"Sir: The letter of the 4th instant which I had the honor to receive yesterday from your excellency, has relieved me from unspeakable uneasiness. I now anticipate the pleasure it will give you, when you discover that what has been conveyed to you for an extract of General Conway's letter to me was not an information, which friendly motives induced a man of honor to give, that injured virtue might be forearmed against secret enemies. The paragraph, which your excellency has condescended to transcribe, is spurious. It was certainly fabricated to answer the most selfish and wicked purposes. I cannot avoid sketching out to your excellency the history of General Conway's letter, from the time that it came to my hands by Lieutenant-Colonel Troup, my aid-de-camp, to whom General Conway delivered it at Reading on the 11th of October, to this time, as far as it has affected me and the officers of my family.

"That letter contained very judicious remarks upon that want of discipline, which has often alarmed your excellency and, I believe, all observing patriots. The reasons which, in his judgment, deprived us of the success we could reasonably expect, were methodically explained by him; but neither the 'weakness' of any of our generals, nor 'bad counsellors,' were mentioned; and consequently cannot be assigned or imagined as part of those reasons to which General Conway attributed some of our losses. He wrote to me as a candid observer, as other officers in every service freely write to each other, for obtaining better intelligence than that of newspapers, and that freedom renders such letters thus far confidential in some measure. The judgment of the person who receives them points out to him, according to time and circumstances, the propriety or

impropriety attending their being communicated, when no particular injunction of secrecy was requested.

"Particular actions rather than persons were blamed, but with impartiality; and I am convinced that he did not aim at lessening in my opinion the merit of any person. His letter was perfectly harmless; however, now that various reports have been circulated concerning its contents, they ought not to be submitted to the solemn inspection of even those who stand most high in the public esteem. Anxiety and jealousy would arise in the breast of very respectable officers, who, rendered sensible of faults, which inexperience, and that alone, may have led them into, would be unnecessarily disgusted, if they perceived a probability of such errors being recorded. Honor forbids it, and patriotism demands that I should return the letter into the hands of the writer. I will do it; but at the same time I declare, that the paragraph conveyed to your excellency as a genuine part of it, was in words as well as in substance a wicked forgery.

"About the beginning of December I was informed that letter had occasioned an explanation between your excellency and that gentleman. Not knowing whether the whole letter or a part of it had been stealthily copied, but fearing malice had altered its original texture, I own, sir, that a dread of the mischiefs, which might attend the forgery, I suspected would be made, put me for some time in a most painful situation. When I communicated to the officers in my family the intelligence I had received, they all entreated me to rescue their characters from the suspicions they justly conceived themselves liable to, until the guilty person should be known. To facilitate the discovery, I wrote to your excellency; but, unable to learn whether General Conway's letter had been transmitted to you by a member of congress or a gentleman in the army, I was afraid much time would be lost in the course of the inquiry, and that the states might receive some capital injury from the infidelity of the person who I thought had stolen a copy of the obnoxious letter. Was it not probable that the secrets of the army might be obtained and betrayed through the same means to the enemy? For this reason, sir, not doubting the congress would most cheerfully concur with you in tracing out the criminal, I wrote to the president, and enclosed to him a copy of my letter to your excellency.

"About the time I was forwarding those letters, Brigadier-General Wilkinson returned to Albany. I informed him of the treachery which had been committed, but I concealed from him the measure I was pursuing to unmask the author. Wilkinson answered, he was assured it never would come to light, and endeavored to fix my suspicions on Lieutenant-Colonel Troup, who, said he, might have incautiously conversed on the substance of General Conway's letter with Colonel Hamilton, whom you had sent not long before to Albany. I did not listen to this insinuation against your aid-de-camp and mine.

"Would that your excellency's prediction relative to General Conway had not been inserted in your letter, which came to me unsealed through the channel of congress. I hope always to find that gentleman a firm and constant friend to America. I never wrote to him in my life, but to satisfy his doubts concerning the exposure of his private letter; nor had any sort of

intimacy, nor hardly the smallest acquaintance with him, before our meeting in this town. With great respect, I am, &c."

In reading this last letter of General Gates the reader is requested to observe that he speaks of Conway's letter as if there had been but one, and that he further favors this idea by declaring that he had no sort of intimacy with Conway, and had never written to him but to satisfy his mind concerning the exposure of his own letter. Of course, the inference is that Conway had written to him one letter which he never answered, and that the letter in question was written by Gates with no other view but to satisfy him on the subject. It is painful to think that a vice so contemptible as falsehood should be found in one who had won such proud distinction in the cause of freedom and of our country. But we find it impossible to read the following letter without imputing this paltry and disgraceful crime to General Gates:

Horatio Gates to Thomas Conway.

"Albany, 3d December, 1777.

"Dear General: Your excellent letter has given me pain; for, at the same time that I am indebted to you for a just idea of the cause of our misfortune, your judicious observations make me sensible of the difficulty there is in remedying the evils, which retard our success. The perfect establishment of military discipline, consistent with the honor and principles, which ought to be cherished amongst a free people, is not only the work of genius, but time. But, dear General, you have sent your resignation; and I assure you, I fondly hope it will not be accepted; it ought not.

"The antipathy, which has long subsisted between the French and English nations, will continue until they cease to be neighbors. Such is the unhappy lot of mankind. The separation occasioned by the declaration of independence has removed the cause of that hatred which the political connexion of the British colonists has implanted in their breasts against the French, and those who were attached to their interest. Now that Machiavelism can be no longer attempted to keep up those prejudices in the minds of the unthinking amongst us, the French and the people of the United States will become friends; and I am amazed that men, in the station you mention, should have been so impolitic, or have possessed so little of the philosophic spirit, as to provoke a gentleman of your acknowledged merits, by illiberal reflections; however, I must declare to you, that I firmly believe there would be more greatness in continuing to serve the states, notwithstanding the provocation you think you have received from one of their principal members, than in resigning the commission you hold. Capricious or disgraced warriors so often leave the army, that I do not wish to see the name of Conway on the list of officers who have withdrawn from the service of our republic. I hope the result of your considerations on this subject, will retain in our service an excellent officer, who has already exposed his life in our defence; and that you will believe I am, with the purest esteem, dear General, your most humble and most obedient servant."

"P.S. This moment I received a letter from our worthy friend, General Mifflin, who informs me, that extracts from your letters to me had been conveyed to General Washington, and that it occasioned an *éclaircissement*, in which you acted with all the dignity of a virtuous soldier. I intreat you, dear General, to let me know which of the letters was copied off. It is of the greatest importance that I should detect the person, who has been guilty of that act of infidelity. I cannot trace him out unless I have your assistance."

It has been said that he who would discover the subject nearest a woman's heart when she sits down to write a letter, must look for it in the postscript. A favorable judge might interpret General Gates in the same way; but unfortunately we have a letter of the next day to General Mifflin, in which he tells him that the letter to Conway had been written and sealed before Mifflin's letter, above referred to, was received. But let the matter and manner of this letter be carefully observed. What is there about it that betokens a first and only letter to a stranger in answer to an unexpected letter from that stranger? Who can believe that such a letter as Conway's appears to have been, was written to any but an intimate? The subject appears to have been, in good measure, that of the writer's private griefs, and Gates's eager inquiry as to *which* of the letters had been copied, shows that there had been several. The same anxious tone appears also in his first letter to Washington, and contrasts amusingly with the cool nonchalance with which he treats the whole affair, as soon as he received Washington's answer. He seems to have been completely set at ease by the discovery that no letter had been copied, and that only a short sentence had been detailed from memory. Nothing more was wanting than to protest that there was no such language in *some one* letter, which he might hold himself ready to produce, if called for; and there he doubtless supposed the matter would end. But he had to do with one who penetrated to the thoughts and intentions of his heart, and who, with no other light than that afforded by Gates's artful letter, saw the whole matter as it really was, and as plainly as we who are admitted behind the scenes. The following letter is an evidence of tact and sagacity without parallel:

George Washington to Horatio Gates.

"Valley Forge, 9th February, 1778.

"Sir: I was duly favored with your letter of the 23d of last month, to which I should have replied sooner, had I not been delayed by business that required my more immediate attention. It is my wish to give implicit credit to the assurances of every gentleman; but, in the subject of our present correspondence, I am sorry to confess, there happen to be some unlucky circumstances, which involuntarily compel me to consider the discovery you mention, not so satisfactory and conclusive, as you seem to think it. I am so unhappy as

to find no small difficulty in reconciling the spirit and import of your different letters, and sometimes of the different parts of the same letter with each other. It is not unreasonable to presume, that your first information of my having notice of General Conway's letter, came from himself; there were very few in the secret, and it is natural to suppose that he, being immediately concerned, would be most interested to convey the intelligence to you. It is also far from improbable that he acquainted you with the substance of the passage communicated to me; one would expect this, if he believed it to be spurious, in order to ascertain the imposition and evince his innocence; especially as he seemed to be under some uncertainty as to the precise contents of what he had written, when I signified my knowledge of the matter to him. If he neglected doing it, the omission cannot easily be interpreted into anything else than a consciousness of the reality of the extract, if not literally, at least substantially. If he did not neglect it, it must appear somewhat strange that the forgery remained so long undetected, and that your first letter to me from Albany, of the 8th of December, should tacitly recognise the genuineness of the paragraph in question; while your only concern at that time seemed to be the tracing out the 'author of the infidelity, which put extracts from General Conway's letter into my hands.'

"Throughout the whole of that letter, the reality of the extracts is by the fairest implication allowed, and your only solicitude is to find out the person that brought them to light. After making the most earnest pursuit of the author of the supposed treachery, without saying a word about the truth or falsehood of the passage, your letter of the 23d ultimo, to my great surprise, proclaims it 'in words, as well as in substance, a wicked forgery.' It is not my intention to contradict this assertion, but only to intimate some considerations, which tend to induce a supposition that, though none of General Conway's letters to you contained the offensive passage mentioned, there might have been something in them too nearly related to it, that could give such an extraordinary alarm. It may be said, if this were not the case, how easy in the first instance to have declared there was nothing exceptionable in them, and to have produced the letters themselves in support of it. This may be thought the most proper and effectual way of refuting misrepresentation and removing all suspicion. The propriety of the objections suggested against submitting them to inspection may very well be questioned. 'The various reports circulated concerning their contents,' were perhaps so many arguments for making them speak for themselves, to place the matter upon the footing of certainty. Concealment in an affair, which had made so much noise, though not by my means, will naturally lead men to conjecture the worst; and it will be a subject of speculation even to candor itself. The anxiety and jealousy you apprehended from revealing the letter, will be very apt to be increased by suppressing it.

"It may be asked, Why not submit to inspection a performance perfectly harmless, and of course conceived in terms of proper caution and delicacy? Why suppose, that 'anxiety and jealousy would have arisen in the breasts of very respectable officers, or that they would have been unnecessarily disgusted at being made sen-

sible of their faults, when related with judgment and impartiality by a candid observer? Surely they could not have been unreasonable enough to take offence at a performance so perfectly inoffensive, 'blaming actions rather than persons,' which have evidently no connexion with one another, and indulgently 'recording the errors of inexperience.'

"You are pleased to consider General Conway's letters as of a confidential nature; observing 'that time and circumstances must point out the propriety or impropriety of communicating such letters.' Permit me to inquire whether, when there is an impropriety in communicating, it is only applicable with respect to the parties, who are the subjects of them? One might be led to imagine this to be the case, from your having admitted others into the secret of your confidential correspondence, at the same time that you thought it ineligible it should be trusted to those 'officers, whose actions underwent its scrutiny.' Your not knowing whether the letter under consideration 'came to me from a member of congress, or from an officer,' plainly indicates that you originally communicated it to at least one of that honorable body; and I learn from General Conway, that before his late arrival at Yorktown, it had been committed to the perusal of several of its members, and was afterwards shown by himself to three more. It is somewhat difficult to conceive a reason, founded in generosity, for imparting the free and confidential strictures of that ingenious censor on the operations of the army under my command, to a member of congress; but perhaps 'time and circumstances pointed it out.' It must indeed be acknowledged, that the faults of very respectable officers, not less injurious for being the result of inexperience, were not improper topics to engage the attention of members of congress.

"It is, however, greatly to be lamented, that this adept in military science did not employ his abilities in the progress of the campaign, in pointing out those wise measures, which were calculated to give us 'that degree of success we could reasonably expect.' The United States have lost much from that unseasonable diffidence, which prevented his embracing the numerous opportunities he had in council of displaying those rich treasures of knowledge and experience he has since so freely laid open to you. I will not do him the injustice to impute the penurious reserve, which ever appeared in him upon such occasions, to any other cause than an excess of modesty; neither will I suppose, that he possesses no other merit than that after kind of sagacity, which qualifies a man better for profound discoveries of errors that have been committed, and advantages that have been lost, than for the exercise of that foresight and provident discernment, which enable him to avoid the one and anticipate the other. But, willing as I am to subscribe to all his pretensions, and to believe that his remarks on the operations of the campaign were very judicious, and that he has sagaciously descanted on many things that might have been done, I cannot help being a little skeptical as to his ability to have found out the means of accomplishing them, or to prove the sufficiency of those in our possession. These minutiae, I suspect, he did not think worth his attention, particularly as they might not be within the compass of his views.

"Notwithstanding the hopeful presages you are

pleased to figure to yourself of General Conway's firm and constant friendship to America, I cannot persuade myself to retract the prediction concerning him, which you so emphatically wish had not been inserted in my last. A better acquaintance with him, than I have reason to think you have had, from what you say, and a concurrence of circumstances, oblige me to give him but little credit for the qualifications of his heart; of which, at least, I beg leave to assume the privilege of being a tolerable judge. Were it necessary, more instances than one might be adduced, from his behavior and conversation, to manifest that he is capable of all the malignity of detraction, and all the meannesses of intrigue, to gratify the absurd resentment of disappointed vanity, or to answer the purposes of personal aggrandisement, and promote the interest of faction. I am with respect, sir, your most obedient servant."

Now here is the "lie by circumstance" insinuated with a degree of distinctness to which nothing but conscious guilt, christian forbearance, or abject cowardice, could have been expected to submit. It was the more provoking, too, because the whole of the argument drawn from the supposed communication of Washington's discovery by Conway himself, could have been shown to be destitute of any such foundation. Gates had got his information from Mifflin, who gave no intimation of the terms of the supposed letter or extract. Under these circumstances, it is almost incredible that Gates should have deigned to write the following reply:

Horatio Gates to George Washington.

"Yorktown, 19th February, 1778.

"Sir: Yesterday I had the honor to receive your excellency's letter of the 9th instant, and earnestly hope no more of that time, so precious to the public, may be lost upon the subject of General Conway's letter. Whether that gentleman does or does not deserve the suspicions you express, would be entirely indifferent to me, did he not possess an office of high rank in the army of the United States; for that reason solely I wish he may answer all the expectations of congress. As to the gentleman, I have no personal connexion with him, nor had I any correspondence, previous to his writing the letter which has given offence; nor have I since written to him, save to certify what I know to be the contents of the letter. He therefore must be responsible; as I heartily dislike controversy, even upon my own account, and much more in a matter wherein I was only accidentally concerned. In regard to the parts of your excellency's letter addressed particularly to me, I solemnly declare that I am of no faction; and if any of my letters taken aggregately or by paragraphs convey any meaning which in any construction is offensive to your excellency, that was by no means the intention of the writer. After this, I cannot believe your excellency will either suffer your suspicions or the prejudices of others to induce you to spend another moment upon this subject. With great respect, I am, sir, &c."

The reply of the commander-in-chief to this

neaking letter, which is found at page 513, closes this remarkable correspondence :

George Washington to Horatio Gates.

"Valley Forge, 24th February, 1778.

"Sir: I yesterday received your favor of the 19th instant. I am as averse to controversy as any man; and, had I not been forced into it, you never would have had occasion to impute to me even the shadow of a disposition towards it. Your repeatedly and solemnly disclaiming any offensive views, in those matters which have been the subject of our past correspondence, makes me willing to close with the desire you express, of burying them hereafter in silence and, as far as future events will permit, oblivion. My temper leads me to peace and harmony with all men; and it is peculiarly my wish to avoid any personal feuds or dimensions with those who are embarked in the same great national interest with myself, as every difference of this kind must in its consequences be very injurious. I am, sir, your most obedient servant."

After all this it is due to General Gates to own that he was no ordinary man, and yet we may safely challenge a search into all the records of this sort of diplomacy, in which the superiority of one party over the other is more triumphantly established. That it was the triumph of truth and virtue, is made manifest, to all who might doubt it, (if such there could be) by the following letter from Conway, written, as he then believed, on his death bed.

Thomas Conway to George Washington.

"Philadelphia, 23d July, 1778.

"Sir: I find myself just able to hold the pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said anything disagreeable to your excellency. My career will soon be over; therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are in my eyes the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration and esteem of these states, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues. I am, with the greatest respect, &c.

"THOMAS CONWAY."

We have given these letters at large, not only because they are more interesting than anything of our own, but because we can no otherwise so well convey to the reader a just idea of the work under review. It is only thus that the character of such a work can be displayed. When we say that this is but a fair sample of the sort of information it contains, and of the manner in which it is communicated and substantiated, we have said enough to satisfy the public that it has well fulfilled the high expectations awakened by its annunciation.

We are not sure that in every instance the compiler's task has been executed with the same skill and fidelity. In the papers relating to the interesting affair of Major André, there is a meagerness which leaves the reader unsatisfied, and dis-

appointed. We can hardly bring ourselves to believe that the whole of them are given, and we look in vain in the appendix for the same amplitude of elucidation which we find in other cases. Instead of it, we have, indeed, a reference to "Sparks's Life and Treason of Arnold;" but, under favor, we think the purchasers of the present work had a right to expect that Mr. Sparks would have given them all the necessary information *here*. He certainly was at liberty to extract from his own work as freely as from that of any other person, although we are sensible the sale of it might be impaired by transferring from it a fuller account of the transaction which conferred on that traitor his only celebrity.

But we have no mind to say anything ill-natured to Mr. Sparks. He has given us a compilation of great interest to the general reader, and of infinite value to the historian. He has executed his task with exemplary diligence and fidelity, and deserves our thanks and our praise.

TO DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia! horrid fiend, away!
Nor dog my steps from day to day:
Where'er I go—wherever fly,
I meet that dim and sunken eye.
That pallid and cadav'rous hue,
Those bloodless lips, so coldly blue,
Thy tott'ring gait and falt'ring breath,
Proclaim thee, messenger of death.

Behold thy work—my languid frame
Its vigor wasted, blood grown tame,
Afraid of what, it cannot tell,
Is held in thy demoniac spell;
Dark shadows round, thou seem'st to fling;
"My ears with hollow murmurs ring;"
My head grows giddy—eyesight dim,
My senses seem to reel and swim.

At night I start from hideous dream;
My pillow fly, with stifled scream;
I dare not sleep—at early morn,
I hear the huntsman's echoing horn;
My burthen'd heart one instant bounds
To spring to horse, and cheer the hounds—
Alas! no more for me the chase!
Myself pursued, I fly thy face.

I cannot breathe the balmy air—
It cheers me not, for thou art there;
I am not gladden'd by the sun—
His course is glorious, mine is run.
For me the flowers all vainly bloom;
They seem but things which strew the tomb.
All things that others seek, I shun—
The earth a blank—the world undone.

Is there no power, this brow to cool,
And wash me in Siloam's pool?

Bethesda's waters! where are they?
 The friendly hand to guide the way?
 Remorseless fiend! relax thy hold;
 The demons were cast out of old,
 And I will cling to Jesus' knee;
 Oh! let him speak, and thou must flee.

NUGATOR.

JACK-O'-LANTERN:

A NEW-LIGHT STORY. BY EYES-IN-GLASS.

CHAPTER I.*

"*Manager.* You know, upon our German stage, every one tries what he likes. Therefore, spare me neither scenery nor machinery upon this day. Use the greater and the lesser light of heaven; you are free to squander the stars; there is no want of water, fire, rocks, beasts and birds. So spread out, in this narrow booth, the whole circle of creation; and travel, with considerate speed, from heaven, through the world, to hell."

Goethe.—*The Faust.*

It is scarcely the best policy to begin the work of confession on one's first entry into the world, where, now-a-days, if men confess any sins at all, it is only such as are sufficiently equivocal to pass for virtues; but as my aim is a moral one, and my hope the reformation of this very infirmity among mankind, I know no better mode of beginning, than to put myself right in court, by a frank avowal of the matter which has brought me into it. Start not, therefore, ye devoutly pious—frown not, ye saints of the tabernacle,—and wring not your hands, ye godly dames, who form societies to help unto grace and gravy, the infinite number of wise young men, who are possessed of the spirit, and lack all other possessions,—when I boldly declare unto ye, that, like Saul of old, and the Witch of Endor, John Faustus, Michael Scott, and, possibly, the Reverend Edward Irving, I have a familiar—in plain language, a devil; one of those active and intelligent spirits, who from sympathy, animal magnetism, or some other equally unintelligible cause, attach themselves to the fortunes of that grub-worm, man, for his special comfort and edification; conveying him the news—canvassing morals, (and, *par parenthese*, the devil has a particular interest in this department of human economy,) and, altogether, affording him a mass of information not yet attainable even by the most adroit practitioner in *clair-voyancing*.

*And, possibly, chapter last, since I cannot be certain that the taste of the reader will so highly approve of my devil as my own does. Time will show. I will bind myself to no conditions. If the mood suits me—and the "Messenger"—there will be more words to this argument. The public shall be made wiser, if they have the wit to desire it. I shall be happy to serve and enlighten them, but I will not throw pearls away upon—those who do not know how to wear them. I' faith, I had nearly written out the proverb in full, and there were no good policy, my gentle public, in that.

How I became familiar, with this familiar, is, gentlest of all possible readers—without becoming too familiar—none of your business. He came to me, suffice it to know, not as visitors from the unsubstantial world usually come, reeking with smoke and stinking of antimony; there was not even a flourish of trumpets—not a breeze or breath of music—to intimate his approach. Never was coming more innocent and unimposing. I made use of no sort of incantations; none of your skulls and circles—grim, grinning jowls, skinned bats and withered frogs, encircled me; and, except the proverbial devil of the printing office, I do not remember to have ever had before the slightest communication, from or with, any of the botto-quartered gentry. Nor did I solicit, the honor of a visit, (rhyme is a devilish propensity,) but uninvited, uncommanded—I will not say, undesired—he stood before me; nay, there I am wrong, he stood behind me, such was the unobtrusive modesty of his approach at first; and a sound was the first notice which I had of his near neighborhood. My devil first made my acquaintance in the shape of a sound. But that, gentle reader, was no vulgar sound, though not an unfrequent one since the discovery of Maccoboy. My snuff-box lay beside me, on the table, and from its capacious treasury, I had just withdrawn, betwixt my forefinger and thumb, a generous pinch of the titillating dust. Applied to my nostril, it had promptly done its office in provoking a most relieving and liberal sneeze. What was my consternation to behold, in the next moment, another sneeze behind me—a sneeze, as it were, the very *fac-simile* and echo of my own. Such, at first, I was almost persuaded to believe it, but a repetition of the explosion soon convinced me that it was not the sneeze of humanity, and I clearly comprehended the operation of my Maccoboy upon the sternutatory organs of an infernal. "Ha!—tshe—tshe—tshe—ha!—ha!"—was the melodious acknowledgment which my visiter gave to the potency and general excellence of my tobacconist; and the sympathy which his nostril thus seemed to exhibit with my own, half removed the feeling of disquiet and apprehension which his first annunciation had occasioned me. In an instant I turned to confront him, and a moment's glance sufficed to set my heart at ease and silence all my annoyances. On looking at him, I felt, of a sudden, all the freedom and familiarity of a long acquaintance; and this feeling, the moment I had discovered his quality, forced upon me the unpleasant conviction that I had been no better than I should be. His face was by no means remarkable. Such a face I have often seen. It was rather Gallican in its contour and general expression. A disposition to laugh at all things seemed its predominating feature, but there was a slight sinking at the corners of the mouth, which denoted a habitual sneer, and a fond-

ness for sarcasm, which was strongly opposed to the general benevolence of his other features. The cheeks were full, fat and rosy, but the eyes were rather small, and the chin degenerated apishly. His figure was good enough—his person, though diminutive, was perfect. I cast my eyes with some curiosity towards his feet, but they were perfect also; and in a fashionable square-toed boot seemed even handsomely formed. There was nothing like club or hoof to offend my sensibilities or alarm my fears, and I wondered at our grandams who could tell, and really believe, such discreditable stories. My devil, on the whole, was really a comely fellow. I have seen the editor of a ladies' gazette, a far worse looking man, and infinitely less of a gentleman.

With that divine instinct which we have never denied to the devil, while denying him all other virtues, he readily discerned my annoyances and saw that his coming had put me out; but with that felicity of manner which it would be equally folly in us to deny to a person so proverbially persuasive, he took special care in what he said, not to suffer me to see that he ascribed my discomposure to any other cause than the natural irritability of an author at being disturbed in his daily scribblings. I was at this time busily engaged upon a new work, calling for all my taste and research, no other than a collection of the most fashionable negro melodies, such as Jim Crow, Coal Black Rose, Clare De Kitchen, and other pieces of like national and moral interest, with a copious appendix of illustrative notes, such as might well become a work of so much magnitude and interest.

"I see that you are busy, Mr. Silox, and I would not willingly disturb you at this moment."

"Pray, proceed, sir—I have time enough to spare, and will wait upon you."

He drew a chair as he said these words, and with the air of a man resolved, under all circumstances, to be as good as his word, he prepared to take a quiet seat in a corner, and give himself up to meditation.

"Beg pardon, sir," said I, "but you will find it tedious—may I be honored at once with the purpose of your visit?"

"That is soon told," said he in reply; "I see that you know me."

Here I expressed a little reluctance, and prayed for more direct information.

"I cannot deny," was my response, "that I have a shrewd guess, but——" There I paused.

"Which is perfectly correct, sir; your instinct is not less good than mine in matters of this sort, and there needs no formality between those already acquainted. Besides, there is something less than civil—certainly less than social—in calling folks continually by their titles of dignity. I freely confess to you a willingness to dispense with mine. It operates against me, and sits heavily

upon me at certain seasons. I am, like many of the princes of old, and some of the officers of penal justice in modern times, infinitely more fond of a snug disguise, and a good humored *nom de guerre*, than of the solemn ceremonial which follows upon and announces the presence of superior attributes. At present, sir, as I see you still somewhat at a loss, you will do me the favor to recognize me under one of my many names—the most innocent and least imposing, perhaps, among them—and whenever you may deem it necessary to call me by a name at all, which I trust will not be often the case, to know me as Jack-O'-Lantern. I shall certainly be willing to give you all the light I carry, should you require it. Jack-O'-Lantern is a common acquaintance, and nobody should be seriously alarmed or annoyed at his presence. You, I know, who are a poet and philosopher, will readily show yourself above all idle superstitious fancies; and you will soon find, upon doing so, that if I have few virtues, I have many uses; and my more imposing names of sovereignty thrown out of the account, there can be no objection to the employment of my services."

"Your services, Mr. John O'-Lantern?" I exclaimed with some wonder, in the sudden commotion of my thoughts, not exactly knowing what to make of this sort of introduction—"Your services!"

"Ay, my services," he replied; "I propose to serve you, because I see that you need my help, and because I have somehow taken a liking to you. You smile, but I am above jest in this. I am serious. In my friendship for you I have sought you out, and I am resolved to become your friend, companion, assistant, anything, whether you will or no! You want an amanuensis, and considering the color of the work on which I see you busy, perhaps I am the very person of all the world whom you should soonest choose. But I insist not on this. Take me in what capacity you please. I am an actor of all work, as the comedians call themselves. I can be a boon companion, a grave counsellor, a curious penman, and a dapper valet. Make me what you please, with a will, and rely on me to be the thing which you most desire. I will take no refusal; you must employ me."

So liberal an offer, so graciously volunteered, was not to be rejected idly. He saw me hesitate, and threw in certain additional suggestions.

"My library is large and various; I see that you are busy, and sometimes at a loss, in your search after authorities. Your correspondence is extensive; let me give you a taste of my skill in assisting you to answer some of these letters."

He turned over a pile, seated himself at the table, and with a pen that seemed rather to stream over the paper than to rest upon it, he wrote almost in a breath the most admirable and fitting

replies to the greater number of them. To a politician wanting a vote, and giving a dinner accordingly, he wrote a brief but comprehensive eulogium upon the arts of the cuisine, and concluded with an acceptance to his invitation, premising only that my wine for the current month was *Lachrymæ Christi*. To a lady of fashion whose billet for the next *soirée* was rather a summons than a solicitation, he pleaded a rule to reject all invitations for Friday, but complimented her at the same time upon the *recherche* fold of her missive. To the editor of a weekly magazine who begged for contributions, for which he promised to pay in praises, he wrote an essay on independent criticism. To a tailor soliciting custom and proffering extensive credits, he penned an order for a claret colored coat, such as the man wore who seized on the New York arsenal, and kept it for the whigs against General Arcularius and his man Friday. There was one letter which he was about to open, but as if he knew the contents already, or saw from the glance of my eye that he was now on forbidden ground, he paused in his progress, and I availed myself of the interval to acknowledge his powers, and relieve him for the present from their farther exercise.

"Enough, Mr. O'-Lantern, I am quite obliged to you. You are indeed a valuable acquisition, and really I know not how I shall requite you."

"Requite me—I ask no requital, Mr. Sillex—none. The pleasure of serving you is enough for me."

"Indeed! Truly you are becoming disinterested in your old age. You have not always toiled thus unprofitably, and with so little regard to self. If report speaks truly, you have usually been a severe expectant—a rigid exacter of your dues. You have done nothing for nothing."

"Report has done me wrong," he said coolly. "I have always been a much scandalized person among men, I assure you."

Never did injured mortal look more in need of sympathy. I felt myself getting lachrymose.

"What!" I proceeded, "and is your love in my case so great that you are willing to do for me those things for which you have exacted the eternal and unmitigated toils of other men, not to speak of their sufferings?"

"I do not understand you, really," was his reply, and he certainly looked at a loss when he spoke these words.

"'Pon my soul," I continued, "either you are exceedingly dull, Mr. O'-Lantern, or I have been grievously imposed upon in the histories I have heard of you. Is it really possible that you intend to serve me for nothing? Do you really want no compensation? Do you ask nothing of me in return?"

"Nothing."

"What! shall there be no bond between us?"

"Bond! for what? speak out my dear master that is to be, and tell me your real difficulty."

"Well, in plain terms then, Mr. O'-Lantern, do you not want to bind me, body and soul, in return for these services? Do you not want a mortgage of my soul?"

"Your soul, indeed, what do I want with it? Bless your stars, my dear Mr. Sillex, that thing is entirely out of fashion now. I have more souls than I know what to do with—they are positively rotting on my hands. I wouldn't be burdened or bothered with an increase on any terms; and next to the mistake which you have been led into by your grandmother on the subject of my character, is that monstrous error which you men seem to entertain as to the value of the article you think I trade in. Souls, indeed! The very idea is absurd. No, sir, if I wished for anything at your hands, it should be the breeches you have worn. Now I think of it, sir, I will have pay for my services. You shall pay me in old breeches; you shall contract to give me all your breeches after a month's wearing them, and I will trust to your generosity, should you ever get married, to throw in occasionally a petticoat of your wife's. These shall be my terms. I ask for no other. Keep your soul, and do what you please with it; I would'nt have it as a gift. But your breeches, sir—your breeches; and in the event of your marriage an occasional petticoat of your wife's; these you shall give me, if anything, in return for my services. What say you to these terms?"

"A bargain," I exclaimed, delighted with the humor of the fellow, not less than his generosity. "Breeches and petticoats! you shall have them all! Why, Mr. O'-Lantern, you are the very pink of liberality, and I rejoice at your coming. Pray resume your seat, and let us talk over this matter, that it may be the better understood between us. There may be something covert and equivocal in it, after all. You gentlemen of the lantern are apt to hang out false lights for the temptation of the unwary, and I am resolved to see that you have no occult signification in what you say, before I sign this agreement. It may be my soul, after all, that you're driving at, in aiming at my breeches. I know many men whose souls never go beyond their breeches, and though I trust that mine is not of this sort, yet I would take every precaution against involvements. I will have legal advice first in this business."

"You are right, my dear sir," he replied promptly, "take what precaution you please, and be satisfied before you proceed a single step in this matter. I have no disposition to deceive you—indeed, I am not a proficient in the arts of falsehood. I know many a lawyer who would put me to the blush for incompetence, and might, if lying were a prime requisite in my dominions, usurp their sovereignty. Even if your soul were in

your breeches, there would be little danger of its loss; all you have need to do is to shake them well before giving them to me, and unless it be a very sleepy or a very adhesive soul, it is physically impossible that it should stick there long after the shaking."

"But the instrument, itself! how would you have it drawn up? possibly you may desire that it should be written with my blood; if you do, I must tell you——."

His immoderate laughter silenced me.

"Another pinch of your Maccoboy," he said, helping himself. "I see you have been among the Germans. These are diabolical fancies I confess, and to my mind, rather dirty ones. I pray you, my dear master, look on me as one having a tolerable taste, and rather delicate stomach. These blood-pudding imaginings are my abomination. I deal differently with my friends. Leave the drawing up of the instrument to me, and keep your soul and blood to yourself. I would not rob you of a particle of either. The breeches will content me,—the breeches; and, mark me! an occasional petticoat, whenever you may think it necessary to bring home Mrs. Silex."

"You shall have them—that you shall," was my answer.

The deed was drawn out in the twinkling of an eye, and the contract signed and delivered. Nothing could exceed the delight of Jack upon his installation into office as my servant of all work. His joy broke out into tumultuous expressions the moment the papers were completed.

"I congratulate myself, my dear master, as well as you, on our mutual acquisitions. There is nothing so distressing as being out of place; I have been trying for sometime to employ a master after my own heart, and my rapture is now excessive at having found him."

"A double-edged compliment," I muttered to myself, with a slight shiver. He beheld and divined the sensation.

"Ay, I see," he cried playfully, "you are still unassured. You do not conjecture my value yet. But let me convince you. Say, what shall I do for you? It is proper that I commence my duties forthwith. Let me know them. I am ready now. I have no trunks to remove. My wardrobe is already here. As for my bedding, I want none. A chink in the chimney will yield me a sufficient sleeping place, and your saving in candles, alone, will be no small item. You have only to set me above the chimney-piece when you want a light, and I will burn at both ends to please you. In food I am moderate. A fricassee frog is the utmost that my stomach will bear, and in wine I am a single bottle man. In supplies I am a prime commissariat, and you would find me valuable for this quality, even if my consumption were greater than it is. To speak with due modesty, you will

find me a wondrous acquisition; and will soon wonder how you ever did without me before."

"I nothing doubt it, Mr. John O'-Lantern."

"Plain Jack, if you please, Mr. Silex. John O'-Lantern will do for visitors and state occasions, when we go into company. Between us, and at our own fireside, a little more familiarity is best, and plain Jack more agreeable to my ear than any other epithet. And now, sir, shall I bring in coffee? Your usual supper hour is at hand."

"If you please, Jack," was my answer; and yet, I had some qualms of stomach, not to say conscience, as I thought of the proverb which denounced all liquor, however pleasant, of the devil's brewing. While I thought thus, the coffee urn was hissing on the table, and to do my new retainer lean justice, I assure you, I never drank a better cup of the purple beverage in my life. As a cook alone, he deserved new breeches daily; we shall see, as we get on, that he displayed other qualities which entitled him to far higher rewards; but of these—anon.

MENTAL SOLITUDE.

By the author of "Atalanta."

The bells are gaily pealing, and the crowd,—
The thoughtless and the happy,—with light hearts,
Are moving by my casement:—I can hear
The rude din of their voices, and the tramp
Of hurrying footsteps o'er the pavement nigh,
And my soul sickens in its solitude.

Each hath his own companion, and can bend,
As to a centre of enlivening warmth,
To some abode of happiness and mirth;—
Greeted by pleasant voices,—words of cheer,
And hospitality,—whose outstretched hand
Draws in the smiling stranger at the door.
They go not singly by, as I should go,
But hanging on fond arms. They muse not thoughts
Of strange and timid sadness, such as mine;
But dreams of promised joys are in their souls,
And in their ears the music of fond words
That make them happy.

I, alas!—alone,
Of all this populous city, must remain,
Shut up in my dim chamber,—or, perchance,
If I dare venture out among the crowd,
Will be among, not of, them;—and, appear,—
For that I have not walked with them before,
Nor been a sharer in their festivals,—
As some strange monster brought from foreign clime
But to be baited with the thoughtless gaze,
The rude remark, cold eye, and sneering lip,
'Till I grow savage, and become, at last,
The rugged brute they do behold in me.

Talk not to me of solitude!—Thou hast
But little of its meaning in thy thought

And less in thy observance. It is not
 To go abroad into the wilderness,
 Or dart upon the ocean;—to behold,
 The broad expanse of prairie or of wood,
 And deem,—for that the human form is not
 A dweller on its bosom,—(with its shrill
 And senseless clamor oft, breaking away
 The melancholy of its sweet serene,
 That, like a mantle, lifted by the breath
 Of some presiding deity, o'erwraps,
 Making all mystery and gentleness,)—
 That solitude is thine. Thy thought is vain!—
 That is no desert, where the heart is free
 To its own spirit-worship;—where the soul,
 Untainted by the breath of busy life,
 Converses with the elements, and grows
 To a familiar notion of the skies,
 That are its portion. That is liberty!
 And the sweet quiet of the waving woods,
 The solemn song of ocean—the blue skies,
 That hang like canopies above the plain,
 And lend their richest hues to the fresh flow'rs
 That carpet its broad bosom,—are most full
 Of solace and the sweetest company!
 I love these teeming worlds,—their voiceless words,
 So full of truest teaching. God is there,
 Walking beside me, as, in elder times
 He walked beside the shepherds, and gave ear,
 To the first whispered doubts of early thought,
 And prompted it aright. Such wilds to me
 Seem full of friends and teachers. In the trees,
 The never-ceasing billows, winds and leaves,
 Feathered and finny tribes,—all that I see,
 All that I hear and fancy,—I have friends,
 That soothe my heart to meekness, lift my soul
 To loftiest hope, and, to my toiling mind,
 Impart just thoughts and safest principles.
 They have a language I can understand,
 When man is voiceless, or with vexing words
 Offends my judgment. They have melodies,
 That soothe my heart to peace, even as the dame
 Soothes her young infant with a song of sounds
 That have no meaning for the older ear,
 And mock the seeming wise. Even wintry clouds,
 Have charms for me amid their cheerlessness,
 And hang out images of love and light,
 At evening, 'mong the stars,—or, ere the dark
 That specks so stillly the gary twilight's wing,
 With many colors sweetly intermixt.
 And when the breezes gather with the night,
 And shake the roof-tree under which I sleep,
 'Till the dried leaves enshroud me, then I hear
 Voices of love and friendship in mine ear,
 That speak to me in soothing, idle sounds,
 And flatter me I am not all alone.

Darting o'er ocean's blue domain, or far
 In the deep woods, where the gaunt Choctaw yet
 Lingers to perish,—galloping o'er the bald
 Yet beautiful plain of prairie,—I become
 Part of the world around me, and my heart
 Forgets its singleness and solitude.

But in the city's crowd, where I am one,
 'Mongst many,—many who delight to throw
 The altar I have worshipp'd in the dust,
 And trample my best offerings—and revile

My prayers, and scorn the tribute which I still,
 Devoted with full heart and purest mind,
 To the all-wooing and all-visible God,
 In nature ever present—having no mood
 With mine, nor any sympathy with aught
 That I have loved;—'tis there that I am taught
 The essence and the form of solitude—
 'Tis there that I am lonely! 'mid a world
 To feel I have no business in that world,
 And when I hear men laughing, not to join,
 Because their cause of mirth is hid from me:—
 To feel the lights of the assembly glare
 And fever all my senses, till I grow
 Stupid or sad, and boorish;—then return,
 Sick of false joys and misnamed festivals,
 To my own gloomy chambers, and old books
 That counsel me no more, and cease to cheer,
 And, like an aged dotard, with dull truths,
 Significant of nothings, often told,
 And told to be denied—that wear me out
 In patience, as in peace;—and then to lie,
 And watch the lazy-footed night away,
 With fretful nerve, yet sorrow as it flies!—
 To feel the day advancing which must bring
 The weary night once more, that I had prayed
 Forever gone! To hear the laboring wind
 Depart, in melting murmurs, with the tide,
 And, ere the morn, to catch his sullen roar,
 Mocking the ear, with watching overdone,
 Returning from his rough lair on the seas!

If life be now denied me!—if I sit
 Within my chamber when all other men
 Are revelling;—if I must be alone,
 Musing on idle minstrelsy and lore—
 Weaving sad fancies with the fleeting hours,
 And making fetters of the folding thoughts,
 That crust into my heart, and canker there;—
 If nature calls me to her company—
 Takes up my time—teaches me legends strange,—
 Prattles of wild conceits that have no form,
 Save in extravagant fancy of old time,
 When spirits were abroad;—if still she leads
 My steps away from the established walks,
 And with seducing strains of syren song
 Beguiles my spirit far among the groves
 Of fairy-trodden forests, that I may
 Wrestle with dreams, that wear away my days,
 And make my nights a peopled realm that steals
 Sleep from my eyes, and peace;—if she ordains
 That I shall win no human blandishment,
 Nor, in the present hour, as other men,
 Find meet advantage,—she will sure provide,
 Just recompense—a better sphere and life,
 Atoning for the past, and full of hope,
 In a long future, or she treats me now
 Unkindly, and I may not help complaint.

THE EPHESIAN MATRON.

The story of the Ephesian matron versified by La Fontaine is found in Petronius, who took it from the Greeks—they from the Arabians—they lastly from the Chinese. It is found in Du Haide.

Bibliographical Notices.

[The Editor of the Messenger has opened a Review Department, through which his subscribers will be presented with a prompt notice of the literary and scientific works, which are constantly issuing from our prolific press. Such as require a more elaborate review, will be reserved for a subsequent number of the Messenger. Authors and publishers, who wish their works noticed in this Journal, are requested to forward them immediately after their publication.]

"The Principles of Political Economy. By Henry Vethake, LL. D. one of the Professors in the University of Pennsylvania; a Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. Philadelphia: P. H. Nicklin & T. Johnson, Law-Booksellers. 1838."

In every free government, political economy should constitute an essential part of education, for as the source of power and government is the people, there should be a diffusion of knowledge upon those great general laws, which constitute the foundation of its political institutions. A people thoroughly instructed in the economy of government, may well be said to be capable of self-government; while ignorance of the principles upon which is constructed a nation's prosperity and power, must convulse and ultimately subvert it. Professor Vethake has furnished an excellent treatise upon this subject, in which he has briefly but lucidly discussed the many interesting questions connected with the science of government. It should be in the hands of every American.

"The Laws of Wages, Profit and Rent, investigated. By George Tucker, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of Virginia. 1838."

The political economist will take up this little treatise with the full expectation of being amply remunerated for the time consumed in turning over its pages; for few have enjoyed so many and varied opportunities of collecting information upon this subject as Professor Tucker. In this expectation the reader will not be disappointed, for the perspicuity, logical reasoning and simplicity of illustration, will convince him that the author is discussing a subject with which he is entirely familiar. The first division of the work is devoted to an able examination of the nature and value of labor, and the manner in which it is influenced by the demand for, or price of, the raw material; establishing this important and interesting position, that the rise of the raw produce, must in every instance, depress labor. The professor clearly illustrates and triumphantly defends this position, exposing, at the same time, the absurdity of Ricardo's theory of wages, which presumes labor to rise with the raw material. The error of Ricardo's position seems to depend upon the assumption, that the quantity or value of material necessary to support the laborer is determinate and uniform,—the necessary result of which, will be, that as the raw material increases in value, there must be a corresponding increase in the price of labor, or it would fail to

furnish a support. Mr. Tucker demonstrates clearly that the rise of the raw material necessarily induces a decline in labor, since it requires a greater expenditure of labor to produce the same return. By regarding labor as unsettled, varying with the increase of population and other causes, he at once reconciles all the difficulties which would appear to cluster about his views. We will give Professor Tucker's own reasoning upon this subject.

"Let us suppose the soil last taken in cultivation to yield at the rate of eight bushels to the acre, that is, four bushels per acre to the laborer, and four bushels as the profits of capital. This soil, according to the Ricardo theory, yields no rent; for its produce barely repays the wages of the labor and the profits of the capital expended in its cultivation. But population increases, and there is a demand for more raw produce. Land then, they say, of yet inferior quality, must be resorted to; and this, we will suppose, to yield seven bushels per acre. Now it is clear that either the capital or the labor must put up with a smaller return than before. If profits continue unchanged, and receive four bushels as previously, then the laborer can receive only three bushels, which would be a reduction of his wages, estimated in raw produce, of 25 per cent. But they say, the laborer must continue to receive his four bushels. It will be shown that this part of their theory is as erroneous as the rest; but admitting it for the present to be correct, how can labor be said to fall, if it receives the same four bushels as before? Or if now, or at any subsequent period, it is obliged to put up with a less portion than four bushels, how can it be said not to fall? But in truth, when eight bushels per acre was barely sufficient to pay the wages of labor and the profits of capital, it is clear that land yielding only seven bushels per acre could not be cultivated; and if the product of the last mentioned soil was required for the support of additional numbers, it could be obtained only because labor and capital would fall to the smaller remuneration of seven bushels; a result which, so far as labor is concerned, would naturally arise from the competition of increasing numbers.

"It forms indeed one of the most remarkable instances of illogical reasoning which the annals of science can exhibit, that, when the rise of raw produce is inferred from the greater expense of labor required in its production, the same rise of raw produce should be said to cause the rise in the price of labor, which is the same thing as saying that the fall of labor causes the rise of labor."

Professor Tucker has undoubtedly adopted the most philosophical and rational mode of explaining the effect of an increase or diminution in the price of produce upon the value of labor, and if we proceed on any other principle, we lose the only means by which an examination can be conducted. There must be a standard of valuation; without it, it would be impossible to determine whether the raw produce is stationary or variable. As labor is the trading capital of the world, and in the productions of the soil and of the ingenuity of man, is the great expenditure, it is of all others, the most uniform standard,—the surest index of prices.

The same ability and ingenuity is brought to bear upon the other divisions of the work,—“profits of capital,” and “rents.” These subjects must, at all times, prove interesting themes for reflection with the intelligent, but at none could they claim more attention than the present, when the very foundations of our nation's greatness are threatened by the maddening spirit of political rancor and strife, which, regardless of the welfare of our country, riots upon the trembling and tottering walls of our noblest institutions.

This treatise bears upon it the impress of a master mind, and will amply repay the reader for a calm and deliberate perusal.

"Charcoal Sketches; or Scenes in a Metropolis. By Joseph C. Neal. With Illustrations by D. C. Johnson. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey & A. Hart. 1838."

Few American pens have contributed more to the amusement of the public than that of Joseph C. Neal; for his exquisite wit has travelled far and wide, and engaged for itself a nook in almost every newspaper throughout our land. While it may be a fair subject for discussion, whether the style of writing selected by Mr. Neal will secure him literary fame, or improve the public taste, yet it must be conceded that his portraits of the foibles and vices of man, while they excite the risibles, will carry with them a moral of precious value.

The sketch of "the best natured man in the world," will be recognized by many as an old acquaintance, and by not a few, as their domiciliary companion. The number of those who have not yet learned how to say no! is by no means small in every large community, and if the fate of Leniter Salix will but present before them a view of the gloomy future, towards which they are hastening, Mr. Neal will not have labored in vain. We commend this little book to such of our readers as may be in quest of amusement, and we doubt not, that they will be delighted with the skill of the marksman, "shooting folly as it flies."

"Retrospect of Western Travel. By Harriet Martineau, author of 'Society in America,' 'Illustrations of Political Economy,' &c. 2 Vols. 1838."

This political *savante* has dismounted from the rampant pony she rode with Gilpin speed over this western world, and by a more staid and temperate gait begins to discover some glimmerings of rationality, civilization and christianity, among a people whose only sin against her, was an unbounded hospitality, amounting almost to servile attendance. "Society in America" is just such a return as our gullibility merits; for throw about a well clad foreigner the title of *Count*, *Earl*, or what is more magical, a literary mantle, however threadbare or worn out, and the whole press, from Maine to Florida, prefaces his migratory movements, by Count B. has arrived in our country, or the intelligent and interesting Miss M. is expected to visit our city during the next week. This amiable trait in our countrymen, is the fruitful source of the abuse and denunciation heaped upon us by a band of unprincipled scribblers, who, unaccustomed to a courteous notice by their aristocratic superiors at home, cannot appreciate that spirit of courtesy and hospitality characteristic of every well regulated American community. These rich returns will, ere long, teach us the necessity of circumspection, and he, who then panders for the corrupt taste of an English rabble, or measures his veracity and conscience by pecuniary reward, will, Trollop-like, be compelled to gather his "first impressions" of "Society in America," from the filthy and half-starved creatures who have but recently been ejected from the poor-houses and prisons of his own "blest land."

We are far from regarding Miss Martineau as having made the *amende honorable*, in her late "Retrospect of Western Travel." It is true, that much of the vindictive temper with which the first impressions were penned, has been softened down, and a more fair and

decent portrait of our distinguished statesmen is the result of a single *retrospect*; but we sincerely trust that the lapse of years, which wears away prejudice, will enable her, in future *retrospections*, to embody an honest sketch of the influence of our political and domestic institutions upon the prosperity and happiness of our citizens. She lacks not materials, for at every step of her "Western Travels," a free admission was given her into the arcana of a self-governing and free people. The present work, with the exception of a few interesting sketches of character, is devoted to a tirade against the institution of slavery; we say a tirade, for in no instance is the question argued upon the broad principle of right or justice, or in reference to its peculiar adaptation to the agriculture or polity of that district of our country in which it exists. The whole consists of an assemblage of what she saw and heard in reference to slavery in the south, much distorted, with occasionally a *sub-sentimental* reflection upon the melancholy condition of the slave. Miss M. is an abolitionist by her own admission, and the following extract will prove her an amalgamationist of the foulest kind, and therefore she can neither view the institution of slavery with an unprejudiced eye, nor descant rationally upon its ultimate influence upon the moral or political condition of the United States.

"She turned round upon me with the question 'whether I would not prevent, if I could, the marriage of a white person with a person of color.' I replied that I would never, *under any circumstances*, try to separate persons who really loved, believing such to be truly those whom God had joined; but I observed that the case she put was not likely to happen, as I believed the blacks were no more disposed to marry the whites, than the whites to marry the blacks. 'You are an amalgamationist!' cried she. I told her that the party term was new to me: but that she must give what name she pleased to the principle I had declared in answer to her question."

We unhesitatingly say, that the intention of the writer was to shape a new work for the British public, suited to its taste, and at the expense of our statesmen and institutions. It bears upon its front prejudice and fanaticism; and in catering for her countrymen, Miss M. has labored to conciliate one of the political parties of our country, by detracting from the political and private character of its opponents. We shall be greatly deceived if this attempt to secure the patronage of an intelligent and high-minded political party be successful.

No one who reads the Retrospect will recognize the political economist in the credulous and prepossessed tourist; at one moment the slave of her own prejudices; at the next, the dupe of a fanatical sectional jealousy.

"A Voyage Round the World, including an Embassy to Meaco and Siam, in 1835, 1836, and 1837. By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., Surgeon U. S. Navy, &c. &c. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1838."

Dr. Ruschenberger deserves the sincere thanks of his fellow countrymen for the highly entertaining history of his voyage round the world; and we regret that we have not time and room to extract largely, that we might afford the readers of the Messenger a part of the enjoyment we have experienced. Faithful narratives

of travels and voyages are emphatically the most useful and valuable productions of the press; for although they do not captivate our fancy by the brilliant creations of genius, nor move the heart with "melting tales of woe," yet they bring us in juxta-position with the inhabitants of distant lands,—unfolding to us their capabilities and resources, and exposing the physical and moral peculiarities of their inhabitants; we join hands with the interesting traveller and accompany him in rapid flight over the same scenes; and even those of us, who are tied down by the harassing pursuits of life, become cosmopolites. We are rejoiced to see our intelligent officers turning their attention to letters, and are proud that while our gallant navy is defending the honor of our flag, it is contributing to the general stock of knowledge, and securing to itself and country literary distinction.

"Remarks on Literary Property. By Philip H. Nicklin, A. M. Member of the American Philosophical Society; of the Ashmolean Society, Oxford; and of the Natural History Society, Hartford. Philadelphia: 1838."

Mr. Nicklin feels, thinks, and writes like a publisher and bookseller, and has, we think, made the best use of the arguments in support of the great cause in which he has enlisted: which, when stripped of its wordy dress, and exposed in its naked deformity, is, the emolument of the bookseller, against the rights and fame of the author; and involves the question, whether the author, whose nightly labors are frittering away his mental and corporeal powers, and inviting disease and death, shall be possessed of a pittance, resulting from the sale of his own productions; or whether the cormorant publisher, shall swallow *all*, to appease an insatiable appetite for gain. This effort of a publisher to snatch from intellectual labor its just reward, is in keeping with the gross position of an ignorant rabble, that physical exertion is alone worthy of pecuniary compensation. We had hoped, for the honor of mankind, that our intelligent and enterprising publishers would not murmur nor raise the hand of opposition against an effort, (so liberal and worthy of an enlightened and free people,) to secure protection to those who are contributing a toilsome life to the intellectual advancement of the world, and are drawing from their rich and almost exhaustless imaginations, materials for its amusement. The claim is one of unquestioned right, and admits of no debate; it involves but two simple christian axioms,—*"The laborer is worthy of his hire,"*—*"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."*

Regarding the position of the distinguished chairman of the committee, Hon. H. Clay, (to whom was referred the petition of foreign authors for the extension of the copy-right protection to their productions,) as entirely just, that the republic of letters should be considered one great community, co-extensive with civilization, we would hail them denizens, admitted to equal rights with our own literati. No legislative action could be more worthy of a free and intelligent nation than the extension of the security asked; and none would be received with greater enthusiasm by the authors of America, most of whom, to their credit, have united in this petition to guaranty to their trans-atlantic brethren their rightful possessions.

Mr. Nicklin would have us believe, that the present system operates to the advantage of American authors and the reading public. But the history of the past would teach us a different lesson. American authors now, are at the mercy of the publishers, and grosser instances of injustice cannot be found than are displayed in the purchase of manuscripts. The immense number of interesting works of science, and general literature, which are yearly issued from the foreign press, bearing no copy-right protection in this country, furnish ample materials to employ the American publishers, and, as they are available without the cost of a dollar, they are naturally selected to the exclusion of American productions. The result is, when an author presents his manuscript, (the effect of a long and laborious application,) he is told that the vast influx of foreign books, without cost, gives ample employment to their capital, and they feel unwilling to take much risk in publishing a work, the reputation of the author of which, is not entirely established. A paltry sum hardly enough to pay him for the paper and ink consumed, is forced upon the author, and thus closes a bargain between an *American* author and publisher.

But how differently would this transaction be conducted, if the foreign author possessed the privilege of our copy-right? A bonus being required, the publisher would be compelled to use a suitable circumspection, in selecting works for re-publication, and without we admit that American talent and genius is inferior to European, our authors would occasionally obtain the just meed of approbation,—a preference over an imported and inferior production. We hold it, then, as the *first* step in redressing the wrongs of native writers, and expunging the oppressions of an unrestrained spirit of speculation,—which respects not the talent and labor upon which it riots.

Nor will its benefits be confined to native authors; it will extend to the community, and ere the lapse of one year from the commencement of its operation, the polluted streams which now flood the country, will be purged of their poison. The literature of the day will be exalted, and for the insipid and oftentimes senseless effusions of a brainless author, will be substituted solid works of science, or the effusions of a really creative and chastened fancy. Who would not pay a fraction more for such works?

It is a reflection upon the taste and intelligence of our country, that while foreign inventions and improvements in the arts are protected by the patent laws, intellectual labor—which knows no repose, and prematurely wears away the springs of life—is neglected and overlooked. Mr. Nicklin's arguments appear specious, and are lost upon us, strongly impressed as we are of the justice and expediency of our national legislature responding favorably to the petitioners.

The style of the pamphlet is free, and would grace a better cause, saving the air of pedantry in the introduction of an unnecessary number of Latin phrases—seldom illustrating the subject discussed.

"History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic. By Wm. H. Prescott. 3 Vols.—2d Edit. Boston: 1838."

We will not anticipate the labors of the reviewer, in whose hands this work is placed, by a detailed account

of its contents. We wish merely to welcome it among us, and to promise the readers of the Messenger, a full criticism of the manner in which Mr. Prescott has executed the task confided to him. At the mention of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, every American heart will beat with emotion. It perhaps was never before allowed to one individual, to be the actor in so many important scenes, as distinguished the career of Isabella,—the magnanimous, intelligent and courageous, yet effeminate Spanish queen. With her name is associated the conquest of Granada, the conquest of Naples, the establishment of the modern inquisition, the expulsion of the Jews, the revival of letters, the discovery and colonization of America. The excellent taste with which this work has been brought forth, reflects great credit upon the skill of the American Stationers' Company.

"The Spirit of the Age." An Address delivered before the two Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina, by Hon. Henry L. Pinckney. Published by the request of the Philanthropic Society. 1836."

We have just received a copy of the above able address, and, notwithstanding considerable time has elapsed since its delivery, we shall venture a word of approbation. It is a well written and logically arranged essay, and reflects great credit upon the acquirements and morality of its highly gifted author. His extensive research and classic taste, has thrown about the subject all the ornaments of a well stored mind; while the occasion—the separation of youthful friends at the close of a scholastic life—lends a peculiar interest to his christian counsel; and we doubt not, that in after years, the graduates of 1836, will look back with pride and gratitude to the admonitor of their youth.

"Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the University of Virginia. Session of 1837-38."

This deservedly popular institution of learning continues to sustain its claim upon the South, and notwithstanding the distracted state of the monetary affairs of our country, has its usual number of students. The number of the present class is 230, and although 39 less than the last, is no evidence of a decline in the scholastic or literary departments, but entirely referable to the changes which occurred in the medical department. We have appended the number in each class for the last two sessions.

1836-37.—Whole number of matriculates, 269. Ancient Languages, 78; Modern Languages, 65; Mathematics, 135; Natural Philosophy, 110; Chemistry, 130; Medicine, 55; Anatomy and Surgery, 61; Moral Philosophy, 49; Law, 55. Number of tickets taken, 743.

1837-38.—Whole number of matriculates, 230. Ancient Languages, 68; Modern Languages, 71; Mathematics, 115; Natural Philosophy, 88; Chemistry, 78; Medicine, 32; Anatomy and Surgery, 32; Moral Philosophy, 80; Law, 67. Number of tickets taken, 631.

The decline in several of the academic schools is compensated by the increase in others, so that in this department of the University there is no material falling off.

"A Visit to the Red Sulphur Springs of Virginia, during the Summer of 1837; with Observations on the Waters. By Henry Hunt, M. D. 1838.

Dr. Hunt has given us an interesting account of the curative powers of the Red Sulphur water, in diseases of the lungs; and for the benefit of our readers who may feel an interest in this subject, we will briefly state, that in the cure of the incipient stage of phthisis pulmonalis, or consumption, recognised by hemorrhage, attended with a quick pulse, cough and hectic fever, the Red Sulphur Spring has established an unrivalled reputation. In all the cases of this form, which came under the notice of the Doctor, the patients were much benefited and most of them restored. Dr. H. was himself attacked with hemoptysis and other symptoms indicating an approaching pulmonary disease of a formidable character. A residence of a few weeks, at the Red Sulphur, with the free use of the water, accomplished a cure. We earnestly trust that all who repair to this medicinal fountain may be effectually restored, and that subsequent experience will establish the fact, that from the mountains of Virginia issues the healing balm, the antidote to that dire scourge which moves unmolested through our land, despoiling it of the fairest portion of our race.

HISTORICAL ERROR CORRECTED.

In the 3d volume of Jefferson's Correspondence, page 382, is a letter from Mr. Jefferson to Colonel John Taylor of Caroline county, dated June 1, 1798, which contains the following passage:

"Mr. New showed me your letter on the subject of the patent, which gave me an opportunity of observing what you said as to the effect with you of public proceedings, and that it was not ~~unwise~~ now to estimate the separate mass of Virginia and North Carolina, with a view to their separate existence." After which Mr. Jefferson proceeds to urge a variety of arguments against a division of the states.

As the biographer of Mr. Jefferson, I was induced to refer to this letter for the purpose of repelling one of the calumnies against him, and in paying a merited tribute to his just and patriotic views on the value of the Union, some of my remarks exhibited Colonel Taylor in disadvantageous contrast.

It has, however, been lately discovered, on comparing Mr. Jefferson's original letter with the published copy, that he had, in citing Colonel Taylor's language to Mr. New, said, "it was not ~~unwise~~ now to estimate," instead of not "~~unwise~~," &c., by reason of which mistake, Colonel Taylor is made to express, as his own, sentiments which he merely attributed to others.

This error has been the subject of a recent correspondence between Mrs. William P. Taylor, Mr. T. J. Randolph, and myself, and it appears, on investigation, to have arisen from the obscurity of the press-copy, from which this letter, in common with the others of the published correspondence, was printed. These press-copies, though in general quite legible and plain, are occasionally so faint that they can be decyphered only by the aid of the adjoining words; and it so happens that the letter in question is one of the most imperfect in the collection.

In taking this notice of the error, which I truly regret, as well as my agency in giving it diffusion, it is proper for me to declare that had Mr. Jefferson's letter been printed as it was originally written, I should not have felt myself warranted in making these references to Colonel Taylor's opinions to which I have adverted. I cannot forbear to add, that since the mistake has occurred, I rejoice in its detection, not only because the injustice to Colonel Taylor's memory may be thereby repaired, but also because the weight of his name can no longer be brought to bear on a principle of our national policy on which I consider every other to be more or less dependent.

GEORGE TUCKER,
University of Virginia, March 19, 1838.

It is the wish of the parties concerned that the preceding notice should be inserted in the Enquirer, Whig and National Intelligencer.

* Life of Jefferson, II. p. 26, 27.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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No. VI.

T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

JEREMIAH T. CHASE.*

Maryland boasts of no purer patriot than JEREMIAH TOWNLEY CHASE, who was born at Baltimore, May 23, 1748.

Schools were then rare, and conducted on a very limited scale, and his education, like that of Washington, was by no means liberal. His mind, however, being naturally strong, overcame the difficulties and impediments arising from the want of early culture. Certain it is, that no bosom ever glowed more intensely with the fire of patriotism; for in the dawn of our revolution, young Chase is found among the foremost of those gallant spirits who resisted the tyranny of Great Britain, and swore that they would be free. He was a member of the first committee of observation for Baltimore, whose duty it was to watch the movements of the enemies of liberty, and with vestal vigilance, guard the rights of their oppressed country.

When the tidings of the battle of Lexington reached Baltimore in the spring of '75, Mr. Chase enrolled himself as a private in the first company of militia raised in the state, and thus contributed to call into action that indomitable spirit of the Maryland line, which afterwards won for itself imperishable laurels at Cowpens, Guilford and Eutaw.

In the summer of '76, the convention met at Annapolis, to establish a form of government, and continued its session until August 14th, when the bill of rights and present constitution were adopted; founded on the principles of Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, and other bulwarks of English freedom, and beyond all, on the inalienable right of self-government. They declared that the people alone were the true fountain of all power, and could alter or abolish their form of government at their sovereign will. This was a new and untried experiment. History furnished no parallel: it shed but feeble light on their path. Yet did this assembly, amid the din of battle, proclaim to the universe, that they would maintain their rights, or die in the struggle. They undertook the enterprize under a perfect conviction that they must expiate their offence on a gibbet, if victory did not settle on their banner. I find, on examining the journal, that Mr. Chase was in constant attendance on all the deliberations of the convention.

From this period until 1779, when he removed to Annapolis, he represented Baltimore in the House of Delegates. During these three gloomy and appalling years, when the stoutest hearts were almost ready to despair, Mr. Chase cheered and animated the House with his powerful and eloquent speeches. "Our cause," he would say, "is just: Heaven is on our side: it is the

conflict of liberty with tyranny: innocent blood has been shed: our cities are conflagrated and our temples profaned: helpless families are flying at midnight from their homes: misery and wretchedness now clothe our land with sackcloth and ashes. Behold, the haughty foe now holds in his grasp the cities of New York and Philadelphia, while disease, exposure and famine daily waste our little army at Valley Forge! See them, naked and exposed to snow-storms, while the heart of their chief is dissolved in sorrow! That illustrious man now looks to us for aid; let it not be in vain. Cast your eye, to the prison shop. Hear ye not the groans of our starving brethren, held in cruel captivity since November '76. The genius of America cries to us for their relief. Now is the time to strike for our country. Tell me not of the portentous cloud hanging over us: look beyond it. The time will arrive when our fears shall vanish; when war shall end, and peace spread her balmy wing over this once fair, but now desolated land. Forget not that in August, '76, we proclaimed to the astonished world, that we would lay down our lives in defence of our dearest rights: that we would 'do or die.' Shall we now shrink from the contest and leave Washington to perish? The eyes of unnumbered millions are upon us: let us do justice to our posterity: the gratitude of future ages shall constitute our rich reward. It is true that our resources are scanty: our soldiers are undisciplined: munitions of war are hardly to be obtained: yet will aid come from unexpected sources. He who rules human destiny, will awaken the sympathy of European nations, who will supply our necessities and assist us in this mighty conflict." This appeal was irresistible—under the energetic administration of Thomas Johnson, first governor of the state, supplies of cattle and flour were sent to the army: troops were recruited and disciplined: the energies of war called into action: and the unsubdued spirit of Maryland felt in the cabinet and the field, until the banner of America floated on the heights of York Town. Mr. Chase was universally esteemed one of the most conspicuous actors in the war of independence, which terminated with the treaty of peace in '83. He was a member of Congress at Annapolis, when on the 23d of December of this year, the father of his country surrendered into the hands of that august assembly, his commission as commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, which he had received in June, '75. He was now in his fifty-first year, in the full possession of all his powers; enjoying unbounded fame: the army, which he had just left at Newburgh, ready to clothe him with the imperial purple. Disdaining the proudest trophies of ambition, he comes before Congress, and begs them to receive the insignia of his authority. He is dressed in his military costume, surrounded by his aids de camp Walker and Humphreys; and in the presence of Howard, Smallwood, Williams, and the now venerable Mayor of Baltimore, who had fought by his side, and well knew the toils and perils he had encountered, he asks to become a private citizen of that country for

* We are indebted to a gentleman of Maryland for the Sketches of Jeremiah T. Chase, Daniel Sheffey, and Roger B. Taney. We are also promised for our July No., from the same pen, Memoirs of Judge White and of Samuel Cooper, of the revolutionary army, both of whom are now living in Georgetown, D. C.

whose independence he had oft perilled his life. Carroll of Carrollton, Madison and Monroe beheld the scene—the admiring nations of the earth echoed his praise, as he retired from public admiration to the enchanting lawns of Mount Vernon. Charles the 5th resigned his crown to Philip, only when he was incapable of wearing it: Cincinnatus surrendered his second dictatorship of Rome, after holding his power only fourteen days: but Washington for more than eight years reigned in the hearts of his countrymen with unexampled sway, during which period it might be supposed that lust of power had obtained such an ascendancy as would have tempted him to enlarge and perpetuate the influence which he now possessed. By this single act alone, he at once descends from the pinnacle of glory to his own peaceful fireside.

Having served with much honor in Congress the term for which he was elected, Mr. Chase engaged extensively in the practice of law, and occupied a very distinguished rank in his profession. The reports of Harris and Mr. Henry show that his cases were argued with much ability, evincing great labor in the examination of authorities: his profound learning, combined with distinguished clearness of reasoning, adorned with a manner plain and persuasive, always delighted and instructed the court and jury.

The constitution of the United States had been adopted by the convention at Philadelphia in September, 1787. Washington, who presided over that illustrious body of statesmen, with all the weight and simplicity of his character, recommended it to the ratification of Congress, with an affection and earnestness which equalled the great law-giver of the Jews. Like him he had led his countrymen from bondage to liberty, and like him now gave them the law of their future action. When this constitution was submitted to the people of Maryland, in convention assembled, Mr. Chase was its ardent, untiring, and able advocate. He coincided with Hamilton, Madison and Jay, in the fundamental doctrines contained in their joint work, and was eminently useful in removing the doubts and quieting the fears of his fellow-citizens as to many portions of that extraordinary charter of their political rights. From 1794 to 1805, Mr. Chase acted as chief judge of the general court of Maryland. During this period, no state in our Union beheld a more brilliant constellation of professional talent, than was now exhibited at the bar of this court; yet the decisions of judge Chase were not only admired by all, but very seldom reversed by the appellate tribunal. On the abolition of the General Court, he was appointed chief judge of the third judicial district, comprehending the counties of Anne Arundel, Calvert and Montgomery, and presiding judge of the Court of Appeals, which station he filled with consummate ability until 1824, when he resigned his commission.

It was in the fall of 1809 I first saw this venerable man at Rockville, where he was holding court. His locks were white as snow, floating on his shoulders; his countenance that of an angel: his brilliant eye combined the fire of genius with the meekness of the dove: his form bent under the weight of years: his voice feeble and tremulous: he seemed the representative of both worlds. When the prophet arose on the night previous to the battle, to admonish the ill-fated Saul of the dis-

astrous end which so soon awaited him on the mountains of Gilboah, he could not have exhibited an appearance more awfully enchanting, than did the judge in his address to the grand jury on this occasion. The silence of death reigned through the house, as he commenced his charge. The subject was duelling. His mind had been led to its contemplation from the recent death of a son of Robert Bowie, Esq. then governor of the state, and a friend of Mr. Chase. The youth was an officer in the army of the United States, of noble form, chivalric spirit and amiable bearing, who fell in the morning of life on the banks of the Mississippi, at the shrine of this cruel and gothic custom. His melancholy end filled Prince George county, where he had been reared, with undissembled sorrow. As the judge progressed, you saw before your eyes the bleeding corpse of the unfortunate man consigned to the lonely grave in a distant land; the forms of his mourning parents were visible: instantly the jury and audience were dissolved into tears. Presently he spoke of the Divine law, and how the shedding of blood was denounced at the death of the first martyr: that the Saviour of the world had inculcated peace and good will among men, and the forgiveness of injuries; and that he had died on the cross praying for his enemies. The laws of our country, too, said he, solemnly forbid this savage practice, which desolates our firesides, and drives the happiness of society far from the haunts of man. I invoke you, then, in the name of all these high and holy considerations, to rally round those laws which you have sworn to sustain, and assist the court in extirpating this wide-wasting iniquity. The charge continued for an hour: its effect was thrilling and pathetic.

On the 23d May, 1828, this pious judge was no more. In his lofty and useful career, he had pronounced the law affecting his fellow creatures, with the abiding conviction that he was himself soon to be passed upon by the Great Judge of both quick and dead: "Thou, God, seest me," was written on all his decisions. In his last hour, Addison called to his bedside an infidel young man, and requested him to witness how a christian could die. Judge Chase might not only have imitated the example, but have appealed to the whole world to point to any act of his well-spent life which fell short of the most perfect purity of intention, or which did not aim to promote the welfare of his fellow-men.

DANIEL SHEFFEY.

DANIEL SHEFFEY was born in Frederick, Maryland, in 1770. His education was inconsiderable. At an early age, his father taught him the trade of a shoemaker. He continued to work with him until he attained manhood. The house yet stands, where he spent, in this occupation, many long and wearisome years of his life. While engaged on his bench, he was frequently observed, during leisure moments, to be intensely occupied in the perusal of some author for his instruction or amusement. By moonlight he was to be found in his father's garden, making observations of the heavenly bodies, with telescopes, which he had borrowed: and then again he was buried in profound meditation, while detecting

the errors of mathematical or philosophical works, which occasionally met his eye. The arcana of nature, and the mysteries of astronomy, constantly exercised his strong and fertile genius. His more discerning friends saw that he would one day be ranked among the distinguished men of his country; yet none were so generous and disinterested as to assist his efforts with their pecuniary resources, or to polish the unsightly diamond with the fostering hand of education. His time was chiefly spent at his trade. Arrived at manhood, he left his father's house, with no other property than his tools, and travelled on foot to Winchester, Virginia, where he worked as a journeyman for some months, in the shop of a respectable mechanic. Having thus raised funds sufficient to supply his present wants, he sat out again in pursuit of employment, halting at the different villages through which he passed, on his route along the valley, in order to raise his expenses by his labor, until he arrived at Abbeville, Wythe county, as poor as ever. He knew no one: bore no letters of introduction; was friendless and destitute: a stranger in a strange land. Here he commenced at his trade once more. The novelty and originality of his character, and the flashes of genius which enlivened his conversation, often compelled his newly acquired friends to look on the eccentric youth with wonder and amazement. He became popular, and was finally received as a student into the office of Alexander Smyth, Esq. an eminent lawyer in that part of the state, and afterwards commander of our northern army in the war of 1812.

Sheffey was now in his long desired situation. Disposing of his tools, he toiled incessantly in his new vocation, and improved rapidly. Here, with his own hand did he lay the basis of his future fame, and resolved to avoid the application to himself of the verse of Gray:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Who supplied his wants during his residence with Mr. Smyth, I have not been able to learn. Soon after his admission to the bar of Wythe county, he was called on to enter the lists with his old friend and patron, whom he handled with so much dexterity and adroitness, that it was generally said among the mass of the community, the apprentice will soon surpass the master. So it happened. Mr. Sheffey was employed in all the important causes of that court, and soon extended his practice to several adjoining counties. His professional brethren, however eminent, admired his powers, and treated him on all occasions with respect and kindness. In the county and superior courts of law and chancery, he was uniformly heard with unaffected pleasure, both by court and jury. His humble origin, meager education, and the singular incidents of his life, awakened the feelings and curiosity of his audience, while they were at once delighted and enlightened by the efforts of his powerful and original intellect. After some years, he settled in Staunton, where he soon commanded an extensive and lucrative practice. He often represented the county of Augusta in the House of Delegates, and in 1811 we find him in Congress, busily engaged in the important events of that

trying crisis. His speech in favor of a renewal of the charter of the first bank of the United States, was a masterly combination of sound argument and conclusive facts: for three hours profound silence prevailed; and the most experienced statesmen were astonished at this exhibition of his talents. He was opposed to the declaration of war in 1812. Ever on the side of his country, he felt indignant at the injuries which our commerce had sustained on the high seas: the impressment of our seamen, and the murder of our citizens within our own waters: yet he thought that these difficulties might be adjusted by negotiation, and that the last resort of nations might be avoided. He painted in glowing colors the horrors of war and the blessings of peace, and spoke of the treasure which must be wasted, and the blood which would be shed; the danger to our civil institutions amidst the clangor of arms and the shout of victory, and implored his fellow citizens to pause ere the country was plunged into the dangers which he foreboded. It was in vain. Mr. Sheffey, however, always rejoiced in the success of our arms. Sometimes in the ardor of debate, he was attacked rather uncourteously by some of his political opponents, but they never escaped the severity of his retort, and were often entirely overwhelmed. The celebrated and eccentric John Randolph of Roanoke, was for many years the Ajax Telamon of the House of Representatives, whose bitterness of satire no man could withstand. He once took occasion, in commenting on a speech of Mr. Sheffey, to say that "the shoemaker ought not to go beyond his *last*." Quick as the lightning's flash, he replied, "if that gentleman had ever been on the bench, he would never have left it." The Virginia orator never renewed the attack.

Having served for several years in the councils of his country, he withdrew to the practice of his profession at Staunton. A numerous family now reminded him, that intense diligence would be requisite, not only to supply their wants, but to sustain his fame. For a long time he toiled incessantly in the courts of Virginia, and occasionally was engaged in the supreme court of the United States. In December, 1830, he had been attending court, in Nelson county, and started for home in perfect health. He travelled about twelve miles, and stopped at a tavern for the night. Hardly had he taken his seat, when an apoplectic fit numbered him with the dead.

Thus died an extraordinary man, who by the native vigor of his intellect, and the force of industry, occupied a conspicuous station among the patriotic and distinguished men of America.

There was nothing dignified in the person of Mr. Sheffey: he was low of stature; his manners by no means polished; all was plain, energetic, original. His pronunciation was not agreeable: his German accent sounded heavy on the ear; yet the most refined audience always paid to him the most profound attention. In the argument of his causes, he seized on the strong points of the law and evidence, and maintained his positions with a courage and zeal which no difficulties could subdue. Like Patrick Henry, he was the artificer of his own fortunes, and like him, in after life, lamented that in his early days the lamp of science had shed but a feeble ray over the path along which it was his destiny to travel.

ROGER BROOKE TANEY.

Justum et tenacem propositis virum
Non civilium ardor prava jubentium
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatuor solida.

Horace.

The late Chief Justice of the United States has descended to the tomb, and left a nation in tears. His lofty virtue, fertile genius, and profound erudition, combined with the most patient assiduity and unsullied integrity, have embalmed his memory in the hearts of his countrymen, and constituted him one of the lights of the world.

His mantle fell on **ROGER BROOKE TANEY**, a favorite son of Maryland, whose fame is identified with the history of America. I design, in the ensuing sketch, to delineate the professional and public character of this amiable and upright citizen, who unites to the various acquirements of a profound jurist all the urbanity of a refined gentleman.

Soon after the usurpation of Cromwell, in 1656, the paternal and maternal ancestors of Mr. Taney were driven from their native land, because of their adherence to the Catholic church. They sacrificed all the tenderest ties which bound them to their birth place, encountered the dangers of the sea, and the hardships incident to every new settlement in a howling wilderness, to enjoy peace of conscience, and the liberty of worshipping God after the faith of their fathers. Well might these inoffensive people have said to the gloomy tyrant, as their native island gradually disappeared from their view,

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

They however submitted to their fate without a murmur, and settled themselves on the banks of the Patuxet. On the accession of Charles the Second to the throne of his father, the disabilities of the Catholics were greatly mitigated; and even during the brief but turbulent reign of his brother James, they enjoyed comparative repose, when they looked back to their former sufferings under the dark and gloomy usurpation of the Protector. Hope once more dawned on the troubled bosoms of the Catholics, but it was soon changed into sorrow and anguish of spirit. For when William and Mary assumed the reins of government, their former disfranchisements were revived, and they were again enduring all the penalties of legislative proscription. The ancestors of Mr. Taney felt the tyranny of the English monarch even in their secluded retreat in Calvert county, where they tilled the soil in peace and charity with all men: they seemed studiously to have retired from the turmoils of the world, and sought happiness in their own humble dwellings. Such was their condition, until the convention of Maryland, in August, 1776, proclaimed to the world that the bill of rights and the constitution which then came from their hands, should be the sovereign rule of action to the once enslaved, but now emancipated colonists. To the Catholics it was the bow of promise, betokening the cessation of the storm: tyrants no more trampled down their rights: all civil disabilities were abolished: the spirit of toleration for the first time shed its heavenly influence equally over all religious sects: the heaviness of sorrow gave

place to the smile of joy, and happiness shed her divine ray over all classes of society.

The result of this new condition was, that after the revolution, Mr. Taney's father was repeatedly elected to represent his native county in the House of Delegates.

His eldest son, Roger, was born in Calvert county, on the 17th March, 1777.

In the spring of 1792, he became a student at Dickinson college, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, then under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Nesbitt, a Scotch Presbyterian divine, celebrated for his wit and extensive acquirements in classical literature. Here he was graduated in 1795. I have not been able to ascertain whether during his collegiate course, the first efforts of his intellect glowed with the light of that genius which was so strongly developed in after years; or whether he then manifested that ever-growing ambition in the acquisition of knowledge, which has placed him among the ablest lawyers of his country.

In the spring of 1796, he commenced the study of law at Annapolis, in the office of Jeremiah T. Chase, then judge of the general court of Maryland, and came to the bar in 1799. Soon after, he began the practice in Calvert, and in the fall of this year was elected to the House of Delegates. This was an all-important era in the political history of the United States. Great and violent was the struggle between the contending parties: popular feeling was aroused to an unprecedented height, ere the first office in the gift of the nation passed into the hands of Mr. Jefferson. The legislature of Maryland partook of its portion of this excitement, and amid the stormy debates which sometimes occurred, young Taney displayed an intrepidity of character and an uprightness of motive, which gained for him the admiration of his contemporaries. He declined a re-election, and in March, 1801, settled himself in the practice of law in Frederick. A new scene now opened to his view. He was a stranger in the county where he was about to commence his career. But the wary and reflecting yeomanry of Frederick, Washington, Alleghany, and Montgomery counties, soon discovered that his industry had no bounds: that he possessed a mind of the highest order: that judgment, acuteness, penetration, capacious memory, accurate learning, steady perseverance in the discharge of duty, a lofty integrity, united with a grave and winning elocution, were developed. These qualifications were soon rewarded with an extensive and lucrative practice. As his powers were unfolded with experience, they saw that in the argument of important causes, he disentangled what was intricate, confirmed what was doubtful, embellished what was dry, and illustrated what was obscure.

In 1806, he is engaged at the court of appeals, encountering some of the most distinguished men of the state, and the reports of Harris and Johnson show that he was always well prepared for argument, and was deservedly ranked with the most talented of his competitors. Martin, Harper, Shaofe, and Philip B. Key, were the monarchs of the bar. But Mr. Taney feared no one: relying on his own resources, he never allowed either the weakness or the power of an adversary to change his purpose or alter his views. Notwithstanding the unrivalled fame of his opponents, his reputation was now in the ascendant. Virgil tells us that his hero was borne through the regions of the nether realms by

the splendor of the golden bough: the genius of Mr. Taney was his guide. It spread itself over the tree of knowledge, and gilded with a new light every leaf on which it shone. He would argue no case in the higher courts until he had minutely examined all its relations and bearings; and for this end he would explore the vast and boundless regions of the common and statute law, and bring home their richest treasures, to instruct and enlighten all who heard him. His manner was strikingly impressive. When his slow and solemn form was seen rising in court, every ear was open, and all eyes were fixed on the speaker—the audience insensibly taken captive, and borne away by the weight of his arguments and the tones of his eloquence. He moved along like the majestic Mississippi, full, clear and magnificent. Whenever the late Mr. Wirt was opposed to Mr. Taney, he would facetiously say, that he dreaded nothing so much as his “apostolic simplicity.” So soft and amiable was his deportment, that even amidst the heat and turmoil of *res publica* litigation, he was never known to offend the feelings of any of his brethren: his conversation was never roughened by austerity or pedantry, and when his gallant bearing extorted from all the most unfeigned praise, he would almost hide himself from public admiration, with the unaffected modesty of his native character. Whatever the political principles of his clients might be, you could not discern the slightest difference in the discharge of his duty. A memorable instance occurred in 1811. Gen. Wilkinson, was then commander-in-chief of the United States army, and was brought before a court composed of thirteen general officers, assembled in Frederick, to answer accusations of very high and serious import. During the war of independence, he had acted a conspicuous part at Saratoga, when the ill-fated Burgoyne surrendered his army to Gates, and after the peace, was one of the pioneers of the west, where he acquired new laurels in subduing the Indians, and assisting the frontier inhabitants to meet and vanquish the obstacles which attend the settlement of a new country. But in 1806 he had aroused the jealousies of the people, when he suspended the *habeas corpus*, and imprisoned Bollman and Swartwout; and when he appeared at Richmond in August, 1807, as a prominent witness on the trial of Col. Burr for high treason, many believed that he was deeply concerned in the plot of that distinguished and talented man. The papers of that day teemed with incessant vituperation, and impugned in the strongest terms the motives of the General. He was naturally haughty, and the number of his personal enemies was constantly increasing. He had especially awakened the indignation of a large portion of the community in Frederick, because he had in 1803 successfully prosecuted before a court martial in that town, Col. Butler, a revolutionary veteran, of undaunted bravery, who had served his country in the most distinguished manner, but who was now old and poor. Although Mr. Taney participated in these feelings so common with men of high honor, yet did the accused, with full knowledge of that fact, select him and the lamented John Hanson Thomas, (the star of whose glory sat too soon for his country,) as his counsel on this important trial. He placed his destiny in their hands. For several months they labored with unabated zeal in behalf of their client. He was pronounced innocent, and his sword

was restored. His faithful counsel received no other reward than the gratitude of the veteran's heart.

From this time until 1823, Mr. Taney was engaged in extensive practice in various courts of the state. He removed, in the spring of this year, to Baltimore. Pinckney was now no more. His renown as a lawyer had been wafted to the distant regions of the earth: he fell almost on the field of his greatest fame, after arguing an important cause in the supreme court of the United States. Mr. Taney now aimed to occupy the place occasioned by his death. For this purpose, he had left the theatre of his long and laborious life, and separated himself from the friendships of twenty-two years. He was soon ranked among the foremost at the Baltimore bar, and extended his practice to the supreme court, where he was always admired by the court and lawyers of that high tribunal. In 1827, he was appointed attorney general of Maryland, which office he resigned in 1831, when, as attorney general of the United States, he was chosen a member of president Jackson's cabinet. No man ever discharged the duties of this station more faithfully than Mr. Taney.

On the 24th Sept. 1833, he was appointed secretary of the treasury, which not being confirmed by the senate, this modest and amiable citizen once more returned to the toils of his profession in Baltimore. His arrival was welcomed by thousands, and his society courted by all.

In March, 1836, he was appointed to the exalted situation which he now fills.

The political life of Mr. Taney, has been marked with honor to his country. In 1816 he was chosen a senator of Maryland, and served for five years in that body. He was married to a daughter of John Ross Key, and is the father of a numerous family. In his person he is full six feet high: spare, but yet so dignified in deportment, that you are at once impressed with an instinctive reverence and awe: his eye is full of genius, and indicative of the powerful mind that dwells within; his features marked with the deepest thought, and his manner so dignified, that he sheds around him in whatever circle he may move, a moral influence of the highest order.

The constitution of the United States, and the welfare of our union are now confided in an eminent degree into the hands of this distinguished jurist. Pursuing the brilliant and useful career of Mansfield and Marshall, he will erect for himself a monument to fame, which time itself can neither impair nor destroy.

NICHOLAS BIDDLE.*

This gentleman has been brought very prominently into public view of late. The embarrassments of commerce and the confusion of currency under which our country has so keenly suffered, have turned all eyes toward the man who fills a station of great financial importance; and fills it with acknowledged ability and manifest uprightness of purpose. His name has therefore obtained—perhaps unexpectedly to himself—a European as well as an American celebrity; yet his portrait has not been seen, except in clumsy caricatures, at

* Copied from the “American Monthly,” for May, 1838.

print-shop windows; nor has his biography yet graced the pages of a review or literary magazine.

Mr. Biddle is a native of Philadelphia, and now somewhat over fifty years of age. He is one of a family remarkable for eminent talent, and also for the better qualities that render men acceptable in social intercourse, and endear them to familiar acquaintance. His brother, the commodore, is certainly one of the most intelligent and accomplished officers of our navy, if not the first in both these particulars. In his boyhood he was a fellow-sufferer with the gallant Bainbridge in the captivity at Tripoli, endured by the crew of the unfortunate frigate which fell into the hands of the barbarians. In the war with the British he was gloriously distinguished; first at the capture of the Frolic by the Wasp, in which ship he was serving as a volunteer lieutenant; and then in the capture of the Penguin by the Hornet, which he commanded. In this last action, where, as well as in that of the Frolic, the enemy was of superior force, captain Biddle received a dangerous wound after the Penguin's colors had been struck. Since that period he has been in command in the Pacific, the Mediterranean, and elsewhere; always with honor to himself and his country; and it is well known to his many acquaintances in various parts of the world, that his qualities as a companion and a friend are not less estimable than his character as an officer.

Another brother is major John Biddle, now of the state of Michigan, formerly a meritorious officer of the army; and a third is the honorable Richard Biddle, a member of Congress from the city of Pittsburgh, who has already distinguished himself by his eloquence, and whose constituents hold him in high estimation for his forensic and literary abilities, as well as for the great amiability of his character in social life. This gentleman last named, is the youngest of the four brothers; and the eldest is Mr. Charles Biddle, now or lately in Guatemala, where he has been engaged in forming a company to cut the long-talked-of canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The eminent merchant or broker, of the same name, is of another family, which is likewise remarkable for personal merit of no common order.

The subject of our present sketch, being the son of a gentleman of independent property, had every early advantage of education, and was sent to Princeton college, where he was graduated with the highest honors of his class at the age of only sixteen years. After completing his college course, he was placed in the office of a lawyer; but before he had passed his minority, he was invited by general Armstrong, who had just been appointed envoy to the court of France, to accompany him to that country as his private secretary, or secretary of legation. Mr. Biddle accepted this offer, and went accordingly to Paris, where he remained several years as a member of the American embassy, during a period when its duties were rendered uncommonly arduous by the obligation to remonstrate incessantly against the repeated aggressions upon our neutral rights. The case of the ship New Jersey is recollected as one in which Mr. Biddle's name appeared, as in some manner connected with the controversy. During his residence near the French court, the first consulate was exchanged for the imperial crown, and he was present as one of the diplomatic corps, at the splendid ceremony of Napoleon's coronation; an incident in his life to which he

has very felicitously adverted in the beautiful oration delivered by him two years since, to the students and alumni of Princeton college.

After some years passed in the refined society of Paris, he quitted that brilliant capital to travel in Italy and the countries of the Levant, then seldom visited by Americans. He made some stay at Delphi and at Athens, to indulge or cultivate his classic taste, and then returned to Paris, whence he soon after passed over to England, and again entered the diplomatic service as secretary to Mr. Monroe, at that time our minister at the court of London.

His residence in the British metropolis was not a long one, as he preferred returning to the home from which he had so long been separated; but the friendship formed with Mr. Monroe continued through the life-time of that statesman, and perhaps materially influenced the after-life of both; for it was the remote cause of bringing Mr. Biddle into his present office, at the head of the most important financial institution of our country; and is believed to have been productive to Mr. Monroe of certain advantages, the details of which belong to private history alone. It was a friendship honorable to both; and if Mr. Biddle could have yielded the independence of his judgment so far as to act with the political party which supported his friend as a candidate for the presidency, it would almost certainly have brought him forward into office in the general government, for which his talents undoubtedly qualified him.

But several years elapsed between his return and Mr. Monroe's election to the chief magistracy, during which interval Mr. Biddle was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of the profession of law in his native city. There is yet sometimes to be met with in collections of the less valuable pamphlets of that period, a printed report of the trial and execution of two very guilty negroes for murder, on which occasion Mr. Biddle and Mr. Rush were the prisoners' counsel; and it seems rather curious that those two gentlemen, whose mutual attitudes, or at least that of Mr. Rush towards the other, has been so unfriendly, should have been associated in perhaps their earliest forensic appearance. *Tempus mutantur, says Horace, et nos mutamur cum illis.*

Soon after his admission to the bar, he married a lady of considerable fortune and most amiable character; and being tired of the "forum contentiosum," or finding it uncongenial to his taste, he withdrew from the legal profession, and devoted his attention to literature and politics, and that very costly amusement called sometimes "gentleman farming," and by those who follow it, dignified with the name of experimental agriculture. Andalusia, a beautiful country-seat on the banks of the Delaware, was the scene of these researches into the qualities of seeds and the power of manures; and though we do not know that any important discoveries crowned the labor, we have seen a discourse delivered to an agricultural society by the former Biddle, which seems to be a learned dissertation, (but on subjects of tillage, we confess ourselves unread, beyond the Georgics of Virgil,)—and is certainly marked with the eloquence which has appeared in everything proceeding from his pen.

His zeal in the cause of letters induced him to assume, as a labor of love, the editorship of the *Port-*

Folio, then the only literary journal of any repute in the country. It attained its most palmy state under his management; but soon passed into other hands, and began to decline.

For several successive winters he was a member of the legislature of Pennsylvania, and was in the senate, a very youthful member of the *patres conscripti* of the state—during the exciting period of the war with Great Britain. He was an able and ready debater, attentive to the business of legislation, and on two occasions at least was particularly distinguished. The legislature of one of the eastern states, had adopted resolutions condemning, in very severe terms, the conduct of the general administration and the policy of the war. These resolves being in due course communicated to the several states, it happened that Mr. Biddle was chairman, or the most active member, of the committee of senators to whom they were referred. He considered it no time for showing a divided front to the enemy; and possibly his own war-spirit was quickened by sympathy with two gallant brothers in the army and one in the navy, all of whom had been earning fame and honor by distinguished bravery. The report which he wrote upon that occasion embodied with signal ability the sentiments which all would now agree to have been entirely appropriate to the peculiar circumstances of the juncture. About the same period, very near the close of the war, Congress was about to adopt a very energetic war-measure, which was strongly opposed as unconstitutional. This was, to raise an army of fifty thousand men by means of militia drafts. The details of the plan would be tedious and uninteresting here; it is enough to say that Mr. Biddle advocated with zeal and eloquence the passage of resolutions in the Pennsylvania legislature favorable to the execution of the plan by the federal government; and it was, in fact, we believe, prevented only by the peace.

It was a period of much party exacerbation; and, as always must happen in such times, both parties, or leading men in them, said and did much that cannot on retrospection be entirely approved by men of any party now:

“*Simul insanavimus omnes;*”

but it is not our desire to revive any of the unpleasant questions of that day. The federalists had elected Mr. Biddle to the senate, and they were now somewhat divided upon both the subjects just referred to. His conduct therefore gave some dissatisfaction to a portion of his constituents, and he relinquished his seat in the legislature. At the next Congressional election he was one of the four candidates nominated by the democratic party in the district that included Philadelphia; but they did not receive a majority of the votes, and Mr. Biddle returned to the amusements of his country seat during the summer, and his city residence during winter; and possibly it was more at this period than at the earlier one, which we have named above, that his attention was particularly given to theoretic agriculture. Writing now, without attempting to correct our reminiscences by any inquiries or reference to himself or his immediate friends, it is obviously not impossible that, as to some of these less important particulars, we may transpose the dates.

After the bank of the United States was chartered by Congress, he was named by president Monroe as one of the directors on the part of the government; and attending regularly at the meetings of the Board, he entered upon a new and hitherto untried employment of his abilities. Though not a commercial man, but at that time merely a gentleman of literary taste and leisure, he became so efficient a member of the direction, that, on the resignation of Mr. Cheves, he was designated, at a convention of stockholders, as the most suitable person to fill the arduous office of president. It is known that he was continued in that very important station, by successive re-elections, until the expiration of the charter; and that whatever may have been the extent of hostile feeling generated among politicians by the angrily vexed question of the re-charter, there has been but one sentiment manifested toward him by the stockholders, namely, a grateful and constantly augmented approbation. This has been testified by a repeated vote of thanks; and at the time of the last one, when the new charter was accepted from the state of Pennsylvania, it was accompanied with a magnificent present of a memorial service of plate.

Nothing could be more characteristic of Mr. Biddle than his public appearance on the occasion just alluded to, nor could anything be more honorable to the head and heart of any man than the clear, plain, perspicuous, and satisfactory statement that he made of the advantages to be derived from the new charter, and the reasons for accepting it; and afterwards the acknowledgment which he made on behalf of the officers of the bank, as well as himself, in return for the vote of approval just adopted by the meeting of stockholders. The first address was an unadorned display of financial knowledge and sagacity, betraying, perhaps, some measure of that liberal confidence in his country and his countrymen, the indulgence of which too far is possibly his most ensnaring propensity; while the second was a spontaneous and eloquent effusion of cordial attachment to the friends and associates with whom and for whom he had labored.

It is not for us to pass a judgment upon the financial management of the board of directors of that institution from its commencement, or from Mr. Biddle's accession to the presidency, till its close; nor of the management of the bank under its state charter, of which he is now at the head. Such an inquiry would involve questions that have become too much mingled with feelings of party strife to admit of any decision that can be universally satisfactory, before the case is carried within the jurisdiction of that high court of errors and appeals that men call *POSTERITY*; and, however desirable a financial history of the institution may be, both for entertainment and instruction, it is plain that to write it would require opportunities of information such as we cannot, and few do possess. But we may suggest, in the meantime, that perhaps a greater share of the responsibility, whether for praise or blame, has been imputed to the president of the board of directors than was equitably his due. That board has always contained men of first rate abilities and intelligence;—acting harmoniously with the president, but never intermitting the free exercise of their judgments in aid of his, while he has been nowise accustomed or desirous to assume more of the government than they were dis-

posed to yield from an enlightened confidence in his urbanity, firmness, extraordinary knowledge, and untiring devotedness to the interests of the institution, which he and they believed to be identical with the interests of the country. It has been even said that one point of policy to which Mr. Biddle has owed much of his popularity as president, has been the forbearance with which he has allowed directors to be really directors, and cashiers actually cashiers, without interfering at all with their appropriate functions; a policy unhappily not duly appreciated by his predecessor.

Looking at him outside of the walls of the bank, it remains for us to say that he finds time still to be active in all useful projects of public improvement; to be hospitable, social, literary, and beneficent. As trustee of the university, commissioner for the Girard college, and member of numerous charitable and literary associations, he lends not merely his name, but his faithful attention to all the most elevated interests of society. Some of the English papers, by some strange misapprehension, have said he is a *Quaker*—meaning, doubtless, one of the Society of Friends;—but, in truth, there is as little as possible of the *Quaker*, in any sense of the word, about him. He is, in respect to religious faith, an Episcopalian, and a regular attendant upon the public worship of the church. Entirely amiable in domestic relations, no one attaches friends more warmly; and as the turmoil of politics into which he has been thrown, has failed to affect his temper or his spirits, so neither has his early relish for polite letters, in which he is an accomplished scholar, been spoiled by long devotion to the *musæ severiores* of finance and commerce. While, therefore, he is at the morning council the wisest among the wise, he is often to be seen in the evening circle the gayest of the gay. Happy in family ties, in the attachment of friends, the esteem of the community, and an official station which confers much power of doing good; he is yet happier in the recollection of a life, already past its meridian, spent hitherto in the untiring application of a cultivated mind and ardent feelings to varied objects of utility or refinement; and in the reflection that if he were obliged to write a faithful history of his career, the record would contain

“No line that, dying, he would wish to blot.”

THE BUSY-BODY.

NO. I.

Saturday, April 7th.

My lord, I am, as you see, a plain-spoken man, of rough visage, and, as some of your smooth-chinned gallants might say, not breeched in the latest fashion: of the rest your lordship must judge.

Dramat. Fragments.

There are few people who have not some sort of employment. Those who do nothing for themselves, and are, therefore, supposed to be, and called, idlers, are generally ready to attend to the affairs of their neighbors, and thus avoid that utter, listless sleepiness, which is a burden even to the most sluggish. Now, this concern of one person in another's business, may be, after a variety of manners, and on its manner depends, altogether, its propriety or impropriety. Sometimes it

is by way of interference and interruption, and such meddling is always odious. The fruit of idleness in one man, it renders unproductive another's labor. Then you may concern yourself in your neighbor's affairs, by way of admonition and advice, though seldom with much chance of thanks, even where the favor has been solicited. But advice is not often asked of seeming idlers: it is most common to interrupt the busy by such requests; and naturally enough, since those who attend most carefully to their own concerns, are generally thought best qualified, by experience, to judge for others. Mere gratuitous counsel is always frowned upon, unless it meet a very submissive temper. It is in man's nature to despise what is given gratis. It is galling enough to most men, to think, that all they have is the free gift of heaven: they would not increase their debt of gratitude, by the receipt of human bounty; and, as they cannot but receive, the mind is eased by undervaluing each gift. Besides, the tone of advice usually asserts a superiority in him that gives it; and, as we cannot brook a favor, that seems but to imply our own inferiority, in any respect, however trifling, much less can we bear an open claim of pre-eminence.

There is another class of *Busy-Bodies*—the name which they have received, who, idlers in domestic concerns, are always ready for foreign service—and a very clever class, that are always at hand to render assistance, when really needed. You have but to cry for Hercules, and one of these kind friends hastens to put a shoulder to the wheel, and help you out of difficulty. Such, it is true, are the rarest kind of idlers: their very virtues become, frequently, matter for ridicule; and, too often, they are repaid only by impositions and witticisms upon their good nature.

The last class which I shall mention needs a generic appellation, as it embraces several species. It is composed of those who, standing aloof from any direct interference in other people's business, look at all mankind, or that part, at least, which comes under their own notice, in the aggregate; make deductions from every thing they see and hear, and reflections thereupon; note down their remarks upon men's good qualities and foibles, virtues and vices, and give them to the public, that each one may apply them or not, use or abuse them, as he prefers. These examples and precepts, though drawn, frequently, from particular cases, are not applied, directly to these cases, by way of reproof or encouragement, unless, indeed, some individual recognise his own likeness, and himself claim the picture. Persons of this class give advice; but, then, it comes in such a way as seldom to appear obtrusive, seldom even gratuitous. Besides, advice is out of place, only when it is professedly or clearly personal. We are not very sensible of any favor received, when we gather, it may be, at some expense of money, time, or labor, from a stock thrown open to all: the receipt of such a benefit, therefore, is not irksome. Under this class, which, as I have already remarked, is very comprehensive, may be ranked those literary idlers, who deluge the world with moral essays, didactic poems, remarks upon men and manners, and other such trifles—trifles in appearance, at least; sometimes, perhaps most frequently, trifles in reality. Here may be grouped Tatlers and Spectators, Guardians and Ramblers, with many humbler personages, among

whom, in the far back-ground, I would respectfully introduce myself as a *Bury-Body*.

It has not been without consideration that I have chosen the profession of an idler. I early set my heart upon a liberal profession, and was educated for one. For the pulpit I never thought myself fitted. I entered a lawyer's office, but soon grew weary of the rays let in from Sir Edward Coke's "windows of the law:" they seemed to illuminate nothing but black-letter folios,—digests, pandects, year-books, and commentaries. The "gladsome light of jurisprudence" dimmed my eyes: I turned my back upon it. With sorrow I remember this now, for law is a noble study—"a science which distinguishes the criterions of right and wrong; which teaches to establish the one, and prevent, punish or redress the other; which employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul, and exerts in its practice the cardinal virtues of the heart; a science universal in its use and extent, accommodated to each individual, yet comprehending the whole community." He who tills, with patient perseverance, through its rugged course, will reach an honorable goal—will win a golden prize.

Next, I tried medicine, and with no better success. It seemed to me that dry, senseless, crumbling ruins of humanity were but an indifferent subject of study, compared with the form of life—the flesh and bones quick with the warm principle of being, and covered with the divine drapery of their Creator. The sight of bodies diseased and disfigured—corrupted in their very substance, by "wounds and bruises and putrifying sores"—of flesh, pallid, bloated, ulcerated, mortified, gangrened, sickened me, when I remembered the bright eye, the full, blushing cheek, the fair skin, and the warm, tingling blood of youth, health, and beauty. Could I study the body, even in its prime of health and strength, and in its proudest symmetry, and forget the soul—the spirit of life within? I turned away in disgust, and remember, that, as I hurried home from the doctor's office, to the seclusion of my chamber, every person that I met seemed to have a deathlike countenance, a hump upon his shoulder, an ulcer on his lip, cancer, gangrene, putrefaction, in every part! Here, again, I may have done wrong, but, now, do not feel the same regret, when I hear a skeleton rattling in its box, as when I take up old Littleton, or Coke, or their modern transcript, Blackstone, and find passages that bring back pleasant recollections.

I became, then, from choice, "a poor devil of an author," though without that almost necessary professional appurtenance—a garret, which seems to be considered the only true laboratory of attic salt.

Having thus disclosed something of my past life, it may be well, or, at least, in accordance with a good example, to describe, briefly, my manner of living. I lounge about upon principle, visit public places, study new features, and, when they can be come at, new minds and characters. I, frequently, wander away from home—sometimes from the haunts of men, where I am alone with nature and her God. Then I return and write, partly for my own pleasure and profit: partly—at least, I am willing to think so—for the good of my readers. The most of these excursions from home—and some of them are far journies—I make on foot. Whether the reason be, that I cannot afford to

ride, or that I prefer walking, it is not necessary to mention: one thing is very certain—that this mode of locomotion is most favorable to the free and satisfactory employ of both eyes and ears. They, who hurry through the world in a coach and four, at full gallop, not only lose the benefit of clear observation, while on the road, but, also, can make little improvement of temporary stops and sojourns, their sight having become unsteady from the rapid succession of passing objects, and their ears stunned by the bustle and din of the way. It is true that the pedestrian's field of observation, must, necessarily be small; but, therefore, each object in that field comes immediately under his notice: he can regard almost the whole, at a glance, and examine, carefully, the different parts in detail. And when we consider, that however extensive may be our range, we meet with no features of human character, at least, which might not all have been found within a very narrow compass; the advantages of careful observation seem to overbalance, greatly, those peculiar to an extensive sphere.

The pedestrian moves humbly along the surface of the earth, leaving the higher regions of ether to those who are elevated on wheels, or borne away sublime in the balloon. Of course, he is chiefly conversant with things of earth, and is not subject to those airy flights of the imagination, which are common with such as breathe a more elevated and a lighter atmosphere. Now, though I shall not attempt to decry the brilliant fancies of the latter, I must be indulged in the opinion, that more close and practical views of sublunary things are sometimes necessary; and must caution the reader against expecting to meet here with many beautiful figures and highly wrought fictions. My observations, and I go not beyond their limits, have been directed, entirely, to what some might call common-place matters; that is, to such every-day objects as are presented to our ordinary senses.

Perhaps some invidious person, hearing me thus disclaim much assistance from fancy, may, wittily, remind me of the fable of the fox and grapes; but I can assure them, that such an allusion cannot destroy my equanimity, or confidence in the utility of practical observations.

That a maxim has become trite is, generally, conclusive evidence of its truth. Instead, therefore, of making an apology, as is frequently done, for introducing a well worn or proverbial remark, in illustration of a subject, a writer might rather congratulate both his readers and himself, on having luckily met with an apt, concise, and universally admitted proposition, which does not require a long and studied demonstration, nor even a reference to the original authority, since use has, in some measure, made every man a sort of second-hand authority for its truth. Having premised this much, I may remark, that I have always adopted that celebrated line,

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

as a motto, while taking notes of my observations. Not that I think the study of the subordinate creation, useless or improper. In my rambles, I have frequently stopped to admire the wondrous works of Providence, as seen in the uplifted mountain, the teeming valley, the sweeping wave, the rushing torrent, the gently

gliding brook, and all that is sublime and beautiful in nature. At such scenes, when no mortal eye has beheld, I have gazed in silent wonder, and my heart has swelled with the creature's involuntary tribute of praise and adoration to the Creator. The poet did not mean to repress our ardor in philosophical pursuits, to reprove him who would trace, in the heavens and the earth, evidence of the omnipresence and omnipotence of God. He wished to restrain only that arrogant presumption, which stretched forth a puny arm to grasp the attributes of Deity; which claimed to investigate and understand the inmost mysteries of creation—even the nature and decrees of the Creator. He wished to turn man's ambition from things too wonderful for him—things so high that he could not attain to them, to studies suited to his capacity, though not more grovelling than his own nature.

Beings of superior intelligence regard man, as we look at the works of creation, animate and inanimate, by which we are surrounded. We may be only one of many races of rational creatures, which people a thousand worlds, rolling through the boundless universe, all objects of angelic observation and wonder. Doubtless the seraph's love may be warmed by admiration of God's skill, displayed in man's material frame and subtle spirit, just as the astronomer's devotion receives a new fire from the rays of every star which lights up the field of telescopic vision. But, to man, the study of his own species has a peculiar interest and importance. His success and happiness in the pursuits of life depend, essentially, upon a knowledge of himself and his fellow men—objects, which are one, in attainment, though separate in their application; for he who studies his own heart, at the same time, lays open the recesses of his neighbor's breast; while the examination of another's motives and springs of action may teach him, if he refuse not the lesson, the subtle workings of his own spirit. The observation of natural scenery—and of this we speak here rather than of scientific investigations—may tend to increase the fervor of piety; but a knowledge of human character, while it must bear witness to the truths of religion, fits us, pre-eminently, for the exigences of our present situation—for intercourse with our fellow men.

Besides, few descriptions of natural scenery have ever conveyed a tolerable idea of the reality—none have ever aroused those tumultuous feelings, which crowd upon the soul of the spectator. In order that something more than mere listless, vacant wonder should be excited, each one must look on nature, in its varied forms for himself. The mind may be affected by bold, clear and animated description, but the heart remains unmoved, and can be touched through the medium, only, of the outward senses—the eye and ear. Niagara's angry flood of waters and deafening roar, may be vividly presented to the imagination, by the pen of truth and poetry. Every reader may exclaim, beautiful! sublime! But the words scarcely warm the lips that utter them: no fire is kindled in the soul.

For these reasons, then, and, furthermore, doubting my descriptive powers, I shall not attempt to describe many things, in nature, which have excited deep and varied emotions in my own breast; but shall be content to trace the progress of studies confined to man as their object.

THE BUSY-BODY—No. II.

Saturday, April 21st.

He does nought

As others—always seeks an easier way;
Nor ever fails to think, at least, his own
The best and easiest. He wonders, oft,
That the sun still its olden orbit keeps,
Nor finds a cooler track.

Laziness is very frequently the mother of invention. Numerous modern contrivances, which pass under the general name of *labor-saving machines*, may properly be considered, as planned to save, not only the price, but, also, the exertion and fatigue of labor. A lazy boy is said to have contrived the common method of opening and closing the valves of the steam-engine, by connecting them with other parts of the machinery in motion. It had, before, been his business to turn these valves; but, by means of a few strings and some ingenuity, he managed to make the engine do his work, and to spend the time saved in play. A disinclination to labor is very sure to put the thoughts in operation, either to discover some method of abridging the necessary toil, or to invent a plausible excuse for idleness.

But often, according to the adage, "lazy folks take the most pains." And this, not only on account of the trouble in which they are involved, by crude and novel plans for diminishing labor, but sometimes, also, because of a habit of working, formed in the constant struggle to make work as light as possible. Give labor the name of play, and boys will toil as zealously, as if they were, in fact, only amusing themselves: and so the most indolent man will take great pains which do not result from a regular and necessary task, to avoid a job much less troublesome, but more formal in appearance. And some thus acquire a habit of laboring, cheerfully and with perseverance, in perfecting and employing their own labor-saving inventions, as they imagine them, however unproductive; and come to take a pleasure in contriving means to abridge even imaginary tasks. To illustrate, more fully, my meaning, I shall attempt to sketch the character of a gentleman with whom I have been long acquainted.

Henry Carlisle was my classmate and chum in college. He was noted only as "a clever fellow," and one of the worst scholars in the class. His low standing, however, was not the consequence of small talent, or an abstract contempt of scholarship. But, then, poor fellow, he seemed constitutionally indolent, and though continually concocting plans for regulating his studies, and making them more easy, he never arrived at any such satisfactory determination of the shortest route to learning, as would justify his commencing the journey thitherward. His pleasantest dreams and reveries were about royal roads to knowledge; and he loved to speculate on the happiness that would result from the Creator's endowing man with a mind fully developed at his birth. He was a constant patron of all who professed to teach any art or science "in half-a-dozen easy lessons, of an hour each, without any study at home," and had taken regular courses of instruction from six different writing masters of this class. Nor was his confidence in the validity of such pretensions at all shaken by the circumstance, that his scrawled autograph, which seemed to present the worst characteristics of all the different systems which he had attempt-

ed to learn—of the angular and anti-angular, the round and the running, the billet-doux and the counting-house hands—was scarcely legible even by himself.

Our room presented some strange evidences of his inventive genius. Being in the habit of sitting before the fire, with his feet somewhat more elevated than his head and resting against the mantel, he became at length too lazy to hold them in that position, and, that he might enjoy the pleasure, without any muscular exertion, nailed up an old shoe, at the proper height, by which, one leg, bearing the other above it, might be supported. I can see him, even now, sitting in this posture, his foot resting in the shoe, and considerably higher than his head; his text-book spread open in his lap; his hands acting, occasionally, as a rear guard, to ward off the heat of the fire; and his eyes perfectly vacant, or watching the smoke that curled upward from his cigar. Thus he would remain, after the labors of the refectory were over, until the recitation bell roused him from his reverie, and reminded him of the book which, before, had lain scarcely noticed.

Sometimes he imagined that the reclining posture was most favorable to study; and, as it was tiresome to hold anything before his eyes, while stretched upon the bed, contrived a book-holder for this purpose, consisting of a small wooden frame, suspended over his breast, by a string from the ceiling. How often have I seen him prepare this apparatus for use, get everything conveniently fixed, spread his book open at the proper page, lie down upon the bed, and compose himself—to sleep!

We graduated, and parted after mutual promises to correspond. Both of us commenced the study of law; and he, finding that so long a probation was not required in the western states, generally, as in the eastern, set out, after spending twelve months in a lawyer's office, to seek his fortune in the former, and, finally, settled down, to practice as an attorney, in Mississippi. Alas! poor Carlisle could not overcome his idle habits. He did not succeed in business, and returned home disappointed, though, still, he had but a lazy way of showing his mortification. I have since conversed with a gentleman, who became quite intimate with him, while spending some months at the same house in Natchez, but had not discovered, in all this time, that he was a lawyer.

Soon after his return he luckily married a country heiress; and, though not acquiring a very large estate by the match, was thereby placed in easy circumstances, and thought little more about his profession. Though a tin sign, with "Henry Carlisle, Attorney at Law," printed upon it in large letters, still graced a front window-shutter, all the neighbors seemed to understand, perfectly, that it remained, as a memento of the practice which he had once pretended to, rather than as a present attraction to clients. In fact he was too lazy to take it down.

It had now been some years since I had seen Carlisle, when, not long ago, on passing through the village where he resides, I accepted his invitation, to dine and spend a part of the day at his house. But a few years had made a great alteration in himself and everything about him. The dwelling had been done up, and looked comfortable; the attorney's sign was gone from the shutter, and the grounds seemed to be tolerably well

kept. At a loss to divine the cause of this change, I was led to observe, closely, at least the effect. On being shown into the room which he called his library, I found him sitting in a large arm-chair, surrounded by the greater part of his books, which were spread about the floor, many of them open, as if in immediate use. He rose to welcome me, and his frank, cordial manner was the same as always; but, then he appeared much more alert and active in his movements than ever before. I began, after a little general conversation, to rally him on having grown more brisk and youthful, but could not thus elicit anything that I wished to discover.

On glancing over the books, I found that, with few exceptions, they were on such practical subjects as machinery, manufactures, gardening and husbandry. A great number of little contrivances for various purposes, reminding me strongly of those that graced our college chamber, met my eyes in different parts of the room. But my attention was soon particularly directed to the stove, by its anomalous structure, the coldness of the apartment, and its being an object of constant care to my host. Every few minutes he left his seat, to turn a valve, or open or shut some air-hole, or insert the poker, warily, between the bars of the grate, or to watch the rise and fall of the mercury in a thermometer hanging against the wall. The number of appliances for regulating the draft, and for other purposes, made the stove a most complicated apparatus. I might have puzzled my head for hours, to discover the uses of the various parts, with each of which he seemed perfectly familiar. At first, I supposed that he was anxious to raise the temperature of the room for my comfort; and, really, I was beginning to suffer from the cold. But his frequent proximity to the fire, and constant motion in regulating it, seemed to keep his own blood quite warm, and, at length he left it with his face flushed, and complaining of the heat: I was afraid he would propose to throw open a window.

I made some remark about the stove's novel appearance. He was, instantly, ready to explain its construction, and show its good points: it was his own invention. He had been so troubled with other stoves and grates, had found them all so worthless, and to require such continual attention, that he had set about planning an improvement; and he assured me, that the result answered his warmest hopes, appealing to my own observation, to bear witness, that I had never seen anything more complete and effectual. I gave a shivering assent, while my teeth were beginning to chatter, and my ears to feel like icicles.

Besides this main contrivance, there were several others in the library, all quite as convenient and no less complete. By pulling a cord, which hung within his reach, he could lock or unlock the door. Another might be used to throw it open; and, by similar means, he could raise and let down the window sashes, close the shutters, or draw the curtains. His very boot-jack, which lay in one corner, was a curious product of inventive genius.

The dining-room, into which I was soon ushered, exhibited very much the same appearance as the library, as to a multitude of happy contrivances. It was furnished with a stove, the exact counterpart of that just described, but the atmosphere was rather warmer,

perhaps, because this fire had been less meddled with. My kind host, however, soon perceived, that the room was as cold as a barn; was very much afraid I should suffer; and declared that the servants were all too dumb, to be made to understand the management of the stove. His wife—an amiable, submissive creature—said nothing; but, I thought, looked rather blank when he began to twist the valves, and ply the poker. At any rate, the fire soon began visibly to decline, though he left the table, very frequently, to watch its progress, and apply his restoratives.

After dinner, Mrs. Carlisle retired, while we remained to discuss a bottle of wine. A few glasses made my friend more communicative, and, without needing much encouragement, he began to explain the causes of the change which I had noticed. For some time after marriage, his habits of indolence had remained in full force, until the house and grounds had fallen into a deplorable state of dilapidation and waste. This mode of life had become, at last, insupportable, and, by a vigorous effort, he had set about reform. Now he had acquired a love for business, and everything about him was tolerably comfortable; his greatest annoyance being, that the neighbors sometimes made themselves merry at his expense, and spoke, rather slightly, of his various "notions." I could not but agree that there had been a very great improvement in his circumstances; but, certainly, his labor was not of the most productive kind. He did everything after a new fashion; and, though all his inventions were intended to save labor, no man ever worked harder, to so little purpose.

A more curious contrivance than any which I had yet seen, was exhibited after we retired to the library. Carlisle begged me to be seated, remarking that, with my permission, he would change an article of dress, while I might occupy myself in turning over the books. Accordingly, I took up a volume, but could not avoid an occasional glance at his operations. Loosening his waistcoat, and a few buttons of his breeches, he inserted both hands beneath his outer garments, where they seemed busily employed, as if scratching for relief from some cutaneous disorder; which supposition the violent contortions of his body greatly favored. After a while, his uneasiness seemed to be gradually diminishing under this mode of treatment, and his hands were, apparently, working outward, as if there was some difficulty in withdrawing them; but, with them, at length, came out the mouse which had caused such mountain labors. From an unmentionable part of his unmentionables, he drew forth a flannel garment, or, rather, a large piece of flannel, provided with numberless strings, loops, button-holes and buttons. Then commenced an inverse system of operations, for putting on another article of the same construction; but suffice it to say, that, after a half hour's work, my friend rested from his exertions, and resumed his seat, when I perceived that, despite the coldness of the room, a dewy perspiration stood upon his forehead. He was kind enough to explain the wonderful construction of the flannel shirts. By a very simple and elegant contrivance—the skilful arrangement of a few strings and buttons only—a great desideratum had been obtained: he could put on and off these garments, without removing those above. The utility of his invention was so manifest, especially after

the exhibition which I had just witnessed, that my friend's character for ingenuity rose several degrees in my estimation.

Carlisle soon proposed that I should walk out and look at his garden, and a few acres of land, which he called a farm. Anticipating a rich fund for amusement in his out-door arrangements, I consented, and was not disappointed. The same whimsical genius that governed within, was evidently ruler without. The stable, the pig sty, and the cow shed, all exhibited the fruits of my host's ready invention. Even a few lugubrious looking geese, that waddled about the barn-yard, had yokes of a new fashion, though the poor things did not seem fully to appreciate their advantages. Carlisle mentioned a plan which he had once tried of yoking them together by pairs, like oxen. This, he had thought, would correct habits of vagrancy, and strengthen the social principle. But the unlucky fate of a pair thus connected, which were discovered one morning after the night's rest of the whole family had been disturbed, by certain unearthly sounds, so alarming that none dared, at the time, to investigate their origin—were discovered fairly hung by their yolk, and dangling on either side the top rail of a fence near the house, perfectly lifeless, put an untimely end to his experiment. Whether the poor geese had been placed in that position by some kindly disposed neighbor, or passer-by, in order to exhibit the merits of the invention, under trying circumstances; or whether, one of them having succeeded in getting over, the other remained behind, from want of strength to follow, or, as seemed more probable, from sheer obstinacy, had never been fully ascertained. A coroner's jury would undoubtedly have returned the mysterious verdict—"Found dead." But I must not detain the reader longer than to describe a very remarkable chicken coop, to which Carlisle directed my attention. It was divided into a number of small compartments, each of them intended for a single fowl—a sort of cell for solitary confinement. The plan had been found to work admirably. The chickens fattened better, when not allowed to jostle each other; and any inveterate disturbers of the public peace, among the breeding fowls, could here be subjected to a sort of prison discipline. Chickens were not just then in season; and the coop's empty cells testified to the excellent state of barn-yard morals.

I could not yield to my host's urgent solicitations, that I should spend another day with him: business hurried me forward. My reflections on his singular character need not be written: they, doubtless, were such as every reader has, already, made for himself.

THE MOCKINGBIRD.

Come, listen—oh hark! to that soft dying strain
Of my Mockingbird, up on the house-top again;
She comes every night to these old ruined walls,
Where, soft as the moonlight, her melody falls.
Oh, what can the bulbul or nightingale chant,
In the climes which they love and the groves which
they haunt,
More thrilling and wild, than the songs I have heard,
In the stillness of night, from my sweet Mockingbird?

I saw her to-day, on her favorite tree,
Where she constantly comes in her glory and glee,
Perch'd high on a limb, which was standing out far
Above all the rest, like a tall taper spar:
The wind, it was wafting that limb to and fro,
And she rode up and down, like a skiff in a blow,
When it sinks with the billow, and mounts with its
swell;

She knew I was watching—she knew it full well.

She fold'd her pinions, and swelled out her throat,
And mimick'd each bird in its own native note,—
The Thrush, and the Robin, the Redbird and all—
And the Partridge would whistle and answer her call;
Then stopping her carol, she seemed to prepare,
By the flit of her wings, for a flight in the air,
When rising sheer upward, she wheeled down again,
And took up her song where she left off the strain.

Would you cage such a creature, and draggle her
plumes—

Condemn her to prison, the worst of all dooms—
Take from her the pleasure of flying so free—
And deny her her ride on the wind-wafted tree?
Would you force her to droop within merciless bars,
When earth is all sunshine, or heaven all stars?
Forbid it, oh mercy! and grant her the boon
Of a sail in the sun and a song to the moon.

What a gift she possesses of throat and of lungs!
The gift apostolic—the gift of all tongues!
Ah! could she but utter the lessons of love,
To wean us from earth and to waft us above,
What siren could tempt us to wander again?
We'd seek but the siren, outpouring that strain—
Would listen to nought but her soft dying fall,
As she sat all alone on some old ruined wall.

NUGATOR.

FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.*

Arrival of the U. S. Frigate Constitution at Malta—Sir T. Briggs—Anecdote of Sir Thomas Fellowes—Celebration of the 23d of February—Admiral Sir R. Stopford—Brigade Review—Departure of the Constitution.

Early on the morning of the third of February, which was one of the most gusty days of our past wintry season, a foreign frigate was observed, under her reefed topsails, sailing near our uneven and rocky shores, and making for the harbor of Valletto. She was only seen during the intervals of the heavy squalls of wind and rain, and an hour had elapsed from the time of her first being signalized, before the man at the observatory was enabled to make her out sufficiently well, as to telegraph to the admiral, Sir R. Stopford, "that she was an American ship, and bearing the flag of a commodore." Sure enough it was "Old Ironsides," of "Guerriere," "Java," "Cyane" and "Levant" memory. In she came, entering in a most masterly way—anchored off Burmola, with its many walls, and bristling fortifications—having on one side the "Princess Charlotte" of one hundred and four guns, and on the other the razed "Barham," one of the finest men of war, of her class, in the British

service. After the expiration of her quarantine, which, coming as she did from Mahon, was of some four hours duration, several boats came hovering around, and among them we noticed that of rear admiral Sir Thomas Briggs, an officer well known, and much respected by every American, who has, during the past seven years, been at this island, for the many civilities received at his hands, both in a public and a private way. For the information of those who have met him here, I would mention that his term of service as admiral of this port has recently expired—that he left only yesterday in Her Majesty's ship "Portland," for England, and has been succeeded by Sir John Louis, who has no very easy task to perform, if he expects to make himself so beloved by all classes of the Maltese, and as popular with all foreigners, as his late predecessor. This is but a passing, parting compliment, one to which I am satisfied all of our countrymen who have ever met admiral Briggs at Malta, will most willingly give their hearty response.

Sir Thomas Fellowes, of H. M. ship Vanguard, an eighty-four—and of which ship commodore ***, after having witnessed the discipline on board, and the beautiful order in which every thing was arranged, not a long time ago, truly remarked, "if we shall ever have another war with England, our boys will have something to do to capture such a ship as this,"—was also present in the cabin of the Constitution, and marked in his attentions to commodore Elliott. The following anecdote of Sir Thomas Fellowes, as I heard him publicly narrate, may not be uninteresting to some of your American readers. In the year '94, or thereabouts, this officer was cast away in India, and the only chance of his getting away, which was likely to present itself for many months, was by a Philadelphia ship. He accepted the invitation tendered by Mr. Pringle, the supercargo, and during the voyage, was offered the situation of second mate, with a promise of promotion, should he remain in the employ. This was declined, as the then Mr. Fellowes preferred taking his chance in the service of his country. Sir Thomas, with some feeling, observed that most gladly would he again meet Mr. P. to thank him for his kindness, in having given him a passage, some forty odd years ago, from Madras to Bengal, when shipwrecked and friendless, he was cast ashore on one of the most unfrequented places of Indian navigation. Captain Fellowes commanded a frigate at the battle of Navarino, distinguished himself in the engagement, was charged by the admiral, Sir Edward Codrington, with despatches for the admiralty, and for this service was knighted on his arrival in England. This gentleman also commanded, within the last quarter of a century, a merchantman at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, had his vessel hove down, and coppered there, and from thence loaded a cargo of "notions" for the West Indies. Does Mr. S***** remember him? Not a few instances of this kind, have within the last few years come within the circle of my observation. Need I name captain F., of the "Asia," 74; captain L., of the "Bellerephon," 80; captain McK., late of the "Vernon," all of whom have attained their rank by their own exertions, and not by family patronage.

Never, may I venture to say, did the Constitution look better than when riding at anchor in our waters, and amidst the beautiful ships of all classes of Her Ma-

* From a Correspondent of the S. L. Messenger, at Malta.

jeaty's present Mediterranean squadron. Her crew were a fine looking set of men, who had been upwards of three years on board, appeared well content with their situation, and perfectly at home when duty called them to their respective stations. As regards the officers, I would only say, that where such disciplinarians are, no American at home need ever blush at a want of neatness or discipline on board our men of war, when stationed or cruising abroad. Every day brought with it for them new acquaintances and new invitations, and these were never received without also being repaid in a most liberal and handsome manner. The best proof is, that the longer "Old Ironsides" remained, the longer the officers wished her; and the more they became acquainted, the more by their English neighbors and friends was their absence regretted. It was not only with the navy, but also with the army, that intimacies were created; and on lieutenant Watson's dining with the fifty-ninth mess, they gave him "Hail Columbia!" and one of their oldest and most meritorious officers of the regiment, a captain Harward, rose and remarked, "that the corps to which he belonged was the first which fired a shot in the revolutionary war, on the plains of Lexington, and afterwards on the heights of Bunker Hill, and sincerely did he hope that if they were ever again called into action, it would be in defence, and never against their American brethren." This was not an isolated instance, but numerous anecdotes might be given of the general good feeling exhibited at all times, and even in instances where it was neither called for or expected.

The Constitution was known, on her arrival, for her deeds during the past war. She is now far more pleasantly remembered, by the urbanity, hospitality, and gentlemanly bearing of her officers.

During my residence here, I have oftentimes seen crowned heads, and heirs to crowns, received as strangers, but never have I observed more marked honors paid to them, than has recently been shown to commodore Elliott, and through him to the American nation. On the twenty-second of February, it being the anniversary of the birth of Washington, the United States flag was seen waving at the fore royal-mast-head of every man-of-war in our harbor. At twelve o'clock precisely, and at the moment when the Constitution had finished her firing, a national salute of one and twenty guns was given from each British ship, and I think they numbered fourteen in all, from the "104 flag" down to the two gun vapore "Confiance." It was thought the salute would have been returned from the "Princess Charlotte," but never did any one dream that it would have been answered by all. Never has the memory of Washington been so deservedly honored before, on one day, from the "wooden walls" of old England. At sun-set when, with the merry sounds from the fife and the beat of the drums, the American flags were hauled down, that of England was happily, and handsomely run up by the orders of commodore Elliott, and saluted with an equal number of guns. Thus closed the twenty-second of February at Malta. Sir Robert Stopford, by whose orders this compliment was paid, is the fifth on the navy list of the admirals of Great Britain, served on our coast during the war of our revolution, and was with admiral Digby when he attempted to relieve "Cornwallis and his army."

The policy of England—and many will not blame her—was once expressed in the following quaint lines of an old English poet; it is,

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they may take who have the power,
And they may keep who can."

England has as much territory, and as many people on her possessions, as she can now well govern, therefore all jealousy has ceased with us, and we are friends again. The praiseworthy conduct of the American government, with reference to the affairs of Canada, doubtless was one reason, why such attentions were shown to commodore Elliot, and such honors paid to our flag.

Major-general Sir H. A. Bowverie, the present governor of this island, is of the Radnor family, a distinguished officer, having served throughout the Peninsular war, and also acted as principal aid de camp, to the duke of Wellington, at the battle of Waterloo.

The Constitution left us at break of day on the 8th of March. As she passed out, her band was playing "God save the Queen," while those of Her Majesty's ships, gave in return "Hail Columbia." This visit of commodore Elliott has been a fortunate one, and to quote general Bowverie's words "the oftener we meet, the better it will be for both." W.

SCIENTIA MISCELLANEA.

BY A. D. G.

No. I.

HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

"In speculating on the future prospects of physical science, we should not be justified in leaving out of consideration the probability, or rather certainty, of the occasional occurrence of those happy accidents which have had so powerful an influence on the past." *Herschel's Int. Dis. page 267.*

Perhaps a brief account of some of these "happy accidents," as Herschel has termed them, may not be uninteresting. Hiero, king of Syracuse, ordered his jeweller to make him a golden crown of a certain specified weight. The artist attempted a fraud, by substituting a portion of silver. In some manner the suspicions of the king were awakened, and he appointed Archimides, one of the most celebrated philosophers of antiquity, to examine the matter, and determine, if possible, the portion of silver which had been fraudulently introduced. For a long time Archimides could see no possible way of solving the question. At length, entering his bath one day, he is said to have caught the idea of specific gravities, and the method of determining them, by observing the water rise as his body was immersed in it. Perceiving at once the many important uses to which this knowledge might be applied, he was so overcome with admiration and delight, that he leaped from the water, and unconscious of his nakedness, pursued his way homeward, crying out, "I have found it—I have found it." The doctrine of specific gravities, which he seems in this accidental manner to have become acquainted with, he afterwards developed more fully in his work "De Humido Insidentibus."

One of these "happy accidents" laid the foundation for our knowledge of galvanism. It occurred during

the year 1791, in the laboratory of Galvani, professor of anatomy at Bologna. His wife being in a delicate state of health, employed as a restorative a soup made of frogs. Several of these animals were lying on a table near to an electrical machine. While the machine was in operation, a pupil of Galvani, happening to touch the crural nerve of a frog with one end of a knife, whilst the other end was in contact with the prime conductor of the machine, noticed that the muscles of the limb were thrown into strong convulsions. This curious fact attracted the notice of the professor's lady, who communicated it to her husband on his return. Galvani was at the time engaged in an examination into the nature of muscular motions. These he conceived to be owing to electricity; the nerve and the muscle with which it was connected, being oppositely charged (like the two coatings of a Leyden jar) and muscular motion ensuing whenever a discharge was made from one to the other. This newly observed fact seemed to confirm his hypothesis, and led him to prosecute his investigations with renewed ardor. During a course of experiments which he was in this way led to commence, he discovered that the same effect could be produced by establishing a metallic communication between a nerve and a muscle. This fact he communicated to the world in his treatise concerning animal electricity, and thus laid the foundation of that department of general physics which has since borne his name. Had not the attention of Galvani been directed at the time, to the subject of muscular motion, it is probable that this fact would have passed unnoticed; as it had in the case of Du Verney who had made the same observation about a century earlier, without its having received that attention from philosophers which it deserved. Another of these "happy accidents" gave rise to the modern science of crystallography. The Abbe Haüy, was engaged on a certain occasion in examining the collection of minerals belonging to M. France de Croisset, when accidentally he dropped a beautiful specimen of calcareous spar, crystallized in prisms. The specimen was broken by the fall, and Haüy observed with astonishment, that the fragments had the smooth regular form of rhomboid crystals of Iceland spar. "I have found it all," he exclaimed, for at that moment he conceived the fundamental idea of his new system. Having collected the fragments, he carried them home, and soon discovered the manner in which the derivative forms of crystals could be reduced to their primitives, as well as the geometric law for calculating the angles of the one, from a knowledge of the angles of the other. His discoveries were afterwards made public at the solicitation of La Place and Daubenton. The investigations to which this accident gave rise, have resulted in dispelling much of the mystery which before enveloped this subject, and in bringing to light many curious facts respecting these "flowers of the mineral world" as they have been called.

Another of these "happy accidents" has resulted in the creation of a new department of physical optics; that which treats of polarized light. A remarkable fact was noticed by Malus, in 1808, whilst accidentally viewing through a doubly refracting prism the light of the setting sun, as reflected from the windows of the Luxembourg palace in Paris. On turning the prism around, he was surprised to observe a remarkable dif-

ference in the intensity of the two images; the most refracted alternately surpassing and falling short of the least refracted in brilliancy, at each quadrant of the revolution. This phenomenon connecting itself in his mind with similar optical phenomena, which from the nature of his studies were fresh in his memory, led him to investigate the subject with all possible attention. The result has been (as remarked above) the creation of a new department of physical optics. Respecting this department, Herschel has justly remarked, that "the phenomena which belong to it, are so singular and various, that to a person familiar with the other departments of optics only, this is like a new world; so splendid as to render it one of the most delightful branches of experimental inquiry; and so fertile in the views which it lays open of the constitution of natural bodies, and the minuter mechanism of the universe, as to place it in the very first rank of physical sciences."

It may admit of question how far such facts as these are properly characterized as "happy accidents." In every instance, the attention of the observer had been previously awakened and his mind prepared by study and meditation for receiving the fact observed; and, had not this been the case, it would in all probability have passed without attracting his notice. The knowledge of such occurrences as these, when properly considered, will not lead us, when brought to a temporary stand, in a course of investigation, to sit down and idly wait for some "happy accident," which shall at once relieve us of our difficulty; but rather, to press forward, so that if haply one should occur, we may be ready to turn it to some good account. "The seeds of great discoveries are everywhere present and floating around us, but they fall in vain upon the unprepared mind, and germinate only where previous inquiry has elaborated the soil for their reception, and awakened the attention to a perception of their value."

No. II.

EXCEPTIONS TO GENERAL LAWS.

In the study of the natural sciences, we frequently meet with "exceptions to general laws." Doubtless the question has often suggested itself to the student: In what sense am I to consider these as exceptions? Have they arisen from an oversight in the Creator? Are they points in the structure of the universe, which have escaped the notice of the great architect, when he planned this mighty fabric? To all such questions, I would answer, no. Those cases which we are in the habit of considering exceptions, are instances, in which bodies are taken out from under the dominion of one law, to be placed under that of another. No substance can, in any circumstances, be looked upon as an outlaw in creation. I will illustrate this statement, in the case of one of these exceptions. It is a general law of nature that the dimensions of bodies should increase with an increase of temperature, and vice versa. A familiar instance of this change in dimensions, consequent upon a change in temperature, is afforded by the mercury in our common thermometers. This law may, with the strictest propriety, be called a general law of nature. So general is it in its application, that we can pardon the mistake of a certain Irish scholar, who wished to

bring even time itself under its dominion, and to account for the varying length of the days, by supposing that they were expanded by the heat of summer and contracted by the cold of winter.

Yet we meet with a few exceptions to this general law. If we take a portion of water at the boiling point, and gradually cool it, we will find that it contracts regularly, until it reaches the temperature of about 40° Far. It then commences expanding, and continues to do so, until converted into ice. If we continue the cooling process, it will again commence contracting, and continue so to do, until we are no longer able to trace it. If we reverse the process, just the opposite changes will take place, but in the same order. The ice first expanding with an increase of temperature, until it reaches the melting point, then contracting until its temperature is about 40° Far., then again expanding so far as we are able to trace it. In thus expanding, as its temperature is reduced from 40° to 32°, and also in contracting, as its temperature rises through the same part of the scale, water forms an exception to the general law which governs other matter, and which governs water itself, under other circumstances. But we must not on this account look upon it as an outlaw in creation. Its apparent want of obedience to the law of expansion and contraction arises from its real obedience to a different law, and one which can be looked upon as little less general than the former, viz., the law of crystallization. Whenever the particles of a body so arrange themselves as to give to that body the form of a regular geometric solid, they are said to crystallize. In thus regularly arranging themselves, the particles are generally compelled to occupy a larger space than they did when existing together, without any regular arrangement. When a company of soldiers, previous to mustering, are standing together in a crowd, they occupy a less space than the same number do when drawn up in the form of a hollow square, or in rank and file. The same is the case with the particles of water. Whilst existing in a perfectly liquid state, they stand irregularly crowded together; but so soon as the trumpet-call of the chill north wind is heard, they commence their marching and countermarching, until at length they present a solid and impenetrable front.

Ice is not, as is generally supposed, a simple sheet of particles, bound together by their mutual attractions, but consists of an infinite number of needle-shaped crystals, crossing and recrossing each other, at definite angles, until they present to the eye the appearance of a homogeneous mass. To be convinced of this, nothing more is necessary, than to watch the water of a pool as it freezes. At first, we will notice a number of long slender crystals, shooting out from the sides of the pool; then the enlargement of these by the addition of other particles in lines parallel to their sides, as well as a second set of crystals shooting from the sides of the first; then a repetition of this process, and so on until the whole surface of the pool is covered.

So far are such exceptions as these from being oversights in the Creator, that they furnish us with the most convincing evidence of his designing supervision. Had not water, between the temperatures of 32° and 40° Far., been made an exception to the general law of expansion and contraction, instead of having our rivers covered in winter with a thin coat of ice, ready

to dissolve before the first soft breath of spring, we should have had them converted into solid masses of ice;—and further north, it may be doubted whether even the midsummer sun, would have been able to loose their waters from the “bands of winter.” Instead of considering these exceptions as blemishes in the work, we ought rather to look upon them as its very perfections. Like the abutments to the walls of a gothic tower, they break in upon the uniformity of the structure, it is true, but, like them, they do so in order to confer a varied beauty, and substantial strength.

THE SISTER'S GIFT OF FLOWERS.

By the author of "Love at the Shrines," etc.

Young and loved sister, I have now, within that tumbler clear,
Your gentle gift, so like thyself—the angels of the year,
Culled by thy hands at early morn, while every leaf was bright
With kisses that were pressed on them by spirits in the night.
How beautiful—how delicate—the messengers from earth
Come up, and bloom, and blush away, as things of little worth!
But he who rules and reigns above, from his majestic bowers
Looks down with joy upon the buds, and gladdens in the flowers.
The deep dark sea, in vain lifts up its flashing waves on high,
And howls around the caverned earth—it cannot reach the sky.
No blessed dew falls down on it; but gloomily and dread
It covers with its mighty pall the bodies of the dead.
One little knoll, bedecked with flowers, is dearer to his sight,
Than millions of those stormy waves, that seem to spurn his might.

Washington, May 16.

THE EARLY DEAD.

He did not linger out his span,
Of a proud line the end,
A lonely and time-stricken man,
His staff his only friend;
Repining at the long delay
That barr'd him from his kindred clay:
But ere a sorrow stain'd,
Or thorn beset the path he trod,
Shook off its dust, to walk with God.

So the fair flower of morn displays
A rest as early won,
Ere scorch'd by Sol's meridian rays,
Or shut when day is done.
He left us as the early dew
Goes up from earth, to glass anew
The glories of the sun:
Saw just enough of life to know
Its joy, but not to feel its woe.

The crown that holy men have sought
In danger's stormy track;
For which the martyr's faith has fought
Through flood and flame and rack;
Came down to him, a placid boon,
As the calm sunlight falls at noon:
Oh! who could call him back,
To lay his robe of glory down,
That heav'n of love, that starry crown!

What could we offer in exchange,
To tempt his spirit's flight
Away from her unbounded range,
Through boundless fields of light?
The day of care; the night of pain;
Death's valley and dark shade again;
Hope's blossoms—and their blight!
Their bloom he saw; their blight he fled:
Thrice happy are the early dead!

Camden, S. C.

B. W. H.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

About threescore years ago, the Hanover Presbytery, (at that time the only Presbytery in Virginia,) taking into consideration the low state of literature in this commonwealth, conceived a project of establishing a seminary of learning in the upper country. They wisely concluded that such an establishment in the limestone valley would afford to all classes an opportunity of acquiring a liberal education, thereby rendering unnecessary the inconvenience and extra expense of resorting to northern colleges. In accordance with these views, the Presbytery appointed agents to solicit and receive donations; and trustees to carry their plans into execution. It was readily foreseen, that the times were unfavorable for making collections of money for any public purpose. The whole valley was, comparatively, a new settlement; hitherto a frontier; often subjected to Indian depredations and to draughts on the militia for protection. This checked population; retarded enterprise and improvements, and whatever might contribute to the wealth of the country.

The Presbytery, however, considering the necessity of the case, thought that something might be done; and on making the experiment, something was done. The trustees soon determined to erect a building; and the site chosen was in a grove, on the summit of Timber-ridge, about one mile northwest of the present village of Fairfield. Here, on either side, was a delightful prospect of a picturesque country. The situation afforded plenty of firewood; timber sufficient for building, and good water convenient; and was very appropriately denominated Mount Pleasant. It was encircled by a numerous population. By contributions from the vicinity, of labor, &c. a building was soon reared. I will not here stop to describe the materials of which it was composed; its dimensions or proportions; its ornaments or orders of architecture—suffice it to say, that it blended comfort and convenience with cheapness, and was sufficiently large for present purposes. A teacher was now employed. The first whose name I remember was William Graham. He was a graduate of Nassau-Hall, during the administration of the celebrated Doctor Witherspoon. Mr. Graham came to this country with the character of a gentleman of genius, scholarship and piety, which character he supported through life.

A number of students from this and the neighboring counties now resorted to Mount Pleasant. In a short time a very respectable grammar-school was formed. This was the first germ of Washington College.

The ability of the preceptor; the industry, proficiency, and decorous demeanor of the students,

soon gave eclat to the institution. The neighborhood viewed this novelty, a Latin school, as it was called, as an important acquisition to the country. I happened at Mount Pleasant during Mr. Graham's superintendence. It was noon, the hour of recreation. Here was seen a large assemblage of fine, cheerful, vigorous looking youth, apparently from ten to twenty years of age. They were mostly engaged in feats of strength, speed or agility; each emulous to surpass his fellows in those exercises, for which youth of their age generally possess a strong predilection. Presently the sound of a horn summoned all to the business of the afternoon. The sports were dropped as by magic. Now you may see them seated singly or in pairs, or in small groups, with book in hand, conning over their afternoon's lesson. One portion resorted immediately to the hall, and, ranging themselves before the preceptor in semicircular order, handed him an open book containing their recitation. He seemed not to look into the book, and presently closed it; thinking, as I supposed, that he knew as well as the book. Of the recitation I understood not a syllable; yet it was highly agreeable to the ear, sonorous and musical: and although more than sixty winters have rolled away since that time, the impressions then made have not been entirely effaced from my memory. I have since discovered that the recitation was a portion of that beautiful Greek verb, *Tupto*; in which the sound of the consonants pi, tau, mu, theta, predominate. It was observable that, during the recitation, the preceptor gave no instruction, corrected no errors, made no remarks of any kind. He seemed to sit merely as a silent witness of the performance. The class itself resembled one of those self-regulating machines of which I have heard. Each member stood ready, by tripping and turning down, to correct the mishaps and mistakes of his fellows: and as much emulation was discovered here, as had been, an hour before, on the theatre of their sports, in their athletic exercise. Since that day, I have often thought that emulation would be a noble engine in the hands of a skilful teacher. It excites attention; creates accuracy and promptitude; and gives zest and variety to subjects, otherwise dry and jejune. During this recitation, an incipient smile of approbation was more than once observed on the countenance of the preceptor, maugre his native gravity and reserve. This happened when small boys, by their superior scholarship, raised themselves above those who were full grown. This class having gone through, several others, in regular order, presented themselves before the teacher and passed the ordeal. The business of the afternoon was closed by a devotional exercise. And now, the whole number, without delay, issuing from the hall, spread themselves over the area before the door; each conversing with much glee with those

nearest to him; then, hasting homewards, each took off his several way to some of the farm-houses, which furnished them refectories and dormitories; and the shadows of the evening lengthening fast, I, too, bied me home, much gratified and not a little disappointed. The systematic order of the place struck my attention. A signal called the whole school together; a signal announced the hour of recitation: each class was summoned to its recitation by a signal. These signals were obeyed without delay—and without noise. The students might pursue their studies in the hall or the open air as pleased them best. Talking or reading aloud was not permitted in the hall, except to the class reciting. The dignity of the preceptor, and his well known fitness for the station, gave him respectability, and he was respected. Before this day I had thought the course pursued in this Latin school resembled the common English schools with which I had been acquainted.

*"Sic canibus catulos semiles, sic matribus hædos
Noram, sic parvis componere magna solebam."*

But I now saw that the order and discipline of the former were essentially different from the noise, confusion and turmoil of the latter.—Fifty or sixty years after this, and but a few years ago, in passing near to Mount Pleasant, I turned out of my way to see this quondam seat of the muses. It was soon found, and readily recognized. The building and grove have entirely disappeared. No hedge or railing encloses the area. Neither the strength of man nor the labor of the ox—neither the barrow nor the crooked plough have subdued the soil. It appears an entire desolation. The elevated position, however, affords the same grand and delightful prospect, and might give employment to the pen or pencil of an artist. I felt myself on classic ground. Here Washington College drew its first breath. On this spot, Mount Pleasant, commenced the establishment of a seminary of learning. A few obscure clergymen, without political power, and, in those days of skepticism, possessing very little personal influence; without pecuniary resources, other than what might be expected from the voluntary contributions of a newly settled mountainous district of country; in perilous times, too, when the Indians behind and the British before, threatened to devour with open mouth; under all these appalling circumstances, these few men, Tod, Brown, Waddell, and their associates, relying on the favor of heaven, began the work, persevered and succeeded. They have long since slept with their fathers: and, were this benevolent work alone known of them, they would merit the grateful remembrance of the present and future generations. The trustees, too, were important auxiliaries in the same work. Most of them continued in office during life. Some of them, I think, for

more than half a century. They, too, have gone the way of all flesh. While remaining here, I called to mind the numerous population which once encircled Mount Pleasant, and which, in various ways, contributed to the advancement of the seminary; and I asked myself where are they all now? Where are the Willsons, Blackburns, Browns, Scotts, the Greenlees, McDowels, McClungs, Pattons and Pattersons? Where are they now? Gone to the land of forgetfulness! As whilst a tempest, sweeping through an ancient forest, uproots and rends from its base the growth of ages, if we look abroad, we behold but one universal ruin and desolation. Yet, when the wind has subsided, the clouds have dispersed, the war of elements has ceased, and the heavens have become serene, we may, here and there, descry a sturdy oak, scathed, indeed, stripped of its foliage and despoiled of its beauty, the trunk yet standing and retaining the principle of vitality—so of that numerous population, of various ages, character and pursuits, which once encircled the spot where I now am. A few, very few, indeed, children of another century, may, by careful inquiry, be discovered, far dispersed from each other, with hoary heads and furrowed cheeks, their steps marked with imbecility and decrepitude, having advanced far adown the vale of life, and still progressing with accelerated speed, destined soon to join, in the land of silence, their former associates. The students, too, that lovely band of youth, whom, long since, I saw animating the scenes around Mount Pleasant with youthful sports and jocundity; whose countenances beamed with health and intelligence, the joy and hope of their parents and their country; and in whom those hopes were not disappointed; they, too, have felt the tempest. They, too, have bowed to the King of Terrors. Yet a single exception to this may even now be found.* I wish I could recollect the names of all the students of that primary school. Priestly, Mitchel, Hoge, Stuart, Blackburn, McClung, the Willsons, Browns and Breckenridges, were of the number. These entered on a classical course about the same time, and were cotemporaries on the stage of public life. Several of them became practising attorneys. Two of them held seats on the bench of justice in the superior courts of law: four have been members of State Legislatures: four, of the Congress of the United States. One was called to preside over the important interests of a college, and one, in diplomatic capacity, to superintend our national interests at the court of Versailles. Besides, several of these have at different times received appointments by authority of the state, to manage special important trusts in behalf of the commonwealth. I think, it may be safely said, that no one of these was ever charged, or chargeable with delinquency in their important

* The Rev. James Mitchel, of Bedford, Virginia.

trusts, either through want of talents, or want of fidelity. A parallel to this can hardly be found; that twelve young men commencing a course of learning about the same time, should all appear in after life with so much respectability in the public estimation: and these, too, not selected; but taken, as it might be said, at random.

By this time my travelling companion became impatient, and manifested by gestures easily understood, his willingness to be unmoored and to leave this desolate place. I mounted, gave him the rein, and pursued my journey, ruminating much on former days, on scenes of childhood and youth; on my cotemporaries, the companions of my youth—how few of them now survive; and how many of those, by far my juniors, have gone the way of all flesh. I thought, too, of the brevity of human life, composed of a few short periods; youth, maturity and decay; and these followed by death and dissolution; and these few periods replete with toil and pain, losses and disappointments. What caducity in human affairs! What a perplexing maze is the life of man! To what a shadowy, precarious, evanescent state of being is he consigned! Might he not have been created exempt from evil? or, if evil must be, might he not have been gifted with those faculties, which would have enabled him to foresee and avoid it, successfully to resist and overcome? Or, could he not have been elevated to a station more congenial to the dignity of his intellectual character, where pursuits of a nobler kind might have led to permanent and substantial felicity? Here some superior being twitched my ear and checked my arrogance. "Man," said he, "forms a part of an immense system of being. The great Creator endowed him with those faculties, placed him in that station, and subjected him to those laws which he saw right and proper. Wouldst thou, O, mortal, alter the established order of things? Canst thou, who arose into being but yesterday, and tomorrow must return to your mother earth; frail, weak and erring creature, possessing but five scanty inlets of knowledge; resident in a remote corner of the universe, with but a speck of creation subject to your vision—can you, I say, scan the operations of the Almighty? Can you fathom the depths of the wisdom of his counsel? Would you sit in judgment on his doings; rejudge his justice, or reverse his decisions? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, why hast thou made me thus?"

Presumptuous man, wouldst thou the reason find,
Why formed so weak, so little and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why formed no weaker, blinder and no less.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
Can tell why Heaven has made man as he is.

Silence, submission and acquiescence become the creature." I stood reprov'd. I was dumb; I

opened not my mouth. "For your consolation let me inform you," subjoined he, "that the life of man, though short, is long enough for all the purposes of life, provided the time thereof be judiciously economized in accordance with the laws which a wise and beneficent Creator has given him for the regulation of his conduct; and this will lead to perpetuity of bliss." Here my monitor very unceremoniously withdrew. I had now arrived, almost unconsciously, at the dwelling of an old acquaintance. On entering, I was kindly saluted; many friendly inquiries and professions of regard succeeded, which were followed by an interesting conversation, in which every member of the cheerful family seemed willing to bear part. The conversation was not the less interesting on account of its being free from ceremony and constraint. Now the sombre train of my thoughts, which, erewhile, had held me in durance, was broken, and I soon became light-hearted and buoyant as a prisoner bird just escaped from its cage. But we have wandered far from our subject—let us return.

The seminary remained but for a few years at its first location. Land was procured by the trustees, and buildings prepared on a larger scale, about six miles south of Mount Pleasant, at Timber-ridge meeting-house. The seminary had now obtained the name of Liberty Hall; and a law was enacted by the legislature entitled, "An act to incorporate the Rector and Trustees of Liberty Hall Academy." Mr. Graham had been employed to travel northward to solicit donations. He went, I believe, as far as Boston. I have never heard precisely the amount of his collections; but it is probable that the lands purchased, the buildings prepared, and some expensive instruments procured about this time, were paid for, at least partly, from this source. Among the instruments were, an air-pump, an electric-machine, a sextant, microscope and telescope, a set of large maps, a pair of ten or twelve-inch globes, together with a number of valuable books, the beginning of a library.

Lexington was established as the county town of Rockbridge in 1779. The academy was removed from Timber-ridge, I think, soon afterwards to a situation nearly a mile west of this town. Here a frame building was erected, in which the business of instruction was continued for a number of years. During the Revolutionary war, the confusion and embarrassment, public and individual, had so deranged all business that every resource of the academy was cut off, and many of its friends began to despair of its longer existence. This war had been waged for national independence; and all the resources of the country, all its energies, physical and intellectual, were required, and also the services of every man—no one was exempt. The clergy, indeed, were exempted by

law; but they did not exempt themselves. They, laying aside the badge of their order, assuming the habiliments, and girding on the armor of the soldier, marched to the tented field, or to the field of battle. Mr. Graham, himself a clergyman, as well as principal of Liberty Hall, is known to have volunteered his services, on a pressing occasion, in concert with other volunteers, who, being destitute of officers, appointed him their captain, and marched to meet the enemy. The enemy had retired, and they were discharged. The students of the academy, too, were called forth in common with the other militia. On one occasion, not yet forgotten, leaving the hall of science, exchanging Hesiod and Homer for the rifle, they hastened with their associates to the head-quarters of the southern army; and, soon after arriving, were led on to battle. Placed in open ground, they faced the British regulars for hours together, contending with chivalrous bravery for the mastery of the field, alternately advancing or retreating, as the rifle or the bayonet prevailed. But war did not endure forever. The halcyon days of peace returned. The cruel instruments of Mars were laid aside, and the implements of husbandry and the arts were resumed. The doors of Liberty Hall were again thrown open, and students resorted thither in greater numbers than at any former period. Efforts were now made for their accommodation. A large stone building was erected, capable of accommodating forty or fifty students; also a refectory.

Mr. Graham now resumed the business of the academy, over which he had heretofore watched with parental care and solicitude. He had led it cautiously and tenderly through many difficulties to a certain stage of its existence. Besides the labor of teaching and governing, there devolved upon him the task of planning buildings; making contracts with the workmen; attending to the faithful execution of the contracts; the devising ways and means for fulfilling those engagements; and, in a word, all that was to be done for the academy fell chiefly on him. But the want of funds was now severely felt. Some, which had been possessed, were lost through the deception of a paper currency. The embarrassed state of the country precluded, at present, all hopes of procuring others.

Having superintended the academy for twenty or twenty-five years with great fidelity, Mr. Graham, now past the meridian of life; his strength worn down by age and toil; and seeing his labors continually increasing, without any prospect of assistance, resigned his charge into the hands of its guardians, the trustees. During this long period, he had, for the most part, performed all the duties in person, which in other public seminaries are confided to a faculty, consisting of several professors. He not only gave

instruction in the scientific and classical departments, but paid special attention to the grammar-school. "Here," said he, "should be laid a substratum on which to build a superstructure of learning." Amidst all discouragements, he had always entertained the most sanguine expectations that the academy would one day become an important and useful seat of learning. (See note A.) The prospects of Liberty Hall were now discouraging, indeed. Without instructors and without funds, many of its friends thought it could no longer exist. But how inscrutable are the ways of Heaven! How short-sighted are mortals! The father of his country, whose mind was ever bent on promoting objects of great public utility, gave to it that pecuniary aid which ensured its perpetuity; and, subsequently, the venerable society of the Virginia Cincinnati gave the whole of their funds, amounting to sixteen thousand dollars, to promote the same object. Still more recently, the late John Robinson of this county, did, by his last will, bequeath, for the same purpose, the whole of his estate, which has since come into the possession of the trustees, and is estimated at fifty thousand dollars. The two first of these donations were the legitimate consequences of that very war which produced much public distress, and which had threatened even the existence of the academy. Mr. Robinson, it is known, had served, for a length of time, as a soldier during the Revolutionary war, in the northern army, where Gen. Washington commanded; and had always expressed a high respect for his character, and also for the character of the officers of the American army, especially those of the Virginia line, with many of whom he was personally acquainted. Is it not presumable then, that Mr. Robinson, in making this splendid bequest, was influenced by a laudable desire to emulate the example of those illustrious names which had preceded him in this patriotic act of benevolence? If this be admitted, it must then be seen, that all these benefactions were the result of the Revolutionary war.

When it had been known that Gen. Washington would endow a seminary in this valley, the trustees availed themselves of Mr. Graham's assistance to form a memorial to his excellency, which presented a short history of the academy, its funds, some account of the salubrity, fertility, and population of the surrounding country. This was accompanied with a diagram of the adjacent counties, particularly noticing the relative situation of Liberty Hall, with respect to Fincastle, New London and Staunton, the only places that seemed to lay any claim to the donation. These papers were transmitted to Col. Moore, then a member of Congress. He being the representative of a district composed of several counties, thought it indelicate to press the claims of any one place; and, therefore, merely delivered the papers.

Gen. Washington soon put the matter to rest by making to Liberty Hall Academy a deed of gift of one hundred shares in the James River Company, worth, at this time, three thousand dollars per annum. The legislature of the state, at their next session, changed the name of the seminary to that of Washington College.

After the resignation of Mr. Graham, (see Note B.) an interregnum of several years took place, during which a few grammar scholars only were taught. The Rev. George A. Baxter, since Dr. Baxter, was soon after this appointed president; and, subsequently, the stone edifice belonging to the college was consumed by fire. The trustees then selected a location on an eminence adjoining Lexington, where buildings have since been erected. At this time, and during the whole of Dr. Baxter's presidency, the funds were incompetent to the maintenance of a sufficient number of instructors, and to meet other considerable expenditures, which were found necessary for the prosperity of the institution. Nevertheless, students returned in considerable numbers, and the college was respectable during his continuance in office. He resigned his presidency about the year 1827, and Louis Marshall, M. D., of Kentucky, was appointed his successor. On his abdication, Mr. Henry Vethake, of New York, was chosen president. His inauguration took place on the 22d of February, 1835: and in consequence of his resignation, the Rev. Henry Ruffner was elected president, and inaugurated the 22d of Feb. 1837.

Thus we have traced this seminary for more than threescore years. From a grammar-school to an academy, and from an academy to a college.

"So slow the growth of what is excellent;
So hard to attain perfection in this nether world."

We see that in all its different stages and stations; in all its fortunes and misfortunes; during all the administrations under which it existed, it is the same individual seminary—its personal identity is manifest. (See Note C.) Our narrative has now come to a close; and although it must stop here, we trust and believe that Washington College will progress and prosper until it equals, or surpasses all other kindred seminaries of our country. This is not said through envy or bad feeling. We wish prosperity to every place in which useful learning is pursued; and that there should be no rivalry. But our belief rests upon many auspicious events and circumstances, which have attended this seminary from its origin. That it should have survived the Revolutionary war may be considered an auspicious event; but that this war should have been instrumental in promoting its greatest prosperity is very extraordinary. These donations, unsought for by the seminary, were the spontaneous bounty of benevolent individuals. We think, it may be fairly concluded, without

being subjected to the charge of superstition, that these events were premonitory of the great future usefulness and celebrity of this institution. Besides these events, its location promises much for its future prosperity—situated in the centre of the largest state in the union; equally removed from the intense and long continued cold of the northern winters, and from the tedious, sultry, enfeebling summers of the south; elevated above the region where dull and lazy streams, creeping over a flat surface, produce marshes and stagnant pools emitting those deleterious vapors which generate agues with their direful train of *asthenic* diseases; it possesses a climate mild and salubrious. Here mountain streams and mountain breezes, with mountain exercise, ensure vigorous health, a keen appetite for food and easy digestion. All these contribute to a seasonable expansion of the different parts and powers of the youthful constitution. But it seems there must be a supply of food; and this is at hand. Good, solid, roast and boiled, with an accompaniment of esculent vegetables; also bread of several varieties, of sound materials, prepared *secundum artem*, with cheese, butter, &c. shall not be wanting; and is not this quantum sufficit? Methinks these viands might satisfy an epicure. But, perhaps, some fastidious stomach, vitiated by the tyrant custom, not pleased with these alpine productions, will demand foreign articles. These demands shall be met. Other climes shall be explored. The stores of the Indies shall be laid under contribution. Articles of foreign growth, leaving the place of their nativity, and travelling all the way by water, shall arrive at the very verge of Lexington without setting foot on land. Here now they are ready for use, save only a few moments' culinary preparation. Now I have fulfilled my promise—this is the *ne plus ultra*. All the country around the college abounds with the most necessary articles of living. It has all the most useful domestic animals: all the most valuable grains, grasses and other vegetables. The materials for breadstuff are so plentiful, that after supplying the home market, a large surplus, even in the most unfavorable season, is left for exportation. The buyer here pays nothing more than the prime cost—no profit to dealers, no expense of carriage. Other prospects, besides those already enumerated, of the future prosperity of this country, present themselves. The opening of navigable waters; improvement of roads; establishment of manufactories and the development of mineral treasures, must, before many years, have an important influence. In the mountainous country, southwest of this, salt, gypsum, lead and fossil coal, have been found in large quantities: the three former, in Washington and Wythe, and the latter in Botetourt county. A valuable quarry of hydraulic limestone has been found in the vicinity of Lexington, large quantities of which are now

manufactured to be used by the workmen on the James River canal. Indications of coal have been discovered in various places between the Alleghany and Blue-ridge; and it is thought by many that salt and gypsum are likely to be found in the same region. All these improvements and discoveries brought to some degree of perfection, certainly must greatly enhance the wealth and prosperity of this country, and have a most important bearing upon the interests of Washington College. In view of the available resources of our county, we think it would not be saying too much, that its wealth and population in less than a century will be tenfold. Improvements in husbandry have already commenced. These chiefly respect the cultivation and fertilization of the soil; the rotation of crops; and the judicious selection and skilful rearing of domestic animals.

The college itself will be a source of prosperity to the country by the money which will necessarily be thrown into circulation from abroad; and thus a reciprocal influence will be exerted upon each other; for, whatever promotes the wealth and prosperity of the country, must react with a salutary influence upon the college.

By a rule of college, the students are permitted to board in private families. This is thought preferable to the practice of congregating a large number at one hotel, where freedom of speech and freedom of action often terminate in rudeness. In private families, where but few are assembled, the presence of the seniors, and, especially the females, impose a wholesome restraint. The competition of the boarding-houses is a sufficient guarantee for good fare at a reasonable price.

The funds of the college have not all yet become productive. Their profits, however, have enabled the trustees to erect spacious and commodious buildings; to enlarge the philosophical, mathematical and chemical apparatus; and to constitute and maintain an able and learned faculty: these at present consist of the Rev. Henry Ruffner, President; Rev. Philo Calhoun, Professor of Mathematics; Mr. George Armstrong, Professor of Chemistry; and Mr. George Dabney, Professor of Languages. The Rev. Allen D. Metcalf conducts the grammar-school attached to the college. There has also been a judicious course of study laid out for the students, which has been practised on for several years, and which it is thought could not be improved by a revision. This course comprises all the most useful branches of literature which are taught in other public seminaries. Mathematics hold a prominent place, together with those more severe studies which tend to mental discipline, and produce habits of close and accurate investigation. The ancient classics are not neglected. During a considerable part of the course, the student is required to devote a portion

of each day to the writings of those masters of Greece and Rome, who have so long been the admiration of the learned, and who have given to the world such fine specimens of taste and eloquence. A system of rules and regulations for the good order and government of the institution has also been established, which experience has proved to be salutary in its operation.

And now our vessel is safely under way, with sails filled, streamers floating, gliding gallantly over the broad ocean with a strong western breeze; may all on board, fore and aft, from the captain to the cabin-boy, have good health, good cheer and a prosperous voyage.

SENEX.

Rockbridge, Virginia, January, 1838.

NOTES.

Note A.—A gentleman of Kentucky, Col. W. McKee, who formerly resided in this county, and who long acted as a trustee of the academy, expressed himself thus in a letter to a friend—“I rejoice to hear that Gen. Washington has placed Liberty Hall on a permanent foundation. This recalls to my mind the saying of Mr. Graham many years ago. I had often myself almost despaired of the academy, and on one occasion expressed my apprehensions to him. He in his usual concise manner replied, ‘There are people working for this academy, who don’t know it.’”

Note B.—Mr. Graham died about the end of the last century, at Col. Gamble’s, in Richmond, whither he had gone on business. His remains were interred in the cemetery of the old church, over which a marble slab has since been laid, with his name inscribed and some particulars of his life. His talents and public services have never been estimated according to their worth. He undertook the care of the grammar-school at Mount Pleasant about the beginning of the Revolutionary war, and was soon after licensed to preach the gospel by the Hanover Presbytery. This war was a period of great perplexity and distress; and its termination was followed by another of much embarrassment and a very unsettled state of things, owing to the inefficiency of the national government. The forming of a new system of government now produced general agitation. Political questions of vital importance were discussed; parties were formed, and the whole nation was thrown into a state of fermentation. During these different periods, (comprising a space of fifteen or eighteen years) the interests of literature and religion were almost entirely overlooked, matters of a political nature having engrossed the general attention, the natural consequence of which was, that the instructors in religion and literature themselves suffered neglect. Another period now followed still more unfavorable to the advancement and encouragement of literary men and ministers of the gospel. About the beginning of the French revolution, a flood of novel opinions and doctrines, under the name of French philosophy, were introduced and overspread the land. Foremost, amongst these, was infidelity, that deadly weed which corrupts every atmosphere where it vegetates, and poisons every fountain with which it mingles. The actors in this drama were zealous to stigmatize as fanatics, and to bring into contempt, all those who in any way lent their aid to strengthen and support those great pillars of society and civil government; and, for a time, were lamentably successful. Their doctrines, however, were not carried out in practice to the extent to which they naturally tended; and to which they had been carried in France. That devoted country had been doomed to drink the cup of bitterness in full measure. All law, authority and government; all those institutions, which the wisdom and experience of ages had established for the security of life and property were torn from their foundations and became one general wreck. Anarchy ensued. The lowest, most depraved and ruthless of the community were elevated and “swam to sovereign rule on seas of blood.” No age, sex, rank or condition was safe. The throne and the altar; the senate

chamber and the seat of justice; the castle and the cottage; and, even the prison, exhibited scenes of crime, cruelty and carnage. Ruin in his most direful form stalked with giant strides over the length and breadth of the land. When the catastrophe was finished; when the destroying angel had executed his commission; whilst he was averting his face, about to wing his way across the vast deep to the western world, a mandate seems to have gone forth, "It is enough, stay thy hand;" and the plague was stayed. But the harbingers of the destroyer had preceded. An impulse had been given. The multitude, thoughtless of the present and regardless of the future, went with the torrent. Another class, less numerous, amazed and astonished, not knowing whence these things proceeded and whither they tended, stood aghast: whilst a still smaller class resolutely opposed this pestilential deluge, and firmly maintained those principles, which observation and experience have shown to be in accordance with the best interests of man; principles which are sanctioned by divine revelation; and which tend to the order of society and stability of government. Had Mr. Graham lived in other times, his talents might have been duly appreciated, and his services adequately compensated. But we have seen that the whole of his public life, thus far, had been embarrassed by a want of that support which was necessary to his own comfort and the success of his public labors. The delusions of infidelity added new difficulties. He suffered, however, only in common with many others. All similarly circumstanced suffered more or less. A signal example of this kind may be found in the case of the Rev. James Waddell, D. D. who was cotemporary with Mr. Graham, and both ministers of the Presbyterian denomination. His piety was not doubted. His intellectual attainments were of a superior order. He possessed also impressive and commanding powers of eloquence. This was not the flash of a lively imagination. It was not like those evening coruscations which dazzle for a moment and then disappear, leaving the dimness of twilight more visible. It was calm, dignified, and sometimes sublime. It was the effusion of a vigorous, discriminating and comprehensive mind, contemplating with emotion grand and interesting subjects, and portraying upon the minds of the audience its own vivid impressions. Dr. Waddell resided for many years in a central part of the state, not far distant from its capital. He had the care of some congregations in the vicinity of his own residence, where he performed his official duties till old age and blindness came upon him. He was well known to his clerical brethren and a few others of distinction who had learned his worth, and who sought his acquaintance and friendship. Yet it is believed that in those degenerate times he was never invited to a higher station, where his talents might have become more conspicuous, and the sphere of his usefulness more extensive. This seems the more extraordinary, as at that day, there were but few preachers in Virginia; and still fewer who were respectable.

Note C.—Having set on foot the literary institution in the upper country, the same Hanover Presbytery, during the next year, projected a similar one in Prince Edward county, and with similar success. They applied to Nassau Hall again for an instructor. Samuel Stanhope Smith, a graduate of that college, was the first president. He, too, had profited by the teaching of Dr. Witherspoon. His successors were John Blair Smith, Archibald Alexander, Moses Hoge, ministers of the gospel; and Mr. Cushing, who has since been succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Carroll, the present incumbent. Hampden Sidney possessed the advantage of being in a more populous and wealthy country, which for many years had been free from border warfare.

LINES,

To a beautiful Child, who became blind by accident.

BY HENRY THOMPSON, ESQ.

Child of the sightless eye! thou canst not gaze
At twilight hour, as thou once hath done,
On earth's bright beauties, and the starry night;
Nor sit to watch the slow declining sun,
In meditation innocent. Thine is a sightless life!
A dim and rayless pilgrimage through time:
Moonless thy night—sunless thy day!

And nature's beauties from thee shut forever!
The garniture of earth, and woodland drapery,
For thee will wear their verdant robes in vain!
The opening blossom, and the early rose,
The modest lily and the violet too!
Thou canst not now behold! Their odor
Still is thine: their beauty else to thee, sweet child,
Is gone!
Yet hand in hand with those thou lov'dst,
Thou mayst go forth at spring-time hour
To catch the song and echo of the grove,
Which to thy heart will bring sweet melody.
Thy little feet may roam, with cautious guide
E'en to the leaping stream that lifts its exhalations
To thy cheek---and its wild music to thine ear---
These are reserved for thee, pale innocent!
And now alone is left the grief-worn eye
To watch thy opening life---a mother's heart
Thy herald still shall be thro' time---
Hope in thy sinless breast shall rear her throne
And hold her empire there---
And when the voice of piety shall catch thine ear---
When all around is lost in life's delusions---
A greater bliss be thine! Weaned from the world
On which thou canst not gaze---thy gentle heart
And virgin thought shall join in heavenly song,
Lifting thy soul to Him, who shut thine eye on earth.
Thou canst not gaze, Elizabeth, as thou hast done
At twilight hour, when the weary sun
Throws back its golden glories to the earth---
Nor watch the lark on light and flitting wing,
Nor the bright beauties of the early spring.
These are not thine! But ah! dear child!
A brighter, holier, purer bliss, be thine---
For thy young heart is offered up to Him
Where thou mayst ever gaze with eye undim---
Hope be thy light---and faith alone thy bliss,
To guide thee home, sweet innocent! to brighter worlds than
this.

Tellapocosa, Ala.

LECTURE ON CHEMISTRY.*

Anything that concerns southern literature, southern literary institutions, and southern literary men, is, and ought to be particularly interesting to the reading population of the southern states.

The pamphlet whose titlepage we have here transcribed, is the result of attainments and study, more properly scientific than literary, and yet the lecture introductory to a course of lectures on any science is generally expected to bring to light the literature of that science, or that knowledge of it which is readily received and enjoyed by the man of letters merely, and which is properly imparted to a class prior to its entrance upon a course of scientific study.

Thus it is mainly the literary attainments of Professor Armstrong, which are indicated in the very interesting paragraph or two with which the lecture commences.

"That department of natural science, on the study of which you are now about to enter, is of modern origin. Should we search the ponderous tomes of antiquity for the record of its birth, we would search in vain. The historian, the antiquary, the critic, may await with impatience developments which are yet to be made from amid the ruins of Herculaneum; or bend in anxious study over that record of themselves, which a people of former days have left inscribed in the mystic hieroglyphics of Egypt. For the chemist these possess no interest. He would have thought it but a little matter, had Herculaneum forever

* "Introductory Lecture to a course of Chemistry, delivered in Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, February 21st, 1833, by Geo. D. Armstrong, A. M."

remained buried beneath the lava which centuries since overwhelmed it; or had the hieroglyphics of Egypt been left to perish along with her mouldering temples, on which they stand inscribed. Among the sages of antiquity, chemistry had no existence—not even a name. It may perhaps excite surprise that a science pre-eminently practical in its character, should so long have remained unstudied. Had we now to reason respecting this matter *a priori*, we would probably conclude that it would have been far otherwise;—and yet as a matter of fact, man had arrived at some consistent notions of astronomy, long before he had any of chemistry. He had noted on his chart the place of each principal fixed star; he had marked out the orbit of the planets, he was even “able to trace the wanderer of the heavens in his course, and as he returned from his pilgrimage of ages, to point his place, and say there shall he appear,” before he was acquainted with the composition of the water, with which he slaked his thirst.

During that long period of ignorance which preceded the revival of learning in Europe, little attention appears to have been bestowed upon the observation of natural phenomena. It is true that, “now and then an earthquake, or a fiery meteor would awaken the attention of the whole world, and produce from all quarters a plentiful supply of crude conjectures respecting their origin;” but that careful and accurate observation of nature in detail, on which alone correct solutions of natural phenomena can be based, appears to have been thought beneath the attention of the philosopher. It is to alchemy that chemistry owes its birth;—and this must be added to the long catalogue of instances, in which enterprises useless so far as their immediate object was concerned, have yet in the end proved highly beneficial to man. The mad crusades led to the introduction of the humanizing and civilizing arts of the East, into western Europe;—the wild pursuit of the golden mountains of El Dorado, led to the settlement of some of the fairest portions of this western world:—so, the fruitless search after a method of converting the baser metals into gold, and a medicine before which disease should forever fly, has turned the attention of man to a study, which more than any other, has contributed to enlarge the circle of the necessities and luxuries of life.

The reasonings, or perhaps I should rather say the dreams of the alchemists, now that light has been let in upon the subject, cannot appear otherwise than ridiculous. We can hardly repress a smile, as we read of the heavy penalties, enacted by the wisdom of England, in parliament assembled, to prevent the transmutation of the baser metals into gold; or listen to the recital of the mighty evils which were to follow in the train of the derangement of currency consequent thereupon. And yet if we will admit their premises, their conclusions will appear far less absurd. They laid it down as a principle, that the baser metals were composed of gold and sulphur, together with a small portion of some earths;—admit this to be true, and it will appear by no means a hopeless task to separate these elements and to retain the gold. The assumption of this fundamental principle of alchemy, was not altogether gratuitous. There are substances, very much resembling gold in some respects, existing ready formed in nature, or which can be formed in the laboratory, yet consisting of nothing but the most rough and un-eligible materials. They erred not so much in their reasonings, as in the admission of false principles to reason upon.”

The lecture proceeds very instructively to point out the wrong principles which governed alchemical research in the dark ages, the explosion of which erroneous principles and their substitution by such as are practical and true, has prepared the vantage ground occupied with so much promise by chemical science in this age. They are such as these: “Their admission of general principles based upon isolated and half examined phenomena,”—“Their yielding to a love of mystery,”—“The value which they set upon theory, or rather hypotheses,”—each of which captions are happily expanded and illustrated.

The contrast in the last particular between the dicta of the alchemical school, and the maxims of the faculty of chemistry in this day, the lecture well exhibits as follows:

“At the present time it is peculiarly necessary that we should not mistake the true character of hypotheses. Many of the commonly received hypotheses of chemistry, we should now hold ready to be given up at any moment. Recent discoveries have shown their insufficiency, and the time cannot be far distant when this department of chemistry will present a very different appearance from that which it now does. Of such a character, in all probability, is our hypothesis respecting latent light: it has always seemed to me very much to resemble still wind, or silent thunder. But let us not hence conclude that the knowledge which we now gain, will thus be destroyed. So far as that knowledge is a knowledge of facts, it must remain. In times past, facts have remained unchanged in value, amid all the changes which have taken place in theory; and from their nature they must always so remain. The fact, that electricity is developed by the friction of sealing-wax against cloth, is stated by Aristotle; it is just as truly a fact now, as it was in his day; although since that time, many have been the electrical theories which have risen and disappeared.

Perhaps a great deal of that obstinacy, with which sinking theories have been clung to, has arisen from an unwillingness among philosophers to confess their real ignorance. It is unpleasant, after we have for a long time believed that we have understood a subject, to be compelled to confess that we really know nothing about it. Yet if we may judge from the history of the past, to do this, is a lesson which we should all learn. If we are out of the way, our wisest plan is immediately to retrace our steps; and not, from a foolish fear of being thought ignorant or fickle-minded, to persist in going further astray. In thus retracing our steps, we are actually approaching nearer to the goal. Scientific writers have hitherto contented themselves with recording that which is known; perhaps a more useful work at this present day, would be one which should direct attention to that which is not known; a record, not of human knowledge, but of human ignorance; a work which should draw a sharp and well defined line around that part on which the day has already risen, and then give such ideas of the region beyond as the twilight which is shed upon it renders possible.

The alchemists were in the habit of charging every discordance between facts and their hypotheses, to the malign influence of some star or spirit. There is but little danger of our falling into this error at the present day; but there is danger, of our falling into an opposite error, not less worthy of being avoided. Their age has been justly characterized as the age of superstition; ours, perhaps with equal justice, as the age of skepticism:—and to choose between the two, having reference only to their influence upon the advancement of science, is by no means an easy task. Perhaps, if we must choose, the former should be preferred to the latter. This skepticism has manifested itself among philosophers, in their attempts so to explain natural phenomena, as to get rid of the necessity of acknowledging the existence, either of a spirit within us, or of a spirit above us; a soul or a deity. The skeptical physiologist has assigned such offices to the different parts of the brain, and other similar organs, as to be able to dispense with the operations of a spirit, and to take, instead thereof, a principle only a little more ethereal than the galvanic fluid;—and the skeptical philosopher, following in the same path, has examined nature, and assigned such influences and operations to the laws of matter, as to be able to dispense with the services of a being who should create and set in order the materials of this world. Let us not mistake respecting this subject. Materialism is as utterly subversive of physics, as it is of morals. Is it possible for matter by and of itself, to think, choose, reason? Then why do I investigate its properties? How do I know, but that if I determine to-day that any given substance will combine with some second one, in preference to a third, but that before to-morrow, it may reconsider the matter, and determine to prefer the third to the second? If there is any part in the wide circle of human knowledge, where atheism should never set foot, that part is the domain of natural science. The evidence of the existence of a creator and governor is seen, not only in the harmony and adaptation of parts which characterize the world as a whole, but it is written on every separate atom of the structures, and I will yet show you this hand-writing. Are there laws, and no legislator? are there creatures and no creator? Is there manifest contrivance and no contriver? design, and no designer? No attempt to deny the existence of a spirit can prove successful, until there is not only no spirit to listen, but none also to make the denial. Ma-

materialism and atheism may seem so absurd to you, that you may think that natural science cannot possibly suffer from them; and yet if you will become acquainted with what has been written of late years, on scientific subjects, you will find traces of them where you would little suppose they had ever entered. Had the labor, and talents, and time, which have been wasted in fruitless attempts to establish them, been spent in the careful study of nature, and the laws which an all-wise Creator has impressed upon it, we should have known much more of our world than we now do. When natural science is pursued in a proper manner, and with a proper spirit, its effect is always to deepen the feeling of pious reverence which once found expression from the lips of one of old; 'How manifold are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou made them all.' "

The author adduces many instructive instances in illustration of the main position of his lecture: namely, that discarding mere hypotheses, holding mystery to be either mere vacant territory to be occupied as speedily as may be by the light and truth and facts of science, or else such *terra incognita* as the impenetrable desert or the bottom of the sea, which are never to be explored and understood by us in this world. We are to carry the torch of experiment into every obscurity in nature where access is practicable, and following in the path of discovery wherever it has gone before us, making the acquaintance of the whole community of mind employed in experimental science; and thus we are to move on, in the style of this advancing age, "with experiment and observation as our guide."

The claims of chemistry are quite creditably set forth under the following heads: *First*. "Its effect in disciplining the mind." *Second*. "Its connection with other studies of practical importance as well as its own practical character." *Third*. "The interesting character of the information which it imparts." Under the second head, a rapid view is given of the uses of chemistry in the mineralogical and geological surveys and explorations, and as yet unfulfilled purposes of the states of this union. The most interesting of which, to this community, of course is their own Virginia, with her vast territory and incalculable mineral resources.

Under the last head, important instances are given by way of illustration, which we insert.

"A long time since, a similarity was noticed between some of the phenomena of electricity, galvanism and magnetism; within a few years, chemists have suspected their identity; we now know them to be identical. We know that it is the same agent, which in one set of circumstances, in the form of electricity, we see leaping from cloud to cloud; in another, in the form of magnetism, putting forth its utmost effort to turn the well-poised needle to the pole; and in yet another, as the galvanic fluid, tearing asunder pieces of nature's neatest workmanship. But how is it that these changes are effected? what are the laws which govern its changes? in fine, what is this agent itself, this Proteus of the material world? These are questions yet unsolved, and who shall present the world with their solution?"

To state another instance. Some years since, it was discovered, that a galvanic current was capable of causing motions in the magnetic needle; and shortly after, that it was capable of imparting magnetism itself; and that too, so far as we yet know, to an unlimited extent. By an application of the principles involved in these two discoveries, it was found that a galvanic battery was capable of imparting motion to pieces of metal, when properly arranged. I suppose none of you are ignorant of the application which has lately been made of this knowledge, to the purpose of generating motion. Is this power capable of unlimited increase? or is it capable of increase to such an extent as to make it of real value, in assisting us to perform the business of life? If it is, what are the most economical and advantageous ways of generating and applying it? Should it prove to be, what it now bids fair to be, we may yet realize many of the

bright visions of those who have toiled to discover a perpetual motion."

The lecture concludes with a sober and yet quite an animating survey, prospective of the fields of discovery still open before the chemical profession. We insert the closing sentence.

"Our fathers pressed forward, when they had nothing but the few bunches of Eschcol, as evidence of the fertility of the land; we certainly will not remain idle, when with our own hands, we have already gathered the rich clusters which have ripened in its sunshine."

The lecture is a well thought and well expressed composition. There is no declamation in it, and no ambitious writing. Such is not, apparently, the character of the writer's mind. No doubt he could not have been where he is if it had been. As, however, Mr. A. is a very young man, he will, we may allow, excuse a hint or two which may be of use to the public in any of the literary or scientific contributions with which he may favor us in future.

First. There is some evidence, in the pamphlet before us, of a *too hasty preparation*. An allusion to former times, especially a definite and minute allusion to the less common documents of human history, such as give interest to some of these pages, and such as the man of science is apt to make, is easily rendered much more satisfactory and instructive by a date, or a notice of its synchronism with some familiar name, or even with some name that merely ought to be more familiar than it is. Such things gradually and very profitably fill up that map of human history as well as of science which every reading man's memory is endeavoring to make out and preserve.

Second, and principally. A much more strongly marked arrangement of the subject or subjects brought within the scope of the lecture, would have located the instruction it contains much more permanently in the understanding and memory of the reader. Even numerals and italics have their use in this respect; but the regular laying out in the first place makes the directory both easy and worth while. The symmetrical and copious shelving off seems to call for the open lettered label.

These hints are given to Mr. A. in the freedom of one who both wishes him well, and expects a good deal of him in the department of science, and of liberal education, to which he has been called; and they are accompanied by his best wishes at the same time for Washington College, with the character and interests of which Mr. A. has identified himself for the present, as also for the science of chemistry, and the interests of learning and the world.

THE FLOWER AND STAR.

The Flower beheld the Star above,
And long'd to reach its airy love,
But long'd in vain. A dewdrop fell
Into the soft and fragrant cell;
And then the star was imaged there,
As if it dropt from upper air;
And gliding down from Heaven, has come
To find on earth a kindred home.

SONG.

Air, Mrs. McDonalds.

Oh trust not her love, 'twill endure but a day,
Like the golden winged butterfly,—child of an hour,
Which only can live in the warm sunny ray,
And delights in still roving from flower to flower.

Oh trust not her love, for 'tis not like that star,
That in heaven so bright and so steadfastly shines;
Ah no, 'tis the moon, though surpassingly fair,
That is now at the full, and now waning declines.

Oh trust not her love; how unlike to that flower,
The emblem to love and to constancy dear,
That turns to the sun with each varying hour,
And follows her idol throughout his career.

Oh trust not her love, she will wind the soft chain
So closely around every chord of thy heart,
That when she proves faithless you'll struggle in vain
From her fair but false bosom to tear it apart.

THE BACHELOR'S DEATH-BED.

Mr. Ethelwaite sick! exclaimed I, hastily leaving my bed. What is the matter? I saw him this afternoon, and he seemed unusually well.

"I don't know," said the little boy, "but mammy heered him groanin', and did'nt like to go and see, 'cause he always looks so cross at her; so she sent me down to call you."

Poor man! poor man! filled my sighs continually, until I had completed my preparations for braving the inclemency of the weather. But let me not forget my readers are unacquainted with the individual so abruptly introduced to their notice.

On a fine morning in the month of May, a message came to one of our church elders that a stranger wished to see him.

"Indeed!" said the good man, putting on his best coat in some little confusion; for a stranger was a rare phenomenon in our village, and those who did visit us were of a class seldom disposed to trouble the elders,—except, indeed, to gull their simplicity with some proverbial "notions."

But the trepidation of the kind elder had no effect on his politeness. Down he went, to meet the unexpected visitant, with as much gravity as if he had in mind the apostolic injunction, "let your deacons be grave," yet as cordially as if he felt himself equally enjoined to be "given to hospitality."

The stranger exhibited, in manners and dress, the model of a finished gentleman. He was, perhaps, fifty years old, and dressed in black, with extreme neatness. A pair of gold spectacles did not obscure the expression of his calm blue eye,

and his gold-headed cane was grasped by a hand of most aristocratic proportions. Bowing to the elder's complimentary welcome, he observed, "In passing your little village yesterday I was so much pleased with its neatness and quiet, as to be tempted to stop and examine it more closely. The result is, I have been taken with the idea of terminating in it the span of my existence. Will you be kind enough to inform me if there are any vacant pews in your church?"

"We have several," replied the pious elder, almost revering the devotion that made God's worship the first care of its possessor—"we have several, but they are in a lonely, unfrequented part of the church, and may be disagreeable to you. But my own is too large for my family, and I need not speak of the pleasure it will afford me to have you aid us in filling it. The insignificance of the offer emboldens me to make it, and my gratification will be so great as to make your acceptance of it a personal favor."

"Pardon me," said the stranger, his eyes glistening as if the voice of sympathy was an unwonted sound; "I appreciate your kindness, but if the pews you speak of are lonely, they will present fewer objects to withdraw us from our motives of entering them. Even the house of God is not sacred from the world, and if I have not begun to justify, I have ceased to condemn their weakness, who attempt to exclude it from their hearts, by secluding from it their senses."

The good elder said not another word, but, taking his hat, they quietly walked towards the church; one, with his eyes lifted in praise to heaven that he had at last found an Ararat for the ark of his wanderings, and the other, with his bent to the ground in humility, to think how far his conceptions of devotion and charity were surpassed by those of his companion. Nothing occurred to disturb their meditations, until the rusty key grated in the lock of the old church door, when they passed down the aisle, to examine the pews. Just as the stranger had selected one for his use, he happened to cast his eyes back towards the pulpit, and was startled to observe beside it a marble slab, sacred to the memory of Dorcas Lindsay—who had been, indeed, a Dorcas to our village. Without stopping to read the catalogue of her virtues, he rushed out, leaving the worthy elder, who had not observed the cause, almost petrified with astonishment.

Even the little boys snatched up their marbles and ran to hide themselves, as he brushed down the street, striking the ground violently with his cane, and muttering, "Now may God forgive these worse than heathen, who defy him in his own temple with a graven image, and beside the elevated stand of his ministering servant, record the qualities of a human idol; that the virtues of the one, as recorded on the dead marble, may be set

over against the perfections of the other as proclaimed by his living oracle—and that idol a woman! The world has long ago sickened me with its man-worship—but *woman-worship*!—I had thought that left for the fools of France.”

Reader, our devout, godly stranger was not only a misogynist, but a monomaniac.

I had been at the hotel, visiting a patient, and was leaving it, when he entered. There was that in his quivering lip, slightly frothed, and his hurried tone as he demanded his horse of the landlord, that not only excited my curiosity, but awakened my sympathy. I paused at the door, in anxiety to see more of one whose agitation was so unwonted. Scarcely had I been there a moment, when he came out and stood on the sidewalk before me. Never had I seen our little village look so lovely. The long row of china-trees on either side glowed with an unwonted freshness. The balmy breath of spring was laden with their perfume, and groups of children were sporting under their shade, like cherubs in the garden of innocence. The scene went to the heart of the singular being before me, and when he turned to countermand his order, it was with the same bland expression in which he was first introduced to the reader. Since the harp of the shepherd-king was removed to heaven, man has found no music like the laugh of childhood, to calm the whirlwinds of the soul. Its silvery echoes break upon us amid the clouds of life, and we almost fancy a voice above us, saying, “Come up hither.” Its world is, indeed, a world above our own. Like the topmost of Babylon’s hanging gardens, it is canopied by heaven’s serenest blue. The dew falls upon it in all its freshness. The bright sunbeams dance on its foliage, and play upon the brows of its sylph-like inhabitants—lighting *them* to enjoyment, *us* to toil. Never is man so happy as when he can leave the world below him, join their innocent revels, and fancy himself a denizen of their world in miniature. The most hardened must melt,—the most profligate must be abashed,—the proudest must be brought low, in the presence of those, of whom, “such is the kingdom of heaven.”

It is needless to recount how my acquaintance began with this singular individual; how it was ripened into friendship, or from friendship into the most deep-rooted affection. It is not difficult for sympathy to gain the attention of its object under any circumstances, and especially of one so alive to its yearnings as he of whom we are speaking. It was not immediately that I ascertained either the existence or extent of his malady, but our subsequent intercourse displayed it to me in all its features. I might win a smile by depicting the ludicrous extremes to which it often carried him; but to this day his memory rests upon me like a pall, and laughter at his expense would sound like the laughter of demons.

A year had rolled by, during which my attentions to our unfortunate invalid had been most assiduous. I had seized every pretext of giving him such medicines as would have a sympathetic influence on his mind, and easily persuaded him to a regular course of diet and exercise. Hitherto I had forbore any allusion to the topic of his aversion, and been very careful to avoid, in his presence, the mention of even the feminine pronoun. But by this time I felt warranted to experiment on the success of my measures.

Some kind ladies to whom I had mentioned the fact of his derangement, were in the habit of sending him, in my name, occasional presents of fruit. On the day after his reception, in this way, of a fine saucer of strawberries, while he was expressing his sense of my kindness, I casually proposed a walk to the garden whence I had obtained them. He immediately assented, and the following afternoon was fixed upon for our walk.

This garden was delightfully situated in our suburbs, and belonged to the miller of our village. His wife, in their respective concessions of “*sum cuique*,” had received it as her special charge, and made its beauties her special boast. To this good lady I bent my steps, with the information of our intended visit. She expressed her gratification in the most lady-like terms, both on account of our proposed call, and that I had given her previous intimation; because she could thus see that none of the girls should inadvertently intrude upon us. Thanking her for her kindness, and observing that her suggestion in regard to the girls had anticipated my chief design in waiting upon her, I withdrew, feeling in my breast the alternations of hope and fear—

“Like light and shade upon a waving field,
Coursing each other, when the flying clouds
Now hide, and now reveal the sun.”

At the appointed time we started on our proposed walk. He was a most interesting companion, and well versed in general literature. Our way was so beguiled by his fine fund of anecdote and judicious remarks, that the beauties of the garden broke upon us before we had imagined our walk half completed. This, of all others, was the very thing I most desired, and to prevent his mind from being suddenly called off, I engaged him so deeply in the discussion pending between us, that we were delightfully seated in the shady arbor, before he seemed even to notice that we had entered the garden. When he realized the little paradise into which we had entered, and saw before us a table on which were placed some delicious strawberries, his admiration knew no bounds. While he was expressing his sense of the kindness displayed by the owner of the garden, I interrupted him by saying—Well, we shall make but a poor return, unless we pay some attention to the strawberries

her bounty has prepared for us. Afraid to give him an opportunity of replying, or even speaking, I hastily handed him the sugar and cream, which, to my infinite delight, he took without remark. It is as impossible for me to describe, as it is to forget, the sensations of joy that almost convulsed me, when I observed that my allusion to the sex of our hostess had fallen from me unnoticed. Afraid lest my emotions should betray themselves, I hastened back to the topic that had occupied us on our entrance, and found him as ready to renew the discussion as myself.

It is unnecessary to tax the reader's patience by a detail of the daily visits we continued to make to the same place. Suffice it to say, that I continued to make casual mention of the sex, and was daily more and more pointed in my allusions. I could observe no change in him on these occasions; he only seemed not to notice my remarks. Yet it was a matter of delight to me that he would at all suffer them to be made in his presence, since, formerly, the least mention of the feminine gender of any species whatever, would produce upon him a sensible expression of disgust—an allusion to a woman, had never failed to call forth a torrent of invective.

I pursued my original plan with him for weeks. Every opportunity of introducing the subject was embraced, and with more and more satisfying results. At length I ventured, occasionally, to touch upon instances where women had proved signal blessings to the world. He would listen to me—and that was all.

One afternoon the miller himself made one of our party in the little summer-house. Just as he was becoming warmly engaged in conversation, a servant came with a message requiring his personal attendance. He left us, expressing his sorrow that he was called away so soon, and begging that we would not let his departure affect our stay. Scarcely had he gone, when Mr. Ethelwaite remarked, "How rarely do we meet with such unaffected urbanity in the lower walks of life."

Ah, said I, he owes everything to his wife. He was once a degraded sot, but her affection and her prayers won him back to the paths of duty. She in turn owes everything to one who has entailed a debt of gratitude upon us all. I mean Dorcas Lindsay, to whose worth the marble slab in our church is a feeble tribute. I do not like the practice of blazoning forth the virtues of the creature in the temples of the Creator, but Miss Lindsay was of so pure and saintly a nature, that we could hardly reckon the atmosphere of earth her natural element.

Fearing that the eulogium into which I had been drawn would make him impatient, I changed the tone of my discourse, by remarking—Her manner of coming among us was rather mysterious. We had long felt the want of a good

female teacher, and the trustees of our female academy advertised for the purpose of obtaining one. Shortly after the publication of the advertisement, a letter was received from a lady stating that she had but lately arrived in this country from London. On her voyage she had suffered shipwreck, and was now a stranger among strangers, and destitute. She had left England because she was friendless, and it had been her design to engage in teaching from choice, even if shipwreck had not made her anxious to do so, from necessity. The delicacy of language in which the note was couched, and here and there a tear, which had blotted its pages, together with the unfortunate circumstances of the writer, won the sympathies of the trustees, and they sent for her immediately. It is thirty years since she came among us, but I remember her first appearance as if it was but yesterday. She had the brow of a queen and a full black eye, that might once have been bright and flashing—but sorrow had softened it. A gold chain around her neck was attached to a miniature almost concealed by her belt. This was the only earthly treasure the waves had left her.

I had never been in the habit of looking at Mr. Ethelwaite, when conversing with him in this way, lest he might suspect some design; but a deep groan hastily arrested me, and turning towards him, I saw the very soul of agony depicted on his features. The veins of his forehead stood out like cords, and were swelled almost to bursting. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets—his mouth was slightly open, as if to drink in every word that fell from my lips.

Shocked beyond the power of speech, I took his arm to lead him home.

Hastily repulsing my attempt, he gasped out "Dorcas Ad—— Lindsay?—Go on."

My dear sir, I have no more to say. She lived among us like a saint, and died as she lived. Let me lead you home, you are unwell.

"The miniature?"

She carried it with her to her dying day, and by her own request I had it buried with her in her coffin.

"Was it this?" grasping my arm, fixing his hair in a particular way that displayed a large scar, and glaring upon me with his eyes as if he would pierce my very soul.

The miniature certainly had a scar upon the head, but it was of quite a young man. Do let me lead you home.

"Was it this?" dashing his hand into his pocket and out again, with a miniature which he held full before my eyes, his own glaring upon me, as before.

What could I say? The miniature in his hand was fellow to the one I had buried with Dorcas Lindsay.

He rightly interpreted my silence. Gradually

his muscles relaxed, till he sunk upon his seat with a deep groan. I took his arm, and led him forth like a little child to my own house. All that night, all the next day, and all the night following, he was in a raging fever. On the morning of the second day he fell into a sleep so hushed, that my wife, who was standing with me by his bedside, gently felt his pulse. The touch aroused him; and opening his eyes he grasped her hand, saying, in a subdued voice, "Dorcas, have you come back to me?" His brain was still confused, but his senses were gradually returning. When they were more fully restored, he recognized me, and spoke of the long, long dream he had had.

From this time he gradually recovered. I would fain have prevailed with him to continue his abode at my house, but no; he had become attached to his little room, and expressed himself anxious to die there. Taking an affectionate leave of my wife, and venting his gratitude to her by a tear, he started, myself accompanying him, for his solitary residence.

"You will show me her grave," said he, as he pressed my hand, at parting. I bowed assent, and the next day complied with his request. After this, I visited him daily for three days, and always found him writing. It was on the night of the third day, that the little boy came for me, as above.

With a mind full of solicitude, I reached his door. I could hear him pacing the room in violent agitation, and venting, at intervals, groans that came from his soul's deepest chambers. I rapped, but received no answer. I rapped again, but still no answer was returned. I mentioned my name; still he continued walking to and fro. I repeated it, louder. The sound arrested him. He suddenly unlocked the door, and then went on pacing the room and groaning. I entered, and what a sight met my vision! There was Mr. Ethelwaite, his coat soiled and muddy, his features worked up to the highest pitch of anguish, and ever and anon, venting those unearthly groans that even now chill my blood. He held two miniatures, one in each hand, at which he alternately gazed, after which he would groan out—"Too true! too true!"

He took no notice of my entrance, nor of my entreaties that he would lie down. At length he suddenly turned to me and said vehemently, "God has sent you here. Too true! too true! This night I entered her grave, and found the miniature that was to be, to her, my type, during my absence. She was too happy as she gazed on it, and the fiends of hell first envied, and then stole her joy. Oh!—my—Go—"

The rush of thought choked his utterance. He would have fallen, but I caught and bore him to the bed. His breath became harder and harder—his groans less and less audible—when suddenly raising himself, he grasped my hand with a dying

effort—said faintly,—“You will—find—all—explained—in—that—.” I followed with my eyes the motion of his hand, as he pointed to a small writing desk, and when I turned them on him again, he was dead!

N. N. N.

NIGHT.*

By Professor C. C. Felton.

The sun goes down; along the western sky
Lies the warm flush, a sea of gold, outspread
Beneath the many-tinted pile that overhead
Blends with the blue of evening's canopy:—
High on the brow serene of star-crowned night
The tiny crescent of a new-born moon
Steals out, unseen at first, but soon
Shoots o'er the dreaming world her skimming light.
The darkling leaves, to heaven uplifted, sleep
On the still bosom of the "upper deep."
The west-wind rustling through the dusky trees
Shakes the rich odors of the blossomed spring
From every flutter of his dewy wing.
Again, O viewless spirit of the breeze,
Come forth, and linger on thy welcome way
Around my heated brow—its feverish throb allay.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF LIVING AMERICAN POETS AND NOVELISTS.

NO. II.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

Until near the close of the last century, American literature was of an extremely miscellaneous character, and sustained by no writers who were authors by profession. Occasionally, a lawyer, a divine, a politician, or a schoolmaster, might turn aside from the serious business of his life, and compile or compose a book upon the subjects connected with his individual pursuits; and incipient poets, lovers and wits, adorn the pages of the two or three magazines then existing, with quaint sonnets, ballads, squibs, elegies and epigrams: further than this, American literature had neither form nor comeliness. We except here the diplomatic correspondence of Washington, Lee, Hamilton, Adams, and other distinguished writers and scholars of the revolution; compositions, which for elegance of diction, strength and directness of expression, and Roman vigor of style, are surpassed by no writings of a later period, and may compare with the best of the brightest era of British literature: it is alone of literature as a pursuit, of authors by profession, to which these remarks have reference. After Americans became

* Copied from the American Monthly Magazine.

independent of Great Britain, they began to think for themselves in literature as well as in politics; and writers on various subjects began to make their appearance, and rapidly to increase in numbers, dignifying and elevating their pursuit, by the extent, variety, and boldness of their productions, and by the genius and learning they displayed. But not until about the year seventeen hundred and ninety, could American literature be properly classed, or authors be designated by names derived from their devotion to one branch of learning. And although at the period we have just named, few or no writers followed, to the exclusion of other branches of science, or other professions, any one path of literature, still, with less difficulty than twenty years before, they admitted of classification under respective heads. Thus, in 1790, the United States could boast her historians, her biographers, her jurists, her theologians, her travellers, her poets, and her novelists; and so rapid, since that period, has been her progress in every field of literature, art and science, that at this time she holds a proud rank in the world of letters, to which, during the last forty years, her contributions in the various departments of science, have been equalled by no nations except England, and perhaps Germany.

Of the classes of writers abovementioned, the novelist was the slowest in his advances into public favor. The severe cast of character of that grave generation, which still retained traces of the stern and severely moral tone of feeling derived from the early settlers of the colonies, presented powerful obstacles to the introduction of a species of literature, whose object was amusement, and which, in the opinion of the sober people of the age, was akin to the sorceries of the Moabites and Ammonites, and a temptation of the devil. The first American novelist, who had the temerity to encounter these puritanic prejudices, was a clergyman! the Rev. Dr. Belknap. He was an accurate scholar, and distinguished for the soundness of his learning in various departments of science, especially legal jurisprudence, history, and politics, that do not usually invite the attention of divines. Some of his opinions upon society and political government, were of a bold, original and dangerous character; and such as he did not think it wise to divulge without some precautions. He therefore, in imitation of certain French writers, wrote a novel, in which he introduced many well-drawn characters, which he made the medium of expressing sentiments he deemed it imprudent to convey to the public through a more direct channel. This novel he entitled "The Foresters." It became very popular, and the reverend novelist, instead of being, with his book, compared with Aaron and the golden calf, tempting men to idolatry, in lieu of pointing them to Heaven, gained by his production, deserved reputation.

One or two unsuccessful imitations of "The Foresters," followed soon afterwards; but no novelist appeared until 1798, when Charles Brockden Brown published "Wieland," which noble composition gave the author a title to rank among the most popular writers of fiction of his time. This was succeeded by Arthur Mervyn, Edgar Huntly, Clara Howard, and others, which added to the fame of the writer. These novels are characterised by a richness of language, wild and brilliant imagery, and in every page betray the poet of nature, and man of genius. Brown was the pioneer in the wilds of American fiction; and like all who travel an unbeaten path, had many obstacles to encounter. The novelist of that period was looked upon as little better than an infidel; his work was seldom met with in the library of the learned, or the boudoir of the rich and refined; and a devout abhorrence for works of the imagination, was inculcated and considered a good test of morality. This prejudice has not yet entirely subsided; and the experience of many readers will no doubt readily revert to instances of its exhibition like the following: "A young friend, not a great while since, on entering his study after his return from church, was struck with the meager appearance of his book-case. On examination, he took from it the covers of threescore novels, the accumulation of years, including many of Scott's and Cooper's. His pious mother, taking advantage of his absence, had torn out and burned their godless contents, and replaced the harmless skeletons."

The next novelist of importance was Mrs. Foster, who, inspired by the popularity of *Wieland* and its successors, wrote a lively novel, called "The Boarding School;" but only added another to a numerous species of English novels, adapted to the taste of the day. Its success, however, was limited. Shortly afterwards, she published "The Coquette," a fiction of the same class and degree of merit; but many of its incidents having actually happened, and several of the characters which were drawn with skill and truth, being prominent living individuals, it created a certain kind of artificial excitement, and was read by every body. This novel was instrumental in creating a taste for fictitious compositions, which was increased by the publication of "Charlotte Temple," a captivating fiction from the pen of Mrs. Rawson. Several other works by the same graceful writer, afterwards made their appearance, and were extensively read and admired. Many romances, from anonymous authors, and from others whose names were then known, but which fame has not recorded, were successively published, read and forgotten.

The fame of the Great Unknown, and the revolution in public sentiment in relation to fiction, at length drew many competitors into the field, both in Great Britain and the United States. The genius of Sir Walter Scott seemed to have en-

kindled a hundred minds. Among the numerous candidates for novelistic honors in America, the gentleman whose name has given title to this paper, was destined to stand forth the most distinguished. Mr. Cooper is a native of Burlington, in the state of New-Jersey. He was educated at Yale College, and subsequently became a midshipman in the navy, in which situation he acquired that nautical knowledge to which his countrymen are indebted for the "Pilot," the "Red Rover," and the "Water Witch." At the close of the last war, he left the service, which after the peace, presented no attractions to an active and ardent mind, and returned to the family mansion of his father, Judge Cooper, then residing in New York, in the vicinity of Otsego Lake—the romantic scenery of which the novelist has described in "The Pioneer," with the pen of a poet and naturalist. Retirement, to an imaginative mind, is the parent of invention; invention pants for expression; the pen is at once seized as the medium, and the hermit is converted into the author. The genius of Cooper soon caught inspiration from the objects by which he was surrounded, and as the result of his seclusion, he produced a work of fiction, entitled "Precaution." Although this novel possesses distinguished merit, and is surpassed by but two or three of Mr. Cooper's later productions, it was received with indifference by the American public; for Waverley and Guy Mannering, at this period, had created, or rather confirmed the taste for English literature of this class, and a corresponding contempt for domestic talent. "Precaution" was not only neglected, but so severely criticised, that the author, if he had looked for fame to his countrymen, would never have resumed his pen. But the British press, with that justice, dignity and candor, which has almost universally characterised it, in relation to American literature, taught the Americans to appreciate his genius. The English critics praised his book; his countrymen re-echoed their opinions, and read and praised it also: for now that it was properly endorsed, there could be no error. To the justice and good sense of the English press, which may claim the distinction of giving America her most celebrated novelist, Mr. Cooper is also indebted to the ultimate success of his second novel, "The Spy," a revolutionary tale, which the encouragement of the British press induced him to publish, although not until some time afterward, in the year 1822. This production now ranks one of the first of the Cooperian novels; yet, on its first appearance, as it had not passed the ordeal of the English press, which at that time governed the literary taste of the American public, as absolutely as ever the ministry governed the American colonies, it was received with doubt and hesitation. No man ventured an opinion; all eyes were directed towards England, awaiting her decision.

The judgment proved to be favorable, and the shelves of the publishers, which had remained uninvaded until this crisis, were now rapidly cleared of a work, the merits of which had been first seen and appreciated in a foreign land. Verily, "a prophet hath no honor in his own country."

In 1823, Mr. Cooper sent forth his third work, "The Pioneers," the principal scenes of which are laid in the American wilderness. Taught by this time how to estimate their novelist, the American press received this production more favorably, but still held back the full meed of praise, until they could hear from the other side of the water.

It is not the object of the writer to discuss the merits of these novels, but to offer a brief notice of them and their author. The "Pilot," the scenes of which are laid on the coast of England, in the revolutionary war, and the hero of which, who also gives the title to the work, is John Paul Jones, was published in the year 1824, and forthwith became popular. The time embraced by the whole book, excepting the last chapter, is less than seventy-two hours. It is undoubtedly one of the best, as it certainly is the most finished, of Mr. Cooper's fictions. "Lionel Lincoln" soon followed "The Pilot," in 1825; and its popularity was unprecedented. The scenes of this romance are laid in Boston during its occupation by the British troops, at the beginning of the revolutionary struggle. It is second, in point of merit, to others by the same author, but yields to none of them in interest. It was this production that created in Boston and throughout New-England, a popularity for Mr. Cooper's works, at one period so great, as to become among novel readers, almost a mania.

In 1826, Mr. Cooper sent out from his prolific pen, another *annual*;—for his appearance was now marked with the regularity of the seasons; and a new novel, yearly, from the "author of the Spy," as he was designated, had got to be as much a matter of course, as the annual message from the president. This, his sixth romance, is entitled "The Last of the Mohicans," and is assimilated, in the peculiarities of its principal scenes and characters, to "The Pioneers," both of which fictions may, with propriety, be denominated in contradistinction to "Nautical,"—"Indian novels:" their prominent features being the portraiture of Indian manners and customs, the peculiarities of which are exhibited in the habitudes of certain aboriginal characters therein introduced. In painting Indian scenes of still life, or in delineating the warrior and hunter, the battle or the chase, our novelist, as he is the first who seized upon subjects so full of interest for the romancer, so is he alone and unrivalled in this branch of his art. The forest, ocean, and camp, constitute the legitimate empire of Mr. Cooper's genius. At his bidding the savage warrior, the fearless seaman, the gallant sol-

dier, move, speak and act with wonderful reality. But in the streets of a city; in the green fields; in the parlor or in the bower, he is not so entirely at home; and the details of rural and domestic life, are apparently unsuited to the character of his genius. His mind is deeply imbued with love for the stern and the sublime: as a poet, he doubtless would have written very much like Campbell.

In 1827, Mr. Cooper published his seventh romance, entitled "The Prairie,"—a fiction of the same species of the *Pioneers*, and by judicious critics esteemed one of the best from his pen. The "author of the *Spy*" had now attained to that degree of popularity, when, at length, an author's productions are received unquestioned, read without criticism, and have become a part of the current literature of the age. The words "By the author of the *Spy*," on the title page of a novel, was now sufficient for its introduction, unread, not only into the boudoir, but into the libraries of men of taste and learning. Having successfully overcome the rapids, quicksands and whirlpools which obstructed his onset, Mr. Cooper had now only to spread his sail, recline at ease in his bark, and, wafted by the breezes of popular favor, glide peacefully over the placid sea of literary fame.

The popularity of the *Prairie* was unprecedented by any previous works from the same pen. At this period, the English language presented the remarkable feature of two of its writers, natives of different lands, engrossing the whole field of romance, controlling the public taste, and each founding at the same time, in opposite hemispheres, an immortal school of fiction. Scott opened the treasures of the highlands, and scattered their inexhaustible stores throughout Christendom: and by the power of his unaided genius, he has thrown a classic interest over the hills, glens, towers and lakes of his native country, as imperishable as the charm which the epic poets of Rome and Greece have thrown around their lands. Cooper unfolded the mysteries of the pathless wilderness, snatched its native lords from the oblivion into which they were sinking, and bade them live, before the eyes of the admiring world, in all the poetry and romance of their characters. The magic of his pen has invested the forest with an interest such as genius can alone create. He has so portrayed the character of a primitive people, who were *men* until the contact of civilization made them brutes, that, when they shall at length live only in the page of history, it is alone through the inspired pen of the novelist, that future ages will most delight to contemplate their character. Both Scott and Cooper have thrown an exaggerated poetic interest around the characters they most loved to draw; and the rude highlander of the Scottish hills, and the savage of the American wilds, are, perhaps, equally indebted to the imagination of the novelist for the peculiar charms

with which they are invested, when exhibited to the reader through their seductive pages. The novelty of the subjects and characters on which Sir Walter Scott exercised his pen, contributed essentially, not only to the popularity of his novels in England, but especially in America. Here, we knew but little or nothing of highlanders from observation; and our imaginations exaggerating what little knowledge we did possess through distorted and imported traditions, prepared us for the reception of romances (such as Scott's earlier novels,) professing to portray the more romantic features of their manners and habits. Aside from their intrinsic merit, the novels of Cooper, also, from causes similar to these, became universally popular in England. An Englishman who has never visited America, has peculiar ideas of that *terra incognita*, an American forest, and of its aboriginal inhabitants. His imagination invests both with a sort of oriental interest, of which an American cannot well conceive. This can be readily referred to that "distance which lends enchantment to the view," and that leads us, this side of the Atlantic, to view all connected with England through a singularly false medium; an illusion, which, by merely substituting the telescopic for the microscopic distance, it has been proven may easily be dispelled. Mr. Cooper, therefore, so far as the English public were concerned, had his work half done to his hands; and his pictures of Indian character and western life and adventure, were received in Great Britain with unbounded enthusiasm: race-horses and club-boats were named after his novels; pretty villas were christened with half a dozen Indian monosyllables, and savage warriors in full costume stalked among masqueraders in the halls of mirth and fashion.

In 1828, the "Red Rover" made its appearance, and won for the author fresh laurels, both from his countrymen and Europeans. His works had not only reached Great Britain, but previous to this time had drawn the attention of Germany and France, into the languages of which nations they were translated, and received with a popularity rivalling that which they had met with in England and the United States. Perhaps no novel has been more extensively read by all classes of society, than this last mentioned production. The whole of this year, with the exception of a few weeks spent in England, was passed by Mr. Cooper in France, Belgium and Holland. The year 1829, which he also spent on the continent, was marked in his literary history by the publication of two works—"The Notes of a Travelling Bachelor," and the "Wept of the Wish-Ton-Wish." Neither of these productions materially increased his popularity as a writer. The first was not a fiction. Mr. Cooper had been so long treating his friends to an annual bumper of champaign, that they would not put up with healthy cider, though

bearing the same brand. He had created and fostered a taste for fictitious compositions, and he could not complain. The young ladies pouted their pretty lips from vexation, and would not read it from sheer spite. The young gentlemen took it up cavalierly, and determined to read and abuse it out of revenge. The "Travelling Bachelor" was read, nevertheless, with approbation by a large class of readers, whom his novels had not reached. It proved to be a work displaying the finest powers of the novelist, and although of a different character from his former productions, well worthy to rank among them, and advance undisputed claims to a high place in the branch of literature to which it belongs. "The Wept of the Wish-Ton-Wish," an Indian tale, or novel, published soon afterwards in the same year, was far from obtaining the popularity of its predecessors. In 1830, Mr. Cooper omitted sending forth his annual fiction. This year, also, he passed on the continent, during which period, we believe, he was acting as our consul at Lyons. In 1831, he published the "Water Witch," a nautical novel. It redeemed the doubtful success of "The Wept of the Wish-Ton-Wish," which, to pursue a figure before adopted, cast a brief shadow, as if from a passing cloud, upon the bright waters over which his bark had hitherto been prosperously careering. The apparent resemblance, which, in treating similar themes could not be avoided, without too manifest artifice, between this work and the "Red Rover," caused some severe and not always just criticisms from the press, on its first appearance; but this did not affect its popularity, which eventually equalled, if it did not surpass, that acquired by the production with which it was compared. The *Water Witch* was not only dramatised and successfully performed on the American boards, but, also, many of the previous novels by the same author, received this testimony of popularity.

In 1832, Mr. Cooper was still residing in Europe, where he had been since 1828, touring through England, Belgium, Germany, France and Italy. As the fruit, no doubt, of a some-time sojourn in Venice, he gave to the world this year, his twelfth book and eleventh novel, "The Bravo of Venice." This was the first time Mr. Cooper had placed the scenes of his fictions in other than his native land. Up to this period he had been emphatically a native novelist. He had explored the empire of American fiction, before untrodden, and proved to the world that Europe was not alone the land of story. He had shown that ivied walls, time-worn castles and gloomy dungeons, were not necessary to make a land a land of romance; that the war of the revolution rivalled, in romantic interest, the wars of the crusades; that the Indian warrior equally with the turbaned Saracen, was the theme of the romancer; and that heroes need not always to be clad in iron mail, nor heroines have

only knightly lovers sighing at their feet, or breaking lances and heads to attest their devotion. Solely by his genius and industry, he had laid the foundation for a school of romance as original, as extensive, and destined to be as perpetual as that instituted in another land by the author of *Waverley*. In quitting a field where he reigned without a rival, to adventure on unfamiliar ground, evinced, at least, temerity; and, if it did not endanger the fame he had already won in many a tilt, it at least promised no adequate honors to one who had already plucked unfading laurels. The "Bravo," however, attested on every page, the legitimacy of its authorship—the genius of Cooper pervaded the whole. There were two causes, however, which militated against its unmixed popularity, in England and in America; although in Italy, France and Germany, it was preeminently successful. The English palate was sated with continental productions from English pens, in every possible shape. The *Bravo* was regarded as only another of this *genus*, although coming from a source which enforced its favorable reception. It is not, however, here to be understood, that the *Bravo* was unpopular in England; viewed with some of its contemporaries, it was only comparatively so. Its reception was infinitely more flattering than that which usually attended the best continental novels of the same class. In the United States it was not well received, although the causes just advanced, could not, in this country, affect it. The objection, a somewhat invidious one, was, that it was a foreign work; and, many thought, with equal jealousy, that Mr. Cooper should have exhausted American subjects before he resorted to the hackneyed themes of Italian story. There may, perhaps, be some foundation in a wholesome national pride for these prejudices. They materially affected his popularity in the United States, although his fame was too firmly established to be sensibly moved by it. It has been accurately remarked by Sir Walter Scott, that the reputation of an author is neither gained nor lost by a single production.

In 1833, "The Heidenmauer" (heathen-wall) or "The Benedictines," followed the *Bravo*. The scenes of this fiction are likewise laid in Europe. This work, also, had to contend with the prejudices abovementioned. It was moreover written with somewhat less vigor and beauty of style, than characterised the former works by the same author. His spirit seemed to languish beneath a foreign sky, and labor and art to have succeeded the freshness of inspiration. A comparison of his two last works with the *Prairie* and *Red Rover*, showed clearly that America was the empire, as well as the birthplace, of Mr. Cooper's genius.

The thirteenth novel of the "Author of the *Spy*," and his fourteenth work, was published in 1834. It is entitled "The Headsman of Berne."

With the *Water Witch*, Mr. Cooper appears to have bidden adieu to the American soil as a novelist, and to have left the field to the numerous aspirants for his fame, who now began to occupy the arena. The scenes of this novel are laid in Switzerland. Its appearance revived in a measure the waning popularity of its author in the United States, although his countrymen were not pleased that their most distinguished novelist should expatriate both himself and his novels. The *Headsman* is marked with all the beauties of Mr. Cooper's best and most popular compositions. We believe it was previous to the publication of this romance, that the author received the appointment of *Charge d'Affaires* for the United States at Paris. "The Monikins," Mr. Cooper's fourteenth and last novel, followed the *Headsman*. It bore few traces of our author's manner, and was limited in its popularity.

In 1835, some political strictures appeared from the pen of Mr. Cooper, that were roughly handled by the American press. In 1836, two series of "Sketches of Switzerland, by an American," and in 1837, "England, by an American," and "Gleanings in Europe," were given to the public from the press of Carey & Lea, who have uniformly, we believe, been Mr. Cooper's publishers. These works, completing his nineteenth and last book, and being his thirty-eighth volume, produced in the space of nineteen years, bear testimony that the pen of the novelist has parted with no modicum of the strength and beauty of style, with which he has clothed his description of American scenery in the pages of the *Spy*, *Prairie* and *Pioneers*. Mr. Cooper has suppressed many portions of the original manuscript of the *Sketches of Switzerland*, for reasons which he has slightly touched upon in his preface. These volumes do not relate exclusively to Switzerland: France, Germany, Italy and Holland, are included in the observations of the writer. The first volume opens at Paris in 1828, and leaves the author at Milan. The second volume also begins at Paris, and the reflections of the writer embrace some of the countries above-named. We are particularly struck with the boldness and truth of Mr. Cooper's caustic remarks in his volumes on England, in relation to Americans at home and abroad. He has herein shown himself an able, impartial and fearless censor of the foibles and faults of his countrymen. These last works have been favorably received, although the bold attitude the writer has assumed, has elicited severe and often merited criticism. Mr. Cooper is now in his fiftieth year; his figure rather above the usual height, robust, and slightly inclined to portliness. His forehead is massive, and of an intellectual shape, and his eyes lively and expressive, denoting a thinking man and a close observer. His appearance is commanding. His manners are perhaps some-

what reserved, but his address is courteous and pleasing. He is at present a resident of New York, and will doubtless yield to the renewed inspiration of the native American muse, and entwine himself for many succeeding years around our hearts; for we are reluctant to believe, that he has yet filled up the measure of his country's honor.

A REVERIE.

A summer morning! How the balmy air
Comes blandly through the blind! The fragrant
Of myriad flowers and fields of budding grain,
Is borne upon its wings, and it hath stirred
The leaves of yonder tree whose shade I love.
Is it their rustling, or the murmured hum
Of tiny wings, sporting upon the rays
Of the warm sun, which bids the ear to mark,
But not to weary, of the silentness?
It whispers peace; it hints of melody,
As when the memory of a favorite air
Dwells in the soul, its tones, its cadences,
All save its soothing harmony, forgot.

In such an hour—so still, and yet not dull,
So resonant of life, and yet so calm—
How am I prone to think upon her love
Whose spirit's elements are the radiance,
The loveliness and freshness of the morn;
And from my weariness lured a little way,
By the mild beauty of the Sabbath time,
To yield my soul to fond imaginings.

Hark! from the shadows of that leafy grove,
Tones of exulting music, half subdued
By distance, rouse my lately listless ear.
Sweet songster, born of a mysterious race!
How oft upon thy fellows have I gazed,
And as I marked the bright intelligent eye,
Turned up to mine as if 'twould read my thought,
Or saw one hover round my lonely path,
Now perching here, and then a little on,
As if to lure me to his secret haunt,
Deep in the verdurous wilderness, have deemed
He sought communion with me. Who hath heard
Their song more eloquent than simple speech,
And while his sympathies answered joy for joy,
And pensiveness for sadness, hath not wished
To know each incident of the tale, thus told
To the far wandering, ne'er returning winds,
Or, haply to a fellow? Who hath seen
Their air-borne flights, now piercing through the clouds,
Now sweeping down to earth, now skimming o'er
The unruffled surface of the mirror lake;
Or who hath watched, ere yet the hectic flush
Was on the maple leaf, by some old wood,
When in their companies they disappeared
In ether's mazes, and when half a year
Had passed, beheld them to their ancient nests,
Greeting the earliest blossoms of the Spring,
All pilotless returned, and marvelled not
If more than instinct did not shape their flights?

Who hath observed them well, and dare rebuke
The unhelped learning of the olden time,
Which made them ministers of man's destiny?

Tell me, thou wanderer of the "upper deep,"
Thou, who canst only live where Nature wears
Her robe of pleasant green begemmed with flowers,
Tell me, if ever in thy rambling flight
O'er mount and river, from the orange groves
Of Florida, to where the covenant bow,
Fore'er its threads of ravelled light displaying,
Assures the soul that shudders at the roar
Of wild Niagara foaming down his steep—
Tell me, if ever thou hast "poured thy throat"
Where moves her form as graceful as thine own,
And o'er the flowers as lightly glides her step,
Who heard my vows and turned her not away.
I cannot think that with the power to wing
Thy form at will in search of happiness,
Thou hast not sought it where her presence bears
An atmosphere as bright and beautiful
As in the glory of a morn like this
Awakes the harmonies of grove and field.
Say, dost thou come her spirit's messenger,
From the far region which she gladdens now,
To bid my soul live o'er past happiness?
I feel thou dost; for, buoyant as thine own,
My heart is glowing with strange ecstasy.
Again the form I love is in my arms,
Again I clasp her to this longing breast,
Again I call the name which makes us one,
And press the lips which discord never passed.
I know thou dost; for, as I speak, thy tone
Is changed for one so chastely passionate;
So joyous with an untold happiness,
Yet something sad, as is the voice that tells
How from the meshes of anxieties
Deliverance hath been wrought triumphantly;
So like the kindling tones of love's own voice;
So like the voice my soul hath learned to love,
That it shall revel in thy melody:
Nor shall a thought be born, to intercept
The tide of joy now flowing to my heart.

A change again! Thou faithless messenger!
Thy tone is now more sad than hers was wont:
Yet doth it sound familiar. 'Tis the same
In which so oft she said her fond farewell.
Oh sing it still! for saddest memories
Are comforters, if with her image joined;
Sing on! sing on! nor wing thy rapid flight
Again to her whose envoy meet thou art,
Till I have told thee how the anxious days,
The watchful nights, bear witness to the truth
And constancy—

But thou, alas! hast gone:
And as the abandoned mariner, who sees
From rugged eminence of desert isle,
In ocean's wave the tallest topmast sink,
Still gazes on the trackless element
Which bears away his newly kindled hope;
So in my desolation do I gaze
Upon the void that parts thee from my sight.

Oh! thou Omnipotent! without whose ken,
Not even the meanest of the feathered race
Falls to the ground, be to my chosen one,
The pure in heart and blameless in intent,
If pure and blameless be upon the earth—
Be to her, Father! still a guide and guard;
Restore her to the home she loves so well;
And bid a blessing settle where she dwells.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous—from 1798 to 1830.—Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire,—and translated from the French for the Messenger, by a gentleman in Paris.

THE CONSPIRACY OF AUGUST, 1820.

I might take, at hazard, any one of the various conspiracies which were suppressed under the restoration, and I should find new evidence in support of what I have stated, that the French are, of all people, the least fit for a conspiracy. I am convinced, could the revolution of July have been brought about only by a conspiracy, that we should still be under the yoke of Charles X. There are peculiarities in the character of nations, as in that of individuals. The French people, the most warlike, perhaps, in the world, and the best adapted by nature to sustain the hardships and deprivations of war, are entirely destitute of that sort of firmness essential to the success of a conspiracy. They have none of that cold, calculating self-denial, necessary to the execution of a grand design. Precipitate a Frenchman upon some palpable danger, and you will find him admirable. Tell him to await its arrival, and it will be different. The French have more bravery than courage, and in a conspiracy, courage is more necessary than mere bravery.

There are no synonymes in the French language, though a dictionary of synonymes has been made. One may be brave without being courageous, as one may be courageous without being brave, or may be both at the same time. Bravery is a physical quality, courage is a moral virtue. Bravery is the result of a good constitution, of warm blood circulating freely; a man whose lungs beat freely under a large breast, ought to be a brave man. A man in the last stage of consumption may be extremely courageous, because courage has nothing in common with the physical form; because it is the result of a sentiment of honor, of the consciousness of duty. It is unnecessary for me to say that I speak generally. I am ready to admit that there are many exceptions, and no country has ever exhibited more glorious ones than our own. But it is a fact, proved beyond dispute, that while we are superior in the attack, we are worthless for defence; and it is precisely the sort of courage necessary for defensive war, that is required in a conspiracy.

It must also be confessed that we Frenchmen have, in general, something of the braggart, and are terrible babblers; these are virtues of the least possible value in a conspiracy. Thus it is that no conspiracy is possible in France, unless, indeed, as on the 10th Brumaire, all the world be in the secret; then, one may boast and babble at his ease—nobody is to be feared.

Notwithstanding the address voted in 1822, by the chamber of deputies, as a reply to the assertion of Manuel, it is not the less true that the Bourbons were received with repugnance by the majority of France; that, however, did not prevent a few acclamations on their passage to Paris. If such acclamations are to be reckoned of any importance, our affections must be very changeable. Nor will I deny that after the hundred days, bands of women of all conditions danced under the windows of the Tuileries, singing a *spirituelle* rondo, the first verse of which concealed under a sort of pun, a delicate allusion to the last journey of the king:

Rendez-nous notre père de Gund.

I do not know whether these evidences of affection could have deceived any one; Louis XVIII had too much shrewdness to suffer himself to be imposed upon after the 20th March.

The Bourbons had to struggle against their name, and the origin of their newly acquired power. I do not believe them either better or worse than others. Forced to support themselves in a minority, they submitted to its laws, and committed all the faults that this minority could impose upon them; faults forced upon the minority by the necessity of self-preservation. The government of the Bourbons was violent and sanguinary, because it was weak.

There were conspiracies of different sorts during the nine or ten first years of the restoration. From 1823 or 1824 until 1830, no one conspired; everybody held himself in readiness for an event which could not fail to arrive soon or late. Those conspiracies, in which the army had no part, were without any solid foundation; they could accomplish nothing. It was only towards 1818 that the secret societies, perceiving the insufficiency of their means, commenced by making proselytes in the army; the conspiracies then became more serious.

There existed in almost every regiment a strongly marked line of demarcation between the officers who had been attached to the old army, and those who had been created by the new government; a fusion had only been effected in a very few corps, whose officers were, by accident, men of firmness and intelligence. At the period of the pretended organization of the duke of Feltre, as I have before stated, the old officers had been almost entirely excluded. They were afterwards gradually recalled by Marshal Gouvion Saint Cyr and General Latour Maubourg. But they had then passed several years at their own firesides; the greater part had endured cruel privations. Many had been objects of persecution to the inferior agents of the government, who are always sufficiently disposed to exhibit any evidence of their zeal. They thus returned with their feelings soured; but yet, had they found in their new companions that fraternal feeling which prevailed in the old regiments, and which constituted them, as it were, into one family, their regrets might have been calmed, and their resentments extinguished.

But such was not the case; the chiefs were no longer men who had been but recently soldiers. They were quasi-great nobles, (I beg it will be remembered that I speak of 1818; things were, I know, afterwards changed,) whose inaction during twenty years, and

whose services to foreign powers during the emigration, had been thus liberally paid. They required a particle, a *de*, before the name even of a sub-lieutenant, and the title of a half-pay officer curled their lips with the most disdainful ill-humor. If these chiefs gave any dinners or soirées, the officers who had been taken from the half-pay class were excluded. From the chiefs, these sentiments were communicated to the officers most in favor. They did not openly show disrespect to the newly chosen officers, who would not have submitted to such treatment, but they isolated them completely; they formed them into a separate band. The latter bringing with them their claims of seniority, thus destroyed the hopes of the young officers of 1815, who saw in them the usurpers of their rights. Had they been animated by the best intentions in the world, they must thus have been made the enemies of the government.

There were certainly exceptions to all that I have just stated; I could cite the names of individuals, were it not that such a course would reflect upon those not mentioned. Twelve or fifteen regiments at the most were engaged in the conspiracies under the restoration; all of them were in the situation I have just described; and it will be easily understood, that with these regiments, the emissaries of the secret societies would naturally find a favorable reception.

The military conspiracy of August, 1820, was the most important of all those which broke out under the restoration. Discovered on the 18th or 19th of August, it was, by a royal ordinance of the 25th or 28th, referred to the court of peers. This conspiracy was never well understood, though the persons engaged in it were solemnly arraigned, and six weeks of debates were wasted on it. Was it that there was no wish to discover the truth? that there were, besides those accused, accomplices too exalted to be attacked? that the magistrates charged with the process were misled? This is a matter which I will not undertake to decide. There is one thing, however, certain: the conspiracy was not at all investigated.

From the commencement of the process, a voluntary or involuntary error had been committed. When this error had been once committed, the truth soon disappeared, and a gigantic conspiracy was soon reduced to the dwarfish proportions of a barracks' plot. The conspiracy was to have broken out simultaneously at Cambray and Paris. The movement proposed at Paris was regarded as the principal, and that of Cambray as a mere appendage to the former. To get at the truth, the opposite course should have been followed—the movement at Cambray have been regarded as the principal one, and that of Paris as nothing but an accessory, for the purpose of diverting the attention of the government from what was going on elsewhere. In attaching the movement of Paris to that of Cambray, and not the conspiracy of Cambray to that of Paris, the ramifications of the conspiracy would have been naturally disclosed. It would have been seen that all the strong places of the north were engaged in the plot, with ten regiments, cavalry and artillery. The treaty of 1815 would have been seen violated by an alliance with Belgium, of soldier with soldier; two thrones would have been seen menaced by the same conspiracy, those of France and the Low Countries; and such

a plot would have been worthy of the deliberations of the court of peers, while that which was submitted to it was but a farce. The accused, confident of almost perfect impunity, could mock at their case, accusers, witnesses and judges.

This conspiracy had been framed with much skill; it failed in consequence of the hesitation of its chiefs. Though discovered twenty-four or thirty-six hours before the time fixed for its breaking out, its extension was so great that, though foreseen, it might have produced incalculable embarrassment. The conspirators had for their chief a lieutenant-colonel who had belonged to the imperial guard, himself subordinate to other chiefs, such as are indistinctly seen behind the curtain in all conspiracies, but who disappear at the moment of their failure. Besides all these, a large number of generals, several of whom belonged to the chamber of peers and the chamber of deputies, had promised their adhesion and co-operation, but only after the execution of the plan had been commenced, and its efforts had been crowned by a first success.

The plan was to raise on the night between the 19th and 20th of August, two regiments, one of infantry, the other of cavalry, forming the garrison of Cambray. The subaltern officers of these two regiments were in the interest of the conspirators; and the soldiers would have followed without hesitation their subaltern officers. The two regiments were then to unite themselves at Douai, to two other corps, one of infantry and the other of artillery; they were to seize upon the stores of the arsenal, and, increasing their numbers in passing Valenciennes by the addition of the regiment of dragons in garrison at that place, to have effected a junction on the frontier of Belgium, with a corps of four thousand Belgians, who were to have met them at a given hour and day.

It has been said, but I have no certain information of the fact, that a prince of the royal family of the Low Countries had promised his assistance, and that he would have placed himself at the head of the four thousand Belgians. Many of the conspirators were convinced of the truth of this statement; and it was perhaps in consequence of the discovery of this promised participation, that it was determined to tear off but a part of the veil which concealed the conspiracy.

It will be seen, after what I have stated, that in less than twelve hours, a little army of at least ten thousand men might have been formed. It would have been quickly augmented by all the accessions promised by the regiments or parts of regiments of the garrisons of the North, of the Pas-de-Calais and of the Somme; and in this condition, appealing to the army and the people, it would have commenced its march upon Paris.

It had appeared advisable to throw some embarrassment in the way of the government at the moment that the conspiracy was to break out; that, compelled to divide its means, it might be unable to oppose itself successfully against the march of the army of the conspirators. It was with this view that the conspiracy of Paris had been got up; it was to break out at the same moment as that of Cambray. The first act of the regiment of the garrison of Paris would have been to possess itself of Vincennes, an understanding having been effected with certain persons in that place. It will thus be seen that the government, obliged to de-

fend itself even in Paris, would have been unable to detach any of the forces assembled in the capital, and that a rapid march upon Paris would have encountered little or no opposition.

All this was extremely well combined. But there exists a fatal principle in all conspiracies, destined to produce the failure of thousands: It is the necessity of proselytism—that want, which all conspirators feel, of enlarging their circle—of associating first one friend and then another, with the happy chances of the future. The officers and sub-officers of the infantry regiments of the garrison of Paris, had successfully attempted to attach to their plan the officers and sub-officers of the royal guard; they had also secured some half-pay officers. In thus regularly enlarging the circle of their accomplices, they might naturally calculate upon meeting with some agent of the police, and so in fact they did. When the plot was once discovered, denunciations arrived in abundance, even from those who had participated in the conspiracy, but who were now desirous of making a merit of their return to the government, thus securing a pardon for the past. The conspirators of Paris were arrested while in bed, on the night preceding the day fixed for the execution of the plot.

At Cambray, everything was prepared for action, but a delay of twenty-four hours appeared necessary to the chief, and this delay destroyed everything; for it allowed time for the receipt of the news from the capital. In a conspiracy, every one has not the same determination. The arrests which had been effected in the capital, had the effect of intimidating a few weak men, who saw in them the destruction of everything. The conspiracy was, in consequence, denounced to the commandant of the place; who, from that moment, and I think, somewhat against his will, was forced to take the measures necessary to prevent the accomplishment of the plot. Some arrests were ordered by him, but after a long enough period, and in such a manner, as to allow the individuals most seriously compromised, time to effect their escape. Five officers, in fact, left Cambray in the disguise of wagoners, and fled into Belgium. The escape of the one who set off last, was effected in a peculiar way. It was Sunday, and the regiment was at mass; an armed platoon occupied the nave of the church. The colonel had just ordered the officer who commanded this platoon to arrest, on leaving the church, and to conduct to the citadel, one of his comrades, whom he pointed out. The officer who was to be arrested was in the choir, at the lower extremity of the groupe formed by the staff of the regiment. At a moment when every one had his face inclined to the earth, the officer charged to effect the arrest, approached his comrade and whispered in his ear, *I must arrest you on leaving the church; save yourself.* The latter did not wait to have the caution repeated; a half-hour afterwards, he was out of the city.

The five officers who fled into Belgium, and who had been received by the Belgians as brothers, were not long in being delivered up by the government of the Low Countries. They had fairly risked their lives, and when brought to Paris, only thought of dying courageously. They expected to be handed over to a council of war, and to be despatched in three days. It was only after the first interrogatories had been propounded to them, that they discovered that the govern-

ment did not desire to ascertain the truth, or at least that it did not seek it in the only way in which it could be found. Arraigned before a council of war, and despairing of any escape, they would have freely confessed their plans. But as soon as they discovered that they were only examined about matters of which they were ignorant, and that no questions were propounded to them about anything that they really understood, they held themselves upon the defensive, and guarded themselves by systematically denying everything. Some confessions were obtained with much difficulty; but so isolated as to be of no real importance.

The court of peers conducted itself throughout this affair with great humanity and moderation. It is only necessary that a political process should be protracted a long time to secure such a result; for, as there is nothing vile or shameful in a political crime, when the judges and the accused have been many months together, a kindness of feeling naturally springs up between them, and a heavy condemnation becomes, in consequence, almost impossible. If the chamber of peers had desired to act with severity, and to apply the law in all its rigor, the conspiracy of 1820 would have brought thirty heads to the scaffold. There was but one condemnation to imprisonment for ten years, two for five years, and three for two years. The accused had secured themselves a party in the chamber of peers, and the chief of this party was General, now Marshal Maison. He pushed his good will towards them so far as to take upon himself to propound interrogatories to the witnesses, which the prisoners would not have dared to do themselves, and which were transmitted to him, by them, in writing.

According to its custom, the court had appointed a committee for the preliminary examination. General Rapp formed a part of it. An officer of my acquaintance had been brought before him. The general thus examined him:

What was your business on such a day and such an hour on the esplanade of the citadel of Cambray?

General, since I must avow the fact, I was waiting for a young woman.

It appeared that this was the common excuse of all the officers of the garrison of Cambray. The general replied:

You belong to a singular regiment; all the officers attached to it would seem to pass their lives in running after women.

Nearly all of the examinations consisted of conversations about as serious as that which I have just reported.

Now let it be supposed that the court of peers had perceived, or had wished to have perceived the truth, and had investigated the conspiracy in its natural order, what an immense field would have been opened! The result of the actual examinations only established a conspiracy perfectly inexplicable.

I cannot conclude this chapter without reporting a singular answer returned by a witness to a question of General Maison. The witness was Count Léon de Juigné, colonel of the regiment of infantry in garrison at Cambray. The chancellor, the president of the court of peers, had examined him upon the subject of the political opinions professed by such of

the prisoners as belonged to his regiment. He had replied that generally they thought badly.

And what do you understand, Colonel, replied General Maison, by thinking badly?

To think badly—to think badly, is to think badly. It is an expression which explains itself.

But I do not, for my part, understand it, and I beg you will explain yourself.

Ah, well! to think badly, is to think like the left side (*côté gauche*) of the chamber of deputies.*

* *Le côté gauche* of the chamber is the most liberal portion of that assembly.

TO MY CIGAR.

Selected.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned Doctors' spite;
I love thy fragrant misty spell,
I love thy calm delight.

What if they tell, with phizes long,
Our years are sooner past,
I would reply, with reasoning strong,
They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild tube, to me thou art
A monitor, though still;
Thou speak'st lessons to my heart
Above the preacher's skill.

When in the evening—lonely hour—
Attended but by thee,
O'er history's varied page I pore,
Man's fate in thee I see.

Awhile like thee, the hero burns,
And smokes and fumes around;
And then like thee to ashes turns,
And mingles with the ground.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives,
To goodness, every day;
The fragrance of whose virtues lives,
When he has passed away.

Oft when the snowy column grows
And breaks and falls away,
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,
Then tumbled to decay.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe
One common doom is passed;
Sweet nature's works—the mighty globe,
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he that smokes thee now?
A little moving heap,
That soon like thee to fate must bow,
Like thee in dust must sleep.

And when I see thy smoke roll high,
Thy ashes downward go,
'Tis thus methinks my soul shall fly,
Thus leave my body low.

FRAGMENT.

They struck thee when they smiled the most ;
 They taught thee what thy heart had lost ;
 They bade thee hope for better things,
 Yet barbed each word they spoke with stings.

Wilt thou not fly ?—in other lands,
 Thy spirit may renew its bands ;
 Its hurts restore, and haply, heal
 The wound, that here, thou still must feel.

I do not ask thee love again ;
 Too well I know the thought is pain—
 Yet, if the heart that's truly thine,
 Be worthy thee, then cherish mine.

Long years ago, thou hadst its vow ;
 Most truly it renews it now ;—
 When youth has fled thy form, oh, see,
 It comes, in all its youth, to thee !

Though threat'ning tones would fain affright,
 And bitter looks and thoughts would blight,
 I come once more with fondest will,
 To love—to suffer with thee still.

Oh, fly with me ! If I thus blest,
 With home, and there a cherish'd guest,
 Can thus that home, that homage, fly,
 With thee to mourn, to toil, to die ;—

Sure then, thus scorned by all that knew,
 Thus doom'd to slight, to shame, to woe,
 Can well forget the world once known,
 And fly to love so much thine own.

E.

THE COPY-BOOK.

NO. III.

THE POPULATION OF THE WEST.

It might be supposed that the fact of a man's emigrating to the west, was presumptive evidence of his possessing an energetic turn of mind ; that a man devoid of enterprise and decision, could scarcely find his way to the distant west, over steep mountains and rapid rivers. Perhaps, however, an indolent man, pinched by necessity, might prefer to seek some El-Dorado of the west, rather than delve for years in a thankless soil.

In the west, however, if men are not found more energetic, they are much shrewder than in the older states. In the older states things have comparatively settled down and assumed their level.

In the west the process of fermentation is now at work ; there is a very free interchange of opinion between all classes of people—a large amount of intelligence is in circulation.

The population being made up of persons from different quarters, bringing with them variant opinions and prepossessions, a sort of effervescence naturally results ; and thus many prejudices are thrown off, which

if they had remained in the quarter whence they came, might have adhered to them for life.

There seems to be more equality in the new than in the old states : men being in a measure strangers to one another, stand on their merits, and few will presume to claim precedence above the rest : aristocracy is a plant that does not bear transplanting. There is then in the west a great deal of familiarity between all classes of people ; but it must be observed, that this familiarity, which grows out of the circumstances of the country, has its limits. A may be very familiar with B, in the streets, or at the court-house, or the tavern, and yet never invite him to his house—nor will B ever expect him so to do. It is tacitly understood, there is to be a footing of equality, but it is to be under limitations, thus far, and no farther.

Lastly, on this head, when I say there is much social equality, I mean much, considering how much the southern institutions tend to depress mechanical trades and the inferior orders, and to build up an aristocracy of wealth.

The laws of the new states are highly democratic, as they ought to be, but the democratic principle may be pushed to such an extreme as to defeat its own purpose, the substance may be sacrificed to the shadow. Thus if the election of all officers, civil and military, is committed to the people, it will either constitute a heavy tax on their time, or, what will probably happen, the election will fall into the hands of a minority, composed too, perhaps, of the less informed part of the community.

Electioneering is also a great evil in this part of the union—a system, the result of which often is, that a man is elected not on account of honesty or capacity, but on account of his agreeable manners ; and sometimes, what is far worse, an unworthy candidate triumphs over his competitors by a series of falsehood, shuffling and intrigue.

These remarks are made in reference to Alabama, but are perhaps applicable more or less to several other similar states.

THE VILLAGE IN THE WEST.

It adds much to the consequence of a village for it to be the county seat. It then becomes the mirror of the county, collecting and reflecting the rays. Here the courts hold their sessions, and elections take place. To the village, the people of the country repair, to patronise merchant, mechanic, doctor, lawyer. Thus a continual communication is kept up between town and country, and thus all the news of the country is conveyed to town, and all the news of town conveyed to the country. But as news is more common in town than in country, so the country people appear more curious than those in town, and it is a sort of proverbial expression to go to the country to hear the news.

There is a remarkable degree of familiarity among all classes in a western village, and they occupy a great deal of their leisure in out of door chat. In these conversations everything is discussed. Many questions which in the old states are settled beyond debate, are matter of discussion in the west.

Besides courts and elections, the court-house is occasionally occupied as a place of worship. Indeed it is put to a variety of uses, according to the exigency

of the case. Sometimes the town-council meets there, or an assembly of the people, or a debating society, or an itinerant company of jugglers or musicians. Here too, the school exhibition is held, and here a number of societies hold their sessions, and here on the fourth of July the oration is delivered.

A village is an epitome of the world, in which a thousand little influences are at work—a thousand currents and under-currents. The same motives which are at work in London or New York, operate in the petty village of the far west.

There are many important events in a village—the arrival of the stage-coach and opening of the mail—a court or a muster—a camp-meeting, or the examination of a female seminary, which last, always attracts great attention. Crowded room; young ladies in white and blue—on the walls, theorem paintings, birds and flowers, and bead-work purses, reticules and pincushions—music on the piano; and it is a right pleasant sight to see so many young ladies together with bright and happy faces. These are the future mothers of the land, and they are now laying up treasures of knowledge, which shall survive, when the roses that now bloom upon their cheeks shall have faded away. I cannot look upon such a group of interesting young people, without longing to be acquainted with them, and their homes, and families; to hear from themselves their little histories—what incidents may have checkered the current of their lives, and all the hopes, and troubles, and joys that have fluttered their young hearts; and with Shenstone, I sigh to think how many charming people, and happy families, and smiling faces, there are in the world that I shall never see.

Petersburg, Va.

C. C.

LINES.

Oh, do not give this ring so dear
To one so meritless as me—
For worlds I would not raise a tear,
For worlds I would not breed a care,
My dearest, fairest girl, to thee.

And well I know your tears are shed
Through grief for those you never knew;
Then must your heart in sorrow bleed
When troubles gather round the head
Of him, this pledge makes near to you.

And cares must furrow o'er my brow,
For poor, unfriended, lone I stand;
My only friend on earth art thou;
Absent, or near, none heed me now,
In this, "my own, my native land."

Take back the gift, nor leave a thought
With one whose portion's want and pain;
Move 'midst the great, where thou art brought
By birth, and wealth, nor suffer aught
To bring my memory back again.

Yet—yet, should pleasures tasteless grow,
The bustling world distracting be,
And shouldst thou tire with glare and show,
Which poor like me can never know—
Then dearest—dearest, fly to me.

The stream, endeared by childhood's joy,
Will murmur still, though I am there;
Its shady banks, where slept the boy,
And birds, and flowers, will give us joy,
And glad us with its scented air.

Columbia, S. C.

L.

JOURNAL

OF A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS, CAVES AND SPRINGS
OF VIRGINIA.

By a New-Englander.

To CHARLES E. SHERMAN, Esq., of Mobile, Ala.
These fragments of a Diary, kept during a tour made in his
society, are respectfully and affectionately inscribed, by his
friend and fellow-traveller, THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER VI.

The Salt Sulphur Springs. Organ Cave. Red Sulphur Springs.
Gray Sulphur Springs. The season growing old. Gambling
at the Springs. Indifference to the Sick. A Sunday at the
Springs. Mr. Burnap. New comers. Farewell to the White
Sulphur.

White Sulphur Springs, August 3, 1835.

When I set out from New England, all the Sulphur Springs of Virginia were my objects of travel. But my delay at the Warm Springs, the delightfulness of Colonel Fry's situation, and the luxuriousness of his cuisine,—the propinquity of the mountain, and the delicious fascination of the baths, all combined to postpone my journey hither for many days;—and on arriving here, so much of novelty and excitement met me at every step, that I soon began to find the season too rapidly passing away to enable me to put my original design into execution. Therefore is it that, deferring to another season the enjoyment of a pleasure, all hope of which I cannot bring myself to abandon, I take advantage of some oral accounts of friends who have recently visited the Springs situated westward of them, to become acquainted with the rest of the Spring region of Virginia.

I learn that the road hence to the Salt Sulphur, extending about twenty-five miles westwardly, is by no means so good as that which I have already described as running from Staunton to White Sulphur. It is rough, rugged, and rocky. Yet it is not without its full share of that romantic and picturesque interest, that mark the whole tour of the traveller among these mountains.

On the road you come to the "Organ Cave," which I also visited a few days ago, but without much interest. Mr. Nicklin, of Philadelphia, in his recently published "Letters by Peregrine Prolix," has made the most of this locality, and certainly the "Organ Cave" is a curiosity, and well worth visiting, by the lovers of caves. For my own part, I prefer nature in her brighter phases.

My friend tells me that I should admire the approach to Salt Sulphur equally with that to these Springs. Perhaps he is correct; but I had fancied it to be too far removed from the more grand and imposing mountain scenery, compared with this establishment, to strike a stranger with equal force. I look upon the position of the White Sulphur Spring, in the very centre of an immense mountain valley, as at the same time its grandest and its loveliest characteristic.

But it was upon the subjects of the general accommodations, the delightful temperature of the climate, the walks, the rides, and the facilities for each, that my informant dwelt with the most eloquence and depth of interest. He tells me that there are not so many people there, but that those who are there can see and talk with each other under fewer discouraging circumstances of haste, hurry, and interruption. He told me of the ball-room, but also that there were seldom people enough there to occupy it,—of the music-room, where the piano, if opened, is not so constantly so, nor to so good purpose, as at White Sulphur. He described the cabins to me as being more uniform and handsome than those here,—but still he preferred *White Sulphur*, though he maintained that the *Salt* was an excellent change. But the table—there was the rock upon which all my friend's devotedness to this spot had been well nigh suffering total shipwreck. "Such a contrast!" said he—but I cut him short by assuring him that I was luckily no gourmand!

The waters are not so agreeable to the taste as those of the *White Sulphur Springs*,—and are more purgative in their effects: although upon an analysis, it has been discovered that the two waters are very similar in their composition. Pursuing the same romantic track which leads from this to the *Salt Sulphur*, we come, in about seventeen miles travel, to the *Red Sulphur*. My friend arrived there, on horseback, after nightfall, and could not of course see the *coup d'œil* from the mountainous ridge that overlooks the valley in which the Springs are situated. This is spoken of by frequent visitors to that neighborhood as being very imposing.

The arrangements of the accommodations for guests at this place are excellent, and such as to entitle the proprietor to support at the hands of the public.

The Spring is very beautiful, deriving its name from a kind of fossil substance formed on the bottom, and rendering its transparent and pellucid waters, (in the words of Macbeth,) "one red." The water is cool and palatable. The hotels and lodges, cabins, eating rooms, tables, and attendance, H. spoke of as unexceptionable. "But, ah," exclaimed the fond youth, "after all, it was not *White Sulphur*!" And I verily believe that were a deed of gift of the *Red* to be offered as the bribe to keep my enthusiastic friend from his annual visitation here, he would valorously prefer to adhere to his truckle-bed and *Davy Payne*,* in "Fly-Row."

I have since discovered, however, that my friend's partiality for the *White Sulphur Springs* had considerably warped his judgment as to the fine establishment of Mr. Burke at *Red Sulphur*. The following extracts from an article in this Magazine, published

last year (1837) are made, as an offset to the account of H. with a great deal of pleasure.

"The *Red Sulphur Springs* are situated in Monroe county, forty-two miles southwest from the *White Sulphur*, thirty-nine miles from the *Sweet Springs*, and seventeen miles from the *Salt Sulphur*. We are informed that a turnpike road is now in progress between the *White* and *Salt*, and that those sections of it which, last year, were difficult and rugged, will, before the next season, be safe and level. The road from the *Salt* to the *Red* is greatly improved by several changes of location; and was indeed, during the last summer, one of the best, if not the very best, in the mountains. The traveller may now take stage at the *White Sulphur* after breakfast, dine at the *Salt*, and reach the *Red* early in the afternoon. The approach by the mountain road which crosses Indian creek for the last time near Neel's tavern, six and a half miles from the *Red*, we think the most interesting and better road. Arrived on the summit of the eastern mountain, you soon reach a point from which an almost bird's-eye view of the valley bursts on your sight. The impression you receive is magical, and as your carriage moves rapidly down the hill, and you catch ever-varying glimpses of the landscape, you are gradually prepared for the tasteful improvements that await you on entering. After travelling through a country which abounds in magnificent natural scenery, but with rare marks of cultivation, and none whatever of taste, such a scene cannot fail to inspire agreeable sensations. The road is so conducted, as to bring in view the whole establishment before you reach the hotel: you wind round a lovely hill, having a terrace promenade, immediately over the road; several rustic seats on the slope; and on its summit a platform raised to the branches of a spreading oak, on which, in the evening, a fine band of music delights the listening visitors: on your right, the centre lawn, intersected by convenient and judiciously planned walks, and overshadowed by numerous majestic sugar maples; the rich green sward forming a lovely contrast with the snow-white buildings and enclosure.

"The table is abundantly supplied with every luxury and comfort, and the wants of the sick are peculiarly attended to. No expense seems spared to give satisfaction to the visitors; the rooms are furnished with simplicity and neatness, and the servants obliging and honest.

"The *Red Sulphur*, in sulphuretted hydrogen, approaches nearer to the Harrowgate water than any other spring known; and in purity, it equals that of Tunbridge wells.

"We shall now take a cursory notice of the diseases in which we have known it to be successful, and shall begin with consumption, for which it is most celebrated.

"We do assert that if there be a ray of hope, it is at the *Red Sulphur Springs*; and we say farther, that if it fails, no other remedy will succeed.

"Similar results may be expected in bronchitis, which, when a simple disease, it never fails to cure.

"Neuralgic cases have also been relieved when all other remedies had failed. Scrofula, of most marked and severe character, has yielded to its influence; and the most rapid amendment of the general health succeeded. Diseased liver and jaundice will be remedied by this water, if properly used. Chronic diarrhoea of long standing, in which the other waters failed, has been invariably relieved, unless it be that species symptomatic of consumption in its final stages. Diseases of the uterus, such as amenorrhoea, dysmenorrhoea, and prolapsus, have been relieved. The first we have never known to fail. In chronic rheumatism it is invaluable. In removing the constitutional effects of gonorrhoea, syphilis, and the free use of mercury, it has always succeeded. In gravel it affords great and speedy relief. Dropsy has been known to be relieved, and, in some instances cured. In diseases of the skin, and in expelling worms, it has been celebrated from its discovery."

Gray Sulphur. This youngest of the numerous family of watering places that have for many years past been springing up, a lovely progeny, among these mountains, lies about ten miles further on, and is, I believe, in the county of Monroe. It is, like the other Springs, the property of an enterprising individual, a citizen of the South, who has discovered that two Springs upon his estate possess valuable medicinal

* The major-domo of the Row.

qualities, the one for dyspeptic cases, the other being an excellent diuretic. These waters are principally visited by South Carolinians and Georgians, either their fame not being sufficiently extended, or their properties being of too limited utility, as yet to render them places of very general resort. The buildings and accommodations are admirably arranged with a view to the comfort of visitors; and the Gray Sulphur may thus, even now, challenge comparison, in many important particulars, with her older and more celebrated sisters.

So much for *Salt, Red, and Gray Sulphur Springs*. Return we once again, not unwillingly, to the lovely shades and delicious waters of the *White*.

Aug. 5.

This may be considered as the grand climacteric of the season, and there are already symptoms of a speedy turn in the tide of events at White Sulphur. The sun of fashion is almost, if not quite, in its zenith, and it will soon begin to go down in the firmament, its rays disappearing one by one, and ultimately setting behind the blue mountain tops that overshadow this pleasant valley, until another season shall open.

Meantime the dance goes merrily on, the moon lights lovers on their evening rambles, the lute of the serenader is yet in tune, and all is gay and merry in the happy community, luxuriating among these pleasant mountain vallies, soon, too soon, alas! to separate, and perhaps forever!

Upon looking over my journal, this evening, I find that I have been sketching a succession of bright pictures, and describing a life devoted by hundreds around me to pleasure; thus showing only the lightest and brightest, the gayest and most pleasing tints of the picture. A season at a watering place, or a succession of watering places, is not, however, without its full proportion of that mixture, which, to the reflecting and benevolent mind of the philanthropist, tends to soften down the too gaudy colors that are apt to dazzle and deceive, into a sombre tint, upon which and through which the eye of contemplation may look without danger or deception, as the painter graduates the lenses of the Claude Lorraine glass, until, by a skilful combination of them, he has obtained the power of blending them harmoniously into one.

There are several subjects connected with my present residence, upon which my pen would fain dwell, when I find my mind taking this turn of reflection; and the chief among these is that of the indulgence afforded by the tolerance, not to say the direct encouragement of gambling, as a systematized establishment, by the proprietor and directors of this place.

A considerable portion of the grounds at White Sulphur Springs are set off and appropriated to faro and billiard tables and other games, where regular professors of the low art of gambling are regularly quartered, and for the occupation of which a certain stipulated rent, and that a large one, is regularly paid. This is a blot on the otherwise fair picture that the lover of nature in so beautiful a spot is fond of drawing, as he contemplates it from all its points of view, which should not be allowed to mar its beauty and destroy its harmony. I do not object to the moderate and proper use of many games that are used by gamblers as lures to the unwary and inexperienced. I only remonstrate against such a use of those games as require seclusion from the

eye of the world, and which renders it a disgraceful and ignominious act to play at them openly, and in the face of day. The proprietor of these Springs is wealthy,—and abundantly able to dispense with such accessories in the accumulation of property,—he can well afford to wipe out this, the only material stain upon the otherwise enviable reputation of his establishment. What to him are the few thousands that he receives from the tenants of that part of his estate, which, if not thus occupied, could be devoted to the wants of many who are now turned away, while vainly endeavoring to gain access to the means of regaining lost health, and of sharing in the innocent enjoyments of the society with which this place abounds? This is a custom that has grown up, and become indurated by long indulgence, and I sincerely hope that with increasing patronage the White Sulphur Springs may soon break its chains, and finally subdue it entirely.

* * * * *

Sunday, July 10.

Rev. Mr. Burnap of Baltimore being at the Springs, religious services were held in the hall, in the presence of a large and attentive audience. There was something very touching in the manner in which these services were performed, so primitive and fraught with old associations, and recollections of by-gone times, when our fathers worshipped God without any of those striking aids to devotion, which the increasing wealth, luxury, and improvements of society have established. The simple form of reading the hymns by alternate couplets, and then singing them, as with one voice, in the whole congregation,—the devout attention to the improvement of a portion of the word of God, characterising the whole assembly, though composed of adherents to different sectarian creeds,—and the sermon itself, a practical illustration of that most admirable sermon, delivered by the Founder of our religion to his disciples and the multitude from the Mount,—all combined to render these religious observances more impressive than any it has been my fortune to witness for years.

Where should God, the wise builder, and beneficent sustainer of the universe, be worshipped fitly, if not here,—amid the proudest monuments of his boundless power, the most touching evidences of his unceasing kindness, the loveliest associations of his ever watchful care for the health and welfare of his children? The salubrity of the climate, inviting the invalid to luxuriate in its health-giving influences,—and the fountains opened amid the vallies for the cure of disease, for the renovation of the weary, wasted form, for the strengthening of the dejected spirit,—call loudly upon the grateful heart to offer up its acknowledgments of the beneficence of the Almighty, here, in the temple his own hands have built: a temple, to which the name of that at whose gates the apostle bade the blind to receive sight and the lame to walk, may be more appropriately given,—“*Beautiful!*”

The loveliness of the day was in unison with the spirit that seemed to pervade the services at the church. Nature was in her most enchanting mood, and called aloud with all her thousand voices to join in the praise of the God whose inspiration taught them their glad chorus. It was indeed a lovely Sabbath. The gaiety of the neighborhood ceased in deference to the religious spirit that seemed to pervade the whole valley,—the

hum of busy intercourse was suspended, and something more like devotion than anything I had seen on former Sabbaths among the mountains, appeared to characterize the place. I believe that there is a deep-rooted natural sense of the existence and superintending providence of God implanted in every bosom,—and I do not believe that its impulses are ever entirely wanting, how much soever they may be disregarded by the thoughtless and the indifferent. This consciousness is the secret of human accountability,—and its results, its effects upon the conduct (the outward conduct, at least,) of mankind, may always be relied upon as tending to the establishment and preservation of the observances of religion.

* * * * *

New comers to the last. The northerners are beginning to pack up: some to make hasty visits to Salt, Red, Sweet, and Gray,—and others to reach home by the nearest routes. I have heard of some few indefatigable pleasure hunters, who think seriously of looking in on the water drinkers at Saratoga and Ballston, and the lingerers by Niagara. I caught a murmur of “commencement” a day or two since,—and some legal gentry are bethinking themselves of special pleas for September and October terms. Young ladies are beginning to look sad, and young men mad, and their papas and mammas glad, at the near approach of the returning day. The invalid is sighing that he came so late, or rejoicing that he came so opportunely,—and the votary of fortune, fun and fashion, respectively, is lamenting that his glories and excitements are so soon to be over.

Yet Virginia is still pouring in her myriads of fair ones and rare ones,—and the ball seems to a new comer to be as merrily kept up as ever. But the tide is just turning, and a few short weeks will witness its last ebbing wave.

* * * * *

August 12.

For myself, I have for the last ten days been in the predicament of the poor wight commemorated in that old verse, quoted by Walter Scott, and for aught I know the production of his own muse, who

“Now fitted the halter,
Now traversed the cart,
And often took leave,
Though loth to depart.”

But every thing must have an end, and a fortnight at White Sulphur, as well as every thing else. So good-bye, pleasant walks and shades, delightful drives, happy crowd of friends, blue hills, green forests, and deep valleys. Farewell *Hygeia*! May you for years continue to administer health and happiness to the myriads that cluster annually around your delicious fountain. Adieu, most gallant master of the festivities at White Sulphur! Well have you earned the wreath of fame that this season will add to those already won, and which even yet verdantly grace your smiling brow. It has been yours to take the loveliest and the fairest of the daughters of Columbia by the hand, and to bid them welcome to the enjoyments of this happy valley. May you return to your home in contentment, and continue as heretofore to renew your youth for future harvests in the field of gallantry. Good Colonel, fare you well! And mine host of the fountain, patriarch of the Sulphur valley, adieu! Pleasantly have I sojourned in your delightful

abode, and reluctantly do my feet turn from its threshold. May you live to what you seem, even now, to have hardly begun to anticipate, a green old age: and may your children possess themselves in the patrimony that shall descend to them, at some future day, in the same unpretending and praiseworthy manner, that has characterized the career of their father. Good bye, Davie, and Duncan, and Bob, ministers to the creature-comforts of the denizens of White Sulphur! May your gains for the season prove adequate to your respective merits, for what were such an establishment without such aid as yours? Adieu, one and all, and “may your shadows never be less!”

My travelling companions are a member of Congress from Maryland, a gentleman from Alabama, with whom I have formed quite an agreeable acquaintance, and a half dozen Virginians. We shall reach the Thermal waters tomorrow, and my friend and myself will pass some days there, to finish off our experiments upon the healthful qualities of the Virginia Springs.

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE,

As portrayed in a Sketch.

BY A LADY.

“What is the tale that I would tell? Not one
Of strange adventure, but a common tale
Of woman's wretchedness; one to be read
Daily, in many a young and blighted heart.”

L. E. L.

“Le monde est rempli de beaucoup de traverses.”

Moliere.

Ida V—— was the breathing portraiture of all that poet has sung, or painter embodied. At the time I first knew her, scarce fifteen summers had shed their radiance over her opening loveliness; she was, as it were, on the vestibule of womanhood, “beautiful as a sculptor's dream,” with a joyousness rarely varying, bursting like a fountain from its recesses, gleaming like a sunbeam over every object that came within its influence, and touching all things with its own golden and gorgeous hues. I have gazed on her with that intensity of admiration, which “outstrips our faint expression,” and never have I turned from the contemplation of her brightness of beauty without an involuntary sigh, a sickness of soul, lest a temple so glorious might be scathed by the rude blasts of adversity, crushed beneath the avalanche of “life's dark gift.” I have sometimes hoped, that unlike all that is most fair and bright, she would know no sorrow; that time, with its accompanying mutations, would bring unchanging bliss and gladness to her, that “like the long sunny lapse of a summer day's light,” existence would never be shadowed to her; but close as gloriously and auspiciously as it had dawned.

Idolized by all who knew her, followed by the lingering gaze of admiration, caressed by her friends, it would have been strange had Ida V—— dreamed life's book held, amid its pure leaves, one gift of darkness; the phantoms of sorrow had never invaded the beautiful scenes the world held out to her. Her feelings, though

deeply tinged with gladness, were, however, not without that usual accompaniment of a gifted mind—keen sensibility. She was morbidly alive to neglect from those she loved, and I have seen the tear brightening the lustre of her soft dark eye, laving the bloom and gloss of her young pure cheek, as her heart whispered the suspicion of alienation on the part of those to whose affection she clung; but it was only momentary. The cloud passed off to make succeeding sunshine more sparkling, and she was again wreathed in smiles—the personification of “youth and hope and joy.”

Mr. V——, who had emigrated to America shortly subsequent to Ida's birth, was an European, and it was beneath the starry skies of Italy, encompassed by all that is most beautiful and seductive in nature, that Ida V—— first awoke to wayward life. Her mother had closed her eyes in death almost immediately after giving birth to her only child, and the feeble wail of her infant voice stilled the bursting anguish of her father's grief, as it reminded him that although the ruthless spoiler had invaded his hearth, it had not borne thence *all* his “household gods.” Time, whose obliterating tide effaces the memory of the keenest grief, was not without its balm to the lacerated feelings of Mr. V——; and before the smiles and caresses of his infant daughter, whose features wore the impress of its mother's loveliness, the first agony of sorrow melted. He blessed heaven that he was not desolate, and the “lightly-fibred sprays” of his affection clung to the unconscious babe, with a tenacity the greater that he had nought else to love. As I have before said, he fixed his residence in America, in a retired and beautiful spot, which he took pleasure in ornamenting with classic elegance. Beneath the watchful care of her doating father, Ida sprang to womanhood, adorned with all the graces of her sex, gifted with a rare beauty, and her mind enriched with all those charms of literature, which, like the “glittering glory” of the fabled talisman, dazzled, but not to deceive. Though deprived of the gentle and elevating influences of a mother's love, a mother's care, she was as femininely soft and refined, as shrinkingly timid, as though she had been nurtured beneath its beams. Her whole soul seemed concentrated in her father, and there was a beautiful and touching blending of confiding devotion, playful tenderness and worshipping deference, in her deportment towards him, none predominating, but mingling in harmonious concord. Amid the shades and retirement of her own home, commenced the intimacy of that friendship between us, which after years so strongly cemented; but the imperative demands of duty soon called me from the enjoyment of personal communion, and with a tearful eye and sad heart, I tore myself from the parting embrace of Ida.

Time passed on, bearing many changes. The health of Mr. V—— became precarious, and he was induced to remove for a time to Italy. During their sojourn there, which was prolonged to nearly two years, I heard often from Ida; she seemed, with the enthusiasm inseparable from her temperament, to have burst upon a new existence in this land of poetry and romance, where every object glows with beauty beneath a sky always bathed in light, where the whisper of past grandeur is borne on its balmy breezes; the tale of departed glory written on its crumbling monuments of empire;

the echo of fortune's waywardness murmured within the tottering walls of its decaying palaces. Six months had fled, and I hailed a letter from Ida, which told me herself and her father were domesticated in the interesting family of an Englishman, who was residing in an elegant and picturesque villa near Naples. She dwelt with rapture on their new friends, and from the spirit of her letter I learned the lady of the mansion, Mrs. Clifford, was a genuine and practical christian, whose piety threw its halo round their circle, gleaned from every passing incident subject for gratitude to an Almighty Being, and the brightness of whose faith shone with unflickering lustre amid the mists of Romish superstition which environed her. To one whose susceptibility was extreme, who inhaled, as it were, the sentiments and principles of those whom she loved, and with whom she associated, this blessed example was not without its influences. Thoughtfulness perceptibly imbued the tone of Ida's communications, and usurped gradually the place of that light-heartedness and sportive gaiety, which had so characterised them. I was not therefore surprised to hear, before a year had passed, that she had renounced the “gilded hollowness” of the world's pleasures, for the hope of imperishable and eternal joys.

The term of their residence in Italy, though considerably prolonged after this event, was now drawing to a close. Mr. V—— found himself so renovated in health, he bethought him of returning to America, which, though but the land of his adoption, was loved by him far better than the sunny clime which had smiled alike on his happiness and misfortunes. It was early in April that I received from Ida intelligence of their intended embarkation for the United States, naming the probable time of their arrival, and conjuring me to meet them at their own home. It is not to be supposed I was deaf to these solicitations, and at the appointed time I found myself near Mr. V——'s residence. May—gladsome, laughing May—the bride of the summer, and child of the spring, with her fairy gifts of sunshine and flowers, had shaken her sparkling wreath over the smiling landscape, and every object had waked into life beneath the touch of her golden wand. I had scarce time to cast a glance towards these bursting beauties, for the carriage was bearing me rapidly to the house. On the portico I beheld Ida waiting to embrace me; a moment more and I was encircled in her arms—from her I turned to greet her father, who, with paternal fondness, drew me to his bosom, and imprinted a kiss upon my brow.

Oh, ye hours of happiness! ye days of youthful joy! ye are sunk into the ashes of the past! ye are shrouded beneath its dark pall—hidden within its hollow channels, but your fragrance has not departed with your freshness—

“Summer's breath, or spring,
A flower—a leaf,”

oft conspire to unseal the fount of memory, whose waters come gushing forth like rich music bursting into a requiem for that fate which consigns the brightest to earliest decay.

After the first salutations were over, I followed my friend to the saloon, where my attention was immediately arrested by a pale, romantic looking girl, who was seated in a recess of the apartment, seemingly ab-

sorbed in the pages of a book which rested on a table before her. Her profile was turned towards me as I entered, and struck me painfully with its attenuated and spirit-like appearance. Her features were beautifully and classically chiselled, and though "the rose of youth" had apparently been prematurely blighted in the dark, luxuriant tresses of her hair, which hung like a cloud around her, in the delicately pencilled and curved brows, the pure forehead and perfectly formed mouth, there lingered, if not the bloom of beauty, its breathing soul.

As Mr. V—— called "Nina," she raised her lustrous eyes, with an expression of such sadness and melancholy, that I was forcibly reminded of the poetical words of a certain authoress, and mentally applied them to the fair stranger before me. "If in her depression she resembles night, it is night wearing her stars." Slowly and gracefully she approached us. Mr. V—— presented her to me, and as she returned my greeting, I almost started; her soft low voice floated so like melody from her lips. She was dressed in deep black, which, added to the almost unearthly purity of her complexion and her mourning habiliments, (with a richly gemmed crucifix which hung on her breast,) told its own tale. After we were seated, Nina returned to her table and book, and on Ida crossing the room to speak to her, Mr. V—— briefly told me she was of Italian parentage, almost noble lineage, and had received her education within the walls of a convent, from which she had been emancipated, an enthusiast in the Catholic religion. High-born, surrounded by the glittering fascinations of rank and wealth, himself and daughter had formed her acquaintance. Her suavity of manner and superior intelligence, had contributed towards the continuance of that acquaintance; soon it sprang into friendship, and the successive calamities which had deprived her of friends, fortune, and even a home, in the little space of a few weeks, had increased the interest he had conceived for her. The peculiar desolation of her situation, encouraged him to offer her his guardianship and a home in his house; an offer which she had readily and thankfully accepted. This information added to the feeling of sympathy with which I already began to regard the fair Catholic—and every hour tended to augment the interest I entertained for her.

From the contemplation of Nina's subdued loveliness, I turned towards my friend, to see if time's wing had brushed aside one flower of that beauty which used to come over the beholder like "a burst of sunlight." She was now at my side, pouring forth her enthusiasm of admiration for the land she had so recently quitted. She was still beautiful, I saw at a glance, and as I gazed into her face as she continued to speak, and watched the "thousand blushing apparitions" which swept so changingly over her cheek, varying with every feeling she expressed, I lamented not the partial decay of that fading bloom which had given to her early girlhood its flashing brilliancy. Her smile was sweet, but not so frequent as formerly, and on the polished fairness of her lovely brow, thought had made itself a beautiful resting place. The rays of gladness which had so unceasingly danced in her beaming eyes, were shadowed by the depth of tenderness which reposed there so sweetly. There was, too, an irresistible softness and fascination of manner about her—a poetry of expres-

sion clothing her lightest words, which added unspeakably to her attractions. In short, she was no longer the laughing, rosy girl, sporting so heedlessly in life's path, but the regally, intellectually, beautiful woman, who felt a more exalted destiny awaited her than butterfly-like to be lured by the gorgeous hues of every flower which blossomed around her.

Before I had been an inmate of Mr. V——'s household many days, "a heart's hushed secret" was whispered in my ear, and I learned Ida was betrothed. The recital was too eloquently told to be forgotten, and I remember with vividness the tumult of feelings which crowded my bosom, as I first hearkened to that tale from the friend I had loved so long and so truly. There was the voice of joy for her coming happiness—the whisper of hope, that her sky might ever be as bright as now, mingling with other thick-coming fancies, which I thrust from me, not choosing to mar the sunlight of the future, by lowering forebodings.

"It was after we had been in Italy about eight months, and in the family of Mr. Clifford," said Ida V——, "that I first saw Gerald Beaumont. The increasing danger of my father's malady, which had induced us to remove from Naples, where we had established ourselves upon our arrival at Italy, and accept the polite and kind offer of our English friends, was not mitigated for several months, and my time was unremittingly engrossed for many long weeks in attendance on him. The duties of the sick chamber were lightened by my inestimable friend, Mrs. Clifford, and it was in those vigils, those hours of watching, beside my dear father's pillow, that I first learned to appreciate and admire the principles of piety, un murmuring resignation, and trusting faith, which she took pains to infuse into my soul. I have adverted to this change in my letters to you. Mrs. Clifford's whole deportment was the most beautiful exemplification of all that is hallowed in our blessed religion of which it is possible to conceive, and I cannot pass over this period when I first awoke to a sense of my depravity, and subsequently grasped the fulfilment of the most precious promise, without adding this merited tribute to my spiritual guide.

"The violence of my father's symptoms yielded before the remedies which were employed, and though he was still unable to quit his chamber, I could sometimes resign my duties near him for the enjoyment of a refreshing ramble over the beautiful grounds of Clifford villa. One day I had returned from such an excursion, and before ascending to my father, I had thrown myself listlessly and languidly in the embrace of a luxurious *fauteuil* which stood in the library. I had scarce recovered from the fatigue of my walk, and was preparing to seek my father's room, when an advancing footstep startled me, and before I had time to arise from my seat, the door of the apartment was thrown open. A tall and elegant looking young man, in a travelling dress, entered. He was evidently as much surprised at beholding me so unceremoniously established, as I had been at the interruption. I instantly arose, hastily returning the courtly salutation of the young stranger, and retreated through a door opposite the one near which he still continued standing. It was not till the dinner hour approached, and I repaired to the drawing room, that I learned the new comer was

Gerald Beaumont, the nephew of Mr. Clifford, who was making his continental tour, and had arrived at the seat of his uncle, intending to spend some time with his relatives.

"I will not dwell," continued Ida, "on the progress of my acquaintance with Gerald Beaumont, but hasten to speak of that event which has conspired to affect my future destiny. My father was enabled soon after Gerald's arrival, to join the social circle of our kind friends, and I was exposed to all the fascinating influences of the young Englishman's society. In this manner weeks fled, and before I was aware, the hope that I was beloved seemed inextricably interwoven with my happiness. The soul of tenderness which was conveyed in the tone in which Gerald addressed me, the deep affection which spoke in his very look, were enough to brighten the dimness of that hope. Yet no magical words, 'small, still, but sweet,' had bid me revel in the depth of bliss I had dared to image—no murmured vow had shown me my dream was reality. My father had long been anxious to visit Rome; thither he now purposed going, and the day before the one appointed for our departure from our hospitable friends, wooed by the balmy breath of summer's eve, I had strayed to the tiny lake which spread its silvery expanse amid the embowering shades of Clifford villa. Gerald followed me, and before we sought our friends, I had been told I was beloved with a passion unswerving and undying. Amid the hush of nature's repose; amid the glories of 'parting day,' we plighted our troth. My father confirmed it with his blessing. Our union was deferred till my return to America, and accompanied by Gerald, we spent the remainder of our stay in Italy, partly at Rome, partly at Naples. A few weeks previous to our departure for the United States, Gerald sailed for England in order to make some arrangements preparatory to changing his place of residence; for he has yielded to my wishes to fix his home here. He is an orphan, and has no ties which this decision would sever. Soon after, we bade adieu to our cherished friends, to the bright land which had fostered my dawning happiness, and in a few more days we were bounding 'o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea.' My last letters from Gerald hold out to me the hope of his speedy arrival in America."

"But Ida," said I, after a moment's pause, "what can you tell me of Nina? My imagination has not been idle in picturing the history of one whose very glance is fraught with magical interest."

"Poor Nina!" sighed Ida, "her history is one, as far as I know, of fearful grief, and its pages bear sad testimony to the oft reiterated truth of earth's mutability. When we first knew her, she was encompassed by luxury and pomp, glowing in all the fascinations of beauty, and the incense of flattery and adulation was wafted to her shrine by all who knew her. With the sunshine of fortune this homage has departed. The sorrows of her heart are written on her brow in ineffaceable characters; the flowers of life have withered ere its morning has past, and the bitterness of her destiny is brooded on by her with an intensity of feeling which is blighting her soul's energies. We became acquainted with her some months after our arrival in Italy; our intercourse soon ripened into friendship, and the circumstance of her being attached to the Romish

communion increased the feelings of interest with which I regarded her, for I could not bear to think that her youth and bloom and gladness of heart should be immolated to superstition, and after I had become a participator in that 'peace which passeth understanding,' I conceived the hope of her conversion. Since that period my efforts to exhibit to her the purity and beauty of our holy religion, in hues which might disclose the glaring inconsistency of her professed faith, have been unceasing. I had the influences of early education to combat, than which, you know, none cling with a more tenacious grasp. I now hope she is only a nominal Catholic, though she has not openly abjured her faith."

Ida now ceased speaking, and the subject of Nina's history was never after revived by me, for there was a sacredness in the sorrows of the beautiful Italian, on which I forbore to intrude farther.

The moments passed with "a dove's wing," the singularly interesting Catholic girl entwining herself around me slowly, but surely. She joined us occasionally in our strolls, sang to us sometimes in her own sweet, low, thrilling tones, the lays of her "far-off land," in its melting, rich and glowing language, accompanying herself on her harp, the only relic of her departed grandeur which she retained—but she was more frequently secluded in the solitude of her own apartment, holding converse with her sad thoughts, bathing the memory of the past with such tears,

"As rain the hoarded agonies of years
From the heart's urn."

She seemed not insensible to my proffered affection, and before many weeks the chill of reserve had faded from our intercourse, and we were friends. I passed many quiet and happy hours with her: when sometimes she would revert with tearful sadness to her past sorrows, in the tone of resignation, humility and faith, which pervaded these conversations, I recognized not the sentiments I had been taught to expect from the Catholic, but those of the genuine and humble Christian, receiving chastenings with that unassuming gentleness and meekness which spring from unmixed love of an Almighty Being.

Nor did the arrival of Gerald Beaumont, which happened about this time, interrupt our tête-à-têtes. 'Tis true, Ida was less frequently with us, but then we could not regret it, she seemed so happy with Gerald; indeed I could not wonder at the idolatry of that affection he had waked in the bosom of my young friend; there was something so indescribably fascinating about him. It was not the symmetry of feature which rendered him so strikingly, so intensely handsome, though his were by no means defective; it was rather the glowing, speaking expression of the large, dark, lustrous eyes, the stamp of towering intellect, of "inborn nobleness," which reposed so proudly on the broad, pale brow; and then the deep, touching melancholy, which at times shaded his countenance, seized so on one's interest, and the rich tones of his voice were at times so thrillingly sad, one could not help imagining life's morn had not been cloudless. Be that as it may, 'twas evident he loved Ida with enthusiastic passion, and not willing to act Mademoiselle De Trop, I left the lovers to seek their own enjoyments, and continued to devote myself to Nina, whose gradually decaying health awakened

not our apprehensions; the unnatural brilliancy of her eye, and beauty of her rare smile, veiling the progress of the destroyer. Meanwhile the preparations for Ida's marriage continued, and the bridal morn at length arrived, being ushered in amid the cloudless brightness of heaven, and the flowering verdure of earth.

In the radiant glances of Ida, hope spoke, nor were the jewels sparkling amid the waves of her shining hair more gloriously bright than the smile which seemed banqueting on the roses of her young cheek. As I gazed on her in irrepressible admiration; as I watched the beams of fond affection which fell from the dark, flashing eye of the lordly-looking bridegroom on the beautiful being at his side, and hearkened to the tones of Ida's voice, as tremulous with agitated joy, she pronounced the "fitting vows," I prayed that the golden hours which were opening before them might never fade before the touch of decay, that no dark worm might prey on the bud of happiness which was unfolding its leaves in their smiling path.

But my eyes unconsciously sought Nina. She stood near the fair bride, and I could not conceive that even in the flush of health she could have appeared more touchingly lovely. The lustre of her expressive eye was not dimmed, and as I looked on her I could not believe the shadow of the tomb was then resting on aught so beautiful. She met my gaze—she read my thoughts, and a bright sweet smile wreathed her lip momentarily; it spoke of the hope of bliss beyond the grave.

In the evening, when I repaired to her apartment, she bore the traces of weeping, and as she extended her hand towards me, the large tears fell glittering on her sable dress.

"You will not be surprised," said she, "that the scene of happiness I have so recently beheld, has recalled to me my own blighted fortunes; and though I do not doubt the justice of that decree, which has thus darkened my horizon, I sometimes so far yield to my infirmity as to wish it had been otherwise. Your unwearied kindness and affection, my dear —, bearing so meekly my petulance and ill-humors, have endeared you to me beyond the power of words to express."

"Dear Nina," interrupted I, pressing my lips to her pale, silken cheek, "who could accuse you of ill-humors? One, so gentle, so uncomplaining."

She smiled gratefully, and continued—

"If the relation of those calamities which have thus depressed me, and thrown their shadows athwart my path, will not tire you, you shall hear it; and when the star of prosperity shines gloriously on you, when the bright wings of the world's favor are folded around you, remember the voice my history breathes. 'Lean not on earth;' trust it not; be not lured by its fair, but false promises; for its golden dreams must vanish, and what are the sensations of that bosom, when all it has loved, all it has rejoiced in, is melting in its grasp, and a hereafter is disclosed, shrouded in gloom, deep and impenetrable?"

As Nina concluded, the glow of enthusiasm bathed with its rich hues her pale cheek,—she looked not like the bride of death,—but it passed; for it was but the rush of thought which had stirred the waters of memory.

A gorgeous sky, which Nina said was "not unlike

the purple heaven of her own Italy," looked down upon us, and seemed to smile in mockery of the tale of grief to which I hearkened, and of whose bitterness I had not dreamed.

"My family name," said Nina, "is Genovesi, and my earliest recollections are blended with my mother—my beautiful mother! My father died while I was yet a feeble, wailing infant, leaving my mother the possessor of a princely estate. Surrounded by all the blandishments of wealth, youth and beauty, it is not to be supposed she was without many lovers, who, though they might not have been indifferent to the first mentioned attraction, were nevertheless as likely to have been captivated by her sunny loveliness; for I never remember to have looked on a face on which the soul of beauty was more indelibly stamped. Yet she nobly rejected all these offers, and devoted herself to the care of me—her only child. She was a zealous Catholic, and in the tenets of our national faith I was bred. She piqued herself on the long line of almost noble ancestry which we could boast, and failed not to inspire me with that pride in which she gloried. I was taught to believe myself all-powerful in the majesty of my titled kindred, in the accumulated wealth which I was to inherit, and in numberless other advantages of which I was not slow to imagine myself possessed. In short, I grew up a haughty, self-willed, obstinate, overbearing child, and if my mother was aware of my faults, she was too blindly devoted to me to correct them. I loved my mother with intensity, and I could not believe another than herself had ever been gifted with such superlative beauty. I used to stand for hours gazing on her portrait which hung in her dressing-room, and which represented her in the mid-day blaze of her loveliness, till in the enthusiasm of my admiration, I would exclaim to myself, 'Shall I ever be such a woman as my mother?' To hear myself, therefore, often called strikingly like her, to be said to resemble her, as she was in her girlhood, was a flattering observation; the pernicious effects of which were soon visible in the air of self-complacency and vanity, which assumed the place of that innocence and purity and freshness of feeling so inseparable from childhood.

"At the age of ten years I had the inexpressible misfortune to lose my mother; she was ill but for a short period; and when I was taken to see her for the last time, I could not look towards her without trembling; for I had never beheld death before. She called me to her bedside, and with a sad smile, placed in my hand a rich crucifix, saying to me—

"'Keep this, my child—remember your mother—be faithful to your religion—that holy religion, in which I die—the blessed Catholic faith.'"

"I bowed my youthful head upon the jewelled gift as I responded to my mother's dying charge. I was then suffered to kiss her pale cheek, and while she laid her hand on my head and blessed me long and fervently, the first tears I ever remember to have shed stole from my eyes.

"After this heavy bereavement, which I felt long and sensibly, I was sent to a convent for the completion of my education. I spent many years in this nursery of my faith, and as I hearkened to the beautiful ritual, when it rose with rich melody, filling the fretted dome of the chapel where I was a regular attendant—as I

viewed the gorgeous ceremonies which appeal so strongly to the senses—as the full clear voices of the sisters, swelling so musically, and blending so exquisitely with the deep-rolling organ, floated majestically through the magnificent building—as the glowing hues of the noble paintings, which seemed almost endowed with life, breath and being, met my eye in whatever direction I turned—as the golden censer swung to and fro, emitted the rich and overpowering fumes of incense, I buried my face in my hands, and in adoring humility, knelt reverently to the spirit of that religion in which I had been reared, in which I then dwelt, and which I soon learned to love with a fanaticism of whose extent I was not then sensible.

“I was the petted favorite of the whole sisterhood—my faults were overlooked—my offences palliated—my virtues, and they were few enough, applauded and magnified—that greatest ornament of the christian character, ‘a meek and quiet spirit,’ being scarcely assumed by me.

“The time was now approaching when I must exchange the manners of the wayward and spoiled child, for the bland and courteous address of the young lady. I wanted but two years of seventeen, and that was the period assigned for my leaving the convent and going to reside with my mother’s brother, who had been appointed my guardian, and whose home was in Venice. During this interval, I threw aside my childish ways, applied myself with intense vigor to my studies, devoted a portion of my time to the acquirement of accomplishments, and all this, with so much success, that when my uncle arrived to take me home with him, he expressed himself delighted with my attainments.

“It was a sad morning to me when I bade farewell to the gloomy old convent, and prepared to accompany my uncle to a place of which I knew nothing. Weeping, I tore myself from the embraces of the sisters who crowded around me, praying the holy Virgin to protect and bless me. I threw myself in an agony of tears beside my uncle, in the heavy lumbering coach, and as the dark mass of building in whose walls I had spent so many years, grew gradually more dim in the distance, as I at last strained my eyes in vain to catch a parting glimpse of the venerable pile, I leaned back in my seat and yielded, unrestrainedly, to my distress. My uncle did not seem flattered at this exhibition of feeling on my part, and as the emotions of youth are almost as soon lulled as excited, I exerted myself, and not unsuccessfully, to repress the grief which had crushed for the time my natural exuberance of spirit.

“At the close of the third day I found myself in the princely palazzo of my uncle, where a suite of apartments was appropriated me, and where I found myself encompassed with every gorgeous luxury which my inordinate love of pomp and display could desire. I needed no solicitation to plunge in the vortex of pleasure, and soon resigned myself delightedly to the brilliant and intoxicating homage my station and attractions commanded. With an exultant step and beaming brow, I might be seen in the halls of festal mirth, the gladsome laugh seeming to spring from a light heart, and wooing ‘joy’s echo’ from every bosom. Yet there were moments when I felt happiness dwelt not in the glittering throngs of the great, that the flowers scattered so richly o’er life’s highways, refused to yield freshness, fragrance or beauty, when trans-

planted to the crowded walks of fashion. Still I sought this happiness in like scenes—still it eluded my grasp; but the gem wealth and power refused to yield, flashed upon me from another source. I clasped it with the fervency and enthusiasm of my temperament, believed it unfading, enshrined it in the foldings of my heart, where its lustre was not quenched till base perfidy stole it thence, whispering, ‘how false is earth!’

“My uncle was childless, and after he was bereft of his wife, he adopted as his son a young nephew of hers, Antonio Bandini. This young man commonly resided with my uncle, but at the time of my arrival at Venice it happened he was absent.

“After I had been many weeks established at my uncle’s house, I casually heard Antonio’s return was expected the next day. That night, a rich, melting voice was wafted through my window—a gondola paused in its watery path, and the dark, Italian eyes of a graceful knight errant were raised towards my apartment. The serenader was Antonio Bandini!

“From the first hour of our intercourse, sprang an attachment on my part of passionate idolatry, at whose absorbing character I oft trembled, and in the consciousness of being beloved, I enjoyed a bliss too unloyed to endure. It was bright summer, and the fair bride of the Adriatic glowed in renovated beauty beneath the kindling sunbeams. Yet day, in its glare and pomp, its hum of life, had not for me the seductive charms of the still night, when in all its starry loveliness, it descended like a veil upon the proud city, ‘throned on her hundred isles.’ Then the gondola of Antonio came to warn me my hour of happiness was nigh. Buried in its rich cushions, gliding through a path of stars, Antonio the while breathing into my ear the voice of song, in his full, melodious tones, or whispering those impassioned, half-murmured words, which so beautifully and witchingly clothe a lover’s vows, I yielded myself to a dream-like happiness, fearful lest a breath might sever the golden tissue in which I had wrapped myself.

“On one occasion, when I had revelled in the perfection of my bliss, and the lateness of the hour admonished us to seek the marble steps of my uncle’s palazzo—on returning, the sounds of music arrested us, and as the tide of melody came swelling nearer and nearer, increasing in its deep and exquisite pathos, we were aware it issued from a gondola which was advancing towards us. The low tinkling of a guitar was quite drowned in the floods of that superb voice, and as the gondola neared our own, we discovered the tones which ceased not, though they softened as the boat glided slowly by us, proceeded from a lady, who with a solitary gentleman and two children were its occupants. We could see that the songstress was beautiful, and her rounded arm thrown over the guitar, reposed in the bright moonlight with the polished purity of marble.

“‘Who can they be?’ and ‘I cannot tell,’ were scarcely spoken by us before we were at my uncle’s palazzo, the other gondola having passed onwards, the voice of its music melting in the distance.

“It was not many weeks after this occurrence before my uncle suddenly determined to visit Naples, and take me with him. Antonio of course formed one in our party. It was while there that I became known to Mr. V—— and his daughter, and that intimacy commenced

which has been the solace of my remaining days. Of this acquaintance, however, I shall speak more hereafter.

"My uncle soon established himself in elegance at Naples, and among the first of our visitors came Lord Vernon, an Englishman, who, with his family, was spending the summer in the environs of Naples. His wife accompanied him, and her bland and courteous manners so fascinated me, that I accepted an invitation for the ensuing evening at her house, with a degree of pleasure warmly expressed by me, and as gracefully received by her.

"Mirthful music resounded through the noble halls to which we had been bidden—flashing lights wreathed with increasing brilliancy the bright throng congregated there—the soft breeze, whose wings were laden with the perfume and breath of summer, stole languidly through the open windows, when we advanced to make our salutations to the elegant mistress of the revel. She introduced me to many persons who surrounded her, and on vacating her seat by my side, it was immediately filled by a young Englishman, Theodore Wallingford, whom I had casually seen at Venice, and who had advanced towards me on my entrance, in order to renew our passing acquaintance. He was endowed with a mind whose rare attainments were only surpassed by his superlatively modest and unassuming deportment. In the rare fascination of his conversation I soon became so absorbed, that I was even deaf to the loud triumphal air which was waked from the harp by a masterly touch, and it was not till the sweet exquisite notes of a rich voice broke on my ear, at first tremulous, but gradually swelling in its delightful melody, that my attention was diverted from my companion. I started, for I had heard it before. I could not mistake its music; it was the voice which had been breathed from the gondola at Venice! I quickly arose, requesting Mr. Wallingford to lead me to the part of the room whence it issued, and as we threaded the labyrinth of the crowded apartment, I briefly stated to him the circumstances under which I had hearkened to its notes before. 'I am a stranger here, as well as yourself,' remarked he, 'and dazzled by the bright coloring with which you have gifted your adventure, I am dying of curiosity to behold your syren; of course she must be gloriously beautiful, and—but *la voici*,' exclaimed he, as we reached the circle which encompassed the songstress, and as it opened to admit us. Seated at a harp, her white arms thrown around the instrument, whence she drew such magic sounds, I beheld a fair girl, who appeared totally unconscious of the passionate admiration she elicited from the listening group. She seemed luxuriating in the sublimity of song. Apparently she was in delicate health; for her cheek, though wearing the roundness of youth, had none of its freshness; an air of languor reposed in the depths of her eloquent eyes, which were 'brightly, darkly, beautifully blue,' and the long jetty lashes oft drooped o'er the colorless cheek, like shadows resting on the snow. She was dressed simply, and without 'the foreign aid of ornament,' save a gemmed dart which restrained the luxuriance of the shining hair, and sparkled with regal magnificence in its bed of rich darkness.

"Antonio was one of the circle around her, and seemed

drinking in every tone which was warbled from the dewy lips. At this I was not surprised, for with his natural talent, his cultivated taste, such melody could not but be worshipped. The air the musician was performing, was one of melancholy, touching pathos, and as it ceased, and she was preparing to rise from the seat she filled so gracefully, I wondered not at the half-playful, half-serious opposition this movement excited. She was unanimously urged to retouch once more the magic chords, and again she was enthroned the enchantress of the group. Sweeping her hand o'er the strings of the harp by way of symphony, there came a gush of gay, sportive song, full of wild archness, in striking contrast with the impassioned strains so lately breathed. Ere its murmurs had ceased; ere the sighing of harp-strings was hushed, the songstress had vanished in the throng. I soon learned she was Miss Templeton, a portionless relative of Lady Vernon, who filled the capacity of instructress to her ladyship's children.

"The harp was again touched that evening, but not by the same 'cunning hands.' The fair *gouvernante* appeared no more in the halls of revelry during the evening; but as I bent over the instrument she had relinquished, and listlessly struck its chords, through the open window near which I sat, was borne the music of her peculiar voice, and two figures which flitted past in the bright moonlight, disclosed to me Antonio and his lovely companion, Miss Templeton.

"Under the guidance of my *preux chevalier*, Mr. Wallingford, I now arose to join the mirthful groups which were clustered here and there, through the walks of the beautiful garden, and whose silvery laugh of glee came o'er the ear like an outbreak of music from the spirit of glorious night.

"The splashing of a fountain, with its sound of refreshing coolness, wooed us to where its sparkling waters tossed themselves in the moonbeams. On the edge of its marble basin, reposed the fair, rounded arm of Miss Templeton, her eyes watching the glittering spray, which ever and anon broke beautifully over the hand that seemed inviting its caress. As we approached, a rose dropped from the girdle of Miss Templeton. Antonio stooped to recover the withered treasure, and as he gallantly pressed it to his lips and placed it in his bosom, the half-whispered compliment which followed, was wafted towards the spot where I had momentarily paused.

"'Henceforward,' said he, in his own bland tones, 'this is a talisman to me—sweeter far than any rose in eastern climes that nightingale e'er warbled to.'

"The next moment we were beyond the sound of their voices and the murmur of the fountain. A few hours more, and the gaudy pageant had vanished.

"During the many months of our prolonged sojourn at Naples, Antonio, though strictly devoted to Miss Templeton in public, was apparently happy in our betrothal; for in private he spoke with impassioned rapture of our approaching union, which was to be solemnized at an early period after our return to Venice. Thus, if my tenderness suffered, by seeing him always at Miss Templeton's side, when the world's gaze was on him, the perfume of his homage and professed adoration for me, the balm of his oft reiterated and burning vows, when that gaze was withdrawn, were not without their lulling influences.

"To say how fête succeeded fête, amusement crowded upon amusement, were the detail of the next fleeting weeks. I lived more in the future than in the present; more in anticipation than in actual enjoyment.

"One morning as we loitered over the breakfast table, my uncle threw a purse of gold towards Antonio, saying, with considerable asperity of tone—

" 'Since I must support you in your folly and extravagance, wonder not that I do it hesitatingly—grudgingly; and be not surprised, when I say my fortune, however ample, must soon be dissipated by these successive and exorbitant demands on it. Your note of last night, while it solicits this sum towards the discharge of debts which press so heavily upon you, says not how they have been incurred. Antonio! I have that confidence in you, to believe they have not been contracted by play!' I arose ere my uncle paused, and as I looked towards Antonio, ere I left the room, I saw that he reddened to the brow, and that fierce fire played in his flashing eye.

"I felt no desire to intrude in the examination of that course which had elicited so sharp a reprimand from my uncle. I heard their voices high in altercation for some time after I had retired, but at length there was stillness, and supposing the breakfast room vacated, I hastened there for a volume into which I had been looking, and which I had left there. As I withdrew the rich folds of the velvet curtain which separated this apartment from an adjoining one, I started back on beholding my uncle and Antonio still within, and in a low tone conversing so earnestly, that they did not observe my intrusion. My uncle's first words arrested me:

" 'Poor girl! she has then been the victim of a perfidy as base and unfeeling as it is consummate and artful.' The words that followed were not heard by me, for they were muttered in Antonio's ear, with an indistinctness for which my uncle's violence of emotion (for he appeared alarmingly agitated,) accounted.

"Antonio started from his seat, and with a threatening gesture exclaimed—'*Madre de Dios!* immolate my love, my plighted faith, at the shrine of wealth, of worldly aggrandizement! sacrifice the pure, fresh affection of a young trusting heart, to the cold selfishness of a woman whose idol is pomp, whose worship is herself!—never! never!' and as he flung himself back on the regal cushions of the chair, whence he had started, its massive frame seemed to quake with the tremor of passion which convulsed him. My uncle passed his hand slowly over his eyes, groaned seemingly in bitterness of spirit, and approaching Antonio, said—

" 'I do not reproach you for ingratitude—I do not speak of my gifts to you—I recall not the hours of your youth, your manhood, when I fulfilled with yearning affection every office of the kindest parent—I appeal not to your duty to me—but earnestly, tenderly, imploringly, do I ask you to think of the heart which has yet never dreamed of unhappiness, never imagined sorrow—of the noble spirit which has been nurtured by the very breath of love—of the young, bright form, springing so gladly in life's path—ere you bring desolation on that heart, contumely on that spirit, the blighting hand of grief to wither the rare loveliness of that form. One word more, Antonio, and I am done. By your extravagance, my fortune is—'

"I heard no more; hurrying to my apartment, I appeared no more that day. I could not doubt I was deserted by the only being who had breathed life into the fervency of love my heart held; and in the mingled emotions of anguish, pride, indignation, that heart seemed scorched. I shed no tears, but I was not the less miserable for that. In the silence and darkness of night, while I brooded over my own wretchedness, heavy footsteps in the hall and an unusual and confused murmur of voices aroused me. I listened—I heard the name of Antonio. Breathless, I sped to the top of the marble staircase. The body of a wounded man was borne slowly and heavily through the lordly hall—the dark blood dripping on the polished floor. My uncle followed it with a stern sorrow. I could not disguise from myself the fatal truth: it was Antonio Bandini! and as I gazed on his pallid features, (for I had descended to the hall) whose unearthly hue appeared more corpse-like from the purple stream which rolled sullenly over his face, issuing unceasingly from a wound in his head, I hardly repressed the shriek which seemed ready to burst from me. Almost fainting, I leaned against one of the marble pillars, as the sad spectacle passed onwards. Ere I recovered, I was alone—no! not alone; for that soul-piercing, harrowing shriek, which met my ear, told me there was other agony than mine own. A soft, gentle sob, again broke the hushed stillness—twining arms were around my knees—I opened my eyes; for in the bitterness of my sorrow, I had closed them, that no object might thrust itself between me and the contemplation of my grief. The fair, clinging form of Miss Templeton knelt at my feet; her dark hair, in its unbound luxuriance, sweeping the cold floor, and bright tears swimming in her eyes, rendering them even starry in their radiance.

"I involuntarily shrank from her, for I felt it was to her, in part, I owed my wretchedness—she had stolen from me the heart I had learned to love so utterly.

" 'Tell me,' she exclaimed, 'for the love of God, tell me where they have taken him?'

"It seems she was passing the house as Antonio was borne to it, and the rays of the lamps falling on his countenance, she had recognised him, alighted from her carriage, and in frantic despair, rushed into the hall through which she had beheld him carried. Her vehement ejaculations continued, notwithstanding my silence, for I spoke not, in answer to her inquiry. At length she arose—'I will go and seek him;' and as her eye fell on the dark spots which marked the progress of the wounded man, she shuddered. She was passing on, when I caught her arm, and remonstrated—

" 'Miss Templeton, what will the world, what will Lord, Lady Vernon say, if it is known you are here, at this hour, unattended, and with the avowed purpose of seeing a gentleman, who, at the most, is only your lover?'

" 'And what is the world, what Lord, Lady Vernon to me, when Antonio is dying? Think you, I respect the forms of that world which would banish from the pillow of an expiring man—but I lose time,' added she, checking herself—'every moment is golden now.' So saying, she would have gone on, but I still detained her.

" 'Miss Templeton, think one moment before you

adopt (shall I say it?) *indelicate* of conduct. Antonio is well attended, and your presence will only tend to agitate and embarrass him. Why persist in it? You, who are only the—

"*Wife of his bosom!*" interrupted she quickly, as she shook from her the arm those words had palsied. My heart's pulsations seemed stayed—a cold tremor passed over me, and I felt as if the earth was sinking, with me on her bosom, into that abyss where hope never comes. The delirium of love fled before the reality of such treachery; indignation nerved my fainting form, and with a pride I sought not to conceal, I followed to his apartment the one who had avowed herself his wife. That apartment, which one moment before I would have shunned, I now longed to enter. I reached the door, just in time to hear him exclaim, as Miss Templeton rushed in, passionately throwing herself into his embrace—

"*Misere coram deo.*" His voice was low and very weak, but tenderness spoke in those few words so softly breathed. The stains of blood had been removed from his face, and his matted hair hung heavily on his temples, contrasting fearfully with the hueless, deathlike complexion. As my shadow darkened the threshold, he looked towards me, and a smile of demoniac triumph broke over his face—the expression of a fiend crossed his colorless features. I quailed not beneath it. With that haughtiness I could so well assume, I flung back his look; with a contempt which should have withered his heart, I coldly returned his smile—and saying, 'I now leave you to the care of your wife, as I perceive she has gained your apartment,' I passed with unbending pride from the presence of the heartless traitor, whom I then saw for the last time.

"When I had departed, my uncle followed my steps, and on his bosom I wept tears, wrung from unspeakable anguish. His affection was now my only remaining solace, and infolded to his heart, I inwardly vowed to cherish that affection with unswerving tenderness. It was from him I then learned Antonio's desperate passion for play, and that the wounds of which he was then suffering, had been inflicted by one of his reckless associates, who, exasperated by his own losses, and suspicious of Antonio's success, had charged him with unfairness. Word succeeded to word—menace to menace—the cold blade of the dagger was unsheathed—they fought, and soon exhausted by loss of blood, Antonio fell. While his companion sought safety elsewhere, he was borne to his home, covered with wounds, and burning with vengeance.

"From my uncle I also gleaned (though he had just learned it,) the corroborated intelligence of Antonio's clandestine marriage, many weeks before, to the fair English girl, whose beauty and song had enchained him from the first moment he had beheld her, though the purity of that beauty, the heavenliness of that song, had failed to impart their elevating influences to his sordid mind.

"Although my affection, deep and beautiful, and trusting as it had been in its worship, was now changed into contempt and detestation, I do not say I suffered not. Ah, no! who that saw the faded cheek, the lustreless eye, the shrinking form, could say that grief had not touched them, and brushed off the gloss and brightness and buoyancy of youth! To my religion I

resorted for comfort, but from it I received not that peace which I had so bitterly proved 'the world cannot give.' Before the dying gift of my mother, I poured forth the agony of my spirit; but unclothed in humility, trusting to that very suffering, and not to the Saviour, I found no consolation. During this time, Ida V—— was my constant companion. I veiled from her the tale of my grief, but my religion was known to her, and by many arguments she sought to lead me from the darkness of superstition to the light of that faith on which 'the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings,' had arisen. My agitated mind imparted its fever to my body; long, painful, and violent illness seized me, and the very day that Antonio Bandini, now recovered from his wounds, sought his home without my uncle's house, I was prostrated by the fever which had revelled so long and so fiercely in my veins. Ida now came daily, like a messenger of mercy—the beauty of her religion seemed waked into voice, in her meek, gentle, affectionate manner; and I have often, as with her countenance of heavenly peace she moved noiselessly about my sick chamber, asked myself, 'can *heresy*, which I have been taught to despise, grant these sweet fruits, while I, nourished on the very bosom of the holy mother church, almost a fanatic in my zeal for her, am doomed to suffer without alleviation, without abatement? Where are the consolations of my religion?' Then, repenting my murmurings, I sought forgiveness for them, not grasping the cross of Christ as my only hope, but trusting in the rigor of renewed penances, relying on my own 'good works!' I will not detain you by dwelling on the gradual process of my passage from death unto life; how I struggled against the effects of Ida's conversations; how I strove to convince her of the fallacy of her own faith, and the heavenly origin of my own; how I oft dreamed of reclaiming the heretic, wooing her back to the true fold, whence she had strayed, and as often found myself obliged to relinquish the sweet hope; how at last the fabric I had so proudly reared against the advancement of heresy, the strong hold to which I had fled for refuge from its encroachments, gradually tottered and sank, while I, its baffled, but repentant inhabitant, bowed before the superiority of a foe, against whom I had combated so long and so unavailingly. My Bible was, after some time, read with unprejudiced eyes; prayer became a source of sacred pleasure; I leaned on my Saviour for redemption, no longer on my own weak efforts. Ida saw this change, and the cords of friendship were tightened. Though I was nominally still a Catholic, she knew I possessed many sentiments in common with herself, and doubted not I was a pilgrim in the same 'strait and narrow way.'

"The few weeks immediately succeeding my recovery, were fraught with fresh sorrow to me, but I did not again sink beneath its accumulating burden, for an Almighty hand upheld me.

"My uncle, who often visited me during my illness, seemed always sorrowful. To the ingratitude of Antonio I attributed this depression, but as he was increasingly sad, as his countenance bore the traces of deep anxiety, I began to suspect other causes operated to produce his uneasiness. My conjectures were, however, ended, when one evening my uncle summoned me to a private interview, and at some length, with a quivering

lip and blanched cheek, he told me he was not master of a *piaster* ! From what I had heard of his conversation with Antonio, to which I have already alluded, I was inclined to believe the extravagant courses of his nephew had involved him in some embarrassments, yet I never imagined he was inextricably entangled. I scarcely heeded my uncle, as he proceeded to explain minutely how he had been so suddenly hurled from the very pinnacle of luxury ; my mind was engrossed with another subject : my part was taken ; and as he went on to deplore, for my sake, the necessity of resigning his magnificent establishment, I threw myself at his feet, exclaiming, 'Never, my dear uncle ! never shall it be said I luxuriated in the splendor of wealth, while one who had thrown around me the fostering care of a parent, pined in the bitterness of want : that I revelled in the enjoyment of those comforts which had been wrested from him. I have wealth, uncle—I want only sufficiency—take the rest, I implore, I supplicate you—and think not, in your last years, to deprive yourself of those possessions to which you were born the inheritor.' My uncle kissed my brow, as he gently raised me from my kneeling posture, spoke warmly of his gratitude, but firmly and resolutely rejected my offer. I pleaded, but in vain. I dwelt on his kindness—his generous kindness : I offered him my fortune as his right. He was deaf to all my prayers. While I acknowledged the nobleness of his motive, I deplored his pertinacious firmness ; but drying my tears, I quitted his presence, and before another eve had thrown its glory over our regal home, my uncle was again its rightful master. The clamor of the claimants for his noble possessions, was appeased by my gold, and though my vast heritage had dwindled to comparative competency, by the discharge of what I deemed my sacred duty, I lamented not its loss : I was happy in the consciousness of acting a *christian's* part.

"I now began to hope no farther blight might enter our circle, but I was mistaken. A few days after the occurrence I have just related, I was aroused at an early hour, and requested to go to my uncle's apartment. Tremblingly I obeyed. As I entered the chamber, my uncle's valet, who had opened the door to me, passed quickly into the adjoining room. Hastily I advanced to the centre of the apartment, and not seeing any one within, I walked to the bed-side, pulled aside the curtains of the bed, gave one wild scream, and fell senseless by the side of my dead uncle ! When I recovered, I was still alone with the departed ; my eye fell on an open letter, which apparently had been recently read, and which rested on the coverlid. I started to my feet, and with a dread foreboding I could not suppress, I glanced over its contents. It was from an old and tried friend of our family at Venice, and as the horrible truth it told was slowly revealed to me, I felt my fears had not whispered falsely : Antonio Bandini had given death all its sting, to the one who had loved him so blindly. I ceased to read ; I stood immovable. The last drop was added to the cup of agony, which had so long overflowed—that cup which sparkled so gloriously in life's early spring-time. By the corpse of him who had been all to me—the last of my house—the last of my kindred—I knew I was not only friendless and desolate, but I learned in that fatal letter I was a beggar also. Antonio Bandini had counterfeited my own and

my uncle's signature ; claimed and received my whole remaining property ; insuring the success of his villainous scheme, by concealing his actual marriage, and causing the report of his betrothal to me to be revived where it was readily hearkened to. The cold, calculating policy of the villain, was apparent throughout ! I wondered not it had sped death's shaft to the heart of my dear, kind uncle !

"With the brand of forgery, Bandini fled from his country, his home, his wife ; and the daring valor of a pirate's life shrouded the iniquity of those acts which induced him to take refuge in a perpetual home on the deep seas. Ida and her father were the first to offer the balm of sympathy to one who had so bitterly experienced 'the vicissitudes of life.' Yielding to their solicitations, offered in the fervor of friendship, I accepted the guardianship of Mr. V——, and when he decided on returning to America, it is not to be wondered at, that, without ties in my native land, I clung to that protection which their affection had thrown as a shield around me, and prepared to seek a home in another and strange clime.

"Although my inestimable and noble young friend, Mr. Wallingford, would fain have persuaded me to link my destinies with his own, I shrank from perilling my happiness again on the deep of affection, where it had been so fearfully wrecked ; and my heart, withered and blighted, my fortunes clouded, my spirit crushed, were unworthy of one so gifted, in whose book of life every page glowed so bright and fresh. As he accompanied us to the vessel which was to bear us over the billowy deep, and as he pressed my hand in parting, the prayer of a broken heart almost burst into utterance for his undying happiness. After our last adieu was exchanged, I felt that the sadness of departure was gone, although fair Italia, with her burnished skies, the land of my fathers, was fading before the lingering gaze of the exile."

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Nina soon became too weak to join our friends below stairs. Ida shared with me the sad duty of administering to the meek sufferer, and not unfrequently would ask permission to read to her, which was always readily accorded. The book constantly selected was the Bible, and with clasped hands, and closed eyes, every word seemed to be eagerly drunk in by the dying girl. The Catholic only existed in name, and this was not destined long to continue. Since the avowal of her sentiments to me, I was in daily expectation of a formal renunciation of her faith ; but it was not until a short time before her death that this occurred. There, in that chamber, over whose threshold the destroying angel was hovering, Nina Genovesi abjured the Romish religion, and partook of the communion ; after which a sweet and holy calm seemed to pervade her soul ; every thought was detached from earth, and in perfect, uninterrupted peace, she awaited the approach of "the last enemy," fearing not her conflict, but believing the "dark valley and shadow of death" was but a passage to the realms of unfading glory and undying bliss. Every word which fell from her lips was tinged with these feelings, and as we watched her, languishing and withering, like a fair flower untimely crushed and blighted, such a glorious halo seemed playing around the beautiful ruin, that the tear was quenched, the prayer to detain her

longer amid the cares and tumults of the world was stilled, and from the ashes of the hope we so reluctantly yielded, there was kindled the flame of a christian's un murmuring submission.

"Dearest Ida," would Nina oftentimes exclaim, "had it not been for you, through Heaven's blessing, death would not now wear such a garb to me; I should shrink from encountering the billows of that tide which rolls between me and my promised inheritance; but now all fears, all doubts are hushed, and all is peace, unspeakable peace. What has wrought it? The Bible, whose truths you first unfolded to me—the precious Bible, which has revealed the glories and comforts and bliss of a Saviour's love!"

Each day saw Nina more spirit-like, and soon she was unable to leave her bed. The very spirit of sadness seemed breathed over the household; and the noiseless tread, the whispered word, the darkened room, the universal hush of every sound, interrupted only by the low and often labored breathings of the sufferer, told that the work of death was going on. Who could count on years, or even days, when all that was most fair and bright was fading under our gaze—when the wing of the spoiler was darkening the sun-light of youth and beauty? Yet life seemed to nestle lovingly to that form, and cling graspingly to that fabric, wherein it had revelled in such rare loveliness, yet so briefly. But death's progress was not to be stayed.

Summer was dancing in all its richness on the flowery earth. In an hour of brightness and melody, the one whom we had cherished so fondly was called hence. Supported on Ida's bosom, Nina gazed on the glowing face of nature. All was hushed in that chamber of death; we scarcely breathed, lest the spirit which animated that shadowy form should be frightened from its tenement. I had looked on death before. I had shuddered as I viewed its victim. I had feared, as the shroud, the narrow coffin, the deep and silent grave, passed before my mind's eye. I had trembled as I thought on the eternity that was unfolding; but mantled in beauty, the destroyer inspired no terror now. I stood beside Nina's couch, holding in mine her fevered and emaciated hand, and as the pure, bland breeze of evening swept over her transparent brow, stirring the dark, luxuriant curls, which rested on its marble surface, the tear gathered to my eye, as I thought how soon the tomb would forever veil from us the loved form over which we were leaning. A heavenly smile stole slowly over those beautiful features. The soft eyes were raised, and the low, sweet voice, broke the hushed stillness. Emphatically and distinctly she spoke: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." She paused, and as it were, collecting all her energies, she murmured, "I walk through the valley and shadow of death, yet I fear no evil, for *Thou* art with me." There were some long breathings, a convulsive start, a slight gasp, and we looked on dust! The spirit was infolded in a Saviour's embrace!

In the stillness of midnight I stole with noiseless tread to the room where lay what had been so lovely in life—lovely even in death. The smile had not departed from the colorless lips; the fair wan hands were

folded on the breast, and between the taper fingers drooped a white rose, the image of life dwelling in the bosom of death. I knelt beside the beautiful corpse, and over the pale cheek, scarce distinguishable from the cold white shroud on which it rested, streamed my tears. From the ebon tress which passed over the noble brow, I severed one soft curl—then casting one look at the dead, I returned to my chamber. One more night of melancholy watching beside our "beloved and blest," and we committed her to the breast of earth, there to repose till the resurrection morn!

Though long years have passed since the event I have just recorded; though changes upon changes have thronged my pathway, the memory of Nina Genovesi, and her untimely end, is fresh amid the desolation which has embittered my life. Her grave stands solitary and alone, and the evergreens clambering over the marble tablet which marks it, half conceal the name which tells her the daughter of a sunnier clime. The flowers of spring blossom earliest there; the gorgeous sunbeam, the rays of the smiling stars, "Heaven's golden alphabet," repose on its verdant turf, with glorious lustre, and in the blythe carol of the winged songster, as he speeds by, there dwells no note of sadness for the early fate of one who sleeps beneath the green and flowery mound!

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Time passed on, and his cold wing had chilled more than one emotion of my bosom; but my intercourse with Ida slumbered not, and my affection for her lost none of its freshness. For three years her married life was unclouded; and the birth of a lovely little girl, during this period, awakened in both parents an intensity of tenderness, of which only a parent can form an adequate conception. That of Gerald seemed strangely tinged with melancholy, and as he sometimes stooped to caress his beautiful child, as it slumbered on the bosom of his not less beautiful wife, or as sparkling with smiles, it sprang to his embrace, Ida had more than once marked the tearful eye and quivering lip which he in vain strove to conceal. How in the very noontide of their happiness, there could exist one shade of sadness, Ida could not conceive. That Gerald could feel aught but joyful gratitude, at that gift which had cemented their own ties, and promised to be "the rainbow to their future years," she could not doubt—that his love for her continued fadeless, she hesitated not to believe. What secret and untold grief preyed on his heart, then? It was a question she could not solve; and with the intuitive delicacy of woman, she shrank from soliciting the confidence her husband had thought proper to withhold from her.

She had one day sung her cherub to its "rosy rest," and the fair child, cradled in her arms, reposed in the calm of dreamless slumber. With a mother's rapture, she gazed on its budding loveliness, and hearkened to its soft, gentle breathings. She arose, and leaning over the chair of her husband, who sat thoughtfully at some distance from her, held to his view the smiling babe—"How beautiful, dear Gerald," she exclaimed, as she tenderly placed her precious burden on his lap, and rested her own arm affectionately on his shoulder; "how beautiful! only see how glowingly the rose mantles to that soft cheek; and the brow, dearest, is so like your own, so serene amid the dark, rich curls!" and the

silken ringlets which had escaped from the baby's cap, were gently put aside, and Ida leaned over and kissed its white forehead, with maternal fondness. Gerald smiled, for who could resist affection, clad as it was in its most fascinating garb? He passed his arm tenderly around the waist of his wife, and looked with a father's pride on that beauty of which she spoke so enthusiastically. There were visible only the beams of tenderness and joy in his dark eye. He stooped over the babe, and scarcely touched with his lips her velvet cheek, lest he might awaken her; but as he did so, there was breathed a half-smothered sigh, which the quick ear of Ida was not slow in detecting.

"What language speaks in that sigh?" asked she, half reproachfully, half playfully; "how should the voice of regret be heard here?" and she glanced affectionately towards her husband and child.

"It is not that I am ungrateful, my love," replied Gerald, "for those blessings which heaven has scattered so richly on my pathway. I ought to be happy, and were it not for one dark remembrance, which is ever throwing its shadow over me, I should be so. The cup of life, though wreathed with hope's bright flowers, holds bitterness in its draught, and as I look on my blessings, the thought of earth's 'pale changes' comes over me, with an intensity I cannot banish. I strive to chase these phantoms from my mind, and your affection, mine own, is clasped like armour to my heart, with almost a death grasp, to ward off the fangs of that viper, which is struggling to banquet on my vitals."

The entrance of Mr. V—— interrupted this conversation, which was becoming so painfully interesting to Ida. She received her child from the arms of its father, and casting a look of mingled sadness and love upon her husband, hurried from the room. The words of Gerald implied he was not happy! She brooded on that reflection with bitterness and tears, and who can tell the crowd of overpowering thoughts which came rushing over her heart, when in the hour of loneliness she recalled the confession he had made—those words so fraught with agony to her. Yet she swerved not from the wife's duty, and his tones of endearment (for he was always, even in his saddest hours, touchingly kind in his manner to her,) melted on her ear with the same sweet influences, which had given to the early years of her marriage such "magic of bliss."

The despondency of Gerald augmented daily, and seemed to affect his health. He grew thin and pale, and soon Ida ceased to remember her own griefs, amid engrossing attendance on her husband, whose mental uneasiness prostrated him soon on a bed of sickness. For weeks she watched around his couch of suffering, oft-times scarce daring to hope life yet lingered—and in the long, silent, melancholy hours of night, she hung over his pillow, with that anguish of soul, before which words are powerless, while her heart was lifted in voiceless prayer to the God of her youth. In the delirium of fever she stood by his side, unshrinkingly, with unblanching cheek, though another name was mingled with her own, in his wanderings. "Emily! Emily!" would he reiterate—his voice softening into tenderness as he dwelt on the name—"my beautiful, my lost one! why did they tear you from me?—ah! but I remember now; they told me the clanking chain kept you from murdering me! but I would not believe them—and

when they put the form I had loved so well, in the deep grave, I wept—oh! such tears! shall I ever shed such again! But Ida is mine now—and—and—and—but she *shall* not die. They shall not tear her away from my arms." Then with exhaustion he would sink back on his pillow, looking so death-like, Ida trembled lest his spirit might have passed as the tide of memory rolled over him. But he lived yet; and when—after a night of such deep slumber, that Ida almost feared death had come in that guise, so unmoved, almost breathless he lay—he awoke, weak and feeble, but with calmness and perfect renovation of his mental faculties, Ida felt a measure of gratitude which found expression in that fervency of prayer known only to the sincere believer.

Each day now witnessed improvement in Gerald's health and spirits, and in proportion as the excitement of Ida's anxiety yielded to the almost certain hope of her husband's recovery, the traces of her untiring vigils might be read in her faded cheek and languid eye. But her heart was light; the emotions of joy, gratitude and love, filled it to overflowing. In the fond smiles of her husband she saw the assurance of returning happiness, and of the cloud which had flitted across the sky of their affection, she forbore to think. Her confinement to the sick chamber of Gerald had been uninterrupted, but as his strength returned, and he was enabled to dispense more frequently with her attendance, he used to insist that she would sometimes exchange her duties there, for the advantages of air and exercise, which she so much needed.

One morning, when Mr. V—— was paying his accustomed visit at Gerald's room, he proposed that he should take his daughter a short drive, saying she would be refreshed by the excursion, and that Gerald would not require her attention for at least the space of an hour or two. Ida began to excuse herself, but Gerald seconded Mr. V——'s proposal with so much earnestness, that she assented, and prepared to accompany her father. The weather was unusually bright and calm for the season—stern winter having just sunk the lance point—and Ida acknowledged the influences of the soft breeze, as bearing the fragrance of early spring, it breathed upon her pale cheek. But the thought of her husband's loneliness, rendered her anxious and impatient, and after a ride of an hour, she prevailed on her father to return. It was earlier than Gerald expected her, and on hastening to his chamber, she entered so noiselessly that he did not arise to welcome her, and indeed seemed unconscious of her approach. He was sitting with his face buried in his hands, and on a table near rested the miniature of a very young and exceedingly beautiful girl. Ida leaned over the shoulder of her husband, and as her eye glanced momentarily upon it, the rich crimson leaped into her cheek, leaving it as suddenly deathly pale—she stood transfixed—she could not speak—her breath came faintly through her closed lips—the room swam before her like the shadowy objects in a dream, and she swooned. When she recovered, she was supported on the breast of her husband. With a shuddering remembrance of the past, she looked towards the table. The picture, in all its glow of young beauty, was still there. "Then it was reality, and not the phantasm of imagination!" The recollection of Gerald's confession of unhappiness, the name so fondly

repeated in his delirium, connected with such passionate expressions of tenderness, rushed like lightening through her mind; scathing in its passage every bright anticipation she had dared to foster. The "thick, warm tears" gushed to her eyes, but she quickly checked them, and with assumed calmness, attempted to disengage herself from Gerald's arms, saying "the exertion of riding had exhausted her, and exchanging so suddenly the cold air without for the close warm temperature of a sick chamber, had occasioned her swoon. "Not so, my love," whispered Gerald, as he twined his arms more closely round her. "Leave me not yet—I have something to say to you, which should not be deferred," and as he spoke he glanced towards the fatal miniature—Ida trembled. Gerald resumed—"I have long wished, my dear Ida, to communicate to you some circumstances connected with my history, but which are of so painful a nature, and awaken such bitterness of anguish, that I have always shrunk from dwelling on them—however, after the event of this morning, in justice to myself, I can have no farther concealment from you. Listen to me, and you shall hear what has been the hushed secret of my soul, what has haunted my dreams, engrossed every thought of my bosom, stilled every hope of happiness which I tremblingly cherished, and is slowly drinking the life-blood of my heart." He paused, and extended his arm towards the table, grasped the picture, and placed it in Ida's hand. "Think you that beautiful?" tremulously inquired he. It represented, as I have before said, one in extreme youth; the long, sunny hair waved on the dimpled shoulders, unconfined, save by a narrow fillet of blue, which vied with the clear cerulean of the beaming eyes. In the rounded cheek, the tint of summer's sunset seemed to linger, and the ruby lips appeared almost bursting into a glorious and exquisite smile. But the radiance of loveliness rested in the expression—it was indescribable. Hope was there, with her kindling influences, blending so beautifully with a thousand other imaginings, that one could have looked forever on that fair, young creature, without defining what was shadowed forth in the seraphic countenance. Ida gazed long on it, and as she restored it to Gerald, expressed her admiration in a tone calm, though sorrowful. "Such," said he, "was one whom I loved with all the fervor and impassioned devotion of boyhood, and her wondrous beauty and endearing qualities commanded my affection long after her bitter fate had severed us far and wide. In the glow of day, her memory is wafted to me, as I remember her, 'mantled with fair loveliness'—in the deep sublimity of night, I hear again her accents of tenderness and love, which never failed to awaken an echo in my bosom—then the remembrance of her dark destiny flits before me, filling my soul with uncontrollable anguish."

"And her name?" asked Ida, in a voice of irrepressible anxiety. "Was *Emily*," replied he; and her heart seemed to stand still, as he slowly and tenderly pronounced the name. Gerald apparently observed not her agitation, for which she was grateful. Woman, even in her first romance of passion, with inherent delicacy, veils from the eye of the beloved one, the deep bright fount of love, which is ever bubbling up in her heart's depths—conceals how inseparably

"Her life is ever twined
With other lives, and by no stormy wind
May thence be shaken."

Gerald clasped the picture in its case, after gazing fondly on it, and resumed his seat. When he spoke again, his voice was startling, in its deep and hollow tones. "I have said," continued he, "that I loved that bright being on whose resemblance you have just looked. Loved—oh! God! how worshippingly, how exclusively, who can know, who can conceive? In the entire and uninterrupted happiness, which for years marked this affection, a thought of change never intruded, and it was long before the threatened and lowering tempest, which had gathered so slowly, yet so darkly over the fair face of my dream-like existence, burst forth in irrepressible violence, devastating and desolating every sacred tie—blasting every oasis in life's pilgrimage. There was oftentimes a wildness in the eye of Emily, before which I quailed—a fierceness even in the demonstrations of her love, at which I trembled, but I ascribed it to the workings of that noble intellect, that glorious mind, which were as worthy of adoration as the beautiful temple which enshrined the rare gifts.

"Well do I remember the feeling of agony with which I left myself from her for the first time, when I bade adieu to the scenes of my boyhood for the more tumultuous career of my collegiate course. I was an orphan, but the sacredness of every feeling seemed concentrated in my love for her.

"Years passed, and my only enjoyment was poring over the burning professions of her unwaning affection, traced in her own fair and delicate characters. It was now drawing towards the close of my last year at college. Emily had not written to me at all of late, and though I had continued scrupulously punctual in my letters to her, days, weeks, months rolled by, and I hailed not one in return. This was inexplicable, and when, at length, I was emancipated from the frowning walls of my university, I hurried homewards, oppressed by a thousand indefinable apprehensions, whose shadows I strove in vain to cast from me. It was evening when I reached — Park. The weather was stormy and tempestuous, and as I drove with a rapid pace through the long avenues which led to the house, the old trees bent with a melancholy, dirge-like moaning, to the angry blast which swept onwards. 'Is Emily well?' asked I hastily, as I bounded up the noble staircase, and was met on the landing place by one of the domestics. I had arrived unexpectedly, and found no one waiting in the hall to receive me, I had therefore ascended, unbidden and unwelcomed. 'Is Emily well?' repeated I, as the old and faithful servant turned from me, to conceal the tears which gathered in her dim eyes, and to hide the expression of agony which crossed her time-worn features. I seized her by the arm with a grasp which seemed to startle her by its fierceness. She turned towards me; 'old woman,' muttered I, in an intensity of apprehension, which almost deprived me of breath, 'old woman, tell me the worst—is Emily dead?' and my voice sank into a whisper, a coldness benumbed my heart, a sickly dread came over me, as my worst fears found utterance.

"'Not dead! not dead!' replied she, 'but a living tomb is more fearful than the sepulchre of the dead!'

I released not my grasp—'Explain,' said I, 'why is it I do not see your young mistress?' She burst into tears, and between the sobs which seemed to come from her soul's depths, I learned,—lean down to me, Ida,—that Emily was a maniac, a raving, furious maniac! Oh! Heavens! the agony of that moment—I can not tell how I survived it:—there came a few scalding drops, wrung from my heart's anguish—but I could not weep—the fountain of tears was quenched—the fire of heaven seemed to have scathed my bosom. I laid my burning brow on the cold floor, where I had prostrated myself; and even in that moment, the events of the past, the images of vanished hours, flitted before my mental vision, and seemed to taunt me as they passed. I arose; the fearful, appalling calm of sorrow was on me. 'Lead me to her—quick'—added I, as the old woman seemed to hesitate—'instantly.' There was that in my tone, which intimidated her into obedience. I followed her through the long, dim passages of that old mansion, with a firm step. She led towards a portion of the building which had not been tenanted since my remembrance; and its crumbling dilapidation told that time's footstep had crushed it in his passage. We ascended a narrow and winding stairway—she paused:—'If I dare remonstrate,' urged she, hesitatingly—I waved my hand with an impatience I could not control,—'Continue—I see her, if my life is the forfeit.' We proceeded, and before a door on which the damps of years had rested, she stopped. She applied a key to it, and as it slowly grated on its hinges, I involuntarily and eagerly pressed forward. In the cold, darkly lighted room, whose misery and desolation a few expiring embers in the rusty grate only served to disclose, was my once beautiful, still loved Emily. She raised her mild, blue eyes as the noise of my entrance arrested her attention, and there passed over her countenance a strange, unnatural fire, which made me shudder. I rushed towards the couch from which she had started. The grasp of the aged servant, who would have restrained me, was as nothing before the strength of that despair which nerved my frame. I clasped in my arms the fragile form which months of suffering had rendered almost shadowy. I pressed my cold lips on that brow, where intellect, in all its proud regality, had once been enthroned—'Emily, my own, dear Emily'—whispered I, 'I am here—your Gerald.' I ceased—mind had fled; why should I thus speak to one, whom hopeless insanity had made its victim. I held her from me—I gazed upon her—her eyes met mine. 'Gerald!' murmured she, as she looked long and earnestly into my face—a rich glow passing over that cheek which had been before as of marble. I did not speak—I could not—but the tide of life seemed to have ceased, as I yielded to the intensity of hope that single word inspired—yet it was momentary—another instant, and a wild, hollow, sepulchral laugh burst from the lips of Emily. The old vaulted building seemed to seize it, and fling it back on my heart, with a weight which threatened to crush vitality. One moment more, and the long, sharp nails of the slender fingers were buried in my throat with a fierceness, a fury of which I had not conceived. The blood followed, and overcome with all I had endured, I sank in utter helplessness on the floor. I became unconscious. When I recovered, I was removed from that heart-rend-

ing scene, and for many weeks I exposed not myself to the view of its entire misery.

"Yet I saw her again; and as the door of her prison-chamber was thrown open to me, I observed a grate had been added, which prevented farther entrance. Emily glanced towards me; a demoniac scream parted her lips; fire flashed in her eyes. With extended arms, she sprang towards the grate. What was it struck on my ear? I could not mistake the dull, clanking sound—she was *chained!* and around that light, fairy form, which had oft felt the twinings of my embrace, was fastened the cold, heavy iron! It confined her to her dreary abode, and being attached to the wall, hindered her from reaching me. She sank prostrate on the floor, about midway between her couch and the door."

Gerald paused; the big tears stood on his manly cheek; his breast heaved beneath the avalanche of anguish which choked his utterance; while Ida, leaning her cheek on his shoulder, wept unrestrainedly.

"It was not long before my Emily was released from her sufferings," resumed Gerald; "death came, and without one ray of returning reason gilding her departing hours, she was wrapped in the cold embrace of the tomb. For months I lived in that lonely and deserted house, knowing no greater happiness than in the stillness of night to prostrate myself in the luxury of grief, beneath the shadows of the willows, whose long and graceful branches drooped in the silvery moonlight so sadly over the grave of her I had loved so well. But, Ida, you know not all. Listen! That young, bright creature, was my *sister!* The sister of the purest affection that ever sprung into life. I had known no mother's tenderness; no father's care. She was all the world to me: she guided my erring steps in boyhood; she watched beside my couch of pain, when burning fever scorched me; she shared every feeling of sadness or joyousness which agitated my bosom; and for me, for my improvement, for my advancement, she abdicated all those glittering pleasures to which her youth, beauty, wealth and rank entitled her. You may imagine with what idolatry I loved her; how the very poetry of affection lived in our intercourse. After that fatal malady had descended on her—after she was laid in the bosom of earth—I learned my mother's buoyancy of spirit and brightness of beauty had thus faded from life! that madness was my birthright, my inheritance!—Wonder you now that I tremble, as I view the young, fair pledge of our loves? that even in the enjoyment of the happiness I now possess, I oft shudder as I think how dark, how stormy a night may succeed to its brightness—but," added Gerald, in a hoarse, broken voice, "promise me, Ida, when the pall of insanity shall have descended to cover the light of intellect, when the fire of madness shall have scorched the sources of life, promise me, you will not leave, will not forsake me!"

"Never! never!" ejaculated the weeping wife, as she flung herself into his arms, pressing her cold cheek to the colder one of her husband; how her heart smote her for having so wronged him, by nurturing one suspicion of that noble nature. That heart clung to him with renewed idolatry, and who can know the passionate fervor of the prayer which arose from its inmost depths, that God would avert from her hearth a curse so bitter, so blighting!

* * * * *

It was but four years from the events recorded above, and a group, in which the very spirit of grief seemed dwelling, were assembled in a chamber of that mansion which had seen so forcibly portrayed the perishableness of life's gifts. It was night, and the howling of the tempest without, the heavy, monotonous pattering of the rain, the melancholy sighing of the wind, seemed unheard by the sorrowful occupants of that apartment, in which perfect stillness reigned. A solitary taper flung its sickly and flickering rays athwart a couch on which rested the form of a man apparently but in the noontide of life. In the restless and unquiet rolling of the large dark eyes, there beamed no mind, yet there was beauty, strange beauty, in the finely chiselled lips, in the high, pure brow, which seemed imbedded in the heavy masses of black hair clustering around the countenance of deadly paleness. A small, fair hand, was twined in those sable locks, and over the bed of insanity leaned the form of a female, painfully attenuated. In the depths of her languid eye, there lay a history—a tale of love, tenderness, suffering, and blighted happiness, but the meek and unmurmuring spirit of the christian reposed there also—that spirit, which yielded not to the blast as it swept over the treasure-house of the affections, but which even in the bitterness of desolation, could exclaim, “the cup which my father hath given me, shall I not drink of it!” Who in that premature wreck of all that was most beautiful, could recognize the once brilliant Ida V——, the creature of sunshine?—The stream of life, once mirroring nought but happiness, had been imbittered and troubled. Though she felt that the billows of anguish were breaking over her soul, as she watched beside her maniac husband, her sorrow was voiceless, and even the sigh, which oft struggled to escape its prison-house, was hushed; the eye was uplifted to heaven with renewed fervency, the lips moved in prayer with unabated frequency, as she sometimes almost yielded to the passionate impulses of her grief. At the foot of the couch, over which his daughter bent, stood Mr. V——, with folded arms, a rooted and stern sorrow depicted on his venerable countenance; and kneeling beside him, her dimpled arms embracing his knees, her young, bright head bowed on her bosom, was a fair child, whose few years seemed to preclude the possibility of her appreciating the peculiar and moving scene on which she had been looking. Yet her childhood had been nurtured in affliction, and on her young and graceful brow, thought had descended prematurely. She knew her father was dying—that father she had been taught to love passionately—and when she gazed on his sunken and emaciated face, she wept convulsively. Ida wiped away the chill damps of death, which had already begun to collect on the brow of the sufferer. Suddenly the storm without ceased,—the dying man moved—“Heaven,” ejaculated he, as with supernatural strength he started from his pillow, and a smile of ineffable sweetness passed over his pale countenance—“Heaven is gained! In Zion is no suffering, no tears! Ida, my own beloved!” and the next moment she is wreathed in his embrace. Reason had returned—though in his departing moments. She had prayed that he might not die in fearful insanity. That prayer was heard—answered—and she was happy, even while the fitful breathings of her husband passed fainter and fainter

over her cheek. “Hush, Ida! mine own one!” whispered he. “Glory is opening upon me—the Redeemer—precious—peace—” The tones, grew indistinct—Ida heard no more. Slowly, very slowly, the arms which were twined around her neck fell from their resting place. His spirit had passed, even while words of peace lingered on his colorless lips. Gently the stricken wife arose, lest she might disturb the beautiful repose of the dead—tremblingly she passed her hand over those lids which drooped over the glazed eyeballs—carefully she put aside the long, dark hair, which shaded the serene face of the marble-like corpse. Then kneeling beside the couch of death, her child nestling with sobs beside her, Ida gazed her last on the one who had been dearer to her than aught else earth held.

* * * * *

Ida lived many years after the golden link in life's chain had been shattered. She was not unmindful of her remaining blessings, and in the education of her daughter, in teaching her to tread the paths of holiness, in administering to the comforts of her aged father, she enjoyed serenity and composure. Yet the memories of her youth—the sacred remembrance of Gerald, the husband of her *deathless* love—were never dimmed; and her chastenings drew her more closely, more tenderly to that Father, who hath said unto his redeemed children—“When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee;—and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.”*

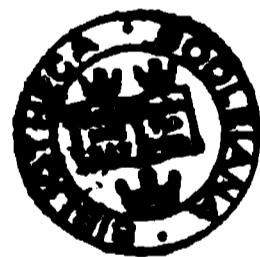
H. C. M.

Nelson County, Va.

AFFECTION'S TRIUMPHS.

PART III.

Oh ye! who dare review the past, to find
A stimulus to rouse the exhausted mind,
When present, or approaching ills, disarm
Exciting pleasure of her wonted charm—
Ye, whom no agony it brings to trace
On Memory's scroll some old, familiar place;
Where parents, brethren, sisters, gathered round,
Indulgent read the oracles profound,
Which, from your school-room tripods, by the mail
Were sent to illuminate your native vale—
Or where, when on life's broader seas afloat,
And of past toils and triumphs won you wrote,
Warmed many a heart, which ne'er to you was cold,
As all exultingly your tale they told—
Or, where in gay luxuriance scattered round
The leaves of many a wild-flower strewed the ground,
You kissed the blushes from a fair one's cheek,
In witness of the love you could not speak—
'Tis not enough that on these pleasing themes,
As on the pageantry of vanished dreams,
Reflection dwells, while no reproachful voice
By conscience waked, forbids you to rejoice.



'Tis not enough, that by your peaceful hearth
Your hearts grow lighter while you list the mirth

* Isaiah, chapter 43, verses 2d.

Of children, who your flattered wisdom task
To impart the knowledge they so shrewdly ask :
'Tis not enough, that daily from your door,
Welcome partakers of your hard earned store,
Go age and want, while many a prayer is said
That choicest blessings shower upon your head :
'Tis not enough, that conscious of your own,
Toward kindred follies you have mercy shown ;
Nor not enough that even guilt, prepared
By penitence, your kind concern has shared ;
And landed safe on Virtue's lofty shore,
A waif on Passion's ocean floats no more.

See from their sheltered and secluded nooks,
Born of the rains of Heaven, a thousand brooks,
Impelled by unseen forces, onward go,
Just murmuring music as they gently flow ;
Wind lest they overwhelm each feeble shoot,
Or bare some sturdy oak's fantastic root ;
Dispense rich verdure through the unshaded mead,
And lend the strength which lifts the flowret's head ;
Then join, and still acceding streams receive,
Till 'neath alluvial banks Ohio heave ;
Which, as it glides, its kindred floods expand,
And Mississippi hastens through the land,
To add its depth to that unfathomed deep
Whose restless waves the isles and continents sweep.

Thus must Affection's votaries join ; thus lend
Their aid to each ; thus all their efforts blend ;
Till thy broad, placid river, Knowledge, pours
Its fertilizing wave along the shores
Itself has built ; where all that gladdens earth—
Harvests of mental wealth and mental worth—
Reward who will but plow, and sow the seeds,
And clear the virgin soil of shadowing weeds :—
Till Freedom's swelling and resistless flood,
Burst through the barriers which a while withstood,
Leaps on, by still increasing impulse urged,
Impatient in Truth's ocean to be merged.

On that bold flood the nations of mankind,
In one great league by pleased Affection joined,
Anxious that Truth shall bear their destiny
On the broad bosom of her bourneless sea,
Not careless of the weak, nor of the strong
Afraid, shall ride in triumph and ere long.

Vainly the dwindling band, who ne'er have known
A wish for blessings not to be their own,
Sneer at the ecstasies their coldness views,
Heightened by hopes each passing hour renews :
Vainly such aspirations they despise,
For, if untrue, the heart will hold them wise,
As kindles into life its honest pride
To feel how nearly 'tis to Heaven allied,
If, from their entertainment, it derives
Delights unknown to dull, insensate lives.

If, when the eagle aims his circling way
To the high fountain of terrestrial day,
His pinions, bathed too oft in earth's cold dews,
Or wearied by ignobler toil, refuse
To bear him till he reach his wished for goal ;
Yet far beneath the stormy vapors roll ;
And in the brilliant and unbroken rays,

Which ever through translucent ether blaze,
He joys, as never joy the meaner crowds
Whose highest flights scarce cleave the lowest clouds.
And some in eyries nursed, have dared essay
To reach the realm of intellectual day :
Restrained from flight eccentric by the guide
Long since by holiest oracles supplied ;
And borne on reason's pinions, far above
The earth-born mists of error now they move.
Though life is found too short, and all too weak
Their restless wings to gain what still they seek,
They strive not without hope, nor strive in vain,
To approach where mortal man can ne'er attain.

To deprecate man's frailties, not despise
His nobler aspirations, would be wise.
What matters it that some of plodding head
Learn their low parts and play them for their bread,
If, on the stage of life, some loftier minds,
Whom no set rule nor cherished error blinds,
Appear, as meteors in the impervious night,
Bright in themselves, but more by contrast bright ?
Them, moody bigots may refuse to hear ;
At them, untutored galleries may jeer ;
And stolid critics of the stage-box sneer,
Who hid in shadow see but half the stage ;
Mistake for rant the actor's generous rage ;
Rail at a pause 'twixt nominative and verb ;
Nor feel the emotions which can language curb :
But there are some admirers in the crowd
Whose praise rewards, though seldom breathed aloud—
Some who have conned Experience' lessons o'er,
And treasured as fine gold the instructive lore ;
Who judge, not without purpose, in the plan
Of animated nature, but on man
Propitious Heaven the immortal soul bestows,
Which with desire to know incessant glows :
Or gives, with memory, an intellect
Can follow to its cause each known effect ;
This cause and consequence with those compare,
And, to the world, the truths thus gleaned declare.

The busy ants, their streets the earth below,
Build, as they built a thousand years ago ;
And now as then, on fluttering pinions gay,
Myriads of insects sport their lives away :
With the same twigs, the fowls their nests contrive ;
On the same moss, the hardy reindeer thrive :
The insects learn not from the prudent ants
To guard 'gainst coming cold or hunger's wants ;
The reindeer learn not from the soaring fowls
The way to lands where winter never howls ;
Nor seek the ants to know, why o'er their heads
The arching roof they make in safety spreads ;
Nor ask the wandering fowls, why constant move
The waves beneath them, and the clouds above.

Man marks the magnet tremble to the pole,
And in the darkness sails where oceans roll :
The heated water sees in vapor rise ;
A giant force its subject aid supplies :
For one rule known, he theorises ten ;
Finds some are true, and builds on them again ;
And thus his pile of science grows apace,
The structure firm though narrowest at the base.

Can he who thus progressively improves
His knowledge of the world which round him moves,
Omit to scan the workings of his mind,
Or to its wondrous faculties be blind?
And knowing them, shall he forever fail
To bid them o'er his sensual lusts prevail?
Shall selfishness forever in his heart
Be throned secure, to play the tyrant's part?
Forever shall he impotently rave
When Passion bids, or bow her abject slave?
No; the blest time approaches, sure though slow,
When these shall totter to their overthrow;
And he, from sense, and self, and passion free,
No more misguiding error's fool shall be.

In the dark ages, now forever passed,
In cloistered halls were learning's stores amassed:
The bigot monk, within his darkened cell,
Pondered the tomes the warrior could not spell;
And left his useless emendations there,
To be the future antiquary's care:
The curious arts were spent in conjuring tricks,
Or whiled his hours who scorned with men to mix;
And, but the fearful mariner on the main,
Or false astrologer, watched the starry train:
Doomed for his thriftless life a slave to plod,
The bondman trembled at his chieftain's nod,
Or, where War stalked, a god in glittering vest,
With Desolation, in his footsteps pressed;
His morning toil, to practice ruthless deeds;
His evening task, to count again his beads:
And all were bound together by the band
By Superstition and Ambition planned—
A band which galled, the while it firmly held
Some jealous hearts by hate of tyrants swelled.

Affection then, fore'er the friend of man,
Her noblest triumphs, and her last, began:
Still had she comforted his stricken soul,
And o'er its fires in kindness held control.
But now, when round his board his nestlings drew,
She sought his rugged nature to subdue;
And bade him contemplate their coming lot,
When from the precincts of his humble cot
They would be torn, and their young blood be poured,
To aggrandise a mercenary lord.
Then with a flushing brow, and fiery eye,
And lip compressed, the oppressor to defy
He learned, and marching on with form erect,
Made Tyranny his offspring's rights respect,
And yield, though grudgingly, the fulcrum law
Whereon late ages Freedom's lever saw.

Affection hailed the deed; but man, enchained
By Ignorance still, knew not how much he had gained;
And active as her followers now should be,
She hastened on his glorious destiny:
From the oppressed her ministers she chose,
And told the secret treacheries of her foes:
Then, for the mighty work 'twas their's to do,
Prepared themselves the stalwart, chosen few,
By days of study, and by nights of thought,
Till wrestling prayer the strength they needed brought.

As when the earthquake, in his caverned halls
Convulsive elements around him calls,

And bids them arm them for the dread affray,
Dark vapors dim the blessed light of day;
While not a sound upon the dying air
Disturbs the fixedness of man's despair:
So still—so dark—too paralysed, to hope
Heaven would again its dazzling portals ope,
The moral world reposed; the light to guide
The uncertain step, and cheer the heart, denied.

But soon low distant murmurings are heard,
As of a forest by the night-winds stirred;
And meteor flashes from the holy fire
Which smouldered long, but could not all expire—
The fire of Truth—appal the red conclave
Who long claimed learning for their proper slave:
While, like the thunderpeals that rend the skies,
The cry of multitudes their power defies;
And bursts the second dawning of the day
Whose all-pervading beams nor kings, nor popes, can
stay.

Then might the ear of Faith have heard again
The loud, the joyful, the triumphant strain,
Which once before through Heaven's high arches rang
When "Glory to the Highest!" angels sang;
And, conscious of redeeming mercy's plan,
They shouted "Peace on earth—good will toward man!"

Then came the deadly struggle—then the foes
Of Knowledge, Freedom, Truth, in power arose:
Affection's followers willing victims died;
But growing hosts each martyr's place supplied.
Hark! even now the sound of clashing arms,
The despot on his tottering throne alarms;
Now, 'neath his walls the assailing force appears,
Their cheering war-cry thundering in his ears.
For still Oppression reigns from where the Czar
Makes thousands pine beneath the polar star,
To where the sable African delights
In human immolation's horrid rites—
From the far east, where stupid tyrants sway
Their iron rods, and cringing slaves obey,
To Europe's realms, where tyrants more refined,
Make free the body, and enslave the mind.
And here, where sundered is her brittle chain,
Where jealous laws the lowliest's rights maintain,
Where all acknowledge all have right to claim
What men in other lands must trembling name—
Here, o'er men's hearts dominion still she holds,
And to her purposes opinion moulds.
For even here, the men who make the law,
Are prone as she directs the bill to draw;
And petty tyrants strive to make a great,
That, for their profit, he may rule the state.

My countrymen! well may your hearts rejoice
Your lot is in the land should be your choice:
And, not unwisely, while the historic page
You ponder, may exultingly presage
Our country's loftier fame, when hastening years
Have perfected the work which so endears
The names we have from earliest childhood known—
Their names and his—his friends and Washington.
But oh! forget not we have much to do,
If to their memory we would be true.

Secured in their enjoyment, all must know
 The happiness Affection can bestow ;
 All, all must learn to love their fellow men,
 Nor be too proud to seek their love again ;
 The legislator, narrowness of soul
 Must cast aside, and mindful of the whole
 He represents and serves, must look beyond
 Self-interest, or a district's narrow bound ;
 Must bid thy sacred temples, Knowledge, stand
 On every eminence throughout the land,
 And, while Corinthian halls the approved receive,
 To all the Doric base must entrance give :
 For all in vain the elect of science, pore
 O'er garnered tomes of concentrated lore,
 If to themselves the advantage is confined,
 And Ignorance still a myriad host can blind.
 Oh ! spread the blessing ! Let the poor man's son,
 Child of the state, strong armor buckle on ;
 And, having proved it, bear it where the foes
 Of Knowledge now her onward course oppose :
 Then for a sterner struggle claim his arm,
 And bid him shout Oppression's last alarm.

Purveyed by Knowledge, by Affection led,
 And Truth's broad banner flying o'er her head,
 Onward, still onward, and forever on,
 Be Freedom's march, till all the earth be won ;
 Until thy sun, oh, Truth ! shall culminate,
 And the last mists of error dissipate ;
 Until thy day's high noon, its light intense,
 Its vivifying rays, to all dispense ;
 Until is raised the whole of humankind,
 To that proud eminence, for them designed,
 When highest faculties by bounteous Heaven,
 Were unto men, as unto angels given.

BYRON AND PLAGIARISM.

A writer in the Messenger for March last, quotes Byron and Madame de Stael, and places the English bard in no very enviable light, by making use of the sentiments of others to attain that fame for which he had an inordinate ambition. In my readings I have met with the following passages, shewing his reasonings on the principle. I will introduce the quotations by the following extract from his *Life*, by Lake, in which it will be seen he takes a broad ground: "Byron was a great admirer of the Waverley novels, and never travelled without them. 'They are,' said he, to Captain Medwin, one day, 'a library in themselves—a perfect literary treasure. I could read them once a year with new pleasure.' During that morning he had been reading one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and delivered, according to Medwin, the following criticism: 'How difficult it is to say any thing new! . . . Perhaps all nature and art could not supply a new idea.'" And in the "Conversations of an American with Lord Byron," quoted into the London New Monthly Magazine,* it is said, "He allowed frankly that he was indebted to the hints of others for some of the most esteemed passages in his poetry. 'I never,' said he, 'considered myself interdicted from helping myself to another man's stray ideas. I have Pope to countenance me in this: '*Solemne quis dicere falsum audeat*?' Pope was a great hunter up of grains of wheat in bushels of chaff; but I have been no more scrupulous than he in making use of whatever fell in my way. Mankind have been writing books so long, that an author may be excused for offering no thoughts absolutely new. We must select, and call that invention. A writer at the present day has hardly any other re-

* See Littell's Museum for December, 1835.

source than to take the thoughts of others and cast them into new forms of associations and contrast. Plagiarism, to be sure, is branded of old, but it is never criminal, except when done in a clumsy way, like stealing among the Spartans. A good thought is often far better expressed at second hand than at the first utterance. If a rich material has fallen into incompetent hands, it would be the height of injustice to debar a more skillful artist from taking possession of it and working it up. Commend me to a good pilferer—you may laugh at it as a paradox, but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves."

Lady Blessington also observes, in her "Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron," "As Byron had said that his own position had led to his writing 'The Deformed Transformed,' I ventured to remind him, that in the advertisement to that drama he had stated it to have been founded on the novel of 'The Three Brothers.' He said that both statements were correct, and then changed the subject, without giving me an opportunity of questioning him on the unacknowledged but visible resemblances between other of his works and that extraordinary production. It is possible that he is unconscious of the plagiarism of ideas he has committed; for his reading is so desultory, that he seizes thoughts, which, in passing through the glowing alembic of his mind, become so embellished as to lose all identity with the original crude embryos he has adopted."

I submit these extracts without comment, not doubting but every intelligent reader will admit Byron's transcendent poetical genius, notwithstanding these frank admissions on his part.

Washington City, May, 1838.

S. F. G.

GEORGIA SCENES, CHARACTERS, AND INCIDENTS.*

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER I.

LITTLE BEN.

There are some who delight in tales of torment—to such this sketch is respectfully dedicated. And as a writer in the Southern Literary Messenger says, I feel half inclined "to perpetrate a little philosophy" upon this unamiable trait in the human character. I yield to the temptation, however, no farther, than barely to remark, that I believe it is a trait common in some measure to all men. This may be proved *phrenologically*. I know a man, who, by the concurring testimony of two phrenologists, is remarkable for his benevolence; and I have the authority of that gentleman for saying, that he found no pleasure in reading Horace, until he came to the ninth satire. In that, the poet tells us, as the classic reader knows, that in one of his rambles, he encountered a fellow, who fastened upon him like a leech, who would be dismissed by no hint, and who talked him into an agony, that threatened to stop his breathing through all time. He who could find nothing pleasing in the works of Horace, except in this satire, must have derived his gratification from the torments of the bard alone, not from the poetry in which they were recounted. If an uncommonly benevolent man, can delight in the suffering of a fellow being, all men must. Q. E. D.

Relying upon the truth just established, I venture to lay before the public a history of my troubles from garrulity; premising, that those who find in themselves a refutation of my logic had better follow me no farther; for they will find this, the dullest and most insipid narrative, that ever was committed to paper.

If Horace has truly depicted his sufferings from the stranger who joined him in the Via Sacra, then I have no scruples in saying, that I once had an acquaintance who would have killed him stone dead, before he reached Vesta's temple. His tormentor talked chiefly of himself—so did mine; and here ends the parallel. His, was a man of letters—he was a poet, a dancer, and

* The readers of the Messenger, cannot have forgotten the rich treat we gave them from the first volume of the "Georgia Scenes," about two years ago. We are rejoiced to perceive that the very talented author has determined to come out with a new series of them,—the first of which, "Uncle Ben," we transfer to our columns from the "Augusta Mirror," a very neatly printed and well edited periodical, just started in Augusta, Georgia.

[Ed. Mess.]

a singer, of note—mine was an obscure farmer, who could hardly read and write. His, was a man who knew much of the world; mine, had hardly ever travelled beyond the visible horizon, that encircled his native domicil. With the first, therefore, self, was a subject of agreeable variety—with the last, self, was a dead monotony. The one passed rapidly from subject to subject; the other never quit a subject until he carried it through the most minute, circumstantial, dry, tantalizing details that ever afflicted a patient ear. When Horace once got rid of his man, he was rid of him forever: but I was constrained to visit mine weekly, and sometimes oftener, for about two years. The native Venusian enjoyed the poor privilege of writhing under his tortures; but even this privilege was denied to the native Georgian. I would not be rude to my oppressor, first, from a principle of courtesy, and secondly from a principle of personal security; for he was of the best fighting blood in the country. Now let the reader imagine me thus circumstanced, and listening by the hour to story after story, like those below, and if he can laugh, or even smile at my tortures, I do not envy him his philanthropy, flattered as I may be, by his testimony to my ethics.

The name of my *thera* was Benjamin Grinnolds; but he was usually called Little Ben, to distinguish him from an uncle of the same name; and only for this purpose; for he was not diminutive in stature. Little Ben never used his upper lip in talking; he transferred its office to his upper teeth. If he was not driven to this expedient from necessity, it was certainly a kindness to both lips; for his upper teeth protruded so far forward, as to make it a positive labor for his lips to salute each other. Some of his friends used to say that he could not blow out a candle without dislocating his neck, or burning his chin; but I do not believe that.

This little deformity had the effect of changing all the b's and p's in Ben's narratives to v's and f's: nevertheless Ben delivered himself with great fluency. His sentences were uniformly short, and distinguished only by the semicolon pause, save when he recounted some wonderful achievement, or astounding witicism of his hero: then indeed he took a semibreve rest; during which, he assumed a look of self-complaisance, an arch cut of the eye, and a velled smile that would hardly have been tolerated in Bonaparte, after the battle of Lodi. He did not always, however, use his favorite stop to divide distinct sentences, but sometimes made it usurp the comma's place; and very often ran from sentence to sentence without any pause between them. All other stops were dismissed from his discourses. He almost invariably threw the emphasis on the first word in a sentence, and upon no other word. His delivery was naturally quick; and either from this cause, or from an irrepressible desire to pass from story to story, he dealt largely in the ellipse. The reader has doubtless often listened to drops of rain descending from the eaves of a house, upon a platform some twelve or fifteen feet long, just after a shower. One big drop, and four or five little ones, descend in rapid succession—then a momentary pause, and six or eight follow in the same order—then a like pause, and fifteen or twenty roll on the ear in like manner. So fell Little Ben's words and sentences.

I proceed to lay before the reader one or two of Ben's stories, which are quite as interesting as any that I ever heard from him. For the sake of perspicuity I frequently use stops which he did not; but that the reader may catch his prevailing style, I give the appropriate points for a few sentences.

STORY THE FIRST.

One day 'n the fall; it was pow'ful hot too for that time o' year; uncle Ven come over to our house; and s'ys he to me Ven let's go kill some squir'ls; Oh s'ys I it's too hot; Oh s'ys he you're not taller; No s'ys I nor vutter nuther; but hot's hot and sweeten 's same to me as meltin; Oh s'ys he come long come long its cool in the woods; well s'ys I you'll not kill nothin' no how this time o' day where's Trig? I don't know s'ys uncle Ven where he was when I come away. I could'nt find him. Then s'ys I I'll swar' s'oin vrank you'll kill nothin'. Why s'ys he where's Jole! and Touze? They're good for nothin' s'ys I for squir'ls but Touze trees sometimes and we can try 'em. So I call'd the dogs, s'ys I "here Jole! here Touze!" but ding the dog could I find. Call 'em again s'ys uncle Ven

* Uncle Ben's squirrel dog Trigger.

† Jowler and Touzer, Little Ben's dogs.

they're somewhere avout here. Oh no they a'n't s'ys I, they always lie avout the dairy and loom-house; they're gone off with the niggers and for my vart I'm glad of it, for it's ding nation hot. Fresently I look'd round and I saw nigger Feet (Peter) comin' over the draw-vars with a vasket o' corn on his shoulder and he had voth the dogs Jole and Touze; well s'ys I uncle Ven yander's the dogs now with Feet; I told you they'd gone off with the niggers. So we call'd the dogs and started off down the vranche round the corn-field, and fresently Touze treed. S'ys I uncle Ven Touze run that squir'l on the ground 'fore he treed I know vy his varkin, and you'll find the squir'l high uf, for he's had a scare and he'll never stof till he gits to the tif tof. We went to Touze and he'd treed uf one of the whalin'est foflers I reckon you ever seed. Go round the tree Ven says uncle Ven, to me, and shake a vush and let's see if I can't see him. Well s'ys I you need 'n look velow the very tof vunch of vushes on the tree for I know he's high. So I went round the tree and shuk a vush and fetch'd a squall—Stof! stof! says uncle Ven, I see him, and he is high uf sure enough. There s'ys I did n't I tell you so? Well s'ys I do make a sure shoot, for I swar I don't want to have vuch shakin' and squallin' to do this hot weather. Uncle Ven raised uf his rifle and cracked away and kill'd the squir'l, and down he come and sock—he lodged in the fork of the fofler. There s'ys I now you've done it. Stof s'ys he, maybe he'll kick and roll out. Kick the devil s'ys I, he looks like kickin' with a rifle vall through him and all his guts hangin' out. Well s'ys he to me Ven you cant vring down that squir'l. S'ys I uncle Ven I'll ve dod vlamed if I can't vring down the squir'l. Well s'ys he if you 'll vring down the squir'l I'll give you a trifle. Well s'ys I what 'll you give me? Oh s'ys he I don't know, I'll give you a trifle. Well s'ys I uncle Ven I don't velleve you'll gi' me any thing, vut I'll ve dod vlamed if I cant vring down the squir'l. So I flung off my hat and shoes and took a griff uson the fofler, and I tell you what, I felt like vackin' out, for it was a whaler. Vut I thought there was nothing like trying. So I set in and clum uf avout twenty foot, and got dang tired. Vut thinks I k'll never do to turn vack now, or uncle Ven 'll have the run on me. So I clung on and vlow'd a while, and fushed on and clum uf avout forty foot uf one of your vigest sort o' foflers!!! I flung down the squir'l and s'ys I to uncle Ven, where's that trifle you were going to gi' me? Oh s'ys he I do 'n know, I'll give it to you some o' these days. So I waited two weeks, and I meets uncle Ven at the muster, and s'ys I uncle Ven, where's that trifle you were going to gi' me, old feller? Oh s'ys he I do 'n know Ven, I'll give it to you some o' these days. So I waits about three weeks, and I meets uncle Ven at the Court House, and s'ys I to him uncle Ven where's that trifle you were going to gi' me old feller? Oh s'ys he I don't know I'll give it to you some o' these days, and ding the trifle have I ever seen to this day—vut I never see uncle Ven that I don't run him about that trifle, and I reckon he hates it the worst o' any thing you ever seed.

STORY THE SECOND.

Cousin John and I went one day down his mill creek a fishin', and we fished a while, and got no bites, and s'ys cousin John to me, Ven I'm going home—well s'ys I cousin John you may go, vut I'll fish a little longer. Oh s'ys he come along and lets go home, you'll catch nothin'. Well s'ys I, I dont 'spect to catch any thing vut a few horny-heads no how, vut I'll fish on a while longer. Well s'ys he I'm off, and away he went. I walks along uf the creek droffin' in here and there, vut I got nothin' vut a few nivvles, and one little horny-head. Fresently I came to a deep hole at the root of a vlg veech look'd like there might be cat in it. So I fute on a fresh long-worm, and soused in my hook and fresently, vy dad, somethin' took me; but I miss'd him. S'ys I touch me agin mate. So I haul'd the vate-gourd to me and took out another long-worm and fut it on my hook and soused in agin, and vy dad he took me agin, and I whopt out a ding great cat avout that long—(measuring about seven inches on his arm.) Well s'ys I, I v'llave I'll go home since I've caught a cat.—So I goes up to the house and meets cousin John, and s'ys he to me, Ven, where did you git that cat? S'ys I cousin John I caught the cat. Ven s'ys he I dont v'llave you, you vaught the cat. S'ys I cousin John I'll ve dod vlamed if I did'nt catch the cat; who was I to vuy cats from in the woods uf the creek? Why s'ys he from some o' the mill-voys. Why s'ys I, I reckon there was no vetter chance for mill-

voys catchin' cats than for my catchin' 'em—s'ys I if you'll go back to the creek with me, I'll show you where I caught the cat. Well vy George, says he, I will go wkh you. Well s'ys I come along. So we goes down to the creek and s'ys I to cousin John, cousin John *there's* where I caught the cat. Well s'ys he Ven, I sh'an't v'lleve you till you catch another cat. Why, s'ys I cousin John its ding'd hard if a man must catch *two* cats, fore you'll v'lleve he caught *one* cat.—Well s'ys he I sh'an't v'lleve you any how, till you catch another. Well s'ys I cousin John, there's nothin' like tryin' any how. So I clafs on another long-worm and soused in my hook, and vy dad, I whops out another ding great cat about that long. S'ys I cousin John what do you thioke o' that ?..... Well s'ys he Ven, now I v'lleve you caught the cat, and ever since that I've had the run on cousin John about that cat.

The reader is tired of this nonsense, and so is

BALDWIN.

THE WEST FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

By L. M., of Washington City.

CHAPTER III.

The recent achievement of Henry, excited in the bosoms of his companions the highest admiration of his personal prowess. They also felt for him that deep attachment which mutual privations and mutual dangers never fail to inspire. But week after week rolled away, and yet Col. B. and his family came not, nor were there any tidings of them. The time set for their departure from the landing, was often counted over. The fears of the people at the station were aroused, and at last it was agreed by all that some fatal disaster must have befallen the travellers. It was evident to Major G. that his son was disquieted and sad, and that he had become indifferent to those pursuits which had excited him to action on his first arrival.

Henry's fervid imagination sometimes pictured the object of his adoration dragging out her days in a hopeless and degrading servitude. Sometimes he beheld her swollen, disfigured and unburied corpse, drifted up and lying on the beach of the Tennessee. All hope of ever seeing Emily again was nearly abandoned. These thoughts drove him almost mad. In the bitterness of his anguish he determined to take triple vengeance upon the ferocious enemy. All his faculties seemed to be absorbed in a desperate and deadly resolution to have blood for blood. More than once he proposed to the commander of the station to raise a volunteer force which should penetrate into the towns of the Indians, lay them waste, seize upon their women and children, coerce them into terms of accommodation, and to a restoration of the captives which they held. But the cautious veteran checked this youthful impetuosity and impetuosity by alleging that they were as yet too weak to act on the offensive; that after a while they might be strengthened by new detachments of emigrants, and that until then they must bear their sufferings bravely and patiently.

Whilst Henry awaited in torturing anxiety for some developments that might enable him to ascertain the probable fate of Emily, an event occurred which had well nigh broken up the whole settlement.

One morning, about an hour after sun-rise, seven men were seen running towards the station, from the direc-

tion of the neighboring one, with their guns in their hands, and apparently in the greatest terror. Having been admitted, they stated, that they had gone out about day-light to hoe their corn and cotton—a small quantity of which latter article was raised to be spun by the women—that they had been at work but a few moments before they heard the crack of a rifle. These men, it appeared, were in that part of the field which was farthest from the station. Between them and their companions more than thirty Indian warriors, emerging from the neighboring wood, suddenly interposed. The other white men, ten or twelve in number, on the first alarm, sprung to their arms, and on the first impulse made towards the gate, the enemy being close upon their heels. The women seeing their husbands coming and hotly pursued, opened the gate, hoping to admit them, then to close it and exclude the savages. But the Indians accelerated their speed, and entered as it were upon the shoulders of the settlers. The seven men perceiving that all was lost within, had come with all possible haste to Nashville, in order to procure succor.

This thrilling detail awakened all Henry's energies into full action. His dark and cloudy brow, compressed lips, and fiery eye, shadowed forth the tempest that was raging within.

The commander proceeded with his accustomed circumspection. Having called his men together, it was decided that a small number of them should proceed to the station that had been attacked; ascertain the extent of the mischief that had been done; whether the enemy had fled, and which of the great traces leading south, they had taken. Word was sent to the other two stations, of what had happened, with orders that all who could be spared, should be sent fully equipped for an expedition.

Those who visited the scene of the late disaster, approached cautiously and silently: not the slightest noise was heard. It was evident that the enemy had come in haste, had done their bloody work in haste, and were already gone. The tracks of the ponies around, proved that they were on horseback, and that they would retreat as rapidly as possible until they believed that they were beyond the reach of pursuit.

At the entrance of the station there were four Indians and nine white men dead. On the countenances of the former the scowl of defiance and revenge still lingered. They were attired in their war dresses; their faces painted red and black. One of them was lying with his gun beside him, not having been discharged. It seemed probable that one of the whites, seeing that he must die, resolved to sell his life dearly; that he had turned suddenly upon his pursuer, and shot him through the heart. In the hand of another was a long and bloody knife, which he had used, and which he still held firmly, the muscles being yet unrelaxed. At a little distance from the gate there lay an old man tomahawked and scalped—the father of one of those who had fallen. By him sat his faithful dog gently licking his wounds. When the visitors approached, he came towards them with piteous and imploring looks, then sprung back, as if to invite them to relieve his master's distress. A few paces farther on, there was a woman lying on her face. Beside her was her child, who was just able to speak, sobbing, and shaking her mother as if she thought she was asleep. In one of the cabins there were two

children about four years old, each with a stick in its hand raking parched corn from the fire, apparently unconscious of what had happened, and absorbed in their employment. On being questioned, they stated, that hearing a noise they had crawled under the bed. Here and there were the remains of several infants, which it was evident had been taken by the heels and their brains beaten out against the walls of the station, and then thrown down. The spinning wheels, chairs and stools, were overturned. The carded cotton was flying in every direction, and that which was spun was scattered over the floors of the cabins. Some of the quilts and blankets seemed to have been dropped as the marauders were endeavoring to take them away. Every thing bore the appearance of confusion and hurry.

Towards evening all those who were to join in the proposed expedition, assembled. The party was well mounted. All night they were busied in the necessary preparations. No one thought of sleep. A small sack of corn was fastened behind each saddle, and over each was thrown a long, narrow wallet, with a small quantity of meat in the ends. All wore their summer hunting shirts. The force of the savages was about sixty; that of the whites forty. Ten of them were detailed to act as spies. John Gordon was appointed their captain; a post of great trust and peril. This precaution was indispensable, because the enemy had reduced their peculiar mode of making war to perfection. In order to decoy their victims into their power, they were accustomed, when traversing the woods, to whistle like partridges, to grunt like bears, to howl like wolves, and to gobble like the wild turkeys.

The captain of the spies was an original. His height was not more than five feet five inches, but the symmetry of his person was perfect. His bodily activity was wonderful. From mere love of romantic adventure he had wandered away from his friends and joined a small company going to the west. Not one of these friends knew whither he had gone, or when he would return, if ever. He was reckless of the world's goods. He neither asked nor cared for any thing but enough to eat and to wear, and a faithful horse, dog and rifle. All his faculties seemed to be swallowed up in a passion for action. Looking always upon the bright side of the picture of human life, he never desponded. His playful fancy was forever on the wing. He filled every one about him with delight, as though he bore the wand of a charmer. His wit was almost attic. Gordon's gifts were indeed so rare, that he was a universal favorite. In his intercourse with the gentler sex, he exhibited the greatest delicacy and generosity of sentiment. No man was braver in battle, and yet a more humane spirit never dwelt in human bosom. When he was bent on attaining any object that was dear to his heart, he was as secret and silent as the grave; still those who scanned him slightly, regarded him as a babblers, and supposed that if a single thought which he held, was pent up within him for a moment, that he must burst. The commander saw the peculiar qualities of this individual and appreciated them correctly. The new duty assigned him, required the exercise of all his talent, because on his skill and vigilance the life of each man of the party imminently depended.

All were ready at the first dawn of the morning. The women and children gathered around to bid farewell.

The parting was affecting, because it was very certain that some who were going might never return. But the emergency was pressing, and each man was anxious to meet it. The ever active wife of the commander was at hand. Although her heart was full, her fortitude never failed her. In a firm voice she said, "John, my husband, take care of yourself; but be sure that you and the boys do not suffer those murderers to escape: no, not one of them."

After the party had fairly cleared the settlements, the commander addressed them, and stated that the enemy had gotten eighteen hours the start of them; that they had probably travelled the whole of the preceding night, but that they would slacken their pace, as was their custom when they were not soon pursued and overtaken. He believed that they would cross the Tennessee on rafts, on which they would place their plunder. Although the distance was so great, the commander thought it most advisable to follow the foe to the river, attack them there, and take them by surprise. At our first fire we must cut off as many as we can. Raising himself in his stirrups, and throwing his eye fiercely around, he said then, each man must buckle to his man, and not a soul of them will be able to save himself. Passing on rapidly, the spies being half a mile ahead, the party travelled four days. On the morning of the fifth, Gordon returned back in haste upon the main body, and reported that they had come to a fire from which the enemy could not have departed more than an hour. It was manifest that the Indians had set out early with the view of passing the river by night-fall. A halt was ordered, and each man directed to pick his flint, reload, and prime anew. The horses were secured by their halters. The veteran enjoined it upon all, and particularly upon the young men, to fire deliberately and upon good aim. It was of great importance to ascertain the exact condition, position and employment of the enemy, before the fire of the whites was delivered. The captain of the spies was ordered upon this dangerous duty. If a leaf should be disturbed, these watchful sons of the forest might detect with the quickness of lightening the presence of their pursuers. In an instant they would vanish like shadows, plunge into the depths of the woods, and defeat the plan that had been laid for their total destruction. The spy proceeded fearlessly to the discharge of his perilous undertaking. When he came within twenty-five or thirty yards of the bank of the river, the bluff being not more than twelve or fifteen feet high, he laid down and drew himself along by seizing upon the grass with his right hand, and trailing his gun after him in his left. Having reached the brink, he raised his head a few inches, and peeped over. The Indians were scattered along the sandy beach. The morning was beautiful; not a breath of air disturbed the wide and placid sheet of water that was slowly moving by. Some of the enemy were picking up pieces of driftwood and carrying them on their shoulders lazily to the spot where others were constructing the rafts. Several had cut grape vines, with which to tie the logs together, and were dragging them after them. Five or six were looking idly on, and about as many were stretched out asleep. There were five young and handsome squaws with the party. These were standing in a group, each dressed in a frock and bonnet, that had been taken off at the time of the

massacre. They were in a joyous humor, and were laughing immoderately at each other. First one and then another would walk off with an air and strut, and the rest would pursue her with loud peals of merriment. Gordon returned and gave all the necessary details. Henry then offered a suggestion which was unanimously adopted; that only twenty of their men should fire from the top of the bank; that the other twenty should leap down the bluff and make at the Indians, whilst those who had discharged their guns should reload on the instant, and come to the assistance of those who would be in advance and actually engaged. All moved with the silence of death, and each took deliberate sight. When the whites delivered their fire, there arose a long and loud shriek. Those whose rifles were still loaded, fairly threw themselves down the precipice, rose to their feet, and pushed on rapidly. The enemy seized upon their arms; the women flew along the shore. The warriors were so completely surprised that they could not run without being overtaken. They resolved as it were instinctively to make battle and die desperately. Turning upon the whites, they dispersed to some extent, and each naturally selected an opponent. Henry G. preserved his self-possession, but his spirit was on fire. His attention was arrested by the saucy and defying look of a warrior, about his own age, remarkable for the elegance and admirable symmetry of his person, his great elasticity of limbs, and his free and unconstrained movements. He fled, and Henry pursued him; but after he had run about fifty yards he halted suddenly, turned, and raised his rifle, so did Henry, and both, in their anxiety and hurry, missed. On the advance of his antagonist, the young warrior again retreated, turning occasionally and watching for his foe. At last he stopped, wheeled, and in an instant threw his tomahawk with all his might, which struck Henry between his left nipple and the joint of the left shoulder. The wound was deep, and the blood streamed down, but he was now excited almost to madness. Grasping and raising his tomahawk, he aimed to strike the head of his enemy, but it glanced and took off the thumb and fore-finger of the left hand. Each of the parties then had his butcher's knife left, and both were wounded. Both drew in a twinkling and rushed at each other; but Henry dodged the blow of the Indian who raised to strike, threw himself under him, as it were, clasped him round, and attempted to throw him. At last they fell side by side, and now it seemed that the final result of the combat must depend on which should be able to turn the other. The hand of the Indian was disabled, and Henry was already exhausted by the loss of blood from his breast. Seeing that all hope of preserving his life would soon be ended, each struggled to the uttermost. Fortunately the loss of part of the hand of the young warrior, gave his antagonist a decided advantage, and at length Henry turned him and got upon top. Gathering up his knees, he placed them upon the arms of the Indian, drew his large knife across his throat, with the utmost violence, and cut it from ear to ear. The brave fellow uttered a deep groan, his muscles relaxed, and he quickly expired. Henry rolled over by his side, and wholly overcome by the desperate effort in which he had been engaged, he soon became senseless. In this condition the two were found after the battle was over.

ICELAND.

We have heretofore reviewed an epic poem from Sweden, with copious extracts. Perhaps to most readers the following paragraph, giving some hints of the literary state of Iceland, as long ago as 1819, may be even more interesting. It is extracted from Blackwood's Magazine, for April, 1819.

ICELANDIC LITERATURE.

From some interesting accounts respecting the modern literature of Iceland, we learn, that a translation has been made of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and of the first fourteen books of Klopstock's *Messiah*, into the language of that country, by John Thorlakson, a native. This poet is a minister at Baegisa, and lives in a little hut, situated between three high mountains, and in the neighborhood of torrents and foaming cataracts. The room in which he studies and sleeps, is scarcely large enough to contain a bed, a table, and a chair, and the entrance is not four feet in height. His whole income does not exceed six guineas a year, although he serves two parishes. So little is required to support life in Iceland, that, formerly, the ministers had not more than thirty shillings for their annual stipend.

Netherlands.

An Almanack of the Muses in Dutch for 1820, to include the productions of the most celebrated living poets, is announced.

Russia.

In the Russian language, a geographical manual of the Russian Empire, in two volumes by C. M. de Broemsen, who, during twenty-five years active peregrination of this vast country, has been enabled to visit the greater part of it. The work includes particular observations on the soil; and on the industry, commerce, manners, and customs of its inhabitants.

Spain.

The Lancasterian System of Education is about to be published in Spanish, and dedicated, by permission, to king Ferdinand.

Sweden.

The literature of Iceland has lately become an object of research in Sweden and Norway; and the royal library at Stockholm possessing a great number of Iceland MSS. the Professor Lilliegren is now occupied in translating and preparing them for publication. The first volume has appeared, and a second is in great forwardness.

✂ We are reluctantly compelled to postpone several interesting bibliographical notices until our next number; in the meantime we renew the invitation to publishers and authors to forward their works without delay.

✂ ERRATA.—In the biographical sketch of General Hugh Mercer, published in the April number of the Messenger, an error occurred in the last paragraph, page 218, fifth line from the top. Instead of "Dolley," it should have been printed "Dolby," the venerable sexton's name.

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T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

ANCIENT LITERATURE.

By a Virginian, now a Citizen of Ohio.

XENOPHON.

We have sometimes been led to fear that in the flood-tide of modern literature, amid the numerous works of fiction and fancy, the easy narrative, the minute display of petty passions and fine shades of character and feeling in which the writers of the present day excel, the standard works of ancient literature would fall into neglect, and be, for all practical purposes, forgotten by our reading public.

We do not entirely acquit ourselves and our reviewing fraternity of all blame in aiding the tendency to this result. We have, or are supposed to have, to do only with that which is new and fresh before the reading public. We are expected to be their tasters at the sumptuous and varied feast served up out of the fresh products of each abundant year; to invite their attention to what is savory and wholesome on the wellspread board, and to warn them against all that is noxious or insipid. Laboring in this our vocation, we seldom ourselves find leisure to look back upon the past—to revel in the rich productions of other ages and other climes—and we feel nothing of the glow of original conception, no pride as the discoverer of hidden merit, when we commend those writings of high antiquity which need not the sanction of our judgment, because they have been consecrated by time.

We do not feel a blind veneration for antiquity, however much we may admire all that is excellent in what has been transmitted to us from remote times. We cannot but be struck with the vast inferiority of the ancients in all that relates to the physical sciences; and we are advised that they had in their day and generation multitudes of trashy writers, as well as we—men who could write by the quantity for a wager—who, like Lucilius, could compose two hundred verses standing upon one leg—but their chaff has been long since given to the winds, and they have left us only the winnowed grain.

There is one point of view in which we look with delight on some of the relics of antiquity, which would else, perhaps, in our eyes have but

common merit. It is that they show us, both in great and in little things, in the highest aspirations of thought and feeling, as well as in the most common amusements and frivolity, the absolute identity of our race, and that man is now just what he was in the earliest age to which we can trace him, even in the very dawn of his history. Greatly as the circumstances in which he is placed are changed, and though the external man be moulded and modified to adapt itself to that which surrounds him, yet in all that goes to make up the being, in the unity of character, in his actions arising out of any given condition in which we find or place him, we see him to have been then just that which under like conditions we feel that he is now. Thus through the long lapse of ages, in remote lands and in different climes, in the first dawn of history, in the earliest poem and in the oldest proverb, we recognize the developments of the same nature which is still our own, and instinctively claim fellowship with the shadowy memories of the past.

We do not propose to write a dissertation upon ancient literature, or to institute a comparison between ancient and modern writers; but, led by the reflections which we have sketched, and with them for our apology, we invite our readers to sit down with us for one short hour, and renew his schoolboy acquaintance with one of the most beautiful writers and one of the most adventurous and generous spirits of antiquity—the bold, the simple, the elegant and classic Xenophon.

We do not write for scholars, but for ourselves and for the reading public. We refer to no Greek text, but to an excellent translation of the works of our author, which is to be found in any of our bookstores, and which may be read as a recreation by those who found it in the original a labor and a task, and with equal profit by those to whom in that original it was a sealed book.

Xenophon was one of the scholars of Socrates, and imbibed deeply the opinions and philosophy of that extraordinary man. He lived at the time when Athens had fallen under the dominion of Sparta, and that iron power ruled in Greece—when the Persian Empire under Darius and Artaxerxes, his son, was in all its glory, and the Emperor was known among the States of Ionia and Greece as “the Great King”—when the Carthaginians ruled in Western Africa and Spain and were conquerors in Sicily, and when

Rome, which has since slowly risen, spread wide its empire, lived out its appointed day, and crumbled to pieces and fell, so as to be itself among the remembrances of the long past, was an inconsiderable city of a rude and barbarous people, almost unknown and unnoticed by its more polished neighbors. Yet in searching the papers of this accomplished author, we enter into his thoughts and feelings as if he were of our own time—we sympathize with him as a friend whom we know and love, and feel that we could with him, or such as he was, pass a convivial hour very happily and much at our ease, and (all conventional forms aside) find him a gentleman, well fitted to adorn the social circle, to improve by his intelligence and delight by his wit; and we almost forget the mighty chasm of ages on ages of perishable States and Empires, and still more perishable man, which separates him from us.

The first thing that strikes us in the writings of Xenophon, indicative of his character, is the love and veneration which he bears to the person and memory of Socrates, and his care and attention to all that remains of him. While Xenophon lived in his native city, in his youth and early manhood, he was a constant follower of Socrates, devoted to his person and obedient to his counsels. During this period occurred most of those conversations which he has given in his "Memoirs of Socrates." They are narrated with much spirit, and contain in them, as we have reason to suppose, much more of the "father sage" than do similar notices from the pen of his other celebrated pupil, Plato. Xenophon indeed intimates in one of his epistles, that there is more of poetry than truth in Plato's account of the sayings of that philosopher, though he seems to speak, not without some slight tincture of rivalry. Writing to Lamprocles, son of Socrates, he says:

"I have a design to collect the sayings and actions of Socrates, which will be his best apology, both now and for the future, not in the court where the Athenians are judges, but to all who consider the virtue of the man. If we should not write this freely, it were a sin against friendship and truth. Even now there fell into my hands a piece of Plato's to that effect, wherein is the name of Socrates, and some discourses of his not unpleasant. But we must profess that we heard not, nor can commit to writing any in that kind, for we are not poets as he is, though he renounce poetry."

And in writing to Cebes and Simmias, he says:

"Plato, though absent, is much admired throughout Italy and Sicily for his treatises; but

we cannot be persuaded they deserve any study. I am not only careful of losing the honor due to learning, but tender also of Socrates, lest his virtue should incur any prejudice by my ill relation of it."

Yet it is just to suppose that he was jealous of the honor of his master, rather than of the comparative success of his own and Plato's treatise concerning him. His declared purpose was to appeal in behalf of Socrates, to the tribunal, "not where the Athenians were judges, but to all who consider the virtue of the man;" and he was unwilling that his stern virtue and practical wisdom should be discolored or tinged by even a glow of poetic fancy.

In the first book of his Memoirs, he incidentally details a conversation between Pericles and Alcibiades, in which we find, in substance, Sir William Blackstone's definition of law. Alcibiades, then a youth, having requested Pericles to explain to him "what a law is," Pericles replies:

"Your request, my Alcibiades, is not difficult to be complied with; for that is a law which the people agree upon in their public assemblies, and afterwards cause to be promulgated in a proper manner, ordaining what ought, and what ought not, to be done."

"And what do they ordain; good, or evil?"

"Not evil, surely, my young friend."

"But what do you call that," said Alcibiades, "which in states where the people have no rule, is advised and ordained by the few who may be in power?"

"I call that likewise a law," replied Pericles; "for laws are nothing but the injunctions of such men as are in possession of the sovereign authority."

But the young inquirer led the experienced statesman into those intricate mazes of social and political obligation, in which so many have been bewildered in our own times, and through difficulties inherent in the nature of government, for which a written constitution is the only remedy, and that, perhaps, not always effectual.

"But," said Alcibiades, "when a tyrant is possessed of this sovereign authority, are the things he ordains to be received as laws?"

"As laws," returned Pericles.

"What then is violence and injustice?" said Alcibiades. "Is it not when the strong compel the weak, not by mildness and persuasion, but by force, to obey them?"

"I think it is."

"Will it not then follow, that what a tyrant decrees, and compels the observance of, contrary to the will of the people, is not law, but violence?"

"I believe it may," answered Pericles; "for I cannot admit that as a law, which a tyrant enacts, contrary to the will of the people."

"And when the few impose their decrees upon the many, not by persuasion, but by force, are we to call this also violence?"

"We are: and truly, I think," said Pericles, "that whatever is decreed and enforced without the consent of those who are to obey, is not law, but violence."

"Then ought that which is decreed by the people contrary to the will of the nobles, to be deemed violence, rather than law?"

"No doubt of it," replied Pericles. "But, my Alcibiades, at your age we were somewhat more acute in these nice subtleties, when we made it our business to consider them."

In the same book, in a conversation with Aristodemus, an atheist, Socrates gives a brief but striking outline of that view of natural theology which Mr. Paley has so fully elaborated in his work on that subject.

"Tell me," said he, "Aristodemus, is there any man whom you admire on account of his merit?"

Aristodemus having answered, "Many"—

"Name some of them," said Socrates, "I pray you."

"I admire," said Aristodemus, "Homer for his epic poetry, Melanippides for his dithyrambics, Sophocles for his tragedy, Polycletes for statuary, and Xeuxis for painting."

"But which seems to you most worthy of admiration, Aristodemus; the artist who forms images void of motion and intelligence, or one who hath the skill to produce animals that are endued not only with activity, but understanding?"

"The latter, there can be no doubt," replied Aristodemus, "provided the production be not the effect of chance, but of wisdom and contrivance."

"But since there are many things, some of which we can easily see the use of, while we cannot say of others, to what purpose they were produced, which of these, Aristodemus, do you suppose the work of wisdom?"

"It would seem the most reasonable to affirm it of those whose fitness and utility is so evidently apparent."

"But," replied Socrates, "it is evidently apparent, that He who made man endued him with senses because they were good for him; eyes wherewith to behold whatever was visible, and ears to hear whatever was to be heard. And say, Aristodemus, to what purpose should odors be prepared, if the sense of smelling were denied? or why the distinctions of bitter and sweet,

savory and unsavory, unless a palate had been given, conveniently placed to arbitrate between them and declare the difference? Is not that Providence in a most eminent manner conspicuous, which, because the eye of man is so delicate in its contexture, hath therefore prepared eyelids like doors, whereby to secure it, which extend of themselves whenever it is needful, and again close when sleep approaches? Are not the eyelids provided, as it were, with a fence on the edge of them, to keep off the wind and guard the eye? Even the eyebrow itself is not without its office, but as a pent-house, is prepared to turn off the sweat falling from the forehead, which might enter and annoy that no less tender than astonishing part of us. Is it not to be admired that the ears should take in sounds of every sort, and yet are not too much filled by them? That the fore teeth of the animal should be formed in such a manner as is evidently best suited for cutting of its food, as those on the side for grinding it in pieces? That the mouth, through which the food is conveyed, is placed so near the nose and eyes, as to prevent the passing unnoticed, whatsoever is unfit for nourishment? And canst thou still doubt, Aristodemus, whether a disposition of parts like these should be the work of chance, or of wisdom and contrivance?"

How strong his argument and how beautiful his illustrations! We must not forget that the light of Revelation was not yet upon the earth; and the Creator of the universe could be known only by his works.

Xenophon says of Socrates, that "when he prayed, his petition was only this: 'that the gods would give to him those things that were good;' and this he did forasmuch as they only knew what was good for man." The same with the prayer commended to us by Doctor Johnson in the conclusion of his beautiful poem on the Vanity of Human Wishes:

"Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice."

In the feast of Callias, we are made present almost in very deed, at a fine scene of ancient conviviality. To this we will take leave to introduce our readers.

"During the feast of Minerva, there was a solemn tournament, whither Callias, who tenderly loved Autolicus, carried him, which was soon after the victory which that youth had obtained at the Olympic games. When the shows were over, Callias taking Autolicus and his father with him, went down from the city to his house in the Pireum, with Nicerates, the son

of Nicias. But upon the way meeting Socrates, Hermogenes, Critobulus, Antisthenes and Carmides, discoursing together, he gave orders to one of his people to conduct Autolicus and those of his company to his house; and addressing himself to Socrates and those who were with him, "I could not," said he, "have met with you more opportunely: I treat to-day Autolicus and his father; and, if I am not deceived, persons like you, who have their souls purified by refined contemplations, would do much more honor to our assembly, than your colonels of horse, captains of foot, and other gentlemen of business, who are full of nothing but their offices and employments." "You are always upon the banter," said Socrates; "for, since you gave so much money to Protagoras, Georgias and Prodicus, to be instructed in wisdom, you make but little account of us, who have no other assistance but ourselves to acquire knowledge." "'Tis true," said Callias, "hitherto I have concealed from you a thousand fine things I learned in the conversation of those gentlemen; but if you will sup with me this evening, I will teach you all I know, and after that I do not doubt you will say I am a man of consequence."

Socrates and his party accepted the invitation, and we soon find them seated at the supper table, which, like all other entertainments, whether called supper or dinner, was at the beginning dull enough. "A profound silence was observed, as though it had been enjoined." By-and-by, a buffoon entered, who tried to raise a laugh, but failed. After the first course, and they had made "effusion of wine in honor of the gods, a certain Syracusan entered, leading in a handsome girl, who played on the flute, another that danced and showed very nimble feats of activity, and a beautiful little boy, who danced, and played perfectly well on the guitar." Socrates became talkative. He complimented Callias on the liberality and good taste displayed in the entertainment; said some happy things in praise of the wives of Critobulus and Nicerates, two married gentlemen of the party; he recited some poetry, and the dancing girl's elegant performance drew from him some fine observations on the comparative beauty of objects at rest and in motion, together with a whimsical declaration that he himself was determined to learn to dance. The Amphytrion, Callias, called out all his guests, by requiring each to tell what he most valued himself for; and, as an interlude to this, Socrates bantered Carmides, a young man of the party, about his excessive fondness for his mistress, Amandra, and taxes him with having snatched a kiss from her in his presence; and he sagely advises Carmides, if he would preserve the liberty of his

soul, to abstain from kissing handsome women. Carmides retorts, and effectually turns the tables upon the old philosopher.

"What," said Carmides, "must I be afraid of coming near a handsome woman? Nevertheless, I remember very well, and I believe you do too, Socrates, that being one day in company with Critobulus's beautiful sister, who resembles him so much, as we were searching for a passage in some author, you held your head very close to that beautiful virgin, and I thought you seemed to take pleasure in touching her naked shoulder with yours."

Then follows a humorous contest between Socrates and Critobulus for the prize of beauty. Socrates gives the challenge.

Critob. "Come, I will not refuse to enter the lists for once with you: pray then use all your eloquence, and let us know how you prove yourself to be handsomer than I."

Socrates. "That shall be done presently: bring but a light, and the thing is done."

Crit. "But, in order to state the question, will you allow me to ask you a few questions?"

Soc. "I will."

Crit. "But, on second thought, I will give you leave to ask what questions you please first."

Soc. "Agreed. Do you believe beauty is nowhere to be found but in man?"

Crit. "Yes, certainly, in other creatures too, whether animate, as a horse or bull, or inanimate things, as we say, that is a handsome sword, a fine shield, &c."

Soc. "But how comes it then, that things so very different as these, should yet all of them be handsome?"

Crit. "Because they are well made, either by art or nature, for the purposes they are employed in."

Soc. "Do you know the use of eyes?"

Crit. "To see."

Soc. "Well! it is for that very reason mine are handsomer than yours."

Crit. "Your reason."

Soc. "Yours see only in a direct line; but, as for mine, I can look not only directly forward, as you, but sideways too, they being seated on a kind of ridge on my face, and staring out."

Crit. "At that rate, a crab has the advantage of all other animals in matter of eyes."

Soc. "Certainly; for theirs are incomparably more solid and better situated than any other creature's."

Crit. "Be it so as to eyes; but as to your nose, would you make me believe yours is better shaped than mine?"

Soc. "There is no room to doubt, if it be granted that the nose was made for the sense of

smelling; for, your nostrils are turned downward, but mine are wide, and turned up toward heaven, to receive smells that come from every part," &c.

And thus for some time in detail taking off the uncouthness of his own person, in a better vein than it was ever done by his bitter satirist, Aristophanes. The world is not ready to admit that a man when he is once dubbed a philosopher, can ever after say any thing in sport; but we make him, whether he will or not, always speak oracles. So it has fared with many of the ludicrous paradoxes of Socrates, uttered in the humor of the moment, by way of parrying a jest, or of showing the skill with which he could handle the light weapons of the sophist. At the banquet he was rallied by one of the guests upon the intolerable temper of his wife, Xantippe; and his pleasant reply has induced half the world to believe that he really married a vixen by way of improving his own temper.

The concluding incident of the banquet is referred to by Mr. Addison in one of his Spectators, (No. 500,) but he attributes to the eloquence of Socrates, in a discourse on marriage, the effect which was produced by a scene between Bacchus and Ariadne, as exhibited by the party of the Syracusan.

Xenophon's account of the Expedition of Cyrus and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, is, in our opinion, a most perfect specimen of historic writing, containing also much of the interest of personal narrative. Upon this we must touch but briefly; premising, however, a general outline of the condition of the parties engaged in that enterprise, and the causes which involved them in its perils.

The ascendancy which Sparta held in Greece at the time of this expedition, was partly acquired by the alliance and aid of the rich and voluptuous court of Persia. At the same time the Persian held a doubtful empire over the maritime states and cities on the borders of the Hellespont, the eastern coast and many of the islands of the Archipelago, and the adjacent shore of the Mediterranean sea. Darius Ochus died: Artaxerxes, his son, ascended the throne, and Cyrus, brother of Artaxerxes by the same mother, became satrap of the western portion of the empire and "general of all the people assembled in the plain of Castolus." In the wars which the Persians were constantly waging with their half-conquered provinces in the west, large bodies of Greek adventurers, won by Persian gold, formed their most effective troops. These naturally fell under the command of Cyrus, who seems to have formed a high estimate of their military skill and prowess; and he kept for many years a large

number of these mercenary troops in his pay, with a view of employing them in an attempt which he had long meditated upon his brother's crown and throne. Affairs being at last ripe for action, he collected at Sardis his Grecian force, about thirteen thousand strong, where they were joined by about a hundred thousand Asiatics, with the ostensible purpose of marching against the Pisidians, a mountain race not yet subjected to the Persian yoke. Xenophon, in his third book, explains the manner in which he was drawn into this enterprise.

"There was in the army an Athenian, by name Xenophon, who, without being a general, a captain or a soldier, served as a volunteer; for, having been long attached to Proxenus by the rights of hospitality, the latter sent for him from home, with a promise, if he came, to recommend him to Cyrus; from whom, he said, he expected greater advantages than from his own country. Xenophon having read the letter, consulted Socrates, the Athenian, concerning the voyage, who fearing lest his country might look upon his attachment to Cyrus as criminal, because that prince was thought to have espoused the interest of the Lacedemonians against the Athenians with great warmth, advised Xenophon to go to Delphos, and consult the oracle concerning the matter. Xenophon went thither accordingly, and asked Apollo to which of the gods he should offer sacrifice and address his prayers, to the end that he might perform the voyage in the best and most reputable manner, and, after a happy issue of it, return in safety. Apollo answered, that he should sacrifice to the proper gods. At his return, he acquainted Socrates with this answer, who blamed him because he had not asked Apollo whether it were better for him to undertake the voyage, in the first place, than to stay at home; but, having himself first determined to undertake it, he had consulted him on the most proper means of performing it with success; but since, said he, you have asked this, you ought to do what the god commanded. Xenophon, therefore, having offered sacrifice to the gods, according to the direction of the oracle, set sail, and found Proxenus and Cyrus at Sardis, ready to march towards the upper Asia. Here he was presented to Cyrus, and Proxenus pressing him to stay, Cyrus was no less earnest in persuading him, and assured him, as soon as the expedition was at an end, he would dismiss him; this he pretended was against the Pisidians."

The Greeks, all except Clearchus, the Lacedemonian general, who was no doubt from the first in the counsels of Cyrus, were led on by various artifices, until it became more dangerous to return than to go forward; then they at last

consented to move forward on the actual expedition against the Great King.

His narrative of the march is brief, but full of interest; but our limits will not permit us to touch upon any of its incidents. At length the army of Artaxerxes appeared, covering, with its locust swarms, an immense plain between the Euphrates and Tigris, about one hundred miles above the city of Babylon. The battle was joined, and the account which Xenophon gives of it calls to our recollection forcibly the remarks of M. Cousin, of the myriads of men who meet and contend in battle in Asia, and of whom and of whose deeds the history of their country retains no trace. There, indeed, the individuality of man is swallowed up and lost in the mighty ocean of being, and they therefore have no history. At the first onset Cyrus fell; but the Greeks drove the enemy opposed to them from the field: they encamped on the battle-ground, and made fires to dress their food of the darts and arrows of the Persians and the wooden shields of the Egyptians; and for two days they believed Cyrus to be alive and conqueror.

The conduct of the Persians subsequent to the battle, satisfies us that their first object was to get the Greeks in their power, by any artifice, and make such fearful example of them as would prevent the future march of their armies into Persia; but if this were impracticable, to lead them where they could find their way, through many difficulties, out of the kingdom, and to harass, but not cut off, their retreat. For this purpose they first negotiated: they furnished the Greeks provisions, and led them down the Tigris many days' march out of their route, partly that they might see the numerous army which was marching from Susa and Ecbatana, to the aid of the Great King, and partly that, on failing to ensnare them, they might dismiss them by the shortest way out of the kingdom into the mountains of the Carduchians, where they would probably perish by the rigor of the climate and by the swords of that warlike people.

The night after the commander, Clearchus, and the other principal officers of the Greeks were taken by treachery and put to death, and when the Greeks lay disheartened in their camp, without officers and without order, not knowing what to do, expecting an attack and unprepared for defence, Xenophon says he "was of the number, had his share in the general sorrow, and was unable to rest."

"However, getting a little sleep, he dreamed: he thought it thundered and a flash of lightning fell upon his paternal house, which, upon that, was all in a blaze. Immediately he woke in a fright, and looked upon his dream as happy in

this respect, because while he was engaged in difficulties, he saw a great light proceeding from Jupiter."

That the sleep of Xenophon on that fearful night should be short and troubled, we can well believe. That the young wanderer, (for we are satisfied he was then a youth, though this is disputed by the learned; and what will not the learned dispute?) that the young wanderer, on such a night, should dream or think of his paternal house, and that his dream or reverie should be tinged with the dark hue of all around him, is perfectly consistent with the philosophy of the human mind; and his firm and courageous spirit, the buoyancy of youth and hope, might well dictate the happy interpretation to his troubled dream. Then follows a council of officers and men—the choice of generals, in which Xenophon was chosen on the part of the Athenians—the march, and the means taken by the Persians to force the Greeks into the Carduchian mountains.

The snow, two fathoms deep, which they encountered in this inhospitable region, has caused much discussion and some doubt, but we do not perceive that it is at all wonderful. It was in the midst of winter—they had approached the latitude of 43°—those mountains are the most elevated part of western Asia, for they give rise to the Euphrates and Tigris, and the rivers which flow northward into the Caspian and the Euxine seas, and the climate, which throughout nearly all Europe is insular, rendered mild by the western breezes from the Atlantic, is here far removed from their influence, and corresponds with the same parallel of latitude and the same elevation in the interior of the American continent.

The army suffered much; but they felt their capacity to overcome every difficulty, and face every danger that awaited them; and they met them cheerfully. One encounter of wit between Xenophon and Cheirosophus, the Lacedemonian general, is worthy of notice.

While they were marching through the country of the Chalybians, they saw the natives in great force posted on a hill to dispute their passage. Cheirosophus proposed to attack them—Xenophon objected, and advised that they should "*steal a march*" on them under cover of the night, and take possession of a hill which commanded that on which the enemy was posted.

"But why," said he, "do I mention stealing? since I am informed that among you Lacedemonians, those of the first rank practise it from their childhood, and that instead of being a dishonor, it is your duty to steal those things which the law has not forbidden; and, to the end that you may learn to steal with the greatest dexterity

and secrecy imaginable, your laws have provided that those who are taken in theft shall be whipped. This is the time for you to show how far your education has improved you, and to take care that in stealing this march we are not discovered, lest we suffer severely."

Cheirosophus answered, "I am also informed that you Athenians are very expert in stealing the public money, notwithstanding the danger you are exposed to, and that your best men are the most expert at it; that is, if you choose your best men for your magistrates—so this is a proper time for *you* to show the effects of *your* education."

In passing through the country of the Taochians, a wild mountain race, who inhabited fastnesses, into which they had conveyed all their provisions, the Greeks suffered much with hunger.

"At last the army arrived at a strong place, which had neither city nor houses upon it, but where great numbers of men and women, with their cattle, were assembled: this place Cheirosophus ordered to be attacked the moment he came before it."

At length the fastness was stormed.

"And here followed a dreadful spectacle indeed; for the women first threw their children down the precipices and then themselves; the men did the same. And here Æneas the Stymphalian, a captain, seeing one of the barbarians, who was richly dressed, running with a design to throw himself off, caught hold of him, and the other drawing him after, they both fell down the precipice together, and were dashed to pieces."

It does not appear, that Xenophon kept a regular journal of his marches and the incidents which occurred on either the Expedition or Retreat. It is probable the account was written many years after from memory, and that hence some geographical errors crept in, which have so much puzzled his commentators. But his general accuracy is confirmed by modern travellers; and ancients, as well as moderns, from the age of Marcus Crassus and Mark Anthony down to the present time, concur in fixing the same character to the wild and primitive, and it would seem unchanging, inhabitants of the mountain regions through which he passed.

Perpetual occupancy appears to belong to a mountain race. Their barren hills, which are fruitful in no product

"But man and steel, the soldier and the sword,"

seldom invite the inroads of the conqueror, while the passionate love of the mountaineer for his wild fastnesses and still wilder freedom, forbids him to wander in search of fairer lands and

milder climes. Hence the unmixed and primitive Britons are still found, after so many ages, (conquered but not expelled) in the mountains of Wales. A kindred people of the Celtic race, in spite of Gothic and Moorish conquests, still occupy the mountains of Biscay in Spain, and the Pyrennean portion of Catalonia is held by a still more ancient people, who are believed to have occupied it before the Phenician navigators pushed their discoveries to the shores of the Peninsula. So it is universally, whenever a mountain region of great extent is once possessed by a people far enough advanced in civilization to provide for their own sustenance and to know the arts of war, they and their posterity hold it forever.

But we must hasten to a conclusion. We cannot even refer to the various other productions of our author; but we earnestly recommend him to our young readers, as one whose works are full of interest, and as the master of a style which for neatness, perspicuity and beauty, has never been excelled.

INFLUENCE OF MORALS.

By a Native of Petersburg, Va.

There is, perhaps, no branch of literature, which is less likely to attract public attention than moral essays; and yet there is no subject which, in this age of superficial reading, is more beautifully instructive. To throw around the sublime truths of morality the attractions of a graceful style, and to commend the cup of bitter ingredients to the diseased palate, by touching its brim with earthly sweets, is a task, which the writer of these essays has rashly assumed and imperfectly executed. Leading errors which have long been assumed as unquestionable dogmas, have been rudely assailed; time-honored prejudices, which have been intricately interwoven with the fibres of our heart, however repulsive to our cooler judgments, have been combatted; and notwithstanding the novelty of the positions, which have been hardily assumed, and as confidently maintained on this unpopular theme, we have been well pleased to observe the tolerance of the public in the calm perusal of strictures upon received opinions hitherto unquestioned, and deemed to be indisputable. But that the patience of our readers may not be abused by frequent disquisitions upon a subject so apparently unattractive in itself, we propose turning aside for a season from the paths of severe disquisition, to tread the flowery and enchanting regions of the marvellous.* We propose in the present number to discuss the influence of Romance on Morals, and to estimate the merits of works of fiction by the dictates of a liberal but sound judgment, and not by the austere rules of

* It is proper to state, that in the discussion of this interesting question, we have borrowed largely from a manuscript placed in our hands by an intelligent friend, whose genius beautifully illustrates whatever it touches.

morality. To judge thus harshly, would be to strip them of all their beauty; for, these sportive creations of the fancy, like the wings of the butterfly, when pressed too closely by the hand of the admiring naturalist, lose that flower of beauty, which seems to have been woven of air and light. We are slow to imitate the eagerness of the child of fortune, in the Eastern tale, who, not content with the brilliant prospect around him, rashly applied the mystical unguent to both eyes, whereby the fountain of light was sealed forever. There have been, and are stern moralists, who utterly repudiate all works of fiction, and we can readily appreciate the purity of their design; there are others, no less virtuous, to whom they are a perennial fount of delights. And it is somewhat strange, that the skeptic Bayle, who rashly questioned the sublime truths of revelation, fearful of the demoralizing tendency of these works, forbade their perusal, while the pious Francis of Sales, declared that they were his greatest delight. But in the present state of society, we very much doubt, whether any salutary effect would flow from the sweeping denunciation of the philosopher; and we are strongly inclined to suspect that the fervent spirit of the Saint infused much of its ardor into his admiration.

Truth is the supreme good, the first aliment of the soul. To search after truth is the only employment correspondent with the high destinies of man. But, like the Egyptian Isis, truth is a mystic divinity covered with a veil, which we will endeavor to raise, but which no one can entirely remove. Is then the love of the marvellous—is fiction—is a wandering from the formal paths of severe truth, of the essence of man? Who shall solve the mystery of man, or explain his propensity for the marvellous? Why is he now the kneaded clod, and presently filled with celestial fire, too proud to crawl upon the earth, and too feeble to soar to the skies? Before his fall, the understanding, the imagination, and all the faculties of his mind, were harmoniously blended, and all was light; but since his disobedience, those faculties are disturbed and confounded. Wherefore then should not the imagination be indulged within the limits of innocent amusement, where there is no intention to deceive in fact? To seek for truth is the travail of life. But who would ask of mortal man, whose life begins in tears and ends in sighs, to suspend the action of that enchanting faculty which imagines and creates? The future life, which most interests us, is veiled in mystery, and it is only by the aid of the imagination that we can frame a salutary conjecture of the world beyond the grave. In forming a correct opinion of the influence of the marvellous upon mortals, we must take man as we find him in his social condition. It may be, that in some of those stars that shine with divine magnificence in the firmament, there is a people so enlightened, so happy, so virtuous, as to require no exertion of the imagination; who, unlike ourselves, do not wander in the dusky twilight, but bask in the meridian splendor of truth. And if this state of things prevailed on our globe; if that pure and enlightened reason, which the poet of philosophers imagined, in his lofty dreams, were the possession of the children of Eve, there would no longer be any necessity for such entertainment, and they should be strictly prohibited. Some sublime moralist, venerable for his age and virtues, might arise among us, and with a stern

countenance, expel Homer, Walter Scott, and the whole regiment of romancers. But while thus discharging a solemn duty, he would pour out perfumes upon their heads, and entwine their brows with garlands of flowers. He might be supposed thus to address them:

"Here o'er our minds stern reason holds her sway. Here the law commands and regulates our action. We are happy, because we are just; we are just, because our imaginations are quiet, and the violent passions tamed or driven from our hearts. You cannot, sublime enchanters, add one item to our felicity, but you may render fastidious our placid mediocrity. Depart then, amid the acclamations and applauses of those who banish you. Depart from among us, and search for a world in which this sacred power of custom and laws does not exist. There, perhaps, you may be useful—there, perhaps, you may be necessary; here, your allurements would be vain or injurious. Away—there is such witchery in your presence, that were it suffered any longer, it would render your departure useless or impossible." Such are the sentiments which Plato entertained, when he banished the poets from his happy republic. Let the sentence be pronounced when the dreams of the philosopher shall have been realized. But where is that favored people, that virtuous assembly of men, that renders it possible to put in execution this brilliant chimera? If it were in any of those bright stars of which we have spoken, to what other place than our earth could the romancers and poets come, when expelled from those blissful seats? Is it not here, that as soon as truth presents itself we shut our eyes, that are unable to bear its vivid light? When Moses strode down from the mount of God, clothed with the power and radiance of celestial truth, did not the Israelites bow down, and pray that they might no more be oppressed with its overpowering manifestation? And when the blaze of truth was thrown upon the path of the persecuting Saul, in his journey to Damascus, was he not overthrown and subdued in the pride of his rebellious heart? Frail descendants of the erring man, to allure us in the thorny paths of truth they must be strewn with flowers. The cup of virtue is dashed from our indignant lips, unless the edges be rubbed with earthly sweets. Let us not be presumptuous, since to believe ourselves better than we are, we become still worse than we really are. Let us be careful—for, in our present condition, if it could be proved that romances are of themselves bad, it would still be a question worthy of investigation, whether they are not a necessary evil. It becomes necessary oftentimes to prescribe the use of one poison to counteract the force of another. We should be careful, however, to mix them in such a manner that the noxious qualities may destroy each other. How often, even in morals, does one passion gain that triumph over another, which no force of reasoning could obtain? Whilst, for example, anger impels us to take signal vengeance of our vile enemies, pride exclaims that the offence could not ascend from such baseness to our dignified breasts. So that we think we pardon, when, in fact, we despise; and the voice of ungovernable pride we style philosophy.

It is also worthy of inquiry, whether romances be not a useful vent to the unbridled curiosity of man, who is always hunting after new things, caring little about a selection, and generally embracing more eagerly

those which will drag him to ruin? Nor should it be forgotten, that it is no easy matter to find a better remedy for the evils of idleness, in which every virtue dies, and every vice acquires renovated vigor. It might also be well, before deciding so dogmatically, as some persons do, that all romances ought to be proscribed for their intrinsic malice, to reflect profoundly on this severe sentence, because something may perhaps be found in the condition of our souls, that may make us hesitate before we pronounce a judgment so rigid. It really appears to us, that if there were nothing else, a sufficient reason to hold us in suspense might be found in the universality of romances at all times, and among all nations. It is an axiom, as certain as if it were in Euclid, that an opinion, generally believed to be true in every age and by every people, must be true. And it is unquestionably true that all nations have agreed in considering romances as one of their dearest delights. In speaking of romances, we do not confine ourselves to the vulgar acceptance of the term, because at present that term is restricted to too narrow a signification, which originally comprehended every narration of a fact, that had not actually happened.

And in fact if we wish to consider romance in all its bearings upon moral and civil life, we must still enlarge this idea, and extend it to all the creations of fancy, which present us with a world different from the real world, or which show us the real world itself through a prism that totally transforms it into joyous colors. We have neither strength nor courage to throw ourselves into the immense fields of erudition, and to mount up through the different ages to the first origin of romances. But wherever we cast our eyes, we find them in favor with the mass of the people; and in this respect there is no distinction between the mysterious wisdom of the Egyptians and the credulous ignorance of our own savages. At the base of the pyramids, and on the borders of lake Meoria, a crowd sitting with legs across still listens to the tales of the Arab camel-driver, with the same anxiety that the other group on the banks of lake Superior, and in the midst of their bears and beavers, drinks with delighted ears the stories of the cunning juggler who entertains them. And if the delightful gardens of Ionia frequently beheld their myrtles carved with fabulous remembrances, so do the rugged rocks of Scandinavia present at every step the deformed runic characters, which recount similar fictions. Every country appears to have equally inspired its inhabitants with this genius, and it is only when we wish to come nearer to the present conceived idea of romances, that our eyes are involuntarily turned to the east.

From the east we have received, with the sun, every ray of light; and beholding how those once happy regions are now buried in barbarism, one might be tempted to think it a punishment similar to that of Prometheus for having communicated the divine spark to the nations of the earth.

The Egyptians and the Arabians, the Assyrians and the Persians, are the first whose romantic narratives are recorded by tradition. Nor did this people apply themselves to the sole task of confounding and enveloping real events in imaginary histories: but morality, politics, and religion, were all wrapped up in allegories and fictions, so that one of the sacred prophets formerly gave the Arabians the name of fabulous, and Strabo

complains that the love of the marvellous rendered uncertain the history of these nations.

That incessant wheel, which turns time and manners, has placed at the bottom those who once stood at the top of civilization; still the flight of ages has not been able to cancel the primitive character which the powerful hand of nature has impressed upon them. That air and that sun are still the same. Lying fame will no longer say that even Homer robbed from the altars of Memphis the poems of his virgin fancy, and sung them for his own at the tables of the Grecian chiefs. But in that very place, where those temples reared their lofty heads, flows a crystal fountain, called the fountain of the lovers, which furnishes a sweet argument of continual romancing to those inhabitants, who, in this alone, have not degenerated from the prowess of their forefathers. And the Koran itself, which is the base of all their belief, is it not for the greater part a romance, which, in the midst of the soundest precepts of morality, recounts the strangest follies that ever entered the dreams of a feverish brain? Every thing in these countries launches beyond the limits of verisimilitude, because the warm imagination of this people is always in search of the marvellous.

The Persians themselves, who were always so observant of truth, and are on that account highly praised by ancient writers, are no longer the same when there is a question of inventing a narrative. They let their geniuses loose to the wildest deliriums, and you seem to be listening to the brilliant fictions of the Arabians. These last, however, excel, in this respect, all the people of the east; nor could it be otherwise with a nation, which is said to possess alone more poets than all other nations put together. The poet and the romancer are brothers, and we shall consider them in the same light.

In all nations, a state of repose seems to have been necessary to the indulgence of this propensity for the marvellous. In India, the climate is so romantic and poetical, and has so powerful an influence over the people, that modern institutions wither away on that continent and never take root. How is it possible that in a life so indolent and careless as that of the Indians, men could refrain from following the impulse of that faculty which imagines and creates? In the ease and idleness of the bodily members, when the necessities of positive existence are abundantly provided, the spirit redoubles its action, and boldly launches into the ideal world. But when a nation is coming out of a state of primitive barbarism, and is approaching a state of ordinary civilization, it feels what it wants in order to equal other great and illustrious nations. Hence it rouses itself, as from a sleep, and in the real objects which surrounds it, seeks for strength and splendor. Then its activity and repose are divided between battles and the formation of laws; the name of country and glory are blended together, and the ambition to satisfy its pride, searches for power and riches, things altogether real, and which cannot be contented with vain and empty illusions. In a word, when a nation is composing, with actions, its history, there is little room for romance, which only acquires favor when victory or defeat has introduced the peace of triumph or the peace of slavery. No praise can certainly be derived to romances, from the consideration that in times of power and glory, they are little esteemed by the nations of the earth. But we do not wish to

praise romances for any intrinsic merit; on the contrary, we have always said, that it would be beneficial to banish them, provided we could secure the perfect government of civilized manners and customs. The principles with which we started are still untouched. But, if nations in the midst of their career of glory and renown, little affect romances, we should remember that the time at which a people attains its highest pitch of grandeur, is not always that at which it is most virtuous and happy. On the contrary, a philosopher styled those nations happy, whose history is always disgusting and tedious. Crimes were sometimes protected by fortune, but the delicate mind never measures virtue by strength and power. We may be deceived, but it appears to us, that if the love of the marvellous be extinguished in a people, simultaneously and irrevocably will also be quenched the enthusiasm for noble actions. And should we be so unfortunate as to fall in with a society bent on the sober realities of life, and entirely occupied with loss and gain, every hour would appear an age, until we could fly from this disgusting company.

What has hitherto been said of nations, may be applied with equal truth to individuals. Philosophers and statistes have frequently instituted comparisons between them, and have discovered wonderful resemblance, but perhaps in nothing is the analogy so striking as in relation to romances. With individuals, as with nations, the periods most delighted with romances are youth and old age. Robust manhood finds other occupations, and is alternately agitated by ambition and avarice. By this assertion, we do not wish to insinuate, that in this melancholy journey from the tears of the cradle to the obscurity of the tomb, there is a time, which, for the generality of men, is void of illusion. This opinion would indeed be gross, because the activity of life may indeed weaken the impulse in search of the marvellous, but it can never suppress it, except in a few beings, who seem to have rejected the inheritance of Adam, and who, by the different affections of their hearts, seem to be strangers in the midst of the human family. Some haughty geniuses have vainly endeavored, by the sole aid of reason, to explain the sublime mystery of man, and to tell us whence comes this insatiable love of the marvellous. There is, however, a great book, of which our impotent pride sees nothing but the external, inviolable seal, but which religion willingly opens to those who humble their hearts and minds. In it every thing is explained; and whenever in literature, in morals, or in science, the ordinary rules are not sufficient; whenever you must have recourse to the intrinsic nature of man, without these pages, there is nothing but error and confusion. It may seem strange that we use such language in speaking of romances, that the book of truth should be borrowed to illustrate the ravages of fiction; but is it our fault that by abandoning this principle, the whole intellectual world becomes an enigma beyond the powers of solution? Are we to blame if the tendency of man to the marvellous cannot be explained but by following man, who is in himself so marvellous, to the very origin of his being? Philosophers may fabricate, at their pleasure, systems of the progressive perfectibility of mankind, and number the years after which it will be permitted to God to behold his work less imperfect. They may animate the statue of Condillae, and slowly, by the miserable road of the senses, provide it with

some ideas, and then join together this new species of machinery, and let it go on by little and little until it arrive to the wisdom of the beaver and the monkey, in order that it may finally comprehend the universe, and judge Him who makes Justice.

Who can restrain the pride of an immortal soul when it abuses its sublime gifts. But this immense pride, in the eyes of a true sage, is mere folly, and those systems, like the towers of sand raised by children on the sea shore, the higher they are the nearer to ruin, and already fall. All nations register a primitive time of felicity, and a terrestrial paradise; an age of gold that, alas! too soon has passed away. What are systems, in presence of this universal consent of nations confronted with this solemn protest of mankind? Here within our bosoms, we have a secure guide; and if man wish to follow it, in the silence of the passions, and sincerely interrogate himself, he will discover two forces at war within him, one of which binds him to this life, as if it embraced the end of his being; the other lifts him up to an ideal world, filled with distant reminiscences of a better state, and a new hope of more joyful and enlightened times. Man too is a fallen angel, and although the creature of a few days, has within his soul a secret revelation, unfolding to him the lot for which he was originally destined. Hence the propensity of man to throw himself beyond the limits of real life. Remove this infallible doctrine, and the mystery of man is insoluble. Man, however a frozen and desperate science may endeavor to resolve him into an automaton, man will never be able to unhumanise himself. The seal has been stamped upon him by a hand whose characters are eternal; they may be covered for a season, but can never be entirely cancelled. Where is the man who will deny that he hears the voice of the marvellous speak within him—that he feels the necessity of awakening himself to a true and more animated existence? Who has not, in the course of his life, made a romance? All romances are not written. Hope—the last of the virtues that lingered with man—hope, human hope, was the first romancer. What are the first thoughts of man, when he beholds the future through a magic veil, transforming the whole appearance of things? He will love the singular, the new, the marvellous propensity of romances. In the ecstasy of youth, the golden limit of his life will promise to meet him serene and covered with celestial smiles. Who will then wrench from him the romance, in which he seems to read his own future history, in which his fancy finds the world for which he seeks? Philosophy cries, break that false and fatal enchantment; but let the philosopher take care. Perhaps this is the only moment in which that young man will be truly happy. The sleep of life is slept upon a bed of thorns. Why will you awake that blessed being who dreams of flowers and gardens, and under a shower of roses holds converse of joy with angels? Alas! experience, that mournful mistress, will come too soon to arouse him. Remove the illusion too hastily, and he runs to the opposite excess. He demands a reason for every thing, reduces feelings to axioms, and imitating the blasphemy of Brutus, asks if virtue be any thing but a name.

But when the tempest of the passions shall have subsided into a calm that announces the nearness of the port, when we linger on that verge which unites the past

with the future, hope still lingers to cheer the winter of human life. To old age still remains *intellectual* romance. Because if you abandon hope, hope does not therefore abandon man, whose soul, arrived at the confines of time, disdains all measured limits, and esteems as nothing every thing which does not breathe of immortality. He knew little of human nature who said that the old man lives by memory alone. For if the past be chequered or rife with iniquity, there is no pleasure, but pain in the retrospect. And if the flowers of virtue had sprung up in the path which he had trodden, though it would be delicious to abandon himself to the sensations of conscience, how much purer would be that fragrance if it won him to contemplate and to foretaste the blessings which futurity unfolds to his view. Pindar felt this truth, when he sung in opposition to vulgar opinion that hope is the nurse of old age. Romance is the child of *Hope*, and with it old age, as we have already observed, is extremely delighted. However unfortunate a man may have been, there are always some lucid points scattered over his youthful years. He gathers these around him, and forms a novel far dearer to him than the history of the whole world. The setting sun, the rising moon, the leaf of the periwinkle, the sound of a flute, places before his eyes his buoyant youth. In the excitement of the moment, the past and the future are surrounded with that splendid tint of gold, which, in the tameness of middle age, he thought had vanished forever. No matter if his garland of roses wither before the odoriferous buds have burst into bloom. He takes it as it is, and places it on his head, because he is going very soon to a garden where every thing flourishes again, and where the fragrance will be divine and immortal. Is it objected to us that we have only spoken of the good, who unfortunately are by far the smaller portion of the human family? We have already declared that we do not intend to extend our remarks to any other class. The poet Saâdi prayed that there might be sent upon the wicked a long and tranquil sleep, so that while they slept at least, they might not molest the virtuous. We will dismiss them with a hope that they may read romances, for if this be an evil, it is certainly less than calumny and treachery. But among the noble and the good there are many to whom the very name of romance is repugnant, either because their tranquil hearts and quiet imaginations, leave them content with simple truth, or because their delicate consciences make them detest a thing, which is often horribly abused. Happy indeed is he whose mind and fortune are so tempered, that he never has a desire to create a present or future, different from that prepared for him in the world. In the human family he stands a rare exception. But if the day of trial should ever come for him, he will then feel what a comfort it is to be able to fly from the realities of this vale of tears to the flowery fields of fancy.

But with those who would reject all romance because it has been abused, we would unite in imposing every wholesome restraint upon productions offering the most distant injury to the laws of morality, religion, or sound politics. Wo, if free sway should be given to the drunken imagination of the wicked! The facility with which romances approach every class of the community, and their winning influence over the heart, while the judgment is asleep, would justify the highest

and most rigorous restriction. THE ROMANCING WHICH WAS BORN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, AND WHICH THE AUTHOR OF FALKLAND, PELHAM, AND MALTRAVERS, SEEKS TO REVIVE, SEEMS TO US TO HAVE BEEN THE MOST OBSCENE CRIME OF HUMAN THOUGHT, AND UNFOLDED A SECRET REVELATION OF HELL. But what thing is there within the reach of man not susceptible of abuse, when religion itself has been sometimes used to veil, nay more, to consecrate crime? We have already proved that romance is so inherent in our nature, that it can be extirpated by no human agency. But let us adopt for a moment the vain hypothesis that all written romances could be abolished, the imaginary ones would still remain, which, freed from all restraint, would probably be the more dangerous of the two. But in the name of the sternest morality, can there be any objection that romances written in a pleasing and honest strain, should, by their novelty and merit, eclipse the fame of others that have attained an unfortunate celebrity. Can austerity beneath its darkest cowl, object to the multiplication of such romances as those of Miss Edgeworth? They are surely preferable to certain histories, which, under pretext of honoring truth, have become instruments of corruption. Every branch of literature may be prostituted to the most flagitious purposes, because he who approaches the tree of science, without an humble and religious heart, gathers no other fruit but sin and death. But romance renders the mind fastidious of truth, which, when confronted with it, seems too poor and unadorned. This is a grave charge, and should be fairly met. Let us distinguish between falsehood and fiction, and reflect that there are two kinds of truth embraced in works of art, to wit, historical truth, or the truth of facts, and moral truth, or the truth of the affections. When history deviates from its sacred function, to become the narrator of fables, we call it false; but we never give this title to a romance, although it accumulate a series of impossible events. It cannot deceive, because it forewarns us that all is a fiction. It is only false when the picture of the passions is not copied from the heart; it deviates from truth when every affection is not exhibited in its own language, and in its proper action.

There are two effects that every romance should have in view: to keep our mind pure and free from the vile passions, and to unfold to our view the rigorous and costly lessons of experience. But in fact those narrations are very rare, that can be praised for the union of these two qualities; insomuch that it appears to be agreed upon among the writers of romances, that to gain the one you must lose the other. Hence springs a very general division of romances into two great classes: the first contains those in which the writer represents men as they ought to be, the second contains those which exhibit men as they really are. Augustus La Fontaine may be styled, at least for the multiplicity of his works, the head of the first school, and Le Sage and Fielding, are pre-eminent in the second. But none of them have been able to guard sufficiently against the defects which naturally flow from their having restricted their works to a single intention. La Fontaine is almost always in a state of enthusiasm, and walks with a voluptuous complacency through the fields of the passions, purifying them all. But if the heart be ennobled by receiving the inspiration of the good and beau-

tiful, the loss of the *estimator* faculty is excessive, which too rarely finds corresponding images in the world—too rarely meets with those perfect models of every virtue. Besides, almost all his romances breathe an inexplicable effeminacy, which tends to unman genius; and the dangerous passion presents itself under such enticing colors, that it appears something like a crime not to enjoy it to satiety. It is true that the danger of these pictures is diminished by the predominating idea that religion and duty must go before every thing; but really we have great reason to fear lest the severe precept of morality come too late, or importunately, when the heart has been already disposed to receive the lively impressions of the most powerful of all the passions.

By this we do not wish to condemn totally all the works of La Fontaine; on the contrary, by a judicious selection, they may be usefully placed in the hands of youth, and may produce noble and generous sentiments. Many writers before La Fontaine, have had the same intention, and some have put it into execution with better success. It would be too tedious to mention them all here. We will, however, for the sake of gratitude, name the "Missionary" of Miss Owenson, the "Sir Andrew Wyllie" of Galt, and the "Scottish Chiefs" of Miss Porter, in which the ideal of human virtue appears to be carried to the last perfection. There are many others, but the marvellous, scattered through their productions, seems too bold, and we feel that after having read them, the whole narrative melts away in the mind like the vestiges of a dream which had occupied it a long time before the dawn of day.

The other school, which is conducted, as we have said, by Le Sage and Fielding, runs a still greater risk. It is true, indeed, that in their books we learn to know society, and we there find lessons by which we may guard ourselves against the snares of the malevolent and wicked; but to obtain this knowledge the diffident heart loses its most lovely impulses, deprived of which, virtue is nothing but a cold calculation. In order that such romances should attain the effect they have in view, it is necessary that they describe vice and vicious persons, and the description to hold the place of experience must be lively and true, and place in bold relief the evil arts, and tortuous ways, by which perversity, is accustomed to make scandalous profit. But who can be sure that young persons, seeing as it were a perfect armor, will, in the heat of their blood, select rather the helm and shield than the sword and spear? Who can be sure, that instead of instructing themselves in prudence, they do not become proficient in malice?

We say nothing of the romances in which Fielding related the adventures of Jonathan Wild and Amelia Booth. An almost cynic liberty defiles them, and the first particularly, on account of that perpetual, and sometimes hidden irony, deserves to be ranked amongst the worst of books. But who will say to an inexperienced and innocent youth, we may give without fear of injury the two master pieces, which with respect to art, may be considered as models not to be surpassed? "Gil Blas" and "Tom Jones" are faithful pictures, in which society is generally presented under the worst aspect, and the heroes themselves frequently swerve from the path of virtue and honor. But why in ro-

mance should our benevolence be invoked for men of vacillating probity? Constancy in virtue ought to be the first lesson; nor is it proper that we should confide in a man, who can abandon the thorny path of duty, and enter it again at pleasure. Besides, some of the pictures, particularly, in Tom Jones, are so naked, that modesty, the loveliest gem of youth, shrinks from their contemplation.

To this latter school belongs EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, the most gifted and the most remorseless, the most imaginative and the most seductive of novelists. To corrupt without remorse, and to entertain without profit, are at once the characteristic and condemnation of this bold, bad man. To the corrupt class, pre-eminently belong, "Falkland" and "Maltravers," and to the other, "Leila" and the "Pilgrims of the Rhine." By what we have already said, it will be perceived that we feel little inclination to judge works of fiction by the austere rules of morality; but we are the fast friends of virtue, and entertain unmeasured respect for the decencies and proprieties of life. Other bad men have boldly defied the opinions of their contemporaries; but in the introduction to Bulwer's last work, he invokes the aid of the public, and claims their suffrage. He has openly preferred an issue which is to decide the morals of the age; and that issue is, whether the sequel to Ernest Maltravers is a satisfactory expiation of the corrupting licentiousness of the introductory novel. He wishes the verdict of public opinion to be rendered upon the two productions as an integral work. "To the many," he says, "who have complained of the incompleteness, to the few [are they indeed few?] who have questioned the moral of the former portion of this work, I give these volumes as an answer. My task is now concluded; and I consign to the final judgment of the gentle reader the most matured and comprehensive of those works of fiction, to which hitherto he has accorded an encouraging and generous approbation. I grant that the hero of this narrative is far from perfect; and had his principal faults been corrected in the course of the preceding volumes, the reader would have been spared the sequel. It is because his errors of action and of judgment were not yet counterbalanced or amended; it is because his opinions were often morbid and unsound; it is because his sentiments were nobler than his actions, and his pride too lofty for his virtue, that these volumes were necessary to the completion of his trials, and the consummation of my design." And to that public he appeals upon this question, "not for favor, or indulgence, but for a candid judgment and an impartial decision." The question is one of transcendent importance to the present and to future generations; and it is to be deeply regretted, for the sake of the immature of intellect, that the masterly hand which has sketched the prominent character, has, with the seductive art of Mokanna, thrown around him a silvery veil which conceals or subdues his hideous deformity. The history of this dangerous writer is an instructive commentary upon the controlling influence of public opinion, and of the powerful action of genius upon the taste and morals of a people. When that libel upon the morality and virtue of the age, Falkland, was first published to the world, we had been too long accustomed to admire the staid sobriety and chastity of Walter Scott, to tolerate the nuisance. It was purged

forth as a leper from the social circle, and if we have been correctly informed, its author, to redeem his character, labored to suppress it. He was rebuked, but not reformed. Unlike Montesquieu or Chateaubriand, he possessed none of that moral courage, or sense of retributive justice, which induced these distinguished men to confess their dangerous errors, and labor to correct them; unlike the lascivious Moore, he has failed to display the tardy repentance, which sought, by vindicating the religion of his country and of his fathers, to redeem the follies of his early youth; and just like Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, his first and his last works, as richly merited signal public reprobation, as did the revolting attacks of the English nobleman upon christianity deserve the presentment of a grand jury of Englishmen, as subversive of religion, social order, and morality. Rendered more cautious by the indignation provoked by the publication of Falkland, he labors with a perverted genius, to excite our admiration for Pelham and Eugene Aram—men, who are constantly swerving from the line of rectitude, and who seem to recede from the thorny paths of virtue at every light seducement, and to return without an effort when palled with satiety of pleasure. The attractive and seductive exaltation of intellect, the high personal attributes of heroism, the lofty sentiments, so frequently mingled with the vicious philosophy and loose morals of his characters, the charms of a glowing classical style, well calculated to fascinate and bewilder the unguarded reader; these are the formidable weapons with which this wonderful writer has assailed the firmest foundation of morals, and has extorted, from a weak and giddy world, admiration for the most profligate of heroes.

Even in the meridian splendor of his progress, there were sedate men, there were cool moralists, who, regardless of the drunken enthusiasm of the day, gazed with a stern and eagle eye upon this luminary, and, un-seduced by the glare which encircled them, pointed out the dark spots which seemed to gather and spread with frightful rapidity over his surface. Some had thought, (we were not so sanguine,) that as his judgment ripened to maturity, he would discard his morbid philosophy and impure imaginings; but we clearly foresaw, that instead of bending down before the influence of public opinion, he was laboring to control and to corrupt it. He had been driven back from the cold and systematic debauchery of Falkland, only to collect his scattered energies, and armed with the popularity acquired by the less dangerous works of Devereux, and Riazzi, to return once more to assail the morals of the age. This has been done in Ernest Maltravers, that high crime of thought, that sodomy of the intellect, which has no parallel among a christian people. The lewd hypocrite Sterne, the wretch Crebillon, would be startled at the impudent profligacy of Ernest Maltravers. And as for Alice, we regard it as a reluctant and crafty apology for the previous outrage upon public morals and public decency.

The great error of Bulwer, and one which furnishes conclusive evidence of the looseness of his principles, is the starved notion, that all we require of a writer is what is called the **DRAMATIC MORAL**; that is to say, that virtue should finally be rewarded, and vice punished or reformed. In the conclusion of Alice, or the Apology for Maltravers, we find this idea distinctly expressed:

"And Alice! Will the world blame us if you are left happy at last? It is time that we should apply to the social code the wisdom we recognise in legislation; it is time that we should do away with the punishment of death for inadequate offences even in books; it is time that we should allow the morality of atonement, and permit to error the right to hope, as the reward of submission to its sufferings. Nor let it be thought that the close of Alice's career can offer temptation to the offence of its commencement. Eighteen years of sadness,—a youth consumed in silent sadness over the grave of joy—are images that throw over these pages a dark and warning shadow that will haunt the young long after they turn from the tale that is about to close. If Alice had died of a broken heart; if her punishment had been more than she could bear, then, as in real life, you would have justly condemned my *moral*; and the human heart, in its pity for the victim, would have lost all recollection of the error." And this is the reparation for the disgusting profligacy of Maltravers, through every variety of vice, for eighteen years; this is the antidote for all the poison which has been poured forth through four lengthened volumes of the *most matured* of the author's productions; this is the consummation, which is to purge the heart and the understanding of all the morbid sentimentalism and false philosophy with which a gifted genius has been able to gild a tale of lewdness. But we will suspend our remarks to consider the philosophic calmness with which this mischievous and misguided writer consoles himself for the immoral tendency of his fictions. "It is a consolation," he says, "to know that nothing really immoral is ever permanently popular, or ever, therefore, long deleterious; what is dangerous in a work of genius, cures itself in a few years. We can now read Werter, and instruct our hearts by its exposition of weakness and passion; our taste, by its exquisite and unrivalled simplicity of construction and detail, without any fear that we shall shoot ourselves in top-boots! We can feel ourselves elevated by the noble sentiments of 'The Robbers,' and our penetration sharpened as to the wholesome immorality of conventional cant and hypocrisy, without any danger of turning banditti and becoming cut-throats from the love of virtue. Providence, that has made the genius of the few, in all times and countries, the guide and prophet of the many, and appointed literature as the sublime agent of civilization, of opinion, and of law, has endowed the elements it employs with the divine power of self purification. The stream settles of itself by rest and time; the impure particles fly off, or are neutralized by the healthful. It is only fools that call the works of a master spirit immortal. There does not exist in the literature of the world one *popular* book, that is immoral two centuries after it is produced. For, in the heart of nations, the false does not live so long; and the true is the ethical to the end of time." Except in the novels of this writer, there is not perhaps a passage in English literature containing so many unfounded and dangerous assertions. Is the Koran of the Arabian camel-driver an unpopular work among the Moslem? Is it not essentially sensual and licentious in its tendency? And has it not survived the span of life extended to immoral works in the passage quoted? Is it true that "what is dangerous in works of genius cures

itself in a few years," when those works yet survive and still are read, which shook the foundations of christianity, and subverted governments in the century which preceded ours, and which have so corrupted the public morals of the present age, that the writer of Falkland is enabled to extend his sway over the hearts of this intellectual generation? Is it an apology to the world—can it yield consolation to the immoral writer—that productions will not be read two hundred years hence, which, in one tithe of the time have corrupted the morals of a people and shaken the pillars of the social edifice with the fatal energy of the strong man in the temple of Dagon? What avails it to the victims whose blood choked the sewers of Paris, in the reign of terror, or to the slaughtered myriads trampled beneath the iron heel of ambition, in the purple triumphs of the French republic, that the works of lewdness and of atheism, which are of the inspiration of hell, and which overthrew religion, morals, and government, will not be read in the twentieth century? But "truth is immortal"—and this is the only truth in the passage we have copied. But while in the merciful dispensations of Providence, truth, like the pillar of flame in the wilderness, lifts its sublime head above the clouds of falsehood which gather and thicken around it; yet, while man is perverse and rebellious, error is undying, though variable, and will flourish with unwonted vigor as long as such productions as that which now provokes our censure, are tolerated by a deluded people. We are not of the tame school that can surrender the high prerogative of free thought, nor is our judgment to be warped by the towering genius or blazoned reputation of the master-spirit of the world of fiction. Morality, like truth, is pure and simple. And while he who shakes the foundations of morals, without alarming the virtue of a people, requires the exertions of exalted genius, strangely perverted; to repel the assault, little more is required than the calm self-possession which is inspired by virtue, and that independence of thought and opinion, which, following the light of divine truth, is not to be induced to bow down before the false lights that are set up in the land, how numerous soever may be the votaries, whom human respect, the mode of the day, the fashion of the age, credulity, simplicity, or folly, may seduce or bewilder for a season. From the days of the archangel ruined in heaven, to the present generation of the children of men on earth, there has been no dangerous or destructive error, which has not been adorned by those high powers of intellect, which are withdrawn from the service of the munificent Creator, to destroy his deluded creatures. We have neither leisure nor space to expose severally the dangerous tendency of the publications of this author. Falkland has long since been outlawed; Eugene Aram and Pelham have been condemned for their false philosophy, their bad moral, and their strained and unnatural sentiment. Devereux and Paul Clifford were written upon a false theory, and with all the graces of inimitable style have long since been censured as clever extravagances. Nor is his drama purer than his fiction; for "The Duchess de la Valiere" was hissed from the boards at its first appearance, and has been appropriately ranked with Jane Shore and the Orphan. We are aware that because of the severity of our censure we shall be accused of injus-

tice, but in proportion to the delusion of the giddy and unthinking multitude, over whom this sublime enchanter seems to wave a wand of resistless power, is our settled design to lay bare the wretched state of the morals of the man, whose transcendent brilliancy of talents has only been exerted from boyhood upward, from Falkland to Maltravers, to pamper every unwholesome and unhallowed feeling, as a token and characteristic of exuberance of genius. His moral conformation is essentially and radically corrupt, and his last work is but the crisis, the development of a long contracted malady of mind, of passions morbidly indulged, of a philosophy seductively sensual, of a reasoning faculty obstinately and dangerously perverted. The productions of this writer are peculiarly dangerous to youth, in consequence of the subtle art with which he blends vice with exalted intellect, profligacy with mock-heroic sentiment, and the fatal and irreparable errors of women with promises of reformation and happiness. How many have been seduced by the finery and bewildered by the philosophy of Pelham? What sober and rational being can patiently listen to one, who even in early youth mingled the wildest follies and drivelling twaddle with the deep thought, the impassioned eloquence, the worldly wisdom, and the withering sarcasm of maturity; one who presents himself before them chained, and ringed, and curled, and encased, to break off from some enchanting narrative or profound reasoning into some light or subtle digression, discussing with the finical precision of foppery the mysteries of the table or the toilet? Is the head or the heart to be improved, are the morals and the taste of the rising generation to be framed upon this mixture of the old man and the boy, this confusion of wisdom and petulance, of expanded benevolence and frigid philosophy, this sound reasoning and overmastering passion, this deep research and gilded coxcombry?

We have much cause to apprehend that the taste of the age is already lamentably perverted, and that fiction, guided no longer by reason and morality and nature, now walks the earth as another Mephistopheles—a tempter, and not a teacher. There is but one consolation remaining, and that is, that the oracles of untruth were struck dumb in their sanctuaries, in the pride and fulness of their sway; and that the age of Iconoclasm has always trodden upon the heels of the age of idolatry. But what is the whole story of Alice and Maltravers? In the vicinity of a manufacturing town in populous England, a strolling student of eighteen, meets in the midst of a desolate moor with a beautiful girl of fifteen years of age, who has all the capacities for high intellectual and moral improvement, yet has never framed the slightest idea of a Supreme Being, and who knows nothing of a church but what has been taught by her father, that in it "one man talks nonsense, and the other folk listen to him." And the history of this unfortunate girl is said to be taken from the life, because the writer thinks he has seen something of the kind in a newspaper. The father is represented as a fend, who impatiently awaits the maturity of his daughter and only child, to sacrifice her virtue to his love of lucre, and eat his bread by the wages of his child's iniquity. In this benevolent design, though for the gratification of a baser passion, he is, however, anticipated by Maltravers. He fits up apartments with oriental luxury

for her entertainment—himself becomes her instructor ; and with a benevolence which would have shamed the philanthropic Howard, he redeems this child of misfortune and ignorance from the horrors of her situation. He watches, with delighted gaze, her blossoming beauties ; he beholds with rapture the development of her lovely form ; and when she is chastened and purified, and perfect in soul and body ; when she had been reared as a lamb for the sacrifice, and a meet victim she was, for she was without stain or blemish, but before she yet knows the iniquity of sin, amidst the luxurious seductions of music, poetry, and perfumed pastils, he rifles this virgin casket of all its sweets, and then commences the profligate and reckless career of the gifted libertine, and the long suffering and extraordinary life of his innocently sinning victim. And as if this unnatural and revolting picture were indistinctly sketched, he proceeds with frightful accuracy and particularity of delineation, to paint in vivid colors the loathsome consummation of a crime, which on the part of Maltravers, is dignified with the name of resistless love, and on hers, is excused on the score of invincible ignorance. It seems that in his labored course of instruction, he had failed to teach her either the first lesson of virtue to woman, or the existence of a Supreme Being ; her ignorance upon which latter subject had so shocked him at their first meeting, and to remove which, appears to have been the main inducement for her instruction. But these fundamental truths were necessarily omitted in order to attain the melancholy end. We have not the heart to follow Alice in her beggarly wanderings, with her infant in her arms ; we will not stop to discuss the propriety or the motive of her quasi marriage with Lord Vargrave, whose extorted vow seems only to have been broken in the wish ; we cannot kneel with Alice in her lone and motherless widowhood, by the grave of her infant, cut off in the blossom. And we turn with disgust from the cool and deliberate treachery of Maltravers, who, beneath the roof tree, beside the hearth, in the midst of the hospitality, and in the very presence of the confiding husband, whispers his infernal passion in the ear of Valarie de St. Ventadour. Perhaps the most dangerous passages of this writer, are those which speak with utter contempt of the husband of a pretty woman, whose personal charms attract the attention, or excite the unruly and unbridled passions of his heroes, who endowed with all the graces of refined and cultivated intellect, highborn and wealthy, seem to be absolved from those restraints of the decalogue, which control all but themselves. Even in the sequel, Alice, the labored and chastened apology for its vile forerunner, we are again introduced to Valarie de St. Ventadour, who is still virtuous, still beautiful, still attractive ; but Monsieur de St. Ventadour, the husband, “ has not altered, except that his nose is longer, and that he now wore a peruque in full curl, instead of his own straight hair ; by the mere charm of custom he had grown more pleasing in Valarie’s eyes—habit had reconciled her to his foibles, deficiencies and faults.” Such are the morals which this deluded writer inculcates in a christian land for the edification—it may be for the imitation—of our wives and daughters. The wife who has been corrupted in her heart and affections, and who has narrowly escaped infamy, is painted in glowing colors ; while the confiding and estimable, but unpretending

husband, is ridiculously caricatured. We have no time to dwell upon the strange susceptibility of that hard man, Maltravers, of his questionable and philosophical love for Florence Lascelles, and of its awful termination.

The sudden and strange attachment of Maltravers to Evelyn, is another of the mysterious circumstances of this Book of Mysteries. And the harrowing suspicion that he was upon the eve of wedding his own daughter is cruelly protracted, although entirely unnecessary, to the full development of the plot, and rather diminishing than increasing its interest. And the flat inconsistency with which she turns so ardently to reciprocate the affections of a youthful soldier, after the oft repeated declaration, that she must look up with reverence to the man she loves, is not the smallest blemish in this tale of fiction. Alice, is at length, after eighteen years of intense suffering, restored to her erring lover, who seems to transfer his affections from Evelyn to Alice, as readily as they had been transferred from Alice to Florence, and from Florence to Evelyn. But our business is with the moral, not with the mechanism of Bulwer. And if it be asked why we so loudly condemn one whom all the world so warmly admires, we reply, in the language of a sound and judicious writer, whose remarks are worthy of serious consideration : “ That Mr. Bulwer possesses a talent for composition of the highest order, we have always been willing to admit, nor have we denied that his style, although too inflated and turgid to please our own taste, was well calculated to gratify that of a great portion of his readers. But instead of being a recommendation to us, these endowments, when coupled with the immorality he inculcates, are the very causes of our opposition. It is the attractive and seductive form in which this writer clothes his dangerous sentiments, that imparts to them their mischievous power. Were the morality and philosophy of Mr. Bulwer exposed to view, in their true colors, divested of all adventitious ornament, their own hideousness would be their best corrective ; but when they are set forth, arrayed in all the charms of a glowing imagination, and conveyed in a style, the glitter and glory of which fascinate and bewilder the reader, it is then that they become eminently hurtful. Were the stories which he presents to the world descriptive of habits, subversive of all the established notions of society, and setting at defiance institutions civil and religious, which we are taught from our cradles to venerate, written in the vulgar style of many of the authors of the day, they would be harmless, because they would remain unnoticed. When, however, these subjects are presented to the minds of the young and enthusiastic, decked out in the gorgeous trappings of highly cultivated classical taste and exuberant fancy, they seduce the thoughtless and unsuspecting, before the dictates of ripened judgment can advance to the rescue. Before the heedless victim of a false and ruinous philosophy is advertised of his danger, the deadly poison is infused, and the fountains of thought and action are polluted. Strip the narratives of Mr. Bulwer of the splendor of his style and imagery, and nothing will be found but a loathsome desecration of all the observances so vitally connected, in the opinion of every moral being, with the welfare of society. It is for these reasons that we have felt impelled to raise our voice in opposition to works, which, however beautiful, are, in our opinion, eminently mis-

chievous. We do not hesitate to say, that the parent who permits his children to become fascinated with the wild abstractions and ruinous metaphysical sophistries of this writer, has no right to complain of any results, however destructive." In this manly exposition of these corrupting fictions we heartily concur. And unless we greatly misconceive the virtues of our countrymen; unless we appreciate too highly the morals of the age, the period rapidly approaches, when it will be said of this demoralizing writer, as was said of a better man:

*"Floruit sine fructu,
Defloruit sine luctu."*

He entertained without profit,
He corrupted without remorse.

In the view which we have taken of romances, as entertainments, to be cautiously tolerated, because of the propensity of man for the marvellous—as a salutary escape for his unbridled curiosity—as a remedy or antidote for the greater evil of idleness, and not because of their intrinsic merit, we have been irresistibly led to the conclusion, that no fictions can be safely introduced which offer the "*most distant injury to the laws of morality, religion, or sound politics.*" Wo, we have already exclaimed—wo, if free sway should be given to the drunken imaginations of the wicked! And the facility, we have further insisted, with which romances approach every class of the community, and their winning influence over the heart, while the judgment sleeps, would justify the most rigorous restriction. To unfold to our view, with severe fidelity, the costly lessons of experience, and to keep our mind pure and free from the contamination of the vile passions, are the normal rules of this class of productions. And it is because Mr. Bulwer deliberately violates all these salutary rules; it is because he has given free sway to his impure imaginings; because he proposes for our admiration men of loose principles and profligate morals, and claims our approval of these characters, on account of their eminent talents; it is because the lessons he proposes are not the lessons of true experience, but the perilous illusions of a false philosophy; it is for such convincing reasons, that we feel impelled to class his works with those which were born of the French Revolution, the most obscene crimes of human thought. It is not constancy in virtue, but vacillating probity which challenges our admiration in the creations of his fancy. He constantly inculcates the false and dangerous theory, that men of exalted genius may throw themselves securely into the whirl of sensual indulgences, and when overtaken by satiety or disgust, quietly and instantly return to the paths of rectitude. He seems content with the dramatic moral, and appears to think that justice is satisfied, and virtue placated, by the ultimate chastisement or reformation of the offender. And this tardy and reluctant retribution appears to him a satisfactory apology, for leading the chaste mind of the reader through all the corrupting purlieus of vice, and for throwing around the most vivid and glowing descriptions of obscene crime all the seductive witchery of his attractive and classical manner. Who can calculate the frightful mischief which is effected by such uncleanness and immorality, in the delirious progress of the youthful enthusiast through this mystic circle of

the passions? And who will pretend that the formal moral, hastily appended to the last ten lines of the fiction, will erase from the susceptible heart the vivid impressions which have been graven with the practiced style of the writer. The passions have all been kindled into a consuming flame, which some men would fain persuade us may be subdued by a frigid lesson of formal morality, which seems to be appended only to disgust the bewildered reader, or to operate as a salvo for the reputation of the author. How many have perished by the way side, who never lived to reach the goal? How many have gone down in the midst of the tempest of the passions, whose frail bark could not, by the aid of the dim light in the far distant haven, survive the perils of the deep? We are aware of the controlling force of public opinion, and of the indomitable, though fleeting sway of literary fame; we well know how many are enchained by the fashionable celebrity of this attractive writer; we even anticipate the severity of those strictures which, in the midst of popular delusion, our remarks will necessarily provoke; but if, in the labor we have bestowed upon the effort to create a just standard of morals, we have succeeded in awakening the attention of a single reader to the demoralizing tendency of the fashionable literature of the age, we are well content to bear all the censure, which those invariably encounter, who devote their time and energies to counteract an evil, whose extent is only measured by its destructive tendency. We still adhere to the stern rule, that IT IS THE FIRST DUTY OF EVERY CHRISTIAN AND OF EVERY PATRIOT, TO OPPOSE EVERYTHING WHICH TENDS TO CORRUPT PUBLIC MORALS, OR TO PROMOTE LICENTIOUSNESS OF OPINION. It is by this sublime standard, that we have judged the writings of THE AUTHOR OF FAULKLAND AND MALTRAVERS. The question which will determine the morality of Bulwer's productions is, "CAN GENIUS CONSECRATE CRIME?" Let a kindred spirit announce his condemnation:

"Not all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime!"

Byron.

THE WARRIOR'S WREATH.

The warrior's wreath—its dark green leaves
Are twined around a lofty brow;—
The laurel crown which Glory weaves,
Adorns her warlike votary now:
His dark eye casts a brighter beam;
Earth trembles at his haughty tread;
His mien and gestures proudly seem
To tell how oft he's fought and bled.

But lo! that laurel bears a stain—
A blood red stain defiles its leaf;
A stain which tells of death and pain;
Of ruin, wo, and human grief;
Of cities razed; of shattered fanes;
Of desolation, rage and wiles;
Of prostrate thrones; of kings in chains—
And yet, behold! the warrior smiles!

DELTA.

MORNING IN THE FOREST.

By the author of "Atalanta."

I.

The voices of the forest! Hear the tale,
Whispered at moments by the fitful breeze,
That, sighing with a sweet and soothing wail,
Maketh soft music with the tall old trees;
And blends, with feeling of the dawning hour,
Musings of solemn thought and saddest power.

II.

Such was the birth, the mother-birth, which sung
The morning of creation:—even so strange,
The first, fresh accents of the infant tongue,
Of nature, moaning through her varied range,
Wild in her desert loneliness of place,
Ere yet she knew her last and noblest race.

III.

Thus moan'd the winds among the giant trees
That had no other homage—thus, from far,
Came the deep voices of the sullen seas,
Surviving 'gainst earth, and with themselves at war;—
Night craved the sun, and chaos from her keep
Groan'd with the feeling of her growing sleep.

IV.

And in the language of their infant lack,
They tell their story with each rising dawn;
You hear them when the hour is cold and black,
Ere yet the feet of day imprint the lawn;
When the faint streakings of the light are seen,
O'er eastern heights, through darkest groves of green.

V.

Each day renews the birth of thousand days
Even from the dawn of time:—even now I see,
Amid the gloom that gathers on my gaze,
Grey distant gleams that shoot up momentarily—
And hark! a sudden voice—the voice of might,
That hail'd, from infant life, the blessing birth of light.

VI.

The morning grows around me! Shafts of grey,
Like sudden arrows from the eastern bow,
Rise, through the distant forests, to a ray,
And light the heavens, and waken earth, below;—
The rill that murmur'd sadly, now sings out,
Leaping, through trembling leaves, with free and glad-
some shout.

VII.

I see a glitter on yon glossy leaf
Where hangs a silent dew-drop. Hark! a bird,
Shrieks out, as if he felt some sudden grief,
His sleep, perchance, by dream of danger, stirr'd:
Wings rustle in the thicket—other eyes,
Behold, where ray on ray, the wings of morning rise.

VIII.

And now the dawn, with eye of glancing grey,
Comes singing into sight. The trees stand forth,
As singly striving for her brightest ray;
And countless voices from the awak'ning earth,
Clamor full-throated joys:—a flapping wing,
Prepares, in yonder copse, to take his morning spring.

IX.

A sudden life is round me with the light,
Voices and wings are in the woods and air;
Broad vistas open to my travelling sight,
And hills arise, and vallies, wondrous fair—
Even while I gaze, a sudden shaft of fire,
Makes yon tall pine blaze up, like some proud city
spire.

X.

Oh, beautiful! most beautiful!—the things
I see around me;—lovelier still to thought,
The fancies, welling from a thousand springs,
The presence of these images hath brought;

The visions of the past were mine this hour,
And in my heart the pride of an o'ermastering power—

XI.

A power that could create, and from the dead
Draw life and gather accents. There are spells,
Known to the unerring thought, which freely shed
Light round the groping footstep, when rebels
The o'er-cautious reason, and the instinct fear,
Shrinks from its own huge shadow—they are here!

XII.

This is a spot—if there have ever been,
As ancient story tells in legends sooth,
Such forms as are not earthly, earthward seen,
Having strange shapes of beauty and of youth,
Then do I ween that this should be the spot
Where they should come,—and yet I see them not.

XIII.

Yet have I prayed their presence with a tongue
Of song, and a warm fancy that could take,
From many-voiced expression, as she sung,
Her winged words of music, and awake,
True echoes of her strain to win my quest,
And woo the coming of such spirit-guest.

XIV.

Yet have they come not, though my willing thought,
Grew captive to my wild and vain desire;
And in my heart meet pliancy was wrought,
To raise the forms, in seeming, I require;—
And in this truant worship I bow'd down,
Since first night's shadows fell and made the forests
brown.

XV.

And sure no fitter spot had spirit sought,
For the soft-falling of star-pacing feet;
This is the holiest wood, with flowers inwrought,
Having fresh odors of most heavenly sweet;
Nor in the daylight's coming, then, do these,
Cathedral shadows fly, that lurk behind the trees.

XVI.

The wild-beast burrows not beneath our hill,
Nor hide these leaves one serpent. Gentlest doves
Brood in the pines at evening, seldom still,
With murmur through the night, of innocent loves:
And I have shaken, with no boyish trust,
From my own human feet, the base and selfish dust.

XVII.

And fancy hath been with me, to beguile,
The stubborn reason into faith, and show
The subtle shapes from fairy-land that while,
In gamesome dance, the wasted hours below;
Meest lawn of green and purple, here, is spread,
By Nature's liberal hand, for fay's fantastic tread.

XVIII.

And memories of old song, the solemn strains
Of bards that gave themselves to holiest thought,
And gloried in their wild, poetic-pains,
Were in my heart, and my wrapt soul was fraught
With faith in what they feigned, until my blood,
Grew tremulously-strong beneath my hopeful mood.

XIX.

And when the dark hours came, the twirling stars,
Seem'd eyes, that darted on me keenest fires;
Earth had her voice, and promised, through her bars,
To burst the bondage set on free desires—
And not a breath that stirr'd the flowers, but seem'd,
The shadowy whispers from some shape I dreamed.

XX.

Yet vainly have I waited!—not in vain!
What though no fairy won me with her song,
And beckoning finger—'twas a nobler strain
That struck the ear of thought, and fill'd it long:
A mightier presence yet, my soul o'erawed,
He was beside me:—I had been with God!

W. G. S.

EVERETT'S ADDRESS

AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

In August, 1837, Governor EVERETT delivered an address before a Literary Society of Williams College, in Berkshire, the westernmost county of Massachusetts. Were we disposed to heap needless praises, this performance would afford abundant occasion for eulogy. It is in all respects worthy of its author: and to those who know the full import of *that* assertion, it is tribute enough for almost any man. What induces us now to notice this Address, however, is much less a wish to honor him for this new effort in the cause of human improvement—that noble cause, of which he has long been so illustrious a champion—than a desire to present some interesting discussions which we find here, of several important questions.

But before we come to those discussions, let us, by way of making the reader enter more vividly into the spirit of the Address, give him some additional idea of its locality.

'The pleasant village where we are assembled,' says Mr. Everett, 'contains, within view of the spot where we stand, the site of Fort Hoosack, and a mile or two east of us stood Fort Massachusetts. The plough has passed over its rude lines; but what scenes of humble heroism and almost forgotten valor are associated with its name! It was the bulwark of the frontier in the days of its infancy. The trembling mother on the banks of the Connecticut,—in the heart of Worcester,—clasped her babes closer, at an idle rumor that Fort Massachusetts had given way. A hundred villages reposed in the strength of this stout guardian of New England's Thermopylae, through which, for two generations, the French and Canadian foe strove to burst into the colonies. These are recollections of an earlier day. A few miles to the north of us lies that famous field of Bennington, to which, sixty years ago, this day and this hour, your fathers poured from every village in the neighborhood, at the summons of Stark.'

It is impossible not to be struck with the following impressive display of the importance of education:

'If I wished to express most forcibly the importance, the dignity, and the obligation of the great work of education, I believe it might best be done by taking our stand at once on the simple enunciation of the spiritual and immortal nature of the thing to be educated;—the mind of man. Then if we wished to give life and distinctness to the ideas of the importance of education, which result from this contemplation, we might do so by a single glance at the number and importance of the branches of knowledge, to which education furnishes the key. I might allude to the admirable properties of language, which it is the first business of education to impart; the wonders of the written and spoken tongue as the instrument of thought,—wonders which daily use scarcely divests of their almost miraculous character. I might glance at that which is usually next taught to the unfolding mind, the astonishing power of the science of numbers, with which on the one hand we regulate the humblest details of domestic economy, and on the other compute the swiftness of the solar beam, and survey, and as it were, stake out from constellation to constellation the great railroad of the heavens, on which the comet comes blazing upward from the depths of the universe. I might proceed with the branches of knowledge to which education introduces us, and ask of geography

to marshal before us the living nations; and of history to rouse the generations of the elder world from their pompous mausoleums or humble graves to rehearse their fortunes. I might call on natural science to open the volumes in which she has not merely written down the names, the forms, and the qualities of the various subjects of the animal, vegetable, and mineral world now in existence,—the vast census, if I may so express it, of the three kingdoms of nature; but where she has also recorded the catalogues of her perished children,—races of the animal and vegetable world buried by the deluge beneath the everlasting rocks. Yea, winged creatures twenty feet in height, whose footsteps have lately been discovered imprinted in sand-stone on the banks of Connecticut river; enormous mammoths and mastodons, of which no living type has existed since the flood, brought to light from blocks of Siberian ice or dug up in the morasses of our own continent; petrified skeletons of portentous crocodiles and megatheria seventy feet in length, covered with scales like the armadillo,—and which for ages on ages have been extinct,—have by the creative power of educated mind been made to start out of the solid rock. Sand-stone and gypsum have opened their ponderous and marble jaws, and a host of monstrous forms have risen into day;—the recovered monuments of a world of lost giants.'

'But leaving with these transient glances all attempt to magnify the work of education, by pointing out the astonishing results to which it guides the well-trained mind, a much shorter method might be pursued with one who needed to be impressed with its importance. I would take such an one to a place of instruction, to a school, yes, to a child's school,—(for there is no step in the process more important than the first,) and I would say,—in those faint sparks of intelligence, just brightening over the rudiments of learning, you behold the germ of so many rational and immortal spirits. In a few years, you, and I, and all now on the stage shall have passed away, and there on those little seats, primer in hand, are arranged our successors. Yea, when the volume of natural science, and nature with it, shall have vanished;—when the longest periods of human history shall have run together to a point;—when the loud, clear voices of genius, and the multitudinous tongues of nations, shall alike be hushed forever, those infant children will have ripened into immortal beings, looking back from the mansions of eternity with joy or sorrow, on the direction given to their intellectual and moral natures, in the dawn of their existence! If there is any one not deeply impressed by this single reflection with the importance of education, he is beyond the reach of anything that can be urged, by way either of illustration or argument.'

It is a prevailing opinion, that an early stage of society, when civilization is but little advanced, is the time of highest poetic excellence. The philosophical poet, Imlac, in *Rasselas*, seems to espouse this opinion, and gives the reasons for it—namely, that the first poetry of every nation gave the bent to public taste, and retained by consent the credit which it had acquired by accident; and moreover, that the earliest bards seized upon the best subjects of description and the most probable events for fiction, leaving to their successors nothing but transcriptions of the same incidents, new namings of the same characters, and new combinations of the same images.* When to these reasonings is added the influence of the venerable saying—'A poet is *born*—not *made*,'—the point seems clear to most minds, that an advanced state of cultivation is unfriendly, or at least not at all conducive, to

* We give this account of Imlac's reasoning from memory—not having *Rasselas* before us.

the highest effusions of poetry. This opinion, so discouraging to those who hope highly of man's progress, through the instrumentality of his continued efforts,—this opinion, so mischievous in repressing the efforts which that hope inspires,—is combatted by Mr. Everett with unanswerable power. Let not the length of the extract deter any reader:

'I deem the notion, that the first age was necessarily the best, to be a mere prejudice; and the idea that a partially improved age and a limited degree of knowledge are in themselves and essentially more favorable to the exercise of original genius, in any form, appears to me to be a proposition as degrading as it is unsound.

'On the contrary, I believe that truth is the great inspirer;—the knowledge of truth the aliment and the instrument of mind; the material of thought, feeling, and fancy. I do not mean that there is no beauty in poetical language founded on scientific error;—that it is not, for instance, consistent with poetry to speak of the rising sun or the arch of heaven. Poetry delights in these sensible images and assimilations of ideas in themselves distinct. From the imperfection of human language, it will perhaps always be necessary to describe many things in the material, and still more in the moral and metaphysical world, under similitudes which fall greatly beneath their reality:

'Thus in Shakespeare,

the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

'In Spenser's Faery Queen,

The sacred fire, which burneth mightily
In living breasts, was kindled first above,
Among the eternal spheres and lampy Heavens.

'In Paradise Lost, the moon divides her empire

With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared
Spangling the universe.

'Now, though these images, separately weighed at the present day, may seem beneath the dignity of the subject to which they are applied, they are poetical and pleasing, (with the exception possibly of *lampy*;) nor do I know that in any state of science, however advanced, such language will cease to please.

'But the point I maintain is this, that, as knowledge extends, the range of all imagery is enlarged, poetical language is drawn from a wider circle, and, what is far more important, that the conception kindles by the contemplation of higher objects.

'Let us illustrate this point still further, in reference to the effect on poetry of the sublime discoveries of modern astronomy. The ancients, as we all know, formed but humble conceptions of the material universe. The earth was the centre; the sun, moon, and five planets were shining bodies revolving about it, to give it light, and the stars were luminaries hung up as lamps in a vaulted sky. This philosophy not only lies at the foundation of the imagery, under which Homer represents the heavens, but it prevailed so long, and falls in so entirely with the impressions made upon the eye, that it has given a character to the traditional language of poetry even to the present day. Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Milton, as we have just seen, in this respect, draw their images from the same source as Virgil, Homer, and Hesiod.

'Now I cannot but think, that, when the sublime discoveries of modern astronomy shall have become as thoroughly wrought into the vocabulary and the intelligence of the community, as the humble and erroneous conceptions of the ancients, the great and creative minds will derive from them, a vastly grander range of poetical illustration. I cannot but think, that, by the study of this one science alone,—thought, speech, and literature will be wonderfully exalted. It is not in reference to poetry, a mere matter of poetical imagery. The ideas formed of divine wisdom and power,—of infinite space,—of stupendous magnitude and force,—of the grandeur and harmony of the material universe,—are among the highest materials of thought and the most

prolific elements of poetical conception. For this reason, in the same proportion in which the apparent circuit of the heavens has been enlarged and the science of astronomy extended by the telescope, the province of imagination and thought must be immeasurably extended also. The soul becomes great by the habitual contemplation of great objects. As the discovery of a new continent, upon the surface of the globe by Columbus, gave a most powerful impulse to the minds of men in every department, it is impossible that the discovery of worlds and systems of worlds, in the immensity of space, should not wonderfully quicken the well instructed genius. As the ambition, the avarice, the adventure, the legion host of human passions rushed out from the old world upon the new, so the fancy must wing its way, with unwonted boldness, into the new-found universe,

Beyond the solar walk or milky way.

'In Paradise Lost, there is a struggle between the old and new philosophy. The telescope was known, but had not yet revolutionized the science of astronomy. Even Lord Bacon did not adopt the Copernican system, and Galileo's wonderful instrument had produced scarce any result, beyond a more distinct conception of the magnitudes of the bodies, which compose the solar system. But it is pleasing to remark, with what promptness Milton seizes upon this new topic of poetical illustration. In his very first description of the arch-fiend, we are told of

his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders, like the moon, whose orb,
Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views,
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

'Grand and sublime as is this imagery, it is borrowed from the lowest order of the wonders unfolded by the telescope. I cannot but think, if the whole circle of modern astronomy had been disclosed to the mind of Milton, that it would have filled his soul with still brighter visions. Could he have learned, from the lips of its great discoverer, the organic law which regulates the entire motions of the heavens;—could he have witnessed the predicted return of a comet, and been taught that of these mysterious bodies, seven millions are supposed to run their wild career within the orbit of the planet Uranus; and that, by estimation, one hundred millions of stars, each probably the centre of a system as vast as our own,—multitudes of them combined into mighty systems of suns wondrously complicated with each other—are distributed throughout space, would these stupendous views have been lost on his mind? I can never believe that truth, the great quickener and inspirer, revealed in such majestic glimpses, would have fallen inoperative on such an intellect. He would have awoke to a new existence in the light of such a philosophy. Escaping from the wholly false, and the partly false, the "utter and the middle darkness" of the Ptolemaic system, he would have felt the "sovereign vital lamp" of pure science in his inmost soul. He would have borrowed from La Place the wings of the boldest analysis, and would have flown to the uttermost parts of creation, where he could have seen through the telescope the bands of Orion loosened, and the gems of his glittering belt blazing out into empyreal suns;—while crowded galaxies, "powdered with stars" rushed asunder into illimitable systems. He would have soared with the Herschells, father and son, to the outer regions of space, and embalmed the whole Newtonian philosophy in his immortal verse.'

Of a similar cheering tendency, and pertinent to the same argument, is the following passage, from a different part of the Address. We can hardly say, whether it is more suited to charm by its beauty, or to exalt by the ethereal sublimity of the views it presents:

'A continued progress in the intellectual world is consistent with all that we know of the laws that govern

it, and with all experience. A presentiment of it lies deep in the soul of man, spark as it is of the divine nature. The craving after excellence, the thirst for truth and beauty, has never been,—never can be,—fully slaked at the fountains, which have flowed beneath the touch of the enchanter's wand. Man listens to the heavenly strain, and straightway becomes desirous of still loftier melodies. It has nourished and strengthened instead of satiating his taste. Fed by the divine aliment he can enjoy more, he can conceive more, he can himself perform more.'

In the subjoined extracts, are some enlightened criticisms upon the four greatest poets of the world. We place the name of each poet as a *head* to the observations upon him.

SHAKSPEARE.

'With a reverence as deep as honesty or manliness permits for the master geniuses of our race,—a reverence nourished by the fond and never intermitted study of their works,—I may say that I catch, from this very study of their writings and characters, a conception, that, high as they rose, they might have risen higher. I can sometimes behold the soil of the world upon their snow-white robes, and the rust of human passion upon the glittering edge of their wit. It was long ago said by the great Roman critic, that the good Homer sometimes nods;—and Shakspeare, the most brilliant example unquestionably of a triumph over the defects of education,—mental and moral,—too often exhibits traces of both. As he floats on eagle's wings along what he nobly calls "the brightest heaven of invention," he is sometimes borne, by an unchastened taste, into a misty region, where the understanding endeavors in vain to follow him; and sometimes, as he skims with the swallow's ease and swiftness along the ground, too confident of his power to soar when he will up to the rosy gates of the morning,—he stoops, and stoops, and stoops, till the tips of his graceful pinions are sadly daggled in the mire.'

HOMER.

'Not a ray of pure spiritual illumination shines through the sweet visions of the father of poetry. The light of his genius, like that of the moon as he describes it in the eighth Iliad,* is serene, transparent, and heavenly fair; it streams into the deepest glades and settles on the mountain tops of the material and social world; but for all that concerns the spiritual nature, it is cold, watery, and unquickening. The great test of the elevation of the poet's mind, and of the refinement of the age in which he lives, is the distinctness, power, and purity with which he conceives the spiritual world. In all else he may be the observer, the recorder, the painter; but in this dread sphere he must assume the province, which his name imports; he must be the *maker*:—creating his own spiritual world by the highest action of his mind, upon all the external and internal materials of thought. If ever there was a poetical vision, calculated not to purify, and to exalt, but to abase and to sadden, it is the visit of Ulysses to the lower regions.† The ghosts of the illustrious departed are drawn before him by the reeking fumes of the recent sacrifice; and the hero stands guard with his drawn sword, to drive away the shade of his own mother from the gory trench, over which she hovers, hankering after the raw blood. Does it require an essay on the laws of the human mind to shew, that the intellect which contemplates the great mystery of our being, under this ghastly and frivolous imagery, has never been born to a spiritual life, nor caught a glimpse of the highest heaven of poetry?'

DANTE.

'In Dante, for the first time in an uninspired bard, the dawn of a spiritual day breaks upon us. Although the shadows of superstition rest upon him, yet the strains of the prophets were in his ears, and the light of divine truth—strong though clouded—was in his soul. As we stand with him on the threshold of the world of sorrows, and read the awful inscription over

the portal,* a chill from the dark valley of the shadow of death comes over the heart. The compass of poetry contains no image which surpasses this dismal inscription in solemn grandeur;—nor is there anywhere a more delicious strain of tender poetic beauty, than that of the distant vesper bell, which seems to mourn for the departing day, as it is heard by the traveller just leaving his home.† But Dante lived in an age, when Christianity—if I may so speak—was paganized. Much of his poem, substance as well as ornament, is heathen. Too much of his inspiration is drawn from the stormy passions of life. The warmth with which he glowed is too often the kindling of scorn and indignation, burning under a sense of intolerable wrong. The holiest muse may string his lyre, but it is too often the incensed partizan that sweeps the strings. The divine comedy, as he calls his wonderful work, is much of it mere mortal satire.'

MILTON.

'In *Paradise Lost*, we feel as if we were admitted to the outer courts of the Infinite. In that all-glorious temple of genius inspired by truth, we catch the full diapason of the heavenly organ. With its first choral swell the soul is lifted from the earth. In the *Divina Commedia*, the man, the Florentine, the exiled Ghibelline, stands out from first to last breathing defiance and revenge. Milton in some of his prose works, betrays the partizan also,—but in his poetry we see him in the white robes of the minstrel, with upturned though sightless eyes, rapt in meditation at the feet of the heavenly muse. Dante in his dark vision descends to the depths of the world of perdition, and, homeless fugitive as he is, drags his proud and prosperous enemies down with him, and buries them—doubly destroyed—in the flaming sepulchres of the lowest hell.‡ Milton, on the other hand, seems almost to have purged off the dross of humanity. Blind, poor, friendless, in solitude and sorrow, with quite as much reason as his Italian rival to repine at his fortune and war against mankind, how calm and unimpassioned is he in all that concerns his own personality! He deemed too highly of his divine gift to make it the instrument of immortalizing his hatreds. One cry alone of sorrow at his blindness, one pathetic lamentation over the evil days on which he had fallen, bursts from his full heart.¶ There is not a flash of human wrath in all his pictures of woe. Hating nothing but evil spirits, in the childlike simplicity of his heart, his pure hands undefiled with the pitch of the political intrigues in which he had lived, he breaths forth his inexpressibly majestic strains,—the poetry not so much of earth as of heaven.

'Can it be hoped that, under the operation of the influences to which we have alluded, any thing superior to *Paradise Lost* will ever be produced by man? It requires a courageous faith in general principles to believe it. I dare not call it a probable event; but can we say it is impossible? If out of the wretched intellectual and moral elements of the commonwealth in England,—imparting as they did at times too much of their contagion to Milton's mind,—a poem like *Paradise Lost* could spring forth, shall no corresponding fruit of excellence be produced, when knowledge shall be universally diffused, society enlightened, elevated, and equalized; and the standard of moral and religious principle in public and private affairs, raised far above its present level? A continued progress in the intellectual world is consistent with all that we know of the laws that govern it, and with all experience. A presentiment of it lies deep in the soul of man, spark as it is of the divine nature. The craving after excellence, the thirst for truth and beauty, has never been,—never can be,—fully slaked at the fountains, which have flowed beneath the touch of the enchanter's wand. Man listens to the heavenly strain, and straightway becomes desirous of still loftier melodies. It has nourished and strengthened instead of satiating his taste. Fed by the divine aliment he can enjoy more, he can conceive more, he can himself perform more.

'Should a poet of loftier muse than Milton, hereafter appear, or to speak more reverently, when the Milton of

* *Dell' Inferno*, Canto III. † *Del Purgatorio*, Canto VIII.
‡ *Dell' Inferno*, Canto IX, X.
¶ *Paradise Lost*, Books III and VII, at the beginning.

* *Homeri II. VIII. 535.*

† *Odys. XI.*

a better age shall arise, there is remaining yet one subject worthy his powers;—the complement of *Paradise Lost*. In the conception of this subject by Milton, then mature in the experience of his great poem, we have the highest human judgment that this is the one remaining theme. In his uncompleted attempt to achieve it, we have the greatest cause for the doubt, whether it be not beyond the grasp of the human mind, in its present state of cultivation. But I am unwilling to think that this theme, immeasurably the grandest which can be contemplated by the mind of man, will never receive a poetical illustration, proportioned to its sublimity. It seems to me impossible that the time,—doubtless far distant,—should not eventually arrive, when another Milton, divorcing his heart from the delights of life;—purifying his bosom from its angry and its selfish passions;—relieved by happier fortunes from care and sorrow;—pluming the wings of his spirit in solitude, by abstinence and prayer, will address himself to this only remaining theme of a great christian epic.'

Two or three more extracts, and we shall have done: though full fain would we copy the whole Address.

The following is germane to what we have before quoted, upon the dignity and importance of education. Can the thought fail to strike a Southern reader,—if the defects of instruction, complained of in the second paragraph below, exist in Massachusetts, where not one man in a thousand is unable to read, what adequate terms of self-reproach can be found for Virginia and her neighboring sisters, of whose adult white population a full FIFTH cannot read?

'It is at once melancholy and fearful to reflect, how much intellect is daily perishing from inaction; or worse than perishing from the false direction given it in the morning of life. I fear we do not yet fully realize what is meant, when we speak of the improvement of the mind. I fear it is not yet enough considered by legislators or parents, that there dwells, in every rational being, an intellect endowed with a portion of the faculties, which form the glory and happiness of our nature, and which, developed and exerted, are the source of all that makes man to differ essentially from the clod of the valley. Neglected and uncultivated, deprived of its appropriate nourishment, denied the discipline which is necessary to its healthy growth, this divine principle all but expires, and the man whom it was sent to enlighten sinks down before his natural death, to his kindred dust. Trained and instructed, strengthened by wise discipline, and guided by pure principle, it ripens into an intelligence but a little lower than the angels. This is the work of education. The early years of life are the period when it must commonly be obtained; and, if this opportunity is lost, it is too often a loss which nothing can repair. It is usual to compare the culture of the mind to the culture of the earth. If the husbandman relax his labors, and his field be left untilld this year or the next, although a crop or two be lost, the evil may be remedied. The land with its productive qualities remains. If not ploughed and planted this year, it may be the year after. But if the mind be wholly neglected during the period most proper for its cultivation, if it be suffered to remain dark and uninformed, its vital power perishes;—for all the purposes of an intellectual nature it is lost. It is as if an earthquake had swallowed up the uncultivated fallows; it is as if a swollen river had washed away, not merely the standing crop, but the bank on which it was growing. When the time for education has gone by, the man must, in ordinary cases, be launched upon the world a benighted being, scarcely elevated above the beasts that perish; and all that he could have been and done for society, for himself, is wholly lost.

'Although this utter sacrifice of the intellectual nature is rarely made in this part of the country, I fear there exists even here, a woful waste of mental power

through neglect of education. Taking our population as a whole, I fear, that there is not nearly time enough passed at school;—that many of those employed in the business of instruction, are incompetent to the work;—and that our best teachers are not sufficiently furnished with literary apparatus, particularly with school libraries. If these defects could be supplied, I believe a few years would witness a wonderful effect upon the community; that an impulse not easily conceived beforehand, would be given to individual and social character.'

How powerfully must the subjoined passages thrill upon the sensibilities of a Massachusetts hearer or reader!

'I am strongly convinced, that it behoves our ancient Commonwealth, to look anxiously to this subject, if she wishes to maintain her honorable standing in this Union of States. I am not grieved, when I behold on the map the enormous dimensions of some of the new states in the west, as contrasted with the narrow little strip which comprises the good old Bay State. They are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; their welfare is closely interwoven with ours; in every thing that can promote their solid prosperity, I bid them God speed with all my heart. I hear without discontent the astonishing accounts of their fertility;—that their vast prairies are covered with more feet of rich vegetable mould, than our soil on an average can boast of inches; and I can bear to hear it said, without envy, that their Missouri and Mississippi, the Mighty Abana and Pharphar of the west, are better than all the waters of our poor old New England Israel.

'All this I can bear; but I cannot bear that our beloved native state, whose corner-stone was laid upon an intellectual and moral basis, should deprive itself, by its own neglect, of the great counterpoise to these physical advantages. Give the sons of Massachusetts, —small and comparatively unfertile as she is,—the means of a good education, and they will stand against the world. Give me the means of educating my children, and I will not exchange its thirstiest sands nor its barest peak, for the most fertile spot on earth, deprived of those blessings. I had rather occupy the bleakest nook of the mountain that towers above us,* with the wild wolf and rattlesnake for my nearest neighbors, and a snug little school-house, well kept, at the bottom of the hill, than dwell in a paradise of fertility, if I must bring up my children in lazy, pampered, self-sufficient ignorance. A man may protect himself against the rattle and the venom, but if he unnecessarily leaves the mind of his offspring a prey to ignorance and the vices that too often follow in its train, he may find too late for remedy,

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.

'A thankless child? No, I will not wrong even him. He may be anything else that's bad, but he cannot be a *thankless* child. What has he to be thankful for? No. The man who unnecessarily deprives his son of education, and thus knowingly trains him up in the way he should not go, may have a perverse, an intractable, a prodigal child, one who will bring down, aye, drag down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, but a thankless child he cannot have.'

In the next and last quotation, an evil is pointed out—the regard for *cheapness* more than for *qualification* in teachers—which is widely prevalent in Virginia. So numerous are those parents who prefer always the cheapest teacher, without looking to his mind or morals,—that, to a very considerable extent, the sacred office of instruction is a mere *sink* or drain, filled with the refuse of other pursuits. The latter part of the extract exhibits, most impressively, the irreconcilableness of war with the best interests of man.

* Saddle Mountain, between Williamstown and Adams.

'If the all-important duty of *leading out* the mental powers of the young, is entrusted to the cheapest hand, that can be hired to do the work;—to one who is barely able to pass a nominal examination, by a committee sometimes more ignorant than himself, in the modicum of learning prescribed by law; and slender as the privilege of such instruction is, if it be enjoyed by our children but for ten or twelve weeks in the year,—as is the case in too many towns in the Commonwealth,—it is plain to see, that they are deprived of the best part of their birth-right. I know it is said, that these few weeks, in the depth of winter, are all of his children's time, that the frugal husbandman can spare. But can it be so? Can the labors of the field, or any other labors be so hotly pressed among us, that ten or twelve weeks are all the time, for which the labor of the youth of both sexes can be dispensed with for five or six hours a day? I speak with diffidence on the subject, but such I apprehend cannot be the case. I cannot but think, that a majority of the citizens of Massachusetts of all pursuits and callings, might, without the least detriment to their interests, send their children steadily to a good school, seven months in the year, and more or less of the time the other five. Without detriment did I say? Nay, with incalculable advantage to their children, to themselves, and to the state. It would be more rational to talk about not affording seed-corn, than to talk about not affording our children as much of their time as is necessary for their education. What! shall a man plant his field and allow his child's intellect to run to weeds? It would be as wise to eat up all the wheat, and sow the husks and the chaff for next year's crop, as on a principle of thrift, to sow ignorance and its attendant helplessness and prejudices in your children's minds, and expect to reap an honorable and a happy manhood. It would be better husbandry, to go in the summer, and clatter with a hoe in the bare gravel, where nothing was ever sown but the feathered seed of the Canada thistle, which the west wind drops from its sweeping wings, and come back in autumn and expect to find a field of yellow grain nodding to the sickle, than to allow your son to grow up without useful knowledge, and expect that he will sustain himself with respectability in life, or, (if consideration must be had of self-interest,) prop and comfort your decline. Not spare our children's time? Spare it I might ask you from what? Is anything more important? Spare it for what? Can it be better employed, than in that cultivation of the mind, which will vastly increase the value of every subsequent hour of life? And to confine them, in the morning of their days, to a round of labor for the meat that perisheth, is it not when our children ask for bread to give them a stone; when they ask for a fish to give them a serpent, which will sting our bosoms as well as theirs?

'Our governments as well as individuals have, I must needs say, a duty to discharge to the cause of education. Something has been done,—by some of the state governments, much has been done, for this cause; but too much I fear remains undone. In the main, in appropriating the public funds, we tread too much in the footsteps of European precedents. I could wish our legislators might be animated with a purer ambition. In other parts of the world, the resources of the state, too often wrung from their rightful possessors, are squandered on the luxury of governments,—built up into the walls of stately palaces, or massy fortifications,—devoured by mighty armies,—sunk by overgrown navies to the bottom of the sea,—swallowed up in the eternal wars of state policy. *The treasure expended in a grand campaign of the armies of the leading states of Europe, would send a schoolmaster to every hamlet from Archangel to Lisbon.* The annual expense of supporting the armies and navies of Great Britain and France, if applied to the relief and education of the poor in those countries, would change the character of the age in which we live. Perhaps it is too much to hope, that, in the present condition of the politics of Europe, this system can be departed from. It seems to be admitted, as a fundamental maxim of international law among its governments, that the whole energy of their civilization must be exhausted in preventing them from destroying each other. With us, on the contrary, while the union of the states

is preserved, (and heaven grant it may be perpetual,) no obstacle exists to the appropriation to moral and intellectual objects of a great part of those resources, which are elsewhere lavished on luxury and war.

'How devoutly is it not to be wished, that we could feel the beauty and dignity of such a policy, and aim at a new development of national character! From the earliest period of history, the mighty power of the association of millions of men into a people, moved by one political will, has been applied to objects at which humanity weeps, and which, were they not written on every page of the world's experience, would be absolutely incredible. From time to time, a personal gathering is witnessed; mighty numbers of the population assemble *en masse*. Doubtless it is some noble work which they are going to achieve. Marshalled beneath gay and joyous banners, cheered with the soul-stirring strains of music,—honored, admired,—behold how they move forward, the flower of the community,—clothed, fed, and paid at the public expense,—to some grand undertaking. They go not empty-handed;—their approach is discerned afar, by a forest of glittering steel above their heads, and the earth groans beneath their trains of enginery, of strange form and superhuman power. What errand of love has called them out,—the elected host,—to go in person,—side by side, and unite the mighty mass of their physical powers in one vast effort? Let the sharp volley that rings along the lines,—let the scarcely mimic thunder which rends the sky;—let the agonizing shrieks which rise from torn and trampled thousands, return the answer. Their errand is death. They go not to create, but to destroy; to waste and to slay,—to blast the works of civilization and peace,—to wrap cities in flames, and to cover fertile fields with bloody ashes.

'I cannot, will not believe that social man can rise no higher than this;—that reason and experience,—self-interest and humanity,—the light of nature,—the progress of knowledge, and the word of God will forever prove too feeble for this monstrous perversion of human energy. I must believe, that the day will yet dawn, when the great efforts of individual and social man will be turned to the promotion of the welfare of his brother man. If this hope is to be realized, it must be by the joint action of enlightened reason, elevated morals, and pure religion,—brought home by a liberal and efficient system of education, and the aid of heaven, to every fireside, and every heart.'

POLITICAL PROPHECY.

A REMARKABLE ONE.

The sagacity of Mr. Wirt has been much and deservedly admired, in his auguring, so early as 1805 or '6, in the *British Spy*, that Mr. Monroe would one day be President of the United States. But that augury was not comparable for distinctness, nor for apparent unlikelihood of fulfilment, to the following prediction, made fifteen years in advance, that *Louis Philippe would one day be King of France*. It is found in the *Edinburg Review*, for October, 1815, in an able dissertation upon French politics. Looking to the clearness with which it foretells that this prince would be the constitutional and limited monarch of his country; to the extreme improbability of such an event at the time; and to the literal exactness with which the prophecy was verified by the revolution of 1830;—we are at a loss to find any instance of perspicacity, on so important a subject, approaching to this.

THE PREDICTION.

[From the *Edinburg Review*, for October, 1815.]

'At present we are inclined to think, that the general voice of the discontented would be for the *Duke of Orleans*; and that his appointment to a limited monarchy would satisfy a greater ma-

jerk of all parties, and appease far more jealousies and alarms, than any other measure that could be suggested. Such a choice would ensure these three great advantages to the nation. In the first place, they would have a king who owed his crown unequivocally to the will of the country, and consequently could claim nothing as his right by birth, nor dispute the legitimacy of any of the conditions under which it was given. In the second place, they would have a king connected with the revolution by his parentage and early education, and therefore not liable to be tempted by family affection, or to be suspected of being tempted, to look upon those concerned in the revolution with feelings of hatred or revenge;—and, finally, they would have a king so near in blood to the lineal successor to the throne, and so little entitled to the dignity for his personal services or exertions, as to mark a considerable veneration for the principle of hereditary succession,—to conciliate the moderate royalists on the one hand, and to prevent this limited exercise of choice, in an emergency so new and important, from affording any encouragement to the perilous experiment of an elective monarchy; or, in other words, a crown set up as a prize to be fought for by all the daring and ambitious spirits in the country.

'These considerations are so forcible, and, at the same time, so obvious, that we cannot help believing, that if things do not mend greatly before the death of the king, whose health and habits do not promise a long course of existence;—or if, even during his life, discontents should rise so high as to produce another subversion of the government; by far the most likely, and, upon the whole, the most desirable issue, will be the transference of the sceptre to the *Duke of Orleans*, upon conditions more favorable to general liberty than have yet been admitted by a French sovereign.

'We are far from intending to insinuate, that that illustrious person has actually taken any measures to bring about such a consummation, or that he is even suspected of caballing against the throne of his kinsman. On the contrary, it is generally understood, that he has carefully kept himself aloof from the hazard of all such imputations; and that, though his partizans may conjecture that he will not refuse the greatness that may be put upon him, they are perfectly aware that he himself will do nothing to bring it to him, nor use any other arts to strengthen his interest, than a scrupulous adherence to the principles of the constitutional charter, which the whole nation is now bound to observe. His character, as far as we can gather, is that of much good sense and moderation.'

ROBERT WHITE.

BY A CITIZEN OF FREDERICKTOWN, MARYLAND.*

The memory of joys that are past, like the music of carol, is pleasant, but mournful to the soul.—*Ossian*.

Virginia ranks among her distinguished sons **ROBERT WHITE**, late judge of the general court, who was gathered to his fathers in March, 1831. He was born in the neighborhood of Winchester, March 29, 1759, and received but an imperfect education at a grammar school, near Marsh Creek, Pennsylvania, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Craighead, a Presbyterian minister. In his seventeenth year, he volunteered as a private in a company commanded by captain Hugh Stevenson, and marched on the 20th of June, 1775, from Morgan's Spring, in Berkeley county, to Boston, where the British army was now closely besieged by Washington. Engaging with youthful ardor and zeal in the various and eventful scenes of that well conducted enterprise, he soon arrested the attention of the commander in chief, by his chivalric bearing. His discerning eye saw in the boy the germ of that remarkable de-

* Our Maryland friend deserves, and will no doubt receive the thanks of every Virginian, for this interesting sketch of one of her gallant sons and revolutionary heroes. We doubt not that it will be acceptable to our readers generally.

cision of character, which, in after years, sustained him in numberless appalling trials. He once told me that but for the pious impressions made on his heart, by the study of the Scriptures, when at school, he would then have been borne down and carried away in the vortex of dissipation and vice in which he was now involved. The light of the Star of Bethlehem beamed on his path, and he reached the haven in safety.

On the 17th of March, 1776, the city was evacuated; the enemy spread their canvass for a more fortunate station; and White saw his beloved chief triumphantly occupying the position of a cruel and imperious foe. Following the standard of his country, he shared the dangers and sufferings of the disastrous campaign of the following summer, when he was made an ensign. We next find him at Germantown, on the fourth of October, 1777, where he fought as a lieutenant, under major William Darke, of Berkeley county, Virginia, his intimate friend through life, who, on this occasion, displayed an intrepidity unsurpassed by "the bravest of the brave." As the column of the enemy advanced near our line, the lieutenant noticed an elegant and daring young British officer, animating his troops, by his own example, to press forward into the conflict. Darke aimed at him a fatal shot, with his fuzee, and seeing him fall, laconically remarked, "White, I have given that fellow his tobacco."

After this engagement, which resulted unfavorably to our arms, the lieutenant was constantly employed in harassing detached parties of the enemy, in the spring of 1778; and by a vigilance which knew no bounds, and a courage yielding to no danger, he often protected the main body of our army from surprise and loss. During one of these perilous partizan enterprises, in the month of June, of this year, at Short Hill, New Jersey, in the act of crossing a fence, his thigh bone was broken by a musket ball, and nearly at the same moment, he received another severe wound in the head from a British grenadier. He fell senseless to the earth—bleeding profusely. He found himself, when somewhat recovered, a prisoner of war, in the tent of an amiable and accomplished officer, who had rescued him from death, and who now treated him with distinguished humanity and politeness. In the autumn, after being exchanged, he at last reached Winchester, by slow and painful efforts, exceedingly lame, weak, and emaciated, by acute and protracted suffering. His body was a mere shadow, but his noble spirit, yet unsubdued, still panted to avenge the wrongs of his country. By this time Frederick and Berkeley counties had in the field some of the best officers in our army. Morgan, with his riflemen, had already scaled the walls of Quebec, amid the storms and snows of winter. Darke was then in the prison-ship, near New York, enduring all the complicated severities of rigorous confinement; but the laurels he had won were yet fresh. Swearingen was courting danger in every form; and the patriotism of White, elevating him above the severe torments he endured, urged him again "once more to the breach," before his wounds were sufficiently healed. In 1779 he was commissioned a captain of cavalry. For some time he was employed in recruiting and training his troop in Philadelphia, but was compelled, from bodily inability, to retire from service. His military career now closed in the twentieth year of his age, but never for a moment

did he withdraw his eagle eye from the thrilling events which afterwards illustrated our struggle for liberty, and often regretted that he was prevented from mingling again in the glorious contest. His maxim was, "What a pity 'tis that a man can die but once to save his country." In this year he commenced the study of law in the office of his uncle, Alexander White, one of the most profound lawyers in the valley of Virginia. While here he was compelled to read Blackstone, Coke, and other books, for nearly four years, either lying on his back, or propped up on a couch. In this forlorn condition, he pursued his weary way along the path of science, until he appeared at the Winchester bar, December, 1783. His health was now restored, and he was quickly cheered with an extensive and profitable practice. He was an able lawyer; clear and cogent in argument, but not eloquent; his voice rather harsh and shrill; and in the impetuosity of debate, his enunciation was sometimes affected even to stammering. For ten years he maintained a lofty eminence at the Frederick bar, during which period he was frequently elected to represent his county in the house of delegates. Here he mingled in debate with some of the most prominent characters of the commonwealth, and sustained a high reputation as an honest statesman. He heard the celebrated Patrick Henry deliver his wonderful argument against the British debts. He declared that no language could describe the splendor and grandeur of the scene. Immense clouds of anxious spectators thronged the court: the members of both houses left their seats, notwithstanding the commands of their speaker: the windows were raised that the multitude might at least catch the inspiring sound of the orator's voice: dead silence reigned, except when broken by the silver tones of his eloquence: for some days the delighted assembly was transported with the mighty efforts of that pupil of nature, whom Lord Byron styles "Demosthenes forest born." As he related the event, at my fireside in 1821, judge White seemed to be inspired with the same feeling which filled the bosom of Henry on that occasion: his eye kindled, his breast heaved with strong emotion. "True" said he, "success did not crown his efforts; but it might well have been said in the language of Chief Justice Marshall, when speaking of Pinkney in the case of the Nereid, 'so exquisite was the skill of the artist, so dazzling the garb in which the figure was presented, that it required the exercise of that cold, investigating faculty, which ought always to belong to those who sit on this bench, to discern its only imperfection, its want of resemblance.'"

On the sixteenth of November, 1793, Mr. White was appointed judge of the general court of Virginia, which office he held until his death.

Until 1825, this amiable and excellent judge was not only ever indefatigable in discharging the high trusts of his station at Richmond, in June and November of each year; but in each successive spring and fall, (whatever might be the state of the roads and weather) you would see him wending his way, in his gig, through five counties, of which the tenth judicial district was composed, at the appointed time, for the very small salary of \$1600 per annum. Like the great Alfred he carried justice to every man's door. As a *visi prius* judge, he had no superior in the United States. Prompt,

energetic, firm and resolute, he always commanded the profound respect of all who entered the court. So jealous was he of the encroachment of military power, that during the war of 1812, when Winchester was filled with recruits, he would not permit the officers to appear before him with their swords by their sides. His reported opinions in the case of Myers, who was tried for murder, and Preston's case, on a question of estoppel, are universally acknowledged to be powerful specimens of sound learning and extensive research.

When Judge White, was in the social circle, the sternness of his official character was thrown aside, and the soft, insinuating manners of the polished cavalier, made him the delight and admiration of all. Abounding in interesting anecdote, he would bear away your whole feelings, when relating the stirring events of the battlefield, or the more mild incidents of his long professional career. Scipio Africanus himself did not possess a more entire admiration of the female sex, and insensibly this high and holy principle would appear to insinuate itself into his judgment, where inflexible justice did not forbid it. Brave and intrepid as he surely was, the prayer of virtuous woman never reached his ear in vain. I remember a case—a miserable and depraved man was convicted by a jury of Loudoun, for some offence, and the court pronounced sentence of imprisonment; but during the term, the punishment might of course be commuted. Various persons besought him, in vain, in behalf of the law's victim. At length, the wife of the offender, poor, humble, broken-hearted, appeared a suppliant before him. He was unable to resist, and amidst the tears which flowed down his cheek, bade her to be comforted and depart in peace.

He kept on steadily in his high career of usefulness to the community, until the spring of 1825, when in coming to court in Loudoun, he halted for the night at a tavern on the bank of the Shenandoah. He retired to his room at an early hour, and was found by the landlord, at bedtime, sitting by the fireside, stricken with paralysis. He remained in this situation for several weeks, and was then borne, in a litter, to Winchester. Here I saw him in the latter part of '27, and never shall I forget the interview. Nature had put on her winter garment; the leaves of the forest were swept off by every gale, reminding us of the several generations successively passing away: the wind sighed mournfully amidst the venerable oaks surrounding his mansion: night had cast her gloomy mantle over the earth—I approached the patriarch, for the first time since his affliction. Alas, how changed! His dark and brilliant eye no more flashed with the lightning of genius: those lips, which once were vocal in the discharge of his official duties, and in establishing the rights of his fellow-citizens, were now almost powerless: the intellect prostrated: his noble form in ruins: all was desolate and sorrowful. "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," said Burke, on a melancholy occasion, and the sentiment rushed into my mind, as I beheld the emaciated frame of him who sat before me. Often, but in vain, did I strive to suppress the rising sigh, and check the flowing tear—I wrung the hand of the patriot, and bade him adieu forever. He died a christian; and rests near the tomb of Morgan, in Winchester. Gallant soldier, fare thee well!

NEW VIEWS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

The heading of this article will no doubt strike many of your readers as not only presumptuous, but extremely ridiculous. To suppose that a new view of the solar system can be presented to the learned, and such a view as will deserve the attention, the examination of the philosopher and mathematician, will appear rather a strange undertaking, to many, who would think well of any effort, claiming less pretensions. I had proposed publishing my view of the solar system, with the appropriate diagrams; but being advised by a few learned friends to present to the public, through the Messenger, my view of the distances of the planets from the Sun, their velocity in their paths, and the kind of orbits they describe round the Sun, *he* being a *progressing body*, I now comply with that advice.

It will be admitted by both the philosopher and mathematician, that if the Sun is a *progressive body*, then the planets cannot describe round him orbits returning into themselves, as now taught by astronomers. It will be also admitted, that our systems of astronomy, as they now exist, and are taught in the schools, had their foundation in the *supposition* that the Sun is a stationary body, and that the orbits of the planets were drawn in pursuance of this supposition. It is now, I believe, generally admitted by astronomers in England, France and Germany, that the Sun is not a stationary body; but moving on in his grand orbit, and carrying his planets as Jupiter carries his moons. Then, if we admit this fact, and it must be admitted, as the whole phenomena of the heavens tend directly to prove it, consequently, there is not a diagram in any of our systems of astronomy, which represents the solar system as it is: they represent a system which has no reality in creation. I have no hesitation in saying, that this single fact, the *progressing motion* of the Sun, proves clearly that the whole system, as it now exists, requires recasting—and such a recasting as will furnish a substitute representing the system as it is, and not as it has heretofore been supposed to be.

Before I advert to the probable distances of the planets from the Sun, I will bring into view the rotatory phenomena of the Earth. It has been supposed that the Moon was furnished by the Creator for the purpose of giving light to this globe during the absence of the sun. But the object of this creation was for a very different purpose. We see that the Moon revolves on her axis once only during her revolution round the Earth. This would have been the case in relation to the Earth, if she had not been supplied with this agent; she would have revolved once only on her axis during her revolution round the Sun, as is the fact, in relation to the Moon. To give quick successions of day and night, suited to the well-being of vegetable and animated nature on this Earth, the Moon was given. That this is the fact, the agency of the Moon, in raising the tides, abundantly proves. I will, however, now, only say, that the planets give rotatory motion to the Sun, and the moons to the planets; and that I have here noticed this agency of the Moon, for a purpose which will hereafter appear, hoping that the great difference between the rotations of the Earth and Moon, may excite the attention of your learned readers.

In thus proposing to show to the learned world, that our *physical systems* of astronomy are not true, either in the distances of the planets from the Sun—their velocities in their paths—the kind of orbits they describe—the forces by which they are impelled through the heavens—the cause of their perturbations, and the entire insufficiency of that something called the *attraction of gravitation*, though presented to us in a full suit of mathematical problems and demonstrations, to produce the phenomena we observe among the planets and their satellites—I hope I shall not be considered as attacking systems idly, and without just grounds for the attack. I am well aware of the force of educational impressions, and that there are men who cannot brook the questioning of the truth of such impressions.

Every theory or system must be consistent with itself. If it is not—if it involves inconsistencies—it cannot be accepted as true. Astronomers have been long engaged in efforts to discover the magnitude of the Sun, of the planets, and their distances from one another; but with what success, a few of their supposed discoveries will show. It is universally admitted, I believe, that the magnitude of a body diminishes as the distance increases. Then, at the distance of the Sun from the Earth, whatever it may be, he presents an apparent diameter, I will say, of about thirty inches; but they have, in retracing the distance of the Sun from the Earth, brought up that apparent diameter to a real one of 780,000 miles. Now suppose the Sun to be 95,000,000 of miles from the Earth, with an apparent diameter of 30 inches, and then suppose him removed 95,000,000 of miles further off, what would be his apparent diameter at that distance? We might see him, perhaps, as we now see the light of some distant star. They give to Jupiter a measurable apparent disk, and say that his nearest approach to this Earth is about 390,000,000 of miles; but in tracing back that distance, more than four times the distance of the Sun, they give to him a real diameter of only 90,000,000 miles. Then taking into view the distances given the two bodies, the real diameter of Jupiter ought to be much greater than that of the Sun. Now what can be said in favor of a mathematical theory involving such discrepancies—a theory, too, pretending to infallibility? It is, however, not to be considered very extraordinary that such errors should exist theoretically, and continue to exist, as neither distances, magnitude, nor velocity, are required in the labors of the practical astronomer. The distances of the planets from the Sun, and the velocity they have in their orbits, must be ascertained from *physical data* very different from the means now employed. The mathematicians have been, also, too much employed, and uselessly so, in attempts to prove that their gravitation, their attraction and projection, alone wields the planets in their courses. It is, for us, equally easy to conceive the Deity creating elastic materials, and specifically applying them, as to conceive the creation of our globe; and we see, and feel, that they do exist, and exist formidably. Can such materials be without agency in the fields they occupy? Do we not see that this globe would be a barren waste without them? Philosophers have at all times paid too little attention to the use, the agency, and indeed the necessity of such *matériel* in the vast ranges of creation; but if we can succeed in ascertaining the true distances of the planets from the Sun,

and I have no doubt this can be done with great accuracy—if we can by any means arrive at the exact distance of the Moon from the Earth—there will be but little difficulty in arranging the *electro-magnetic machinery* of the Sun and planets, so that the whole of the phenomena presented to us in the solar system may be readily accounted for, even that anomaly discovered in the motions of the four bodies between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

Now, our physical systems of astronomy teach us, that the Moon makes one revolution round the Earth in 29 days, at the distance of 240,000 miles from her primary. They also teach us, that Mercury makes one revolution round the Sun in 87 days. Then three revolutions of the Moon round the Earth, will be performed in the same time, (97 days,) that Mercury performed one round the Sun, leaving out fractions in both cases. Suppose then, for convenience, we place the Moon three times her supposed distance from the Earth, which will be 720,000 miles, and give Mercury his supposed distance from the Sun, 37,000,000 of miles, and use their several velocities as given by the mathematicians, the Moon 70,000 miles an hour, and Mercury 110,000 only. Then so far as time is concerned, the Moon, at 720,000 miles distance from the Earth, would make one revolution round the Earth, while Mercury makes one, at the distance of 37,000,000 of miles, as supposed, from the Sun. The Moon moving 70,000 miles an hour, and Mercury 110,000 only. Here then mathematical astronomers have blundered most extraordinarily. But this question having been submitted for the consideration of a distinguished mathematical professor, he at once dismissed it, by saying it was “an incorrect principle to compare a body moving round one, with a body moving round another,” without giving any reason why it was so. I will admit, that if the two bodies belonged to different systems, and existed under different circumstances, that then it might be considered an incorrect principle. If, “to compare a body moving round one, with a body moving round another,” be an incorrect principle, it must be, because the bodies compared, belonged to different systems. But in this case, the Sun, Mercury, the Earth, and the Moon, belong to the same system,—they move in the same direction, never vary in their times, and are indissolubly bound together. Mercury moves round the Sun—the Earth moves round the same body, and so does the Moon. Then if the Moon is 240,000 miles from the Earth, and moves 70,000 miles an hour, and three periods of the Moon are equal to one of Mercury, it is evident, that, if there is any truth in figures, in mathematics, or in anything else, Mercury cannot be 37,000,000 of miles from the Sun. Then, if the comparison here made, is made upon correct principles—and I see no defect—what is the probable distance of Mercury from his luminous leader? The question may be thus stated:

Moon's velocity.	Distance.	Mercury's velocity.
70,000	720,000	110,000
	110,000	
	7(0,000)79,200,00(0,000	
	1,131,428,4-7 miles.	

Now if the distance and velocity of the Moon are rightly

given in our physical systems of astronomy, then the distance and velocity of Mercury cannot be. This discrepancy or inconsistency, would, however, very naturally grow out of the discoveries of Galileo, and Copernicus. Copernicus assumed that the Sun was a stationary body, and he whirled the planets round him, in paths returning into themselves. This led his followers to suppose, from the times or periods of the planets, that they must have different velocities. Now it is very evident, that the Sun being a *progressive body*, that that progression must limit the progression of the planets—none can advance ahead—none can be left behind; they must all have the same velocity. The Moon will make twelve revolutions round the Earth, while Mercury makes four round the Sun; Mercury describing precisely the same kind of orbit round the Sun, that the Moon describes round the Earth; the Earth and Mercury having the same velocity. This opens the field fully to our view, and we see evidently from the nature of the orbit described by the Moon, that she must move faster in her path than either the Earth or Mercury; and, therefore, the distance of Mercury from the Sun cannot be, if we assume the distance of the Moon to be rightly given, 37,000,000 of miles. No one will deny that the Moon moves round the Sun with the same certainty, the same exactitude, that Mercury does; and the Sun being a *progressive body*, Mercury must describe round him the same kind of orbit the Moon describes round the Earth.

Respecting the action of the Moon upon this Earth, and the nature of that action, I feel confident I shall be able to demonstrate, that the same force which raises the tides, gives to the Earth axillary or rotatory motion, and if that force was *attractive*, it would reverse the whole phenomena of the tides, and give to the Earth rotation upon its axis from east to west, instead of from west to east. But what would be much worse it would bring the Earth and Moon together at the point where the Moon passes the orbit of the Earth, in her descent towards the Sun. But my principal object now, is to excite a full examination of the correctness or incorrectness of the principle of comparing the distance and velocity of the Moon, with the distance and velocity of Mercury, as they are presented to us by the astronomical mathematician. There can be no stationary worlds,—no stationary systems—the whole universe is in motion, and that description of force which moves a feather, moves a world. The natural gravitation of all systems must be counteracted, not by a *projectile* force in a direct line, and a *drawing off* from that line, but by a force quite of a different nature: such a force as we discover in the action of one magnet upon another. The magnetic phenomena will develop to us the true nature of the planetary gravitation, and, also, the true nature of the counteracting forces.

I shall probably offer you for your next number my view of the tides, which will bring before your readers an entirely original theory, founded upon the real facts as they exist, and not as they have been said to exist. The whole of the oceanic phenomena produced by the action of the Moon, have been altogether misrepresented. In thus speaking, I hope I shall not be considered as intending to give offence to any one; my object is revolutionary, so far as our physical systems of astronomy are concerned.

A very distinguished European mathematician seems to be not altogether convinced that the primary object in the creation of the Moon, was to give light to this Earth during the absence of the Sun. Now if he had attended more particularly to dynamical principles, and the nature of the force producing rotatory motion, he would have discovered that there was evidently a force applied to the Earth, which was not applied to the Moon. Then the inquiry would have been, whence this force? He would have seen, and clearly too, that the force which could drive the Earth 68,000 miles an hour in her path, could not be the force that gave her such a slow rotatory motion compared with the motion given her in her orbit. He seems to have had no idea of the true office of the Moon, and which will be shown, in showing the true cause of the tides. I know that the office or agency I give to the satellite, is new—is original. But this, so far from constituting an objection, ought rather to excite inquiry, and a thorough investigation of the question. I say that the original design of the Creator, in the creation of the Moon, was the rotatory motion of this Earth. The light she gives is truly of some importance, but this rotatory motion is still of more importance, and indeed is absolutely necessary to animated nature as it exists here. It may be said that the Moon has still a slower rotatory motion than the Earth, and which is true, and just such a rotation as the Earth would have had, if she had been left without the agency of her Moon. The projectile force of astronomers must strike the planet equally, and therefore could not give rotatory motion; and their gravitation must also affect or act upon the planet equally, and of course neither force could give axillary motion;—to give axillary or rotatory motion, the planet must be acted upon unequally and obliquely. Then, as the projection and gravitation of our physical astronomers, can neither of them act both equally and unequally at the same time, they can have no agency in producing rotatory or axillary motion. It may be replied to this, however, that the Moon has herself this axillary motion, and that she has no agent to give her such a motion independent of the projection and gravitation of our physical astronomers. To show how this is effected, the *electro magnetic machinery*, which wields the planets in their courses, must be brought into view. This, however, will require diagrams showing how this *material* is applied, and which cannot here be given.

But my principal object in offering for the Messenger this paper, is to have the question, whether the distance of the Moon from the Earth, and her velocity in her path, furnishes "correct" data for ascertaining the probable distance of Mercury from the Sun; Mercury making one revolution round the Sun, in the same time that the Moon makes three round the Earth. If I am correct in this, the distances and velocities of the planets, as heretofore given, cannot be true; and I will show that the Earth itself is not more than 5,000,000 of miles from the Sun, instead of 95,000,000; and that Jupiter is not more than 55,000,000 from the same body, and that he moves with the same velocity that Mercury, Venus, the Earth and Mars do. This will bring the field occupied by our solar system within reasonable bounds. I will conclude this paper by remarking that because the practical astronomer predicts transits, eclipses, &c. many suppose that he is

really indebted to the *physical astronomer* for this art; and that gravitation, attraction, and projection, are necessary; and that he could not get on without such supposed forces. But this art was brought into practice thousands of years before Copernicus had an existence, or such forces were even thought of by our modern astronomers. In fact the practical astronomer derives no advantage whatever from what is now called the physical department of the science.

MEMORY, FANCY, AND LOVE.

'Tis to Mem'ry and Fancy that mortals most owe
The good or the evil they meet with below :
For Memory's mirror reflects back again
The image of every past pleasure or pain ;
And in Fancy's strange prism the future appears,
As color'd and shaped by our hopes and our fears ;
From the first dawn of thought to life's latest hour,
What mortal has felt not their magical power ?

Near those fountains where Pleasure and Fashion bear sway,
Two beautiful sisters chanced lately to stray ;
Though the damsels were equal in beauty and grace,
They differed in stature, in form, and in face.
The one who seem'd eldest was larger and taller,
And so sober and staid you a matron would call her :
Her robe was all chequer'd and pale in its hue ;
On her arm she exhibits a mirror to view,
The reflection of which she so managed to cast,
One sees imaged there all the scenes she has past.

The one who was younger, with form light and airy,
Displays all the grace of a sylph or a fairy :
Than her vest you could nothing more splendid behold,
'Twas crimson and azure, embroider'd with gold.
A prism of crystal her bosom displays,
Through which she would often in ecstasy gaze ;
But at times after seeming entranc'd with delight,
From the shapes that she sees she will turn with affright.

As they rambled along, in a pathway they found
A child lying naked and sick on the ground ;
Though now he was friendless, neglected, forlorn,
To happier fortunes he seem'd to be born.
His eye, altho' hollow, emitted such rays,
As only can flash from passion's strong blaze ;
And his cheeks, though so sunken, in color still show'd
Where beauty and health in one current had flow'd.

Awakened to pity, the sisters employ
All their cares to revive and to cherish the boy :
By turns to their bosoms the infant they press,
When they saw that their efforts were promis'd success.
So prudent their nursery, so ceaseless their pains,
The boy all his beauty completely regains ;
His limbs became plump, and his cheeks now disclose
Both joy's laughing dimple and health's blooming rose.
Then so quick was his step, so elastic his bound,
His feet hardly seem'd to alight on the ground ;
But the archness and slyness that lurk'd in his eyes,
Show'd a temper for mischief the sisters surmise.

The urchin, ungrateful their cares to requite,
Soon tasks the two sisters from morning till night :
In the mirror first looks—through the prism then gazes,
As his object's the past or the future's bright phases :
Each by-gone delight now with rapture beholds ;
Then hope's lovely hues, which the prism unfolds,
If some frightful shape should here meet his sight,
To the mirror he turns for remembered delight ;
Or if some clouded spot in the mirror arise,
To the beautiful tints of the prism he flies.
These signs were together sufficient to prove
To the sisters the child they had cherish'd was Love :
As the symbols they wore had in like manner show'd
'Twas to Fancy and Mem'ry his life he had owed.
Thus, if they nurse the Passions, the Passions again
Over Fancy and Memory triumphantly reign.

LUCILE:

A NOVELETTE.

By the Authoress of "The Curse."

CHAPTER I.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear.

Byron.

The evening was closing in, and the mysterious twilight was beginning to envelope every object in its misty veil. The hour most dear to the dreaming and poetic mind, is that between sunset and the falling of night: the indistinct and imperfect outlines suggest a thousand visions as fitting and unreal as the shadows before us. The happy love that hour, for then fancy has full sway, and bright and gorgeous is the future which she pictures forth: the wretched love it, because the quiet and dream-like repose of nature allows them leisure to brood over the past, and recall the image of the being whose presence was the sunshine of their existence—to remember a bright and happy face, or the tones of a glad voice which once was the music of their home.

The day had been intensely hot; a slight breeze was just beginning to crisp the surface of the ocean, and the murmur of the waves as they broke in ripples on the beach, came with a lulling sound to the ear of Lucile Montessor, as she leaned from the balcony in front of her window. A servant entered the chamber, and lit the crystal-lamp, which stood on a table in the centre of the room. Lucile turned and exclaimed—

"Ah! Agnes, why did you bring that odious light? It has destroyed the brightest dream that ever moon-struck fancy mirrored forth."

"Deed, Miss Lucile," said the girl; "if de dream made you so pale and ghost-like, it could'nt be such a one as is very pleasin' for a young lady like you. Look at yourself in de glass, and see if you isn't more like a corpse than a livin' lady."

Lucile threw herself on a sofa, and motioned her attendant to leave her. "Let me know," said she, "when my father returns—I wish to see him immediately."

"Yes, ma'am," responded Agnes, and in another instant Miss Montessor was alone. Starting up, and pressing her hands on her temples, she exclaimed—

"Ah, if he should not consent! This suspense is horrible: I can hear the pulsations of my own heart in this still and silent hour: yet he must—he will sanction our engagement: he is my father, and I his only child—he will not refuse me happi-

ness—his pride must yield. Ah! my beloved Sidney," she continued, unclosing a miniature case, and gazing fondly on the picture which it contained, "Heaven has stamped upon that brow its own seal of nobility, and who shall dare to say that thou art not a match for the envied heiress."

As Lucile stood with her earnest gaze fixed on the face which had become to her young heart its beau-ideal, her lovely features borrowed an additional charm from the pensive expression which stole over them. The massy folds of raven hair were parted over a low, broad brow, and knotted at the back of the head, so as to display the whole of a beautiful face and throat. The features were of the purest Grecian mould, but the exquisitely curved lips and large lustrous eyes, gave more expression to the countenance than is usually found in the most perfect copies of the loveliness of the far famed daughters of Greece.

"My own Lucile," murmured a low voice at her elbow; and her pale face flushed even to the temples, as she met the eyes of the original of that picture, on which she had been so abstractedly gazing. And never did woman yield her love to one whose outward form was better calculated to win it. A tall, stately figure, with a face whose every feature was strictly beautiful; yet no one would have thought of calling it effeminate: the large clear eyes were filled with light from the spirit within, and the intellectual brow redeemed it from the possibility of having such an epithet applied to it. It was a face which breathed of genius—passion—truth.

Quickly recovering from her confusion, Lucile exclaimed—

"Have you seen my father? Tell me in a word what he says. Methinks your face speaks not of failure."

"I have seen him, dearest, but will you—can you forgive me, for again leaving his presence without speaking of my hopes—my wishes? When I approach the subject, my tongue falters, and my heart faints within me; for how can I, the object of his bounty, ask him to give me his gifted, lovely child. I, who would gladly give my life for her, yet dare not hope to win from her proud father the consent to call her mine. I have lingered around you, dear Lucile, until I fear that if I breathe my presumptuous hopes, I shall be banished from my paradise, without the Eve whose companionship could lighten every toil—make dear every privation endured for her sake."

Lucile waved her hand impatiently.

"No, Sidney—no! I would not be the means of bringing sorrow on you; for if my father were to refuse his consent to our marriage, and I should elope with you, what would become of your hopes of future greatness! In struggling with the wearing cares of life, the fire would be extinguished—the enthusiasm of genius fade from your soul; and

I—even I—fondly as you say you love me, would be dearly purchased at such a price.”

“Lucile—no price, save that, can be too dear to me for the possession of your love—the right to claim you as my own forever; for if the glory depart from my mind, I should be unworthy of you, and could not hope to retain your affection. But the history of genius has no such record: it is in sorrow and poverty that the brightest spirits have been nursed; and many—many, gifted beyond myself, have been lost to the world and posterity, by the inglorious love of ease which the possession of wealth allowed them. Thus you see, dearest, that even if Gen. Montessor should refuse to sanction our love, it may be to my advantage in the end. ’Tis true, I lose the opportunity of visiting Italy, and studying the master-pieces of my art, but with thy form before me as a model, and the beauties of nature in such a clime as ours spread around me, I shall be inspired with such visions as never before visited the brain of dreaming painter or poet. Oh! Lucile, promise me that you will hold sacred the pledge which you have given, that no other influence shall destroy your love for me.”

“Sidney, Sidney,” said Lucile, reproachfully, “have I ever given you cause to doubt the stability of my affection? Have I not turned coldly away from the proffers of love? Have I not even offended my father by the indifference with which I received the attentions of others, and yet you can suffer a doubt to dim your trust in me? Alas! this should not be.”

“Forgive me, Lucile—I have no doubts of your truth; but when I view the vast disparity in our situations, I cannot prevent a chill from creeping over my heart. You are bright, beautiful and happy, while I am poor, lonely, and nearly friendless; the gift—perhaps the fatal gift of genius—my only claim to the consideration of others. What then can I offer to your haughty father that he will consider worthy the acceptance of his cherished heiress? Ah! Lucile, would that your lot had been cast among those to whom I durst aspire, and how proudly would I have shown that love was all to me; but I cannot ask you to leave your own proud halls to become a wanderer on the face of the earth with me. Blindly presumptuous, I have, like the godlike Tasso, raised my eyes to one so far above me that I dare not hope for a happy termination to our love: though more fortunate than him, I am not scorned by the object of my idolatry.”

“Scorned! Ah no, dear Sidney—deeply, truly loved; and believe me when I say that I am prouder far of being the chosen of thy noble heart than——”

“Pooh! pehaw! what is all this waste of sentiment about?” said a voice from the door. “Here I’ve been listening for the last two minutes, and

can make nothing out of it; and you both look as melancholy as if you had just lost the best friend you have in the world. Been reading Tasso’s Lament, perhaps, and are sympathizing with his woes. Well, there’s no harm in that, for there’s genius in that poem; that fellow Byron had ‘a soul of fire, and a heart of ice,’ as somebody said of him, but I am proud that he is my countryman nevertheless.”

As this was uttered, the speaker advanced in the room. He was a middle-aged man, with a fine noble countenance, and an expression of firmness in his thin compressed lips, which might well deter one from confiding to his decision the happiness of a life.

“I am happy, dear father,” said Lucile, “that you have a soul to appreciate and admire talent. But for that——”

“But for that! well, what next, girl? Is it anything new to you to learn that I have soul enough to admire the beautiful? Is it a discovery to my daughter that I am not ‘as dull as the fat weed that rots on Lethe’s brink?’ Pooh—nonsense—what are you thinking of? I sought you, Lucile, to have a little private conversation with you. We can dispense with ceremony with Sidney, for he is one of ourselves. Come with me, love, to my library.”

CHAPTER II.

Love! summer flower, how soon thou art decayed,
Opening amid a paradise of sweets,
Dying with withered leaves and cankered stem;
The very memory of thy happiness,
Departed with thy beauty; breath and bloom
Gone, and the trusting heart which thou hast made
So green, so lovely, for thy dwelling-place,
Left but a desolation.

L. E. L.

“Lucile,” said Gen. Montessor, after a pause, “I heard that boy making love to you, though I pretended not to understand the scene; and what surprised me more, heard you, *my* daughter, the last descendant of my ancient house, reply some nonsense about love and faith and all such foolishness.”

“Foolishness! nonsense! Oh, father, are all my hopes of happiness in life to be thus termed?”

“Lucile Montessor!” said her father sternly, “what is this I hear? Do you hope to win my consent to see you the bride of one so far beneath you? If I thought that you had so far descended from your high estate, as to look with the eyes of favor on this boy, I would cast you from me forever—disown you, and sink to my grave a lonely, blighted man, without an interest in life. What, *he*—the orphan son of my overseer—my hired servant—*he* wed my daughter?”

“He has wooed and won the love of your daughter,” said Lucile, with a pale cheek, but unfaltering voice, “and she acknowledges in him

the scorned—the contemned—her equal; nay, more—her superior; for if heaven has denied him fortune, it has gifted him with the mind to soar far, far above those whose only greatness is their pride of birth, or, more ignoble still—of gold. I love him, father, with that love which wanes not, dims not with time, absence, or even neglect.”

“This—this, to me! How dare you thus boldly avow your disgraceful passion for one whom it is impossible you shall ever wed? Nay, speak not—I will not hear you; on this point I am inflexible. Oh, Lucile—Lucile! is it by you in whom I have garnered my heart,—in whom is bound up the scattered fragments of hopes that were early wrecked?—is it by you that new wretchedness must be inflicted on me? Ungrateful girl! Is this the reward of all my fondness, my blind indulgence?”

Lucile threw herself on his bosom, and spite of his anger, Gen. Montessor clasped her to his heart, and covered her brow with kisses.

“My sweet child, you will not persevere in this silly choice. You will act as becomes my daughter. Love does not last, believe me; not even such love as yours. I know it does not. Listen, my child, to my history, and profit by my experience. Come, sit beside me, love, and I will commit my heart’s treasured secret to your keeping.”

She placed herself on an ottoman at his feet, and as the brilliant glare of the lamp fell on her person, her father gazed admiringly on her.

“I wonder not at this presumptuous boy,” thought he. “I should have foreseen this; for she has the dangerous gift of loveliness, and he possesses that genius which worships beauty in every form. Where could he find a being that would more nearly realize his ideal?”

There was a pause of some moments. At length Gen. Montessor spoke in a low, hoarse tone.

“It is many years since my lips have breathed the name of Marion Walters. Among men I dared not syllable it, fearing they might see the inward struggle which the sound of her name, who has long since mouldered into dust, caused me. In solitude I dared not breathe it, fearing that I might, when alone, be tempted to curse the being whom I had once loved with that utter devotion of feeling, mind and heart, which some natures are formed to experience. Oh, Lucile! better be one who is content to ‘dwell in decencies forever,’ than give your highest, holiest feelings to another, to have them crushed as mine have been. You possess that gift most dangerous to your sex, a proud, sensitive, yet affectionate heart. You are one to shrink from a breath of unkindness—to return not the bitter word—to turn with a wrung spirit from a cold glance, and yet speak not of the agony that is wasting your heart. Then why

would you leave the father who has loved you, as only an old, doating heart can love the being it has watched over from infancy?”

“I need not leave you, dearest father,” said Lucile, in a low voice. “In giving me to Sidney, you would but gain a son instead of losing your daughter. He is not one to slight or wound the being that loves him.”

“Ah! child, you know not what he may become. I once trusted, as you do now, and was deceived. Lucile, I was young, thoughtless and gay. Reckless of the future—forgetful of the past, I alone lived for the present moment. I was rich, and much sought after in the gay circles in which I moved. One evening I received an invitation to dine the following week with an elderly lady who professed to have been an intimate friend of my mother. I accepted the invitation without hesitation, as any one who had been a friend to my dear and sainted mother, was sure to find an interested listener in her son. On the day appointed I went—I found a small, quiet looking woman, who spoke in a soft, lady-like manner, but not even her anecdotes of the youth of my mother could long confine my attention to her discourse. In the recess of a window, half hid by the falling drape, was a young girl plucking the withered leaves from some geraniums. Her beauty was of a high and noble order; there was no radiance about it; she looked as if the clouds of life had thrown their shadows over her spirit at an age when hope is our most familiar companion. I inquired in a low tone who she was? ‘An orphan dependent of mine,’ was the reply of Mrs. Wilson. An orphan, and dependent? I no longer wondered at her sad countenance.

“Mrs. Wilson called her to her side, and we were introduced. I loved Marion—won, and won her. We were married, and never was lover more devoted than I; her slightest wish was to me a law. I have sat for hours beside her, drinking in the music of her tones, and I have kissed the flowers that her hand had touched, or the page which her eye had dwelt on, when she was not observing me; for so utter was my devotion, that I was ashamed to betray it to my idol—and she—she seemed to love me! All this while that I was lavishing on her my heart’s wealth, she was ever gentle, kind, and I thought that she regarded me with the affection of a grateful heart, which was incapable of any deeper feeling. Deep—deep dissembler, that she was! I believed not the power was in human nature to act with such consummate duplicity!

“She lived but two years: she faded slowly from my side, and I watched over her with that hope which is born of despair, until I could hope no more. I refused to believe that she could die, until I felt the head pillowed on my bosom grow cold, and saw those still features stiffen into their mar-

ble-like repose. In her last moments, she looked into my eyes, and said—'Forgive me, Montessor, and be kind to my memory.'

"'I have nothing to forgive, dearest Marion,' I whispered; 'I who have been so blessed in your affection.'

"An expression of anguish passed over her features. 'Ah! 'tis that—'tis that, which haunts me now; forgive me, when you know all.' I believed her to be delirious then, and thought not of attaching any meaning to her words.

"It was not until the sods were laid upon her grave, and I knelt above them, that I felt how utter and hopeless was my bereavement. The worshipped one was gone forever, and henceforth I was alone—alone in my desolation. Oh! the agony of that hour, when we see the lip pale, and the eye, in whose beams we have lived, grow sightless! Who in their anguish can *then* say, 'Not my will, oh! God, but thine be done?' Yet with all its intensity of suffering, it is not in that hour that we most feel the extent of our loss. It is not while the angel of death is casting the shadow of his wings over the home once the abode of happiness, that we can feel how heavy is the bereavement; it is the daily, hourly missing of a dear, familiar face, and the pining of the heart for the sound of that voice which is now only for our dreams.

"I yielded myself to the indulgence of the wildest sorrow, secluded myself from all companionship, to recall that past whose brightness only made the present more intolerable. I usually sat in her room—it continued just as she had left it—there was the book from which she had last read, with a few scattered rose leaves on the page; the work-stand open with her needle-work where she had last thrown it; it was a robe she had been embroidering for her infant. In one corner was her writing desk; she had confided to me the key, and requested me to look over her papers, and burn the correspondence with some of her early friends which it contained. I had been so absorbed in grief, that the request had faded from my mind, until one day I accidentally found the key. I shrank from the task, for I knew it would revive the first bitterness of sorrow with which I had bent over her lifeless form, and felt that we were to meet no more. *No more!* Oh, what agony can be conveyed in those brief words!

"I drew the desk near a window, and seated myself to perform the harrowing task of looking over the memorials which spoke so forcibly of my lost Marion. The different packages of letters were tied up with colored ribbons, and labelled with the names of the writers. I hastily took them out, and beneath them was a parcel addressed to myself. I broke the seals, and a number of letters, worn, and looking as if many tears had been shed over them, met my sight. As I raised one, a

miniature fell from it. I instantly recognized the likeness of a young man whom I had met once at Mrs. Wilson's previous to my marriage. The truth flashed on me at once—she had loved him—and I had been accepted because I had wealth.

"There was a letter in the package for me: here it is—I will read it to you—it has never left me since that night."

He took a sheet of paper from his pocket book, unfolded it, and in a husky voice, read the following words:

"'Montessor, can you forgive me for the life of duplicity I have led since I became your wife? If misery, such as rarely falls to the lot of woman, be an atonement, I surely have some claim on your pity. I never have loved you. All this while that I have tried to act as though my heart appreciated your kindness, I have felt what a wretch I am, unworthy of the devoted love which it has been my misfortune to inspire.

"'From childhood I was dependent, and bitterly was I made to feel it. I grew up with the belief that the worst of ills was poverty, and I resolved to marry for wealth. Alas! had I known you before I ever loved, my heart would have been yours; but ere we met, I became acquainted with him whose picture you will find in the packet, with these lines: need I say that we loved? loved as 'youth—passion—genius loves.' He was poor, yet until I was sought by you, I suffered him to hope.

"'Mrs. Wilson pointed out to me the advantages of an union with you, and I listened with a calm brow and a heart torn with conflicting emotions; she enumerated all the benefits she had conferred on me, and ended by saying, that if I was silly enough to refuse so unexceptionable an offer, her protection would henceforth be withdrawn from me forever. I married you, and sealed my own wretchedness. I believed that gratitude would be the parent of love—but I knew not my own heart. Your affection was so trusting, so devoted, that I felt myself the veriest wretch on earth. Often—often have my lips unclosed to reveal all that my heart experienced, but the conviction would come to me, that you, at least, were happy in the delusion, and why should I destroy it?

"'I saw *him* once after our marriage; he came to upbraid me; and never to my dying hour will the memory of his words leave me. He reproached me with the fury of a maniac, and left me fainting on the grass. When I recovered, I returned to your house, to wear a smiling brow, and to appear to listen to your voice breathing the words of tender affection, while the frenzied accents of another were ever ringing in my ears. Oh! how did I sustain the unutterable wretchedness of the many weary days that passed, before I heard from him? I wonder even now that my wan face and tearful eyes did not unfold the secret unhap-

piness that was destroying me. I at last heard that he had entered the navy, and the news speedily came that he had fallen a victim to the climate of the West Indies, on which station his ship was. He wrote to me in his last moments: read that letter Montessor, and wonder not that I am dying with a broken heart. Physicians call it consumption. Ah! how often is that name given to the rending apart of all the ties we have cherished, and with them life itself.

"I cannot die as I have lived, a deceiver, and of him who has been the best and truest friend I have ever known; perhaps you had been happier had this revelation not been made, but when I leave you I know that you will yield to the indulgence of a grief, which may unfit you for all intercourse with the world. Learn how unworthy I am of that grief, and return to the sphere which you are fitted to adorn. Bury the memory of our past in the grave, with the frail, weak being, whose last prayer is for forgiveness, and let not the faults of the mother alienate your heart from her child."

CHAPTER III.

All other loves were in this love,
She gave back all death swept away,
The only fruit upon the bough
Left by a long and stormy day. *La Martine.*

"Such were the words addressed to me," continued Montessor, in a deep, stern tone. "Such the reward of my confidence—my devotion. I read the letter to which she referred me, and even amid my own sufferings, I could sympathize with the deserted, forsaken writer—I had no forgiveness for her—true, she had died the victim of her own mistaken estimate of happiness; but he, whose noble heart she had wrung with anguish, had preceded her to the tomb, and I lived to feel my trust in human nature forever destroyed.

"I became a wanderer on the face of the earth; for years I travelled over the fairest countries of the east, and became familiar with their habits, as though I had been a native of the clime. I then visited the Western world, and spent some years in the republic of the United States, which was then in its infancy. In the interim, an uncle of my mother, who had settled in the island of Cuba, died and bequeathed this estate to me. I visited it, and was so much pleased with the situation, that I abandoned my paternal halls and settled here for life. Here it was that I met with a young Creole, a perfect child of nature—she had never been taught to veil her feelings by the conventional etiquette of society—she loved me with truth and fervor—I married her—you, my child, can well remember your mother."

"Ah, yes! but the child of Marion—what became of it?"

"He died in infancy; he was placed with an Irish nurse, who was devotedly attached to him, but he survived his ill-fated mother only a few months. That was another blow which fell with stunning force; for the boy was dear to me as my own soul, and I never look around me that I do not sigh to think, that the only scion of my house is a feeble girl, whose name will even pass away when she marries, without she fulfils the contract I have made for her."

"Contract! father!" exclaimed Lucile, with a blanched cheek; "to what do you allude?"

"Listen to me, calmly, Lucile, and do not look so unnecessarily alarmed. You have often heard of your cousin Victor—nay, have corresponded with him. He is my nephew—the son of my only brother, and bears my name. He is your destined husband; a few more weeks, and he will arrive at Havana; by that time you will be ready to receive him as your betrothed."

Lucile arose calmly—"Father, I cannot—you have my confidence; how then can you ask me to receive Victor as my future husband, when my whole soul is devoted to another? Would you have me act the part you have so deeply condemned your lost Marion for?"

"Girl! no!—but I would have you withdraw your affections from this pauper, on whom you have condescended to look with the eyes of favor. Marion was my equal in everything save fortune, while he—pshaw! I have not patience to argue with you. Come hither, child." He drew her to the window—a full unclouded moon was pouring its floods of light on the scene before her. "Look around you—see those broad lands stretching as far as the eye can reach, covered with my wealth, which hundreds of hands are employed to gather. All these and more are mine, and if you obey me, they will become yours."

"Father," said Lucile, solemnly, "if many times the amount of your wealth were placed on one hand, and a competence offered me on the other, with Sidney to share it, I could not hesitate a moment in my choice. What, without him, would be to me all the splendor that gold can purchase?"

"Aye, if competence were his to offer; but 'tis not—he is dependent on me for the very bread he eats, and think you I shall ever be wrought on to consider him a fitting match for my daughter? Insolent aspirant that he is, in offering to look so far above his sphere; and how know you that he is not mercenary? seeking the heiress for her wealth, and trusting to the blind idolatry of her old father to forgive the misalliance, and receive him as his son?"

Lucile raised her form to its utmost height, as she replied—

"To you who have known him from childhood, I need not defend him from such suspicion. Ah,

no! too long have I seen his struggles to overcome his attachment, lest such a charge should be brought against him. I am loved for myself—I feel and know it. Were I this hour alone, friendless, fortuneless, he would be to me the same that he now is, only more kind—more tender. Poor he is, and low-born, according to your standard, but the day will come, when the lustre of his genius shall cast a halo of glory around his name, as imperishable as the light of yonder stars which shine above us.” And her face was radiant with the enthusiasm of affection, proud of its object, and shrinking not from avowing that pride.

“Lucile,” said her father, in a softened tone, “you are the last tie that binds me to earth, but much as I love you, I will never consent to so disgraceful an union. All that I have loved or cherished, have, one by one, been ‘blotted from life’s page,’ until you are all that is left to me. You know me well—know me to be inflexible—then hear me swear, that with my consent, you *never* shall wed Sidney: if you rebel against my wishes, you go forth to the world, a portionless, helpless creature; and your desertion of your father in his old age, shall harden his heart against you. The hour that sees you his wife, sees my face turned from you forever: my feelings steeled into forgetfulness, you shall become to me as nothing. You know my history, how I have suffered from the ingratitude of her I loved; I forgave her not, though she is now but dust and ashes; the memory of her duplicity is as green and fresh in my heart, as though only a day had passed since the wound was inflicted. I forgive not injury, neither do I forget. Remember all I have said, and if you decide to go forth from my roof, it will be without my blessing, and the portals are henceforth closed on you forever.”

He turned to hear her answer, but his daughter had fainted at his feet. In great alarm, he raised her, and sprinkled water over her pale features; yet even when she lay in his arms, without sign of life, there was in his heart no relenting.

In a few moments she recovered, and requested to be taken to her own apartment, there to recall her father’s words, and to weep over the hopeless task of winning his consent to sanction her choice.

(To be continued.)

The wife is ay welcome that comes wi’ a crooked oxter.

That is to say, with a present under her arm. This proverb has a griping, selfish sound, and is by no means complimentary to “the wife with the crooked oxter.” It plainly intimates what sort of reception she would get if she came like the servant sent forth by Timon of Athens, with an empty box under his cloak instead of a gift; and which box produces so much astonishment among his friends.

[Allen Ramsay.]

FATE OF THE GIFTED.

NO. II

“As the body wastes,
The spirit gathers strength, and sheds
On the admiring world supernal light.
Alas! that eloquence will soon be mute—
That harp unstrung, shall lose its loveliness,
Nor know its own sweet sound again!”

The first number of our sketches was devoted to the literary writings of Chester A. Griswold. The subject of our present sketch, from advantages of situation, was better known to fame. Many familiar memories will be revived, and many hearts will respond to our own, when we mention the name of the lamented poet,

JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL.

“His life was the rainbow that’s seen on the cloud,
And his foes were the gloom that surrounds it!”

We regret exceedingly our inability to do justice to the memory of Rockwell. We never enjoyed his acquaintance, but knew him, only as a great majority of readers knew him—*by reputation*. His articles were always highly prized by us, and from this circumstance, aided by an unusual interest we felt in him from some slight knowledge we possessed of his circumstances, we have been led to many inquiries of his early history and fate. These we shall endeavor to give the reader, according to the best of our ability. If our imperfect tribute shall meet the eye of any one of Rockwell’s literary cotemporaries and friends, and provoke him to do better justice to his memory, we shall not regret our work.

James Otis Rockwell was a native of Lebanon, Connecticut. His parents were in humble circumstances, and his advantages for education extremely limited. Indeed, we feel safe in the assertion, that he did not receive what might properly be called “an education.” While a boy, he went to reside at Patterson, New Jersey, (if we have been rightly informed,) and worked for some time in a cotton factory. When he had reached the fourteenth or fifteenth year of his age, his family removed to Manlius, New York, or vicinity, and Rockwell was apprenticed to Merrell & Hastings, printers, at Utica.

It was here, amidst congenial pursuits, that Rockwell’s mind began to expand, and his peculiar poetical talents to develop themselves. He felt “the divinity” within him, and yielded to its sway. Very soon, (doubtless too soon,) while only a boy, he commenced writing for the press. The reception his articles met, only served to incite still more his ambition—and while he seemed, to those around him, only the poor apprentice, the midnight saw the devoted student at his toil. This, we think, marked his genius. That one who has enjoyed every opportunity for learning, that time and wealth can afford, can write respectably, is what every one expects. But to see a boy, who has been emphatically “cradled in the lap of poverty,” almost immediately on coming in contact with books and periodicals, delighting literary readers with the genius and brilliancy of his productions, is indeed wonderful! Our author’s poems, even at this early time, were in a good degree remarkable for the striking originality of

thought and easy versification, (though at times faulty,) which afterward so peculiarly distinguished them.

At eighteen years of age, Rockwell left Utica, having already acquired, what is technically termed, "a newspaper reputation." He made a temporary residence in New York, still contributing to our periodical literature, and soon removed to Boston. Here he worked for a time as a journeyman printer, while his contributions to the press were received in the most flattering manner, and gave him unusual popularity. Kettell was then publishing his "Specimens of American Poetry," and Rockwell was allowed a place in the work, with one "specimen poem." Soon after this, he was employed as an assistant editor of the "Boston STATESMAN," and the star of his fortune was rapidly on the ascendant. How long he remained in the office of the "STATESMAN," we know not: in the autumn of 1829 he removed to Providence, Rhode Island, to take the senior (and we believe the sole) charge of the "PROVIDENCE PATRIOT."

This was an important, and in many respects an unhappy era in our author's life. He was now fully embarked under his own flag, in the political strife—a warfare not at all congenial to his feelings. With a constitutional sensitiveness, which amounted almost to a fault, and made him shrink instinctively from the rough contact of every-day life, he now found himself involved in the jarring perplexities of political turmoil. With the accustomed recklessness of partizan belligerents, his opponents did not scruple to assail his private character; and, finding no other vulnerable point, meanly taunted him with his low birth, education, and former occupation. This, to a spirit like Rockwell's, was too severe strife. Still it was but the accustomed partizan abuse, and did not in the least affect his literary reputation abroad. This was constantly increasing—and as proof of the amiability of our author's disposition, we may add, that many of his warmest personal friends were of opposing political sentiments.

For a time—we know not precisely how long—Rockwell continued his editorial course with honor, and his name was every day gaining new renown—when, in the summer of 1831, with scarcely a note of warning, his friends were startled with news of his death. The last article he ever wrote was the following, in keeping with his wild and eccentric disposition:

"THE CARD APOLOGETIC.

"The editor of this paper has been accused of ill health—tried—found guilty—and condemned over to the physicians for punishment. When he shall have recovered his health, he will throw physic to the dogs, and resume his duties."

Alas! his hope was never realized. The same paper that contained his singular "card," or the next one succeeding it, was dressed in mourning for its editor! Respecting the cause of his death, there has always been some mystery. True, he was ill; but this by no means clears the matter. It has been said, that he was troubled at the thought of some paltry obligation for two or three hundred dollars, which, from not receiving his own honest dues, he was unable to meet; and his too sensitive spirit shrunk from the gloomy prospect of a "Debtor's Prison." Again, it has been said, that disappointed affection had a part in the event. But, whatever may have been the immediate

cause or causes, Rockwell died suddenly at the early age of twenty-four years.

From the press, only one sentiment was expressed—that of heartfelt sympathy for his sufferings, and sorrow for his loss. His friends and admirers, regardless of partizan feelings, seemed to rally like a band of bereaved brothers around his bier, and many and grateful were the sentiments of esteem and manly regret universally expressed. We have ourselves *accidentally* met with a large number of poetical tributes to his memory, (from one of which we selected the sentiment that accompanies his name, at the head of our article,) many of which were sung by stranger bards, to whom his name and song had become dear.

We cannot better conclude our brief biographical sketch, than by quoting an article written at the time by the editor of the "New England Weekly Review," an opposing political journal.

" 'Oh how it seemeth idle
To talk about the dead,
When praise availleth only
To tell us they have fled.' "

"The last number of the Providence Patriot announces, by its mourning columns, the death of its editor, James O. Rockwell. He was but twenty-four years of age, and had seen little of the world. The finer faculties of his soul had not been matured into a perfect development. Yet he has left a name behind him which will be heard of hereafter—a self-established reputation of genius—which will linger over his grave, and bless it. We speak not so much of what he has done, as a poet, as of the evidence which he gave of high and noble capacities. He wrote always hastily, and without pruning away the superabundant fancies which sometimes marred the symmetry of his productions. His conceptions were always imbued with the same wild spirit of poetry—vivid, original, and sometimes very powerful—but they needed the polish of a disciplined intellect. They were the rough ore of the mine—full of intrinsic worth, but unshapely, and unprepared by the ordeal of severe reflection and extensive learning. And how could it be otherwise? Instead of treading his way to fame over flowers and greenness—instead of reclining in studious ease in the halls of learning—Rockwell was compelled to win his way upward through a thousand difficulties. He was a poor, unlearned boy—unhackneyed in the ways of the world—and with no friends to urge him onward in the career of ambition. Nor were there wanting those who were ready to oppose his early efforts to stand in the aristocracy of their learning, and haughtily gesture back the young aspirant. And one—a miserable hackney scribbler—an unread, unreadable author—not long since attacked him in a witless but malignant satire, the venom of whose shaft was counteracted by the weakness of the bow which propelled it. Let him now breathe his loathsome malignity over the green grave of Rockwell with what satisfaction he may.

"We knew Rockwell personally. He was our friend. We loved him for his enthusiasm—his generosity—his singleness of heart. For some time past he has been the editor of a paper directly opposed, in a political point of view, to our own sentiments. But Rockwell was not formed by nature for the strife and

bitterness of politics. We knew that he loathed the task which necessity had imposed upon him—that his spirit shrank from communion with the ruder ones of those who surrounded him—that he longed for the still waters of quiet contemplation—and for the beautiful flowers of poetry, with a thirst ardent and unceasing. To a mind like that of Rockwell's, nothing is more uncongenial than the stormy strife of party. With him that strife is now over—and the political enemies of the living will weep over the grave of the dead. The fame which he longed for while living, shall flourish greenly over his quiet tombstone. And while the gay will laugh as before, and each one of the busy world continue to 'chase his favorite phantom,' one heart at least will cherish his memory, and breathe in sincerity the prayer of Halleck over the grave of his companion—

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days."

We very much regret that Rockwell's poems have never been published in a connected form. But they never have been, and probably many of them are lost. We shall present the reader a few of them, from the small collection of articles which we have been enabled to make; and if among them he recognizes any familiar ones, we trust he will not regret a re-perusal.

We first select his beautiful and much admired stanza—

"TO A WAVE.

"List! thou child of wind and sea,
Tell me of the far off deep,
Where the tempest's wind is free,
And the waters never sleep!
Thou perchance the storm hast aided,
In its work of stern despair,
Or perchance thy hand hath braided,
In deep caves, the mermaid's hair.

"Wave! now on the golden sands,
Silent as thou art, and broken,
Bear'st thou not from distant strands
To my heart some pleasant token?
Tales of mountains of the south,
Spangles of the ore of silver;
Which with playful singing mouth,
Thou hast leaped on high to pilfer?

"Mournful Wave! I deemed thy song
Was telling of a mournful prison,
Which when tempests sweep along,
And the mighty winds were risen,
Foundered in the ocean's grasp,
While the brave and fair were dying.
Wave! didst mark a white hand clasp
In thy folds as thou wert flying?

"Hast thou seen the hallowed rock
Where the pride of kings reposes,
Crowned with many a misty lock,
Wreathed with sapphire green and roses?
Or with joyous playful leap,
Hast thou been a tribute flinging,
Up that bold and jutting steep,
Pearls upon the south wind stringing.

"Faded Wave! a joy to thee,
Now thy flight and toil are over!
O may my departure be
Calm as thine, thou ocean rover!
When this soul's last joy or mirth
On the shore of time is driven—
Be its lot like thine, on earth,
To be lost away in heaven!"

The following lines—of nearly the same style of verse with the former—are decidedly superior. The third and fourth stanzas, particularly, exhibit a most happy flight of fancy, while the whole article is remarkable for harmony and melody:

"THE LOST AT SEA.

"Wife, who in thy deep devotion
Puttest up a prayer for one
Sailing on the stormy ocean,—
Hope no more—his course is done.
Dream not, when upon thy pillow,
That he slumbers by thy side,
For his corse, beneath the billow,
Heaveth with the restless tide.

"Children, who, as sweet flowers growing,
Laugh amid the sorrowing rains—
Know ye not that clouds are throwing
Shadows on your sire's remains?
Where the hoarse gray surge is rolling,
With a mountain's motion on,
Dream ye that its voice is tolling
For your father, lost and gone?

"When the sun looked on the water,
As a hero on his grave—
Tinging with the hue of slaughter
Every blue and leaping wave,—
Under the majestic ocean,
Where the giant currents rolled,
Slept thy sire, without emotion,
Sweetly by a beam of gold.

"And the violet sunbeams slanted,
Wavering through the crystal deep,
'Till their wonted splendors haunted
Those shut eyelids in their sleep:
Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,
Sparkled in his raven hair—
But the sleep that knows no dreaming,
Bound him in its silence there!

"So we left him; and to tell thee
Of our sorrow and thine own,—
Of the woe that there befel thee,
Come we weary and alone.

* * * * *

"Children, whose meek eyes, inquiring,
Linger on your mother's face,
Know ye that she is expiring—
That ye are an orphan race?
God be with you on the morrow—
Father, mother, both no more!
One within a grave of sorrow,
One upon the ocean's floor!"

There is pleasant preaching in the following "discourse," and withal somewhat practical, to a certain class of hearers. The article, as a whole, is too long for our purpose, but we shall take the liberty to select some stanzas :

"SERMON TO ANN.

"When I saw thee first, I loved thee
As an eagle loves the sun ;
But I found thee out, and proved thee
For a false and heartless one :
I have traced thee from thy glory,
From the zenith to the west,
And will tell thy treacherous story
As a warning to the rest.

"Thou wast born a thing of passion,
Which a smile to flame could turn ;
Thou wast moulded in a fashion
Angels might look on and learn ;
With an eye as blue as heaven,
In its utmost beauty spread,
And a lip like sunset riven
When the sunset is most red.

"Pure I thought thee—so I found thee,
And I left thee all as pure,
Thou hadst fickle hearts around thee
Bowing to a heart no truer ;
Yes—thy passion was an altar
Where the adorer made the flame,
Which, unfanned by him, would falter,
And be vanished with his name.

"Thou wast as a lake that lieth
In a bright and sunny way—
I was as a bird that flieth
O'er thee of a pleasant day ;
When I looked upon thy feature,
Presence then a semblance lent ;
But thou knowest, thou fickle creature,
With the form the image went.

* * * * *

"With a kiss my vow was greeted,
As I knelt before thy shrine ;
But I saw that kiss repeated
On another lip than mine ;
And a binding vow was spoken
That thy heart should not be changed ;
But that binding vow was broken,
And thy spirit was estranged.

* * * * *

"I might call a blight upon thee,
But I only let it come ;
I might curse the hour that won thee,
But again my tongue is dumb ;
I will pass thee till thy sorrow
Overruns its trembling cup,
And another worship borrow
For the love by thee called up.

"I could blame thee for awaking
Thoughts the world will but deride—
Calling out, and then forsaking
Flowers the winter wind will chide ;

Guiling to the midway ocean
Barques that tremble by the shore ;
But I hush the dark emotion
And would punish thee no more.

"Can I bless thee ? Doth a blessing
Lighten from the hall of death ?
Is the tomb a power possessing
To give kindly thoughts a breath ?
Can a heart, despoiled and broken,
Yield an incense as before ?—
But I leave thee with a token,
I will trouble thee no more."

The following article was evidently hastily written, yet there are many beautiful passages in it, and the opening stanza is peculiarly bold and imposing :

"A battle-gun on the mighty sea—
A tone to shake the main !
Slow rolls it on to the sleeping sky,
And thunders back again !
The bannery blaze that lightened from
The cannon's mouth is o'er,—
And the smoke, like incense, goes away
To slumber on the shore.

"The setting sun looks goldenly,
Upon the ocean's breast,
And the waters leap like living things
To meet their burning guest ;
But where the melancholy north
Uprises blue and steep,
A snow-white sail is coming forth,
And dancing o'er the deep.

"And ever as a moving surge
Its form before her flings,
She stoops and rises gracefully,
As one of living wings ;
But as she clears that shadowy isle,
And sails toward the sun,
That crimson belt that girdles her
Is seen—the fearful one !

"And now each sailor's eye is bent
Toward that threatening form,
Which neareth to them, as a pent
And sudden coming storm :
And every cannon teems with death,
And every flag unfurled,
As they would waste in but a breath
The strength of half the world !

* * * * *

"The hungry waves are climbing up
The ship's o'er-leaning deck,
And for the hardy seaman's form
They seem to look and beck.
The sun is gone ? the twilight sky
Is prodigal of cloud,
And the war-star glimmers fitfully
Beyond its misty shroud.

"But where was he—the Rover,
Who had held such fearful reign ?

When the thunder's tone was over,
 He was travelling on the main ;
 And the moon came out—the stars were bright,
 And gemmed the whole blue sky—
 And he went upon his way that night
 As 'one not born to die.' ”

Among the many “welcomes” of the returning Spring, we rarely meet with one more beautiful than the following :

“ SPRING.

“Again upon the grateful earth,
 Thou mother of the flowers,
 The singing birds, the singing streams,
 The rainbow and the showers :
 And what a gift is thine !—thou mak'st
 A world to welcome thee ;
 And the mountains in their glory smile,
 And the wild and changeful sea.

“Thou gentle Spring !—the brooding sky
 Looks welcome all around ;
 The moon looks down with a milder eye,
 And the stars with joy abound ;
 And the clouds come up with softer glow,
 Up to the zenith blown,
 And float in pride o'er the earth below,
 Like banners o'er a throne.

“Thou smiling Spring !—again thy praise
 Is on the lip of streams ;
 And the water-falls loud anthems raise,
 By day, and in their dreams ;
 The lakes that glitter on the plain,
 Sing with the stirring breeze ;
 And the voice of welcome sounds again
 From the surge upon the seas.

“Adorning Spring ! the earth to thee
 Spreads out its hidden love ;
 The ivy climbs the cedar tree,
 The tallest in the grove ;
 And on the moss-grown rock, the rose
 Is opening to the sun,
 And the forest trees are putting forth
 Their green leaves, one by one.

“As thou to earth, so to the soul
 Shall after glories be,—
 When the grave's winter yields control,
 And the spirit's wings are free :
 And then, as yonder opening flower
 Smiles to the smiling sun,—
 Be mine the fate to smile in heaven,
 When my weary race is run.”

The reader may have observed, in our quoted article above, on Rockwell's death, an allusion to one who had attacked him “in witless, but malignant satire.” The reference is to a work entitled “Truth—a Gift for Scribblers,” in which Rockwell is abused shamefully, and in a note accompanying his scurrility, the author says, “This writer [R.] has an article commencing

“When life is gone, death hastens on.”

This statement is true, so far as it goes. In justice to our author, however, we will quote part of the article in question, that the reader may see what Rockwell does say. The first line is an unfortunate one, though appearing much worse when separated from its connection with the stanza.

“LIFE AND DEATH.

“When Life is gone, Death hastens on
 As evening when the sun is set ;
 But to the sun there is a dawn,
 Then wherefore should our life forget,
 Though dim in death, to rise again ?
 If alway on death's silent plain
 The parted soul be left—
 Whence come those generations forth,
 That grow and wane upon the earth,
 Successively bereft ?

* * * * *

“Life is a year—a changeful year,
 Its bland and spring-time hour of youth,
 Its early loves in feeling dear,
 Its passion for the shrine of truth ;
 At such a time, how hope steals on,
 With freshened wing from being's dawn,
 Far down through distant years,
 Nor thinks the brightness in that gloom
 Is scattered from her own fair plume,
 And that all else is—tears !

“Then comes life's autumn-season—and
 Fade all the glories of all things ;
 A sallow hue pervades the land,
 And frozen are the sea's blue wings :
 The glories of the forest fall,
 And cluster over nature's pall—
 While in life's western sky,
 The gathering mists come up to shed
 Oblivion on the weary head
 Of him who wished to die !”

Rockwell has written better lines than the following—but, to our mind, the article has some very good stanzas. They possess a tenderness, too, not always characteristic of our author's poems :

“MARY.

“I saw a tear run down her fading cheek,
 Like to a dew-drop from the red-rose shaken ;
 It seemed a pearl of sorrow's own, to speak
 What yet her tongue could not—‘I am forsaken !’

“I saw her in that dreary lapse of doubt,
 When shades of wo and night were spread above her,
 When every gleam of hope was prisoned out,
 And none but me was left on earth to love her.

“I would not own that she had ever sinned,
 That heaven's pure veil had there been rent and broken.
 I gave those dreamings to the idle wind,
 And the sad girl my trusting heart in token.

“Heaven blessed the thought ; her spirit's dimness went,
 Like evening shadows from the sun's adorning ;
 And smiles and tears were in her blue eyes blent,
 Like sun and dew on violets in the morning.

* * * * *

"And she was nearer than a mother's love :
If but my slightest feature told dejection,
She hovered by me like a summer dove,
And clad me in the sunlight of affection.

"Two swift and sunny years she lingered here,
As a light flower on autumn's withering bosom ;
And then she drooped without a pang, a fear,
And slept in earth—a seed for heaven's pure blossom.

"Sleep, Mary, for the summer dews lie soft,
In the bright turf above thy lonely pillow ;
The summer winds blow sweetly there, and oft
And long their grass waves, like a sea-green billow.

"Angel—for now thou art—if ever thou
Among the stars art one—in distance trembling—
Let thy sweet radiance fall upon my brow,
Like a bright drop—thy joyous tear resembling.

"Come, and be near me in my evening dreams,
Around my heart-strings, like faint music, hover—
Flit not away in morning's golden beams,
But alway light the bosom of thy lover!"

The following *wild* article, for vivid conception, faithful description, and thrilling versification, merits all praise, though some would doubtless deem the first stanza too rough.

"THE INTEMPERATE.

"Pray, Mr. Dramdrinker, how do you do !
What in perdition's the matter with you !
How did you come by that bruise on the head !
Why are your eyes so infernally red !
Why do you mutter that infidel hymn !
Why do you tremble in every limb !
Who has done this—let the reason be shown,
And let the offender be pelted with stone !
And the Dramdrinker said, if you listen to me
You shall hear what you hear, and shall see what you see.

"I had a father—the grave is his bed :
I had a mother—she sleeps with the dead :
Freely I wept when they left me alone—
But I shed all my tears on their grave and their stone :
I planted a willow—I planted a yew—
And I left them to sleep till the last trumpet blew !

"Fortune was mine, and I mounted her car—
Pleasure from virtue had beckoned me far :
Onward I went, like an avalanche down,
And the sunshine of fortune was changed to a frown.

"Fortune was gone, and I took to my side
A young, and a lovely, and beautiful bride !
Her I entreated with coldness and scorn,
Tarrying back till the break of the morn ;
Slighting her kindness, and mocking her fears—
Casting a blight on her tenderest years ;
Sad and neglected and weary I left her—
Sorrow and care of her reason bereft her—
Till, like a star, when it falls from its pride,
She sunk on the bosom of misery, and died !

"I had a child, and it grew like a vine—
Fair as the rose of Damascus, was mine ;
Fair—and I watched o'er her innocent youth,
As an angel from heaven would watch over truth.
She grew like her mother, in feature and form—
Her blue eye was languid, her cheek was too warm :
Seventeen summers had shone on her brow—
The seventeenth winter beheld her laid low !
Yonder they sleep in their graves, side by side,
A father—a mother—a daughter—a bride !

"When they had left me I stood here alone—
None of my race or my kindred were known !
Friends all forsaken, and hope all departed—
Sad and despairing, and desolate-hearted—
Feeling no kindness for aught that was human—
Hated by man, and detested by woman—
Bankrupt in fortune and ruined in name—
Onward I kept in the pathway of shame !
And till this hour, since my father went down,
My brow has but known a continual frown !

"Go to your children, and tell them the tale :
Tell them his cheek, too, was lividly pale :
Tell them his eye was all bloodshot and cold :
Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold :
Tell them he passed through the world they are in,
The victim of sorrow and misery and sin :
Tell them when life's shameful conflicts were past,
In horror and anguish he perished at last !"

"*The Prisoner for Debt*" we have never seen. But in an editorial notice of Willis's old "*Monthly Magazine*," we find the following extracts :

"When the summer sun was in the west,
Its crimson radiance fell,
Some on the blue and changeful sea,
And some in the prisoner's cell.
And then his eye with a smile would beam,
And the blood would leave his brain,
And the verdure of his soul return,
Like sere grass after rain !

"But when the tempest wreathed and spread
A mantle o'er the sun,
He gathered back his woes again,
And brooded thereupon :
And thus he lived, till time one day
Led death to break his chain :
And then the prisoner went away,
And he was free again !"

We must pass by the "*CONVERSATION WITH THE CLOUDS*," and address "*TO THE COMET*," &c. &c. though there are fine things in each of them. But we cannot leave the "*ICEBERG*" so hastily. Though it has faults, we think its many beauties fully compensate for them.

"THE ICEBERG.

"'Twas night—our anchor'd vessel slept
Out on the glassy sea ;
And still as heaven the waters kept,
And golden bright—as he,
The setting sun, went sinking slow
Beneath the eternal wave :

And the ocean seemed a pail to throw
Over the monarch's grave!

"There was no motion of the air
To raise the sleeper's tress,
And no wave-building winds were there,
On ocean's loveliness;
But ocean mingled with the sky
With such an equal hue,
That vainly strove the 'wilder'd eye
To part their gold and blue.

"And ne'er a ripple of the sea
Came on our steady gaze,
Save when some timorous fish stole out,
To bathe in the woven blaze,—
When flouting in the light that played
All over the resting main,
He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
To his deep blue home again.

"Yet while we gazed, that sunny eve,
Across the twinkling deep,
A form came ploughing the golden wave,
And rending his holy sleep:
It blushed bright red, while growing on
Our fixed, half-fearful gaze;
But it wandered down, with its golden crown,
And its robe of sunny rays.

"It seemed like molten silver, thrown
Together in floating flame;
And as we looked, we named it then,
The fount whence colors came:
There were rainbows, furled with a careless grace,
And the brightest red that glows;
The purple amethyst there had place,
And the hues of the full blown rose;

"And the vivid green, as the sunlit grass,
Where the pleasant rain hath been;
And the ideal hues that thought-like pass
Through the minds of fanciful men;
They beamed full clear—and that form moved on,
Like one from a burning grave;
And we dared not think it a real thing,
But for the rustling wave.

"The sun just lingered in our view,
From the burning edge of ocean,
When by our barque that bright one passed,
With a deep, disturbing motion:
The far down waters shrank away,
With a gurgling rush upheaving,
And the lifted waves grew wildly pale,
The ocean's bosom leaving.

"Yet as it passed our bending stern,
In its throne-like glory going,
It crushed on a hidden rock, and turned,
Like an empire's overthrowing!
The upturn waves rolled hoar,—and huge
The far-thrown undulations
Swelled out in the sun's last, lingering smile,
And fell, like battling nations!"

The following is one of Rockwell's most popular effusions, and one with which, perhaps, the reader is already familiar.

"THE SUM OF LIFE.

"Searcher of gold, whose days and nights
All waste away in anxious care,
Estranged from all of life's delights,
Unlearned in all that is most fair,
Who sailest not with easy glide,
But delvest in the depths of tide,
And strugglest in the foam—
Oh! come and view this land of graves—
Death's northern sea of frozen waves—
And mark thee out thy home.

"Lover of woman, whose sad heart
Wastes like a fountain in the sun,
Clings most where most its pain does start,
Dies by the light it lives upon—
Come to the land of graves—for here
Are beauty's smile, and beauty's tear,
Gathered in holy trust;
Here slumber forms as fair as those
Whose cheeks, now living, shame the rose,
Their glory turned to dust.

"Lover of fame, whose foolish thought
Steals onward from the wave of time—
Tell me—what goodness hath it brought,
Atoning for that restless crime?
The spirit-mansion desolate,
And opens to the storms of fate,
The absent soul in fear—
Bring home thy thoughts, and come with me,
And see where all thy pride must be—
Searcher of fame, look here!

"And warrior, thou with snowy plume,
That goest to the bugle's call—
Come and look down—this lonely tomb
Shall hold thee and thy glories all:
The haughty brow—the manly frame—
The daring deeds—the sounding fame—
Are trophies but for death!
And millions who have toiled like thee
Are stayed, and here they sleep; and see,
Does glory lend them breath?"

Our last selection is from the "*Specimens of American Poetry*," before referred to. There is more originality of thought in the first line of the article, than in many self-styled "poems" which daily meet our eyes:

"TO THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

"Grave of waters gone to rest!
Jewel, dazzling all the main!
Father of the silver crest!
Wandering on the trackless plain,
Sleeping 'mid the wavy roar,
Sailing 'mid the angry storm,
Ploughing ocean's oozy floor,
Piling to the clouds thy form!

"Wandering monument of rain
Prisoned by the sullen north!

But to melt thy hated chain,
Is it that thou comest forth?
Wend thee to the sunny south,
To the glassy summer sea—
And the breathings of her mouth
Shall unchain and gladden thee!

“Roamer in the hidden path,
’Neath the green and clouded wave!
Trampling, in thy reckless wrath,
On the lost, but cherished brave;
Parting love’s death-linked embrace,
Crushing beauty’s skeleton—
Tell us what the hidden race,
With our mourned lost have done!

“Floating steep! who in the sun,
Art an icy coronal—
And beneath the viewless dun,
Throw’st o’er barques a wavy pall!
Shining death upon the sea!
Wend thee to the southern main:
Bend to God thy melting knee—
Mingle with the wave again!”

We shall conclude our “Sketch,” already protracted beyond its designed limits, with a feeling tribute to Rockwell’s memory, from the pen of J. G. WHITTIER, Esq., at the time editor of the “*New England Weekly Review*,” from which we made an extract above.

“TO THE MEMORY OF J. O. ROCKWELL.”

“The turf is smooth above him! and this rain
Will moisten the rent roots, and summon back
The perishing life of its green-bladed grass:
And the crushed flower will lift its head again
Smilingly unto heaven, as if it kept
No vigil with the dead!

Well! it is meet

That the green grass should tremble, and the flowers
Blow wild about his resting-place. His mind
Was in itself a flower, but half disclosed—
A bud of blessed promise, which the storm
Visited rudely, and the passer by
Smote down in wantonness. But we may trust
That it hath found a dwelling where the sun
Of a more holy clime will visit it,
And the pure dews of mercy will descend
Through heaven’s own atmosphere upon its head.

“His form is now before me, with no trace
Of death in his fine lineaments, and there
Is a faint crimson on his youthful cheek,
And his free lip is softening with the smile,
Which in his eye is kindling; and the veins
Upon his ample forehead wear the sign
Of healthful energy. And I can feel
The parting pressure of his hand, and hear
His last “God bless you!”—Strange—that he is there,
Distinct before me, like a breathing thing,
Even when I know that he is dead,
And that the damp earth hides him. I would not
Think of him otherwise—his image lives
Within my memory, as he seemed, before
The curse of blighted feeling, and the toil

And fever of an uncongenial strife, had left
Their traces on his aspect!

Peace to him!—

He wrestled nobly with the weariness
And trials of our being—smiling on,
While poison mingled with his springs of life,
Anguish was resting, like a hand of fire—
Until at last the agony of thought
Grew insupportable, and madness came
Darkly upon him,—and the sufferer died!

“Nor died he unlamented! To his grave
The beautiful and gifted shall go up,
And muse upon the sleeper. And young lips
Shall murmur, in the broken tones of grief,
His own sweet melodies. And if the ear
Of the freed spirit heedeth aught beneath
The brightness of its new inheritance,
It may be joyful to the parted one,
To feel that earth remembers him in love!”

The poet, in his plaintive dirge, has said all that can be said, of praise and of sorrow. We can only respond, in the prayer which the pious catholic breathes over the grave of his sleeping friend—*requiescat in pace*.

C. W. E.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous—from 1798 to 1830.—Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire—and translated from the French for the Messenger, by a gentleman in Paris.

AN ESCAPE.

I have stated that the Court of Peers condemned five of the prisoners to imprisonment; it had afterwards to assemble for the trial of one of the accused, who had suffered himself to be arrested after having been condemned to death for contumacy. This person was the old lieutenant-colonel of the imperial guard, who was to have directed the movement at Cambray. Thanks to the *provoking agents*, and the open intervention of the police in the conspiracy, the penalty of death was reduced to an imprisonment for five years.

The principal result of the trial of the lieutenant-colonel, was to procure the escape of one of those previously condemned. This evasion was accompanied by circumstances truly original. The individual who had been condemned, was the captain of infantry, Lamoignon, a talented, bold and handsome fellow. He was confined in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie, where he was to remain five years. He had been treated with great kindness. The trial of the lieutenant-colonel lasted four days, and on each day, the captain, who had been summoned as a witness, was taken from his prison, by an officer of the Court of Peers, for the purpose of being conducted to the Luxembourg, in a carriage, and under the guard of a *gendarme*.

The captain devoted the three first trips to securing the good will of the officer of the court and of the *gendarme*. He appeared gay and communicative—related anecdotes of the garrison, praised the proceedings of the Court of Peers towards him, declared that he had never been happier than he was since his confinement

in Sainte-Pélagie, and showed himself so anxious each day to return to his prison, that one would have thought Sainte-Pélagie had a particular attraction for him.

The last day he appeared even more gay than usual. The judgment was pronounced towards evening. He had got into the carriage with the officer and the *gendarme*, and it had already stopped before the door of Sainte-Pélagie. Suddenly the captain put his head out of the coach-door—he had observed a girl who brought him his meals from a little *restaurant* near the prison. "Make haste, and bring me my dinner immediately," he exclaimed; "I am dying of hunger." At this moment the driver opened the coach-door and lowered the steps. The captain, for the purpose of speaking to the servant of the *restaurant*, had placed himself so as to get out first; and since he was so much attached to the prison, the officer and the *gendarme* watched him with little attention. To leap from the coach—to turn quickly round—to raise with a blow of the foot the carriage steps—to close the door, and to save himself by running at full speed, was the work of less time than that necessary to read these four lines. He had, already, a start of fifty paces, when the officer of the court and the *gendarme*, whose boots and large sword embarrassed him not a little, were enabled to commence the pursuit. The guard of the prison, the officer and the *gendarme*, made the neighborhood resound with their cries of "Stop him!" "Stop him!" The captain had good legs, and it was not until full five minutes had elapsed, and owing to the intervention of some well intentioned individuals, that the *gendarme* succeeded in arresting the officer, who had regularly run on before him, and whose black dress resembled that of the prisoner!

The police could never succeed in discovering the captain, who, however, remained several days in Paris. He was in Spain in 1823, and towards the year 1828 he obtained leave to return into France. He is now a chief of battalion.

TWO LATIN WORDS.

Louis XVIII was fond of quoting Latin. The favor of this prince has been often secured by a happy quotation from his favorite, Horace.

Louis XVIII had just recomposed his cabinet, and was receiving the first visit of his new ministers, among whom was Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno. The Marshal never pretended to any acquaintance with Latin, but he knew how to write, and to *paint* with perfection; and whenever he had a letter to despatch, he spent several minutes in practising his flourishes, for the purpose of tracing rapidly and lightly the first stroke of the *M* in the word *Monsieur*.

After some recommendations to his ministers, Louis XVIII discharged them, with these words: "Adieu, gentlemen; we will proceed *macte animo*." As soon as he was out of the cabinet, the Marshal stopped with a stupefied air, and retaining his colleagues, said to them:

"Well, gentlemen, this is agreeable."

"What is?"

"I have had violent scenes with the Emperor, but he never spoke to me in such a way."

"But what has been said to you?"

"Did you not hear it?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"You may be very sure that we will not long remain in office."

"Why not?"

"What! Did't you hear what the king said on taking leave of us?"

"He said, 'Adieu, gentlemen.'"

"Not at all; he said, '*partez animaux*,' (go animals.) If that is his manner, it is not very polished."

The same Marshal one day reproached an officer for having come to Paris without leave, and interrogated him sharply on the motives of his journey.

The officer had no very good reason to allege in his defence.

"What would you have, Marshal," said he: "*amour, tu purdis Troie*."*

"Ah, well!" replied the marshal quickly, "be on your guard lest you be the *fourth*."

A PETITION.

There are still many persons in France who believe the place of *exécuteur des hautes œuvres*, or to speak more clearly, of executioner, is hereditary; and that the eldest son of the regular incumbent is irrevocably called to succeed to the place of his father. It is not so. The son of an executioner succeeds his father because he may desire to do so, because he may find the place a comfortable one, or because he has been accustomed from infancy to the species of reprobation which attaches itself here, as in almost all countries, to that profession.

Should the executioner of Paris, or of any of the departments, happen to die without male descendants, it will not be necessary to have recourse to arbitrary means to find a successor. There will be no occasion to take one condemned to death, and to pardon a malefactor for the purpose of securing an executioner.

In 1822 the executioner of Versailles, or *Monsieur de Versailles*, as these functionaries style themselves, was arrested on suspicion of his having been engaged in a robbery; and it became necessary to find a substitute. The minister of justice, who presents for the choice of the king the candidates for all places in the magistracy, and who names directly to that of executioner, received, in the space of ten days, more than seventy applications for the place of executioner of Versailles.

One of these petitions was received on the day of the king's fête. It commenced with these words:

"My Lord—on a day when the king is pleased to dispense his benefits, may I be permitted to hope," &c.

Here followed a long list of the services of the petitioner, as an aid of the second class, aid of the first class, &c. He added, that his political opinions had been always constitutional, monarchical and religious.

The emoluments attached to the place of executioner are not so great as it might be supposed. The executioner of Paris enjoys a salary of 12,000 francs, neither more nor less than a councillor of state. He has, for executions and expositions, fees which amount to 40 francs for the former, and 30 for the latter. But these

* Mistaken by the Marshal for the French word *trois*, three.

sums are consumed in the necessary expenses attending the erection of the scaffold, and the preservation of the instruments.

A fee of 15 francs was the compensation for every case of branding. The legislature, on suppressing the use of this species of punishment, owed a compensation to the executioners, which they have not yet dreamed of discharging.

THE SPANISH WAR OF 1823.

The Spanish war of 1823, is another proof of the truth, that the greatest effects are often produced by the most insignificant causes.

Subsequently to the arrangement of the national rights of Europe, at Vienna, in 1815, four revolutions had broken out on the continent. Spain, Portugal, the kingdom of Naples and Piedmont had successively thrown off the yoke of absolutism, and replaced an oligarchy by a constitutional government. Two of these four revolutions had been promptly suppressed. Piedmont and the kingdom of Naples were too near to Prussia and Austria to resist very long. Exile and other heavy penalties soon punished these attempts at liberty, with which even some princes had pretended to associate themselves.

Spain and Portugal remained. Ferdinand VII had sworn to the constitution, and like Louis XVI, he conspired against it. Like Louis XVI, he called foreigners to his aid; he exhibited his broken sceptre to the powers engaged in the negotiations of Vienna.

Good will was as abundant then as now; but, as at this moment, all trembled at the idea of a partial war, which might bring about a general struggle. The sovereigns had failed to comply with too many of their promises, to rely with much certainty on their people; and all calculated, with alarm, the dangers of a war which might any day change its theatre. The ground did not appear sufficiently firm to allow them to absent themselves from home without danger.

In 1823 all these sovereigns desired a war with Spain, but no one dared to undertake, not even to propose it. Louis XVIII perfectly comprehended this situation of things; he was the only person of his court who had faith in the institutions of which he was called the *august author*. In his opinion, the destinies of the monarchy were allied to those of the institutions of the country, and the war appeared, in his eyes, an equal danger for both.

Louis XVIII did not desire a war with Spain. His principal minister was as little anxious for it. M. de Villèle had ideas of order and stability, which any war would have deranged. He was meditating certain financial projects, the execution of which, any difficulties would have necessarily deferred.

Under these circumstances, were opened the preliminaries of Vienna, followed shortly afterwards by the congress of Verona.

The ambassador of France, M. Mathieu de Montmorency, and M. de Chateaubriand, who had been associated with him, were instructed not to propose a war with Spain; and in the event of its being necessary to submit to one, to obtain from all the contracting par-

ties an effective co-operation in men or subsidies. The part then of the foreign and of the French plenipotentiaries, was to wait to see what would turn up. The foreign plenipotentiaries rigorously pursued this course. The French agents, committed by awkward zeal, and deceived by cunning intriguers, fell completely into a snare that was set for them.

Shortly after the revolution of 1820, a committee of refugee Spaniards was formed at Paris, (General Quésada belonged to it.) The members associated with themselves several French anti-revolutionists, among others M. Bergasse, and Count A. de J—. M. de Bergasse had been added to their number, as being a particular friend of the Emperor Alexander, and enabled to aid the committee by means of his influence with the sovereigns of the north. The committee determined to send a representative to Vienna and Verona, and M. A. de J— was chosen for this purpose.

Alexander was, as I have stated in another place, but the shadow of himself in 1823. There remained only enough of his extinguished faculties to enable him to appear a governor; and this remnant of intelligence was daily disappearing under the bigotted practices and religious mummeries of the sect into which he had been initiated by Madam Krudener. The weakness of the Emperor of Russia was perfectly known to M. Bergasse; and M. A. de J— departed, well informed of its character, and fortified by the most powerful recommendations.

The first audience that M. A. de J— obtained of Alexander, was entirely consumed by a conversation on the doctrines of the sect to which M. A. de J— was said to belong; and from that moment he obtained his most intimate confidence. The Emperor saw and conversed with no one but him. This was carried so far, that the ambassadors, reduced to play but secondary parts, uttered serious complaints, which, however, were never listened to.

M. de Chateaubriand had not been very well received at Vienna. He was not more lucky at Verona. He was still reproached with his *monarchy according to the charter*. He addressed himself to M. A. de J—.

"You are very intimate with the Emperor Alexander; ask him in what way I have displeased him, and try to reconcile me with him."

M. A. de J— expected this application; he replied:

"You say nothing on the subject of the war in Spain: it is the favorite subject of the Emperor. So long as you persevere in this course, you cannot hope for a better reception."

M. A. de J—, without any political title, had yet, as a privileged talker with the Emperor Alexander, been invited to all the fêtes. He was at a grand *soirée* given by M. de Metternich. There, the Emperor Alexander having perceived M. A. de J—, drew him into the embrasure of a window, and detained him a long time. The subject of the conversation was, as usual, religion.

As soon as M. A. de J— reappeared in the saloon, he was stopped by M. de Montmorency, who, addressing him as French Ambassador, to a subject of the king of France, begged him to inform him what political matter had been the subject of these long conferences with the Emperor.

M. A. de J—— perceived that the favorable moment had arrived, and replied without hesitation:

"The Emperor never ceases to declare his surprise, that M. de Montmorency, the first christian baron, has not yet proposed a crusade against Spain."

After these words—*first christian baron* and *crusade*—M. de Montmorency could no longer restrain himself; and after exchanging some words with M. de Chateaubriand, he retired home, followed by M. A. de J——, and passed the night in preparing a note, in which he demanded permission from the congress, for France to undertake a war against Spain. M. de Montmorency spoke in his note of the assistance and subsidies that France would hope to receive from her allies; but the congress, without taking any notice of this second part of the note, hastened to acquiesce in the demand contained in the first.

This was the whole secret of the war with Spain. M. de Villèle found it necessary to make the best of the misfortune, and he declared to the chamber: *That if we had not attacked Spain, it would have been necessary to think of defending our northern frontiers.*

M. A. de J—— was recompensed for the mission which he had so well conducted, by the grant of a loan, which afterwards became the Guébbard loan, as if it was not sufficient for France to have suffered one such bloody mystification, but necessary that she should pay the expenses of a second.

THE OUVRARD AFFAIR.

The Marshal, Duke of Belluno, was minister of war in 1823. The Duke could never have been regarded as an officer of the highest talents; but important commands were entrusted to him during the long wars of the empire. Upon several occasions, he commanded detached corps of the army; and consequently he must have known the precautions necessary to secure the subsistence and transportation of an army during a campaign.

In the same year, 1823, an officer of the highest merit was director-general of military subsistence.

The Spanish war had been proclaimed several months in advance, and everything should have been ready at the moment of the army's passing the Bidasoa, otherwise the minister of war, and Lieutenant-General Count Andreossy, director-general of military subsistences, must have been guilty of a negligence that might, without much scruple, be denounced as treason.

The period within which the provisions were to be collected at head-quarters, had been so regulated as to allow the military intendence to avoid the necessity of making forced purchases, at high prices, in the event of any delays on the part of any of the contractors.

These forced purchases were not to be the cause of any injury to the public treasury, it having been arranged that the difference of price was to be covered by the security required of the contractors.

Never was any affair more clear. There could be but two hypotheses, either everything had been provided, or those who ought to have done so should have been tried for treason.

The army was assembled; the Duke d'Angoulême had

arrived at head-quarters; the *intendant en chef* of the army had visited the magazines, and found them filled.

The order of departure was about to be given, when a rumor suddenly spread through the army that no precautions had been taken; that the magazines were empty; and that, in the event of the war assuming a serious character, in consequence of resistance from the population, the army would, in a few days, be exposed to want of provisions.

Some *well disposed* generals received and propagated these rumors, and, without further examination, a forced purchase, at an exorbitant price, was contracted with *le sieur Ouvrard*, by the same intendant, who had a few days before testified to the existence in the magazines of all necessary provisions.

M. Ouvrard found himself, *by accident*, at this time in the environs of Bayonne; and also, *by accident*—thanks to his prodigious activity—he found himself prepared to execute, in a few days, what the minister of war and the director-general of military subsistence had been unable to accomplish in several months.

The Duke of Belluno had caused himself to be named major-general of the army; but the Duke d'Angoulême, on his side, had chosen lieutenant-general Guillemot, for his major-general. The Duke of Belluno proceeded to his post; he arrived at Bayonne, and without having received any of the reproaches which his *negligence* merited, was invited to return by post to Paris. The campaign commenced, and everything marched as by enchantment.

According to this very simple exposition, it will be seen, that three persons were designated for public vengeance; the marshal minister of war, lieutenant-general Count Andreossy, and the *intendant en chef* of the army. What was the consequence? The Duke of Belluno remained minister of war, General Andreossy remained director-general of military subsistence, and was only afterwards dismissed because he began to defend himself when not attacked. It appeared strange, that a general enjoying the highest public esteem, should set to work to prove that he was neither a fool, nor a rogue, nor a traitor. The *intendant en chef* alone was forced to retire.

How great was afterwards the surprise of all men, in the least acquainted with business, when the forced purchase was rendered public; when it was known that by one of the articles of his agreement, Ouvrard had reserved to himself the right of taking whatever provisions were to be found in the magazines of the state, at a regular valuation, and afterwards selling them to the army at the price fixed by his contract for a forced purchase!

Fortunes were to be made or restored to our ancient or new generals; the persons about the court also desired to have their part. Nothing could be gained from a war supplied by the government; a commissary was wanted—one was necessary at any price; a marshal of France was found willing to permit his reputation to be sacrificed; and afterwards deputies were found complaisant enough to suffer themselves to be contented by the magnificent reason that "the mantle of glory (the glory of the war of Spain) had covered all the little irregularities of that affair."

Thus passed, unpunished, the most barefaced piece of robbery ever committed. Under the directory (and

they robbed at that time) an affair like that of Ouvrard's would have appeared so monstrous, that ten persons at least would have been shot. Under the empire (and the Emperor overlooked some things in behalf of those who washed their faults with a baptism of blood,) the Duke of Belluno, General Andréossy, the intendant-general Sicard, and some others, would have figured before a council of war, or indeed all the contractors for the army, including the generals who had become contractors, would have been put to death. Under the restoration, things were arranged in the happiest way in the world; the *mantle of glory* was a phrase that wound up the whole affair. It is twelve years since these things happened, and they are now forgotten. The court of assizes daily condemns to hard labor, robbers, who, compared with the contractors of the Ouvrard bargain, deserve to be canonized.

A very handsome Duchess, whose husband, *born a Lieutenant-general*, served in the staff of the Duke d'Angoulême, said, with the stupidity that characterizes her noble family, and that of her husband—

"I do not comprehend the complaints made by all the generals who served in the war of Spain. They pretend to be ruined; my husband has paid his debts, and brought away 800,000 francs."

Thus it appears, at least, that Ouvrard did not keep everything himself.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF LIVING AMERICAN POETS AND NOVELISTS.

NO. III.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER, ESQ.

It is the fashion to affect an admiration for poetry; but comparatively few really read, and still fewer appreciate it. Who reads newspaper poetry, or the lyrics and polished lines of the annuals? or, who buys a volume of poems? All, nevertheless, who wish to be thought people of taste, pretend an admiration, and not unfrequently a passion for it. This affectation may be traced to causes assimilated to those which often lead individuals to confess a fondness for music, when, at the same time, they are ready to cry out—

"How sour sweet music is:"

causes originating in a desire to elude the anathema, that consigns the wight who has "no music in his soul," to "treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

The very existence of this affectation, attests the excellence of the wares which all would fain imitate. We will not encroach on the province of the essayist or reviewer, by giving an analysis of the circumstances that militate against the popular reception of poetry, and which the "march of improvement" has a tendency rather to increase than to diminish, but confine our observations within the limits prescribed by the nature of these sketches.

The gentleman whose name we have placed at the head of this article, and whose poetical compositions suggested the foregoing remarks, is a native of Ohio, and has for several years past been a resident of Cincinnati. As the able editor of the "Cincinnati Mirror," a literary periodical of great merit; as a contributor to the western magazines, and the editor of the "Western Literary Journal," Mr. Gallagher has been long before the public, and his name honorably associated with the periodical literature of the West. As a critic, he was at once fearless, just, and acute; and his reviews were characterized by a concise energy, and an unusual elegance of diction, for compositions of this nature.

It is as a poet, however, we must view Mr. Gallagher. The west, although the land of romance and poesy, has yet contributed but little to imaginative literature. Mr. Gallagher is at present one of her brightest representatives at the court of the muses. "ERATO," the name of the muse, who presided over lyric poetry, and tastefully selected by the poet to designate the nature of his work, is the title of a thin volume of poems, dedicated to the Rev. Timothy Flint, and published in Cincinnati in 1835, through which he first appeared openly before the public as a poet. Previous to this time, he had written and published, anonymously, several fugitive pieces, which obtained great popularity. One of these, entitled "The Wreck of the Hornet," was universally admired, and won for the writer an enviable reputation. At the time, it was attributed to the pen of a distinguished literary gentleman of New York city.

It was probably the success of this fugitive piece that gave the youthful poet confidence; for, we find beautiful lyrics afterwards going the rounds of the press, and although anonymous, bearing intrinsic evidence of the inspiration of the author of the above mentioned stanzas. The leading poem in the ERATO, is entitled, "The Penitent, a Metrical Tale." It is a story founded on certain extraordinary events that attracted public curiosity, and created universal horror a number of years since. It is a thrilling tale, but as a poem, is imperfect, and bears few marks of the accurate taste and genius pervading other pieces by the same author. It is crude in conception, and betrays evident signs of having been written at an early period of life. However it might then have been idolized by the young aspirant for Parnassian laurels, he will, no doubt, like Campbell, when his poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," is alluded to, (a noble production, nevertheless,) shake his head at it. The Penitent, with all its looseness of versification; the inappropriateness of its subject, and its numerous blemishes, contains many fine passages: but they are not sufficiently numerous to redeem its grosser deformities. This

poem is divided into two parts, and is nineteen pages, or about eight hundred lines in length.

The next article in the volume is a fragment, entitled, "The Neglected," the subject of which is explained in the following lines from Percival, which are placed at its head:

"He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
And yet he comes not."—*The Wife.*

It is one of those gentle and touching pictures, which the poet delights to paint. In his delineation of the deeper emotions of the heart, Mr. Gallagher is eminently happy. After eloquently picturing the sufferings of the fair young wife, neglected by him "who had won the richness of her early love," and had now

"Bowed him down
At the shrine of drunkenness,"

the poet thus speaks of woman with great truth and feeling:

"Woman hath that within
Which will not brook neglect: but either turn
With a fell purpose on her injurer,
And deeply be avenged—or brood in dread
And harrowing silentness, on the intense
And burning sense of wrong she hath endured,
Until her proud heart breaketh of its weight
Of cherished agony!"

A short poem addressed "To my Mother," and an "Ode for Independence Day," the first, beautiful for the filial sensibility breathing in every line; the last marked by a degree of vigor, equally partaking of the enthusiasm of the patriot, and the inspiration of the poet; a fragment called "The Usurer's Death," drawn with a masterly hand; "Eve's Banishment," the gem of the volume; "May-Day Morning;" "The Bridal;" "The Revellers," and an Elegiac Lyric, written upon the death of an eminent artist, comprise, with "The Wreck of the Hornet," already named, the remainder of the volume. "The Usurer's Death" is remarkably graphic. We have room only for two brief extracts from its commencement and close.

"He was a man of curious workmanship:
His skeleton hand so firmly clenched a key,
It seemed the fleshless bone would burst. His hair
Was gray, and cut unevenly; for he
Had shorn himself for years, to save the mite,
The barber would have charged him."

"The hand of death was on him. He recoiled,
And drew his bony knees up to his chin;
And pressed his sallow hands upon his eyes,
And shuddered at the summons of the chill
And conquering king. His door, long closed, was forced;
The noise aroused him; and with frantic rage,
He sprang upon the chest, and seized the key,
And hoarsely shrieking—"Rob me not!"—he died."

"May-Day Morning" is lively, fanciful and rich, with appropriate similes and beautiful imagery; but it is carelessly written, and evi-

dently the production of an earlier period. The "Bridal," is a fragment which bears all the distinguishing marks of the poet's happiest manner. The succeeding extract will convey but an imperfect idea of the graceful and touching picture he has ably sketched.

"And she, the loved, the beautiful, stood up
Beside the chosen one; and meekly bent
Her half-closed eyes upon her swelling breast:
And on her temples slept a raven tress,
Shading the beautiful veins that melted through,
Like amethyst half-hidden in the snow;
And loveliness hung round her, like a soft
And silver drapery. And pain, and sin,
And sorrow's discipline, on her fair brow
Had no abiding place. The various shades
Of sorrow and of gladness, came and went
With almost every pulse, like the uncertain
And silent memory of forgotten dreams.
They stood together—and their hearts were proud,—
His, of its nobleness—and hers of him!"

"The Revellers," is a short ballad in the wild German vein. A party of revellers are at their cups and a toast "To Life," is drunk:

"Cheer, comrades, cheer! we drink to Life!
And we do not fear to die!
Just then a rushing sound was heard,
As of spirits sweeping by—
And presently the latch flew up
And the door swung open wide,
And a stranger strode within the hall
With an air of martial pride."

This intruder is not well received by the Bacchanals. He is assailed, and

"The stranger's guise fell off,
And a phantom form stood there,
A grinning, and ghastly, and horrible thing,
With rotten and mildewed hair."

He proves to be DEATH, who breathes upon the first speaker, who dies. It is a spirited poem, but bears the marks of hasty composition, is occasionally prosaic, and its unity and keeping is lost in one or two instances by the use of common-place phraseologies. The following line combines both of these defects:

"This was too much for the Bacchanal."

Mr. Gallagher's reputation as a poet, is not based, however, upon this volume, which appears to be the sheaf in which he has collected and bound up the earlier fruits of his muse. Early in the fall of 1835, he issued a volume which he called "ERATO No. II." It is on this book Mr. Gallagher's claims as a poet are to be founded. This volume contains sixty pages, and was likewise published in Cincinnati; but it is much superior to the first in typographical appearance. It is to be regretted, that in justice to the poet, this volume was not published in one of the Atlantic cities, inasmuch, as it would have extended the reputation of the author, and given a currency to his works which a western press cannot secure to

them. The Atlantic side of the Alleghanies is sufficiently controlled by that kind of prejudice in relation to ultra montane literature, that led one, some two thousand years ago, to say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" These prejudices, which we are glad to find are gradually subsiding, should not be neglected or despised by western writers. The names of the Messrs. "Harper and Brothers," or "Carey, Lea and Blanchard," on the title page of many a book, has often proved a better endorsement to the public eye than the author's. How natural it is to condemn a book unread, when it bears the imprint of a country town! A circumstance apparently so trivial, has stifled, it is well known to the literary world, many books of merit in their birth. There is the same kind of faith extended to an unknown book, as to an unknown bank note; if it bears city names, and is of a city bank, it is received with confidence; if it is a country bill, it is taken with hesitation and suspicion. Extensive publishers have also an opportunity, by their widespread agencies, of circulating a new work over a vast extent of country; whereas, a book published without these advantages, has to make its way slowly and with difficulty into notice. It must therefore be an evidence of its intrinsic merit, for a book to win, without these adventitious aids, in the short period of two years, extensive and permanent popularity for its author. The laurels which Mr. Gallagher has won, are, therefore, solely due to his genius.

The nucleus, or leading poem of "ERATO No. II," is entitled, "The Conqueror." It is twenty pages, or six hundred and sixty lines in length. The subject is Napoleon. The poet is represented as having fallen into a deep sleep over a volume, that records the history of his hero's deeds, during which, the remarkable events of the "Conqueror's" career pass before his mind in a succession of visions. Each vision is narrated, after the exordium, in a separate part or canto, which are twelve in number. This poem is in part modelled upon a fragment of Schiller; but the study of a model does not necessarily imply imitation. In the structure of its verse, there is apparent a slight resemblance to the "Thalaba" of Southey; the likeness is not marked by any prominent outlines, but is rather a coincidence of thought and unity of tastes. This is the more apparent when we learn that the author had planned "The Conqueror" several years before he had seen the "Thalaba" of the poet-laureate.

The similitude lies in the choice of rhythm, not in imitation; and, although the poet in his preface modestly deprecates, in any shape whatsoever, any allusion to that "unsurpassed achievement of the human mind, and imperishable monument of human genius," yet he has unconsciously lighted his torch at the same altar; and although he may

not tread in the same path, is guided to the temple of fame by the same light.

Considered as an entire poem, the "Conqueror" is of unequal merit. Its defects, nevertheless, are few—its excellences many. Agreeable harmony of versification, and a lyrical grace and elegance, is united, in this poem, with great boldness, daring imagery, and kindling enthusiasm. The changes of verse are adapted to the variety of the subject; now stirring the blood with its martial vigor, and "the hurrying march of its words;" now delighting the taste with its polished and graceful versification; or now elevating the mind with its philosophy.

After narrating in lofty verse the political events that preceded the appearance of Bonaparte on the European stage, he describes the "Child of Destiny," arising from the universal chaos, the magician, who is to control the elements. A short extract will convey some idea of the mode in which the poet has treated his subject, and also show the peculiarity of the rhythm he has adopted.

III.

"Soon the strange vision changed,
And one with dazzling powers,
A bright creation of th' events and times,
Midst the confusion, dire, arose,
The great disorder to adjust.
The elements were separated soon;
And then,
Upon a model different from the old,
New institutions framed: and Liberty,
A dangerous word when wrongly understood—
Was shouted through the land, and blazon'd high
Upon their banners; but the characters
Were traced with human blood! He who had risen
In beauty from the wild disorder, moved
The master spirit of the eventful time;
Deep penetration throned upon his brow,
And strong determination on his lip.
Riding upon the tide of great events,
He rose superior to the current's force;
And digging channels where he listed, said,
'This way!' and it was so."

The scene of the vision changes in the fourth canto to the land of the Ptolemies. After narrating the effects following the ravages of an invading army—the cities sacked, churches profaned, and scorched plains, fertilized with human blood, and dotted with human bones—

"Heap'd up like pyramids!"

he paints in the following vigorous lines, the mysterious influence which the mind of Napoleon exercised over his soldiers—

"And he, who late
Had won the admiration of the world,
In Italy the bright, led on his host;
Him had they followed o'er the trackless sea;
And him they followed now—a tarnish'd star—
And yet they faltered not: but clung to him
With that strong faithfulness Abaddon knew
From his fallen myriads."

Again a change comes o'er the spirit of the

poet's dream, and Napoleon is exhibited in a new light; his eyes directed towards a statue of liberty, while his hands are extended to grasp the Bourbon crown.

"Which he could almost seize, but seem'd to fear
Detection of his base hypocrisy."

There is great power in the following lines, especially the last, with which the poet, after describing the tortures inflicted upon the conqueror's breast, by "the never slumbering fiend" ambition, concludes the fifth canto:

"Whose nights are passed in some unknown recess,
With the world's chart before his greedy eyes,
Marking off lands to conquer!"

At length, emboldened by a brilliant series of successes, unprecedented in the history of mankind, the conqueror in a hundred fields, now "feared detection less,"

"And seized the glittering crown
With careless air, and tried the bauble on,
To see how it would suit his laurel'd brow.
None murmur'd, but none cheer'd him; and he fear'd
The time unripe, and put it off again."

At length, urged onward by ambition, to wield the imperial sceptres and wear the crown of purple,

"He cast
Disimulation off, and seized once more
That crown, and fix'd it firmly on his brow,
And sat in gloomy grandeur on the throne!
And then I recognised the 'conqueror
Of Pharaoh's ancient land.'"

VI.

"Again the vision changed.
The Emperors of Europe, and the kings,
Each trembling for his throne,
United to depose the conqueror,
And tear his ill-got diadem away.
Their legions poured into the field of war;
The Austrian Cæsars, and Imperial Cæsars
Of Russia, counsel'd on the field of fight;
But he, whom they opposed, stood all alone—
Sublime in his great confidence and strength!
And ere the 'sun of Austerlitz,' which rose
Cloudless upon the serried hosts, the flow'r
And chivalry of three imperial crowns,
Had set, the seeming man of destiny
Had Europe's haughtiest monarch at his feet,
And here he stood and parcell'd kingdoms out."

The seventh canto is distinguished by unusual power, abounds in vivid descriptions, sublime and often wild imagery. It contains a picture of a battle field drawn with appalling force and truth. In the following strong passage from the eighth canto, we have the reality vividly presented before us; and do not so much read of the fierce encounter of opposing hosts, as we hear the shouts of the combatants, and the earth tremble beneath the shock of encountering phalanxes:

"On rush the legions of the conqueror—
Potent—impetuous:—but like the surge
That rolls with force tremendous 'gainst the rock
Immovable, which rises from the sea,
Were they received, and back recoiled apace,
In dire confusion; then, to either side
Wheeling, the master spirit form'd again

The solid phalanx: and with gathered force,
And desperate fury, shouting to the charge,
He rushed upon a single point, and broke
The lines compact, and won the gory field."

Our limits will not admit of a much longer notice of this poem. It is, throughout, stamped with genius. Its versification, although of an exceedingly difficult kind, is characterised by regularity and harmony. In some of the more stirring scenes, there is a glowing rapidity and passionate energy of expression; the words seeming to flow from an irresistible impulse, as if the poet had deserted the trained, yet spirited jennet of his muse, to bestride, as more befitting his theme, a stately war-horse. In "The Conqueror," there is observable a prodigality, or rather opulence of imagery, drawn from the sterner scenes of nature. Aside from the character of his subject, which calls for stern thought and cold conception, the poet has, in this poem, betrayed the peculiar cast of his mind, which is perhaps impressed rather by the grand and terrific, than the picturesque and beautiful; although the uncommon sweetness of his lyrics, and the delicate beauty of the thoughts they embody, and the tranquil ease and grace which pervades all his minor poems, and the sparkling gaiety of his fancy, show that he loves to contemplate the gentler features of nature, as well as the more austere, and delights to connect the tranquil scenes of life with those of a sterner character.

Mr. Gallagher's poetry is an accurate transcript of his mind. He is a poet that reminds us of "the blue sky, and green earth; of the babbling brooks; of the singing waterfalls; of the quiet hamlet, embowered in trees and covered with vines; of the peaceful landscape; of the velvet valley, and of the rock-ribbed mountain;" who enchants as with nature's magnificent repose, and stirs the blood with her awful awakenings to earthquake and tempest. His muse does not haunt the crowded city, the gorgeous palace, or the artificial bower. Unlike many of the ephemera of the muse who flourish in modern times, he can find something else beautiful besides "the face of woman; something else worth apostrophizing besides a pencilled eyebrow; something symmetrical besides a female form; something worth praising besides a well turned ancle; something that floats upon the heart besides *dishevelled tresses*; and something whose touch thrills us besides the soft white hand."

The second poem in this volume, is entitled, "OUR WESTERN LAND," and breathes, throughout, the thoughts "that come of inspiration," and the patriotism of one who loves his native land; it is everywhere marked with the devotion of the poet, and the pride of the patriot. It is divided into seven short cantos, and its subject is sufficiently indicated by its title. It takes a retrospective glance of the early history of the West is;

enriched by enchanting descriptions of the scenery on the Ohio river, which, in the poem is termed traditionally and poetically OHIO-PE-HE-LE; is varied by episode; abounds in traditionary allusions; and, for beauty and variety of imagery, lyric grace of thought and expression, united with conciseness, touching pathos, and manly vigor of style, it is one of those productions which will withstand successfully the test of candid criticism, and perpetuate the fame of the poet. We find our pencil has been drawn around several passages of great beauty. One of these can only be selected. It is in allusion to the meeting of the waters of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, and is in a vein that reminds us of Chaucer:

"Behold the clear stream's coquetry!
The more 'tis woo'd and press'd, the more
It feigns to love its pebbly shore;
Retreating still, but still so shy,
Much may the wooing water dare,
That the self-same bed may share.
Still strives she, that it may not be;
And still threats, th' embrace to flee
Of the dark wooer: but anon
They mingle, and together run.
Thus ye may see a bashful bride,
Consenting half, and half denying;
Now looking love, and now aside
Turning her melting eyes; now flying
Away, all loveliness and grace;
But careful still her blushing face
To turn to him she hath forsaken—
Full willing soon to be o'ertaken;
And when she is pursued and caught,
A thread will hold her—as it ought!
Now, modest maiden struggles vain,
She blushing yields until the twain
Are one, even as these mingled waves,
Which part but at their ocean graves."

The remainder of the volume consists of "Miscellaneous Poems" and "Lyrics." The first of the miscellaneous pieces, is "The Old Soldier," a martial and spirited poem, of about 180 lines. The second is called "A Simile." A cloud, breaking into many fragments, which sail away in different directions, but gradually fading into the sky as they move, until all disappear, as if received into the heavens, forms the subject, which the poet has used with great taste, poetical truth, and religious feeling. He paints a family circle, "knowing no bosom's storm," but who are at length

"Wind-driven forth,
Guided by no fixed star:
Some roam the earth---some sail the billowy main---
Severed too widely to unite again.
But as the ample space
Receiv'd, and all absorb'd that scattered cloud,
So, when the mortal race
Ends with the pall and shroud,
Shall they by infinite space receiv'd, ascend,
And have new being, without change or end!"

"Elegiac Verses," occasioned by the death of the late Thomas S. Grimke, which are of a lofty, grave, and highly poetical cast; "The Music of the Heart;" "The Mountain Path;" addresses

to an "Early Spring Flower," and to a "Late Fall Flower;" a spirited and energetic poem, entitled "Childe Harold," founded on Byron's wish in his conversations with Capt. Parry, "I long to be again among the mountains;" a short poem called "August," and some stanzas suggested by the cholera of 1832, complete the division of the "Miscellaneous Poema." Of these, "August" is thought by some of Mr. Gallagher's reviewers to be superior to anything else from his pen. We must refer the reader to this beautiful ode; the brief extract for which only we have room, would mutilate, without conveying a just idea of its merits. There is a similarity of imagery between some portions of this poem and Mr. Bryant's "Noon Scene," but only such as would naturally occur to minds of similar tastes and bias, contemplating the same features of a subject. We will extract a stanza of Mr. Bryant's poem, and the second stanza of "August," in which this resemblance may be slightly traced. It should be remarked here, that Mr. Gallagher had both written and published his poem before he met with the "Noon Scene."

BRYANT.

The quiet August noon is come:
A slumb'rous silence fills the sky;
The winds are still---the trees are dumb---
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

GALLAGHER.

Thee, 'hath the August sun,
Looked on with hot and fierce and brassy face;
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace,
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

There is an epigrammatic turn in the following stanza from "The Mountain Path," throughout which poem there is a peculiar joyousness of manner, and an uplifting of the heart that is refreshing.

"Gloriously comes he there!
Morn on the hills! One hour of life like this,
Pays for whole weeks of care;
Earth scarce hath greater bliss!
Yet 'angel's visits' are almost as many
As visits to the hills---they turn no penny!"

In lyric composition Mr. Gallagher is evidently at home; although it has already been shown his poetical powers are widely varied; to whatever subject he devotes his muse, he invests it with its own peculiar spirit. His later compositions evince a dignity and beauty of thought; a richness of imagination; a devout love for and a close communion with nature; sympathy with the nobler attributes of mankind, and an intimate acquaintance with the human heart. A striking feature in Mr. Gallagher's poetry, particularly his loftier verse, is its concise vigor. He has the power of condensing his thoughts in a degree, that eminently cha-

* Summer, personified, is here addressed.

acterises his compositions, when, at the present day, one idea, well diffused over a page, is frequently deemed an ample expenditure. The following lines are examples of this vigor of style:

"He rush'd upon a single point, and broke
The lines compact."

* * * *

"And here he stood and parcelled kingdoms out."

* * * *

"But there was yet a star he had not reached,
And even yet, his eye was fixed upon it."

* * * *

"With the world's chart before his greedy eyes,
Marking off lands to conquer."

* * * *

"And on that little isle,
The heart which had so long convulsed the world,
Was still'd forever."

The lyrics in this volume are five in number. The first entitled and commencing with,

"They told me not to love him!"

is characterized with that liquid ease and graceful simplicity in which consist the prominent features of his lyrical compositions. It has been set to music, and is extensively popular, and will no doubt be recognized as an old and familiar acquaintance by many fair readers. The "Day Dream," and "The Rose is on thy Cheek," are both set to music; and are sparkling and epigrammatic. The "Zephyr and the Rose Bud," a fanciful allegory; and "The Tears of Youth," conclude the volume.* Several tales of great merit, have occasionally appeared in the periodicals which he has edited: judging from these productions, Mr. Gallagher has only to apply his talents to prose composition to rank high as a novel writer; but he is, doubtless, content with the poet's wreath, which is not only more dazzling than the novelist's, but likewise more difficult of attainment; "for many strive, but few there be that gain it."

Mr. Gallagher, during the fall of 1836, retired from the editorship of the Literary Journal, which even in the "literary emporium of the west," sunk for the want of support, and accepted the co-editorship of a political paper in Louisville, where he now resides.† But, like all men of a poetic temperament, Mr. Gallagher has but little taste for the "wordy war of politics," and will no doubt sigh for the retirement more congenial to his disposition. In this country poets cannot live by their muse, who often frowns upon her children, as she finds them wallowing amid a sea of newspapers;

* Mr. Gallagher has very recently published a third volume of poems, "Erato No. III," which the writer has not yet seen. It was published in Louisville, and will, consequently, we fear, be limited in its circulation on this side of the mountains.

† Mr. Gallagher has removed to Columbus, Ohio, since this sketch was penned, and there edits a new Literary Monthly Magazine.—*Editor S. Lit. Mes.*

pouring over ledgers; or disbursing bank notes across a counter. The well known fact that all American poets depend on other than literary pursuits, for the means and comforts of life, is a strong attestation of the truth of the remarks with which the writer commenced this sketch.

Mr. Gallagher is a married man: he possesses a manly figure, tall and well proportioned, with a lofty and somewhat haughty carriage. His complexion is very fair and ruddy; and his face exhibits a remarkably youthful appearance as if but nineteen, and not twenty-eight years had passed over his head. In conversation, he is animated and energetic, evincing the man of quick sensibility, the bold thinker, the acute critic, and severe satirist. His eyes are lively, and, when animated, of a piercing blue. His forehead is fair and open, uniting intellectual strength, with softness of outline, and is the index of the graceful character of his mind.

FRANCIS ARMINE,

A ROMANCE.

BY A NOVICE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Earth grows shadowy,
And through its stony throngs I go alone,
Even with the heart I cannot turn to stone.

Bird.

What have we here?
A carrion death!

Shakspeare.

It was a spell-touched hour.

L. E. L.

Beautifully along the trembling wave did the light of day wander to its golden couch.

It was the sunset hour. The music of the breeze, and the voice of the birds, as they

"Turned to the sun their waved coats, dropt with gold,"

floated along the sparkling waters, and mingled, as they floated, with the gay song and the merry shout of life from cot and villa, on the banks of the Seine. The rich landscape—the broad champaign—the verdant forests—the distant hills—the glassy river, were bathed in the mellowed crimson and purple tints of sunset, as they glittered along the heights of heaven. The air was calm and tranquil, and scarcely moved the leaf of the dim and distant mountain, or the spray of the river. The Seine was motionless as the willows that hung upon its golden bosom. On its either shore arose groves and alleys of tall poplars, winding above which could be seen the curling smoke of distant cottages, and on its smooth, unrippled surface was the large and

heavy river craft, creeping along with snail-like pace, or the white sailed pleasure-boat ploughing the waters amidst the gushes of music and song from its gay passengers. In the distance arose the domes, towers, temples and palaces of voluptuous Paris, on whose turrets and spires gleamed the rays of the sun, as it slowly sank beneath the western wave.

Thus appeared the scene, as a solitary horseman slowly wended through it. He was in the opening, rather than the prime of manhood. His form was slender, and somewhat above the common height, yet very symmetrical, and the whole appearance of his person strikingly noble, so much so, that at first sight, you could not be drawn from the general appearance to scrutinize each particular feature that had drawn forth your admiration when blended. His countenance was open and frank, as well as eminently handsome. His forehead was broad and high, over which floated in a careless and unstudied manner clusters of deep black hair, contrasting strongly with the paleness of the temples. His cheek was slightly flushed, and the blood could almost be seen gliding beneath it. His eye seemed thoughtfully wandering to other scenes than the one through which he now wended, which by some would have been interpreted to want of taste, in not appreciating one among the brightest landscapes in the land of vineyards; others, of deeper penetration, would have placed it, and perchance more truly, to a wish to forget the present in the events of the past, and the melancholy expression of his countenance betrayed those events as dark and embittering.

The observer, unacquainted though he might be with the withering commerce of the world, and viewing, though he might, its stern realities of deceit and discord through the eyes of youth, could easily have traced in the sadness of the traveller a sorrow which can never be concealed in the dim and silent chambers of the human heart. The past is a harp, and memory a sybil, whose finger will stray upon its silent chords, whether its tones are sickening to the soul, or refreshing as the dew of evening to the withered flower. The most trivial event will remove the lava and the dust, and array before the sufferer the grimlike thoughts of former years, which had been thought deeply buried—or, perchance, in the decay of the cheek, in the reckless laughter of the lip, or in the ruin of the eye, may be traced the gloomy thoughts that rise, like spectre-shapes, from the voiceless urn of buried hope. Sweetest of England's mighty writers! loveliest of the daughters of song! beautifully hast thou said, and true as beautiful,

"The heart may be a dark and closed-up tomb;
But memory stands a ghost amid the gloom!"*

As the traveller rode along, from a neighboring chapel the vesper song of evening, borne over the calm waters and mellowed by the distance, reached his ears. The words, twined into a somewhat solemn rhyme, and sang by voices of peculiar sweetness, accompanied with the chime of convent bells, well befitted the hour, and threw our horseman into a train of reflections at once sweet and sad. As the hymn ceased, and he recommenced his journey, he spied, on a high rock at the mouth of a cave by the roadside, a tall and ghost-like form. It was above the human height, and more resembled the heathen's conception of that of one of

the Titans who besieged Olympus than any he had ever seen. His hair, of a grayish color, floated almost to his feet, and the long nails and tattered condition of his dress bespoke him the hermit of the cave. His eye was stretched over the wide plain beneath, and it was some moments before it rested on the horseman: as it did, it was lighted up suddenly, like a torch flashing amid the tomb. His lips parted, and these were the strange words he uttered:

"On, on, to Paris! for there thou art now expected"—and he turned, as he did so, lifting his thin bony finger to something gleaming in the distance like sapphire columns from the sparkling Seine. "Lo! through the dim mists its thousand palaces! On, on!"

And the hermit disappeared in the mouth of the cave, and the wanderer pondered over the strange words, "Thou art now expected:" they were mysterious; but he paused not until he reached the capital of France. Before him was the tower of Saint Sulpice; in the distance, and almost obscured by the mists that hovered around them, arose the blackened walls of Notre Dame; at his side were dismal and dirty huts, and the street through which he rode, was so crowded, that it was with difficulty to himself and danger to the passengers, that he forced his way along. Just as he passed the arch of l'Etoile, the cry of a beggar startled his spirited horse, which, taking affright, suddenly sprang to one side. So quick and so unlooked for was the motion, that the rider, almost thrown from his seat, could not give the alarm before the horse trod on a little child that was heedlessly playing in the street. As it leaped away, the girl, for such it was, fell to the earth greatly mangled, the blood flowing from its nose and lips. The horseman, discovering the accident, sprang from his saddle, but reached the child as it was caught in an old woman's arms, an already stiffening corpse. Terrified by the sudden death of the child, with its bloody form in her withered arms, the old nurse gazed one moment on its pale, hueless countenance, the features calm and smiling even in death, and shrieked "Murder!" which swept, amid the din and noise of the street, like a thunderbolt. One moment, an appalling silence, like that of the grave, hovered around, and in the next, all was commotion and disorder. Windows flew up, doors sprang open, and the terror-stricken citizens leaped forth, reiterating with maniac gestures the demon cry. It was all the work of a moment, and swam before the eyes of our traveller like some distempered vision. Ere he could put spurs to his horse, his retreat was impossible, for he was surrounded on every side. As far as his eye could reach, the street was completely crowded with beings more like ghosts or spectres than human. That some dreadful and premeditated assassination had been committed, every one believed. The simple event, as usual in moments of deep excitement, was greatly increased and exaggerated, gathering at every move a fresh inhumanity.

"She was so young and beautiful," whimpered a fellow who never had seen her.

"And so innocent," said another.

"She would not have remained so long," muttered between his teeth a cowardly, sleek-haired gallant, as he gazed at the noble horseman, and thought of his own pretty lass; "virtue and purity are as naught beneath the libertine's glance."

Just at this moment he made a second attempt at flight.

"Stop the murderer," cried a weak voice—it was that of the old nurse.

"Blood is upon his skirts," shouted another, who had heard her version of the event.

"Down with him," screamed a little ruffian.

"To the trial with him," suggested a peaceable citizen. Not a voice reiterated it.

"Life for life!" "Blood for blood!" echoed a hundred voices at once, as the voice of a single man. It was caught up in the distance, and now it burst from every lip like the response of a thousand demons, rolling from earth to heaven, and dying away but in the thick willows of the distant Seine: "Blood for blood!"

The curses, the yells, the shouts from lips that knew nothing of the affair, were deafening. Action, from a hasty impulse, guided that lawless mob, who had dethroned their monarch, and erected above the ruin a power withering in its aims, and blighting in its deepening despotism the hopes and aspirations of a brave and noble people; to whom the very name of LIBERTY has been, and ever will remain, a nucleus around which clusters all that is beautiful in their natures; but who, alas! for their blood-stained vineyards and desecrated temples, have never worshipped aught save the semblance of the pure gold of the shrine, adulterated by human passion and unholy ambition!

A body of guards were soon on the ground, with burnished arms and floating plumes, and martial accoutrements; but, alas for their untried valor! alas for their chivalry! they towered with a giant's strength in peace, and shrank to their cowardly bosoms before the glances of a ruffian mob.

The friendless horseman saw his danger. He knew that his life hung upon a brittle thread, which might in the next second be severed. Yet he was undaunted. His form seemed to increase; and his face, generally so calm and passionless, assumed a deeper flush than its wont, as the danger became more imminent. He looked abroad upon that vast crowd, who had not as yet committed any violence, but rocked to and fro like the waves of an ocean yawning for the fragile barque that was to be engulfed there; and his glance breathed of defiance, and the smile that lingered for a moment about his lip was one of derision.

At this juncture a voice whispered in his ear, "Despair not!" Turning in surprise, he beheld in the speaker a young man of singular appearance, whom he had never seen before. He had scarce whispered the words ere he disappeared. He could have been seen threading his way through the dense crowd towards a chapel near at hand, of ancient but blackened architecture. Near its door, from which (attracted by the noise without) he had just emerged, stood a venerable priest.

"Mother of God! what a spectacle!" cried the reverend father, as his attention was directed to the populace who surrounded the horseman. Well did he know the voice of that mob—it had frozen his own blood by its appalling tones before. "People of Paris, what would ye? What inhumanity is this, and to a stranger? Beware of your actions, lest ye bring down the anathemas of the holy faith and the denunciations of the church?"

The people moved towards him—as they did so, he heard not, or did not notice, their murmurs. Elated with the prospect of awing them, he turned towards the chapel, in appropriate parts of which could be seen

many statues of the great and illustrious ones of the church. Surmounted in a niche, at the centre of the chapel, towered the colossal shape of its patron saint. It was of the purest marble and the nicest sculpture. It had stood there for years and years, the silent witness of changes and crimes. Wave had chased wave upon the ocean-tide of despotism—armies had swept by it, and beneath it had been heard the shock of battles—yet there had it stood, dark and solemn, upon its silent and unmoved throne, a relic from the abyss of past ages.

Even as the priest gazed in adoration upon it, lo! the statue came toppling down, and fell at his feet crushed into a thousand atoms. The cause was never known; but, from what followed, it is presumed that it was the work of an unseen hand. A loud laugh drew his attention to a very young man, the same who had cheered the horseman, and who now scorned the priest. He rushed towards the one whom he supposed the offender. His eyes flashed, his cheek scorched, and his whole face was lit up with a holy enthusiasm. The secret cloister and the silent cell had failed to cool, and had but smothered his passions—they leaped forth now with a new life and vigor. He approached the young man—was near him—stood before him: in one moment more, and lo! the torch was lit that flashed upon his funeral pyre!

"Down with priestcraft!" shouted a single voice, so thrilling that it touched every heart and was echoed by every lip. The young revolutionist had by one cry nerved a hundred arms. The priest was hurled to the earth—the uplifted dagger was sheathed in his heart—and in a few moments, as the crowd swept over it, that form had been trodden to the clay from whence it sprang. This was but the *beginning of the end*; for his death was the signal for an attack on the neighboring chapels by the bloodthirsty mob.

As the moon rose above the distant mountains on that evening, the chaunt of priests had ceased—the consecrated lights were out—the solemn chime of holy bells was no longer heard. The sacred temples had been plundered of their statues and divinities—the loud laugh echoed in the holy of holies, and the blood-stained flag of infidelity floated in triumph from their turrets and spires. The eternal faith had been hurled from its throne of ages!

A moment after the assassination, the mad shout of the revolutionists still ringing in his ears, our traveller turned and found himself alone. In another moment the young stranger was at his side. "Fly, fly, or I know not who may be the next victim," exclaimed he. The mob, the cheering words, the stranger, the murder, all rushed before him. The veil was torn from the mystery. The truth flashed upon him. To save him, the unknown young man had drawn the attention of the populace to another point.

"To whom do I owe my safety?" asked he—but on turning to where the stranger stood, he could not see him. He moved not, he spoke not, he breathed not. Was it not all a dream, a vision? Suddenly he recovered. The cry of the mob scarcely heard, the street cleared, despair nerved him. His mission to Paris was not attained. The shout of the mob neared him; but he was far distant when they returned.

Thus entered Francis Armine into Paris. When the mantle of night was cast upon the earth, he was sitting in a small room in the suburbs of that city. His mind was unusually gloomy and abstracted. He moved to

the window—all without was still. The blue heavens were sparkling with the light of many stars, and the young moon, "regent of the night," reflected its beams upon the quiet Parisian city. As he retired, he opened a delicate locket, which contained some rich and jetty hair, and as he gazed upon it a strain of music from a distant band of serenaders swept along. And sad and melancholy were his musings as he listened; for they were of the past. Before him appeared his youthful sister, the beautiful and lost—his distant home—the green earth and sparkling streams of that home—and, glowing above all, was the violet sky of his own beautiful Italy!

CHAPTER II.

Genius! the god of earth,
The child of heaven!

Fairfield.

Life had to her been sweet as music measures
That steal forth from a lute on some faint breeze!

Amelia.

Light after light the glorious visions fade.

Hemans.

Francis Armine was an Italian, possessing all that birth and wealth could accumulate. He was born on the western shore of Lake Como, whose sparkling waters and picturesque landscapes are linked with the most beautiful scenery in the world. Europe has many a Maggiore and Lemano, and but one

"Como, with its crystal face."

The unrivalled climate, the rainbow tinted skies, the transparent waters, the white walled villas that rise on its golden banks, combine to render its "peaceful hermitage" a most desirable retreat. And it was there that the poet touched his heaven-strung lyre, and awoke strains more immortal than the warrior's blood-bought name. It is there that amid the green groves played the glittering waters of Pliny's cooling fountain, and there stands the terrace where he gazed upon the sun as it peered above the blue and misty hills or sank beneath the distant horizon. It is there that the rich music and the graceful poetry of Italy come like hallowed dreams to the wandering pilgrim.

At an early age Armine's parents died, leaving himself and his sister alone, though not friendless, upon the world. His boyhood had been a mixture of pleasure and study; not too much of the former to unfit his mind for the intense study of after years, nor too much of study to nauseate the taste and vitiate the youthful intellect, rendering the object unprepared and unwilling to prosecute the higher and more tedious branches of education. It was a nice blending of the two, such as is to be observed in that of the opposite colors of the rainbow, distinct in shade, but not so in the mingled and delicate pencilling of each rich hue.

When I said that he was an Italian, a description of the gradual development of his intellect might be deemed a superfluous waste of words. For there is a something in the air, and earth and sky of that lovely clime, that kindles, elevates and refines the mind. When the veil of twilight is cast over the earth, with its deep valleys, its fragrant groves and its luxuriant

gardens, to wander forth and breathe the perfumed air, should it fail to draw from the recesses of the mind all that is beautiful or vivid there, they will remain dormant forever. Whether this may be attributed to the sky, with its shifting and fleecy clouds that even melt into the deep azure as we gaze upon them—to the air, pregnant with the perfume of flowers—or to the verdant earth—or to a transfusion of the whole, the mind is elevated to a brighter sphere than its wont—to a dreamlike enchantment, where it can revel in all that is exquisite or passionate in that Elysium receptacle, the imagination.

Armine's education was simple, not complicated. He had studied well the writings of his own countrymen, before he sought those of other lands. He did not dive into the sea of classic learning ere he had skimmed over the calmer stream of a common education. He well knew the present, before he ventured into the dim regions of the past. What to the untutored mind are the lessons of the bygone? What Egypt's mystic and venerated learning? What the classic literature of Greece, or the untouched shelves of oriental Persia? The eagle, if he would soar to the clouds or bathe his plumage in the dew of heaven, must strengthen his wing upon the earth ere he succeeds; and the mind, too, with all its gigantic powers, must slowly unfold them, at first the cradle, and then the unfettered tread, so closely does the mind resemble the body.

He travelled; for though Italy was once illustrious, once mistress of learning, she was then but the phantom of her former self. He travelled into other lands, and he penetrated still farther into the inner temple of intelligence. At last the lightning burst from its imprisoning cloud—chaos disappeared—he possessed the great gift,

"That ocean to the rivers of the mind."

His mind was peopled with the star-bright fancies, the seraph-winged thoughts, the "moving delicate" creations of the poet, with no obstacle to his wanderings, no pinion to his conceptions. The pure and holy fires of genius were kindled, and threw abroad their animating and inspiring rays.

And fame, though it is but the foam that glitters a moment upon the wave and then dissolves, clustered around his name and promised to it immortality. Little did he then imagine the impenetrable mystery that would cloud his life and moulder away the dreams and visions that youth and poetry had consecrated. What are the eagle-plumed hopes, the golden aspirations of the human heart, that, like the snow-flake, a single breath can melt?

His sister's love was as the first rosy star that beamed upon his path. She was very beautiful—a dowry which to some is accompanied with innocence and happiness, and to others the fatal companion of vice and shame. To which of these Genevieve Armine was destined, the after events of these pages will serve to delineate.

Her brother loved her. She was to him as a gentle spirit from another world sent to cheer him on his pathway—so pure, so chaste, so lovely, so like an angel—in form so symmetrical, in mind so rare and chaste. When pondering over the musty volume in his study, or delineating on his page the beautiful creations that thronged his brain, her light tap could be heard at the door, and her soft voice would ask to gain admittance there. And then she would bound in, and on his lap would be

then breathe into her mind the divinity that hovered around his own, watching its dawn and development with a miser's care.

Her every action was as a spell to him. Her form seemed rather the animation of a dream, and her rich and musical voice sweeter than the first spring gale. Together they had often wandered along the level campaign and climbed the neighboring hills. At morning's freshest hour, they could be seen in the shady grove above the tombs of their parents, perchance to drop a tear or breathe a prayer to the memory of the departed; and at evening they were sailing on the crystal bosom of Como, when along its waters were mirrored the light of many stars or the beams of the crescent moon; and later, when all was calm and still around, they were at their door watching the deep blue heavens or singling from the stars a harbinger for the future. At such moments, as his arm was twined around her waist and her head was nestled on his bosom, he would gaze upon her beautiful countenance, so bright, so innocent in youthful beauty, at that time so emblematic of the pure heavens she looked upon.

The present was all to him; for he knew not of the deep, silent, fathomless future that awaited him—that, above every hope of the past, a spectre form would darkly hover, pointing to the dreams and visions swept from the earth forever.

One morning—it was as bright as his love—Armine arose to take the accustomed walk with his sister: it was later than usual; the sun was high in the heavens, and its rays had almost dried the dews of night from the long grass that waved upon the earth; yet she was not up. He went to her chamber door and called her name, but no one answered. He called again and again, but all was silent. The suspense became intolerable: he burst the door open. Her bed had not been pressed on that night—all in the room was the same as on yesterday—but his sister, where was she? The spirit of the place had departed. As he was retiring, a packet on the table attracted his attention. It was directed in her own writing to his address. He tore it open, and found there a small locket presented by him to her many years previous: he touched the spring, and as it flew open a ringlet of her own hair floated on the table. How often, amid the dreariness of after years, was that slight memento bathed in his overgushing tears.

A few days before this, she had been unusually gloomy and depressed. She went often to her usual haunts, and returned home sad and silent. On the previous evening she was sitting over a fountain which for years had been a favorite retreat; while there, her brother, who had been strolling through the woods, came near her unnoticed, and discovered that she was in tears: as silently as he came he stole away, and had almost forgotten the circumstance, until the morning of her sudden and mysterious disappearance. It then flashed upon him. An old servant, in passing near her window, about midnight, discovered lights in her chamber, and imagined that he could see forms flit by. He went to his own room, and in a short time thought that he heard strange noises. Some one was crying. As he lay perfectly still, it ceased, and was succeeded by whisperings so faint that he could but hear the sound—a hurried tread as of two persons, and again all was silence. As he was dozing into a second sleep he heard the sound of carriage wheels along the road, but attributed all to superstitious misgivings, until his slumbers were broken on the next morning with the noise of the searchers.

Hours, days, weeks, months and years elapsed, and she was not heard from. All was deep mystery. Messengers were scattered over the continent, and wealth exhausted, but the least clue had not been found to solve the mystery. Such measures appeared to have been taken as to render the search in vain.

Her brother could not move a step without thinking of her—he could not remain where she had been—he longed for an escape from thought; for it was a pain to think, to live. He closed his villa on the Como, and travelled, where he knew not, he cared not. The same to him were clouds and sunshine, day and night, peace and turmoil. A dim and sepulchral void was in his heart. The

“Beauty of the grass and splendor of the flowers”

was unnoticed by him. The storm and the tempest, when the demons of the cloud shook their shroud upon the earth, were his element. He was driven like a blighted leaf before the wind, and in the darkness of his despair longed for the strife and the red flash of swords.

He looked upon the world, and cried in the bitterness of his grief, “I am alone.” For his parents had departed, and his sister had left him. He was alone, and he asked not for sympathy, and he dreamed not of love. The bright earth was yet beautiful: the glittering dew heralded its morn and shadowy twilight its eve, and at night the moon shed its mystic beams, and the stars, the eternal sentinels of time, spangled the heavens. Yet the sadness that pervaded his being, was blent with them, and darkened the face of nature. Link by link had been sundered of the chain that bound him to earth—cloud by cloud had arisen upon his hopes, and all was dreary and desolate. *The sunshine of his youth had passed.* In his meditations he would cling to the hope that Genevieve yet lived. Fame's eagle pinions lured him not—ambition's syren hopes were forgotten—that lyre, the sound of which people heard entranced, was untouched, and the beautiful visions of the poet were beaten back to their sad and silent chambers.

Five years of suspense had passed, and she was unheard of. He resolved to make one more effort to penetrate the mystery. Wandering along the Seine, he at length reached Paris. Of his entrance into that city—of his danger and of his rescue, we have already recounted in the preceding chapter. Having exhausted the patience of the gentle reader, we hasten now from the retrospect to the events of the present. Reader, we abominate all comparisons, but we trust that you will find our narrative like a river, whose fountain is dull and lazy, but which, as its banks widen and its waters increase, will be found pleasant to the sight. You have lingered thus far with us to pluck the flower from the roadside; go on, and hand in hand we will open to your vision the wide landscape: perchance in the forests and groves, and by the murmuring waters, something may be found that will cheat existence for a moment of its palling realities and its sickening anxieties.

Armine in his slumbers had sent through the untrod vista of the future, a brightening dream; for although darkness and gloom rest upon the shrine, the spirit and the divinity still hover there, and seraph-winged and fresh-breathing hope descends like the dove on the waters of the past, and brightens, as with an Eden spell, the dim clouds of the future.

THE WEST FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

By L. M., of Washington Cky.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IV.

The Indians, perceiving that they would not be able to escape by flight, resolved to sell their lives at a dear price to the victors.

Their loaded arms were stacked near the spot where they were constructing their rafts. On the first alarm, those who were not injured by the sudden fire from the top of the river bank, sprung to their rifles and stood on the defensive. They separated partially, and retreated slowly backwards along the beach, selecting at the same time the antagonists with whom they intended to grapple, and try the fate of war. The settlers pressed on vigorously, not at all forgetting the injunction of their commander, that "each man must buckle to his man," or the enemy would escape with only a trifling loss.

The fire from the bluff had been deadly, but still a sufficient number of the enemy remained to give full employment to the assailants. The savages discharged their pieces with effect, wounding five of the settlers so that they could render no assistance to their comrades. Those who had fired first, having reloaded, came to the succor of those who were in front. The commander led the van, giving his orders in a loud and animated tone. He seemed to have lost his usual coolness, and to have been wrought up, by the conviction of the deep stake which was to be won or lost in this game of life and death, to a pitch of enthusiasm bordering on madness. His whole countenance was full of desperate fury. His eye was lighted up by the feeling of revenge that was burning within him. The watchword was "no quarters." Selecting the largest and fiercest of the enemy, the dauntless veteran gave him to understand by his movements upon him, that he had selected him as the object of his attack. He then made a sudden run at him, as though he sought an individual encounter with him, hand to hand, which threw the chief off his guard, and operated as a momentary surprize. At that instant the commander halted. As quick as thought, he raised his rifle, applied his long practised eye to the sight, fired, and the Indian fell, who had scarcely reached the earth before his adversary buried his tomahawk in his brains, drew out his knife, took the scalp, and put it into his leather shot pouch. As the parties fought along the edge of the water, the warriors, according to custom, kept up a loud yelling to encourage each other. But it became fainter and fainter, until at last their number was so much diminished, that they saw that they must all be cut off, unless they saved themselves by a desperate effort to fly. Eight of them threw their arms behind them, and plunged head foremost into the river, two or three of whom were already badly wounded. The victorious party, with their pieces ready, waited till they should rise to take breath, and then fired. One who came up, was pouring out blood from his mouth in a stream, but he was instantly wounded again, and rolling over and over, he at last, after a desperate struggle, sunk to rise no more. These unerring marksmen killed off all who had fled but two, who being expert swimmers, made their way safely to the opposite shore, a distance of nearly a mile. The settlers stood and watched

them with intense interest, hoping that they were wounded, and that at last they would go down. But, after a long time, they were espied slowly ascending the bank. After they had reached the bluff, they sat down to rest themselves, when the whites raised a loud cry after them, to which they replied in defying tones and ejaculations.

The hatred of these emigrants to the west towards the unlettered and uncivilized sons of the forest, was without any limit, and was met in a corresponding temper. The state of North Carolina claimed all the territory from the sea to the eastern bank of the Mississippi. She had invited all, who were sufficiently daring and brave to form settlements on her western boundary, to do so; and had promised to each head of a family, a preemption right to six hundred and forty acres of land. After the termination of our revolutionary war, the same state had allotted to the officers and soldiers of her continental line, large parcels of soil over which the Indians were then roaming, as rewards for their persevering zeal and signal bravery, in defending the rights of the colonies against the usurpations of the mother country. Whenever the boundaries of the new settlements were enlarged, the men, women and children, were set upon by the savages and slaughtered. It was forever uncertain when or where they would make their attacks. They came suddenly, perpetrated the meditated mischief, then disappeared, and buried themselves in their fastnesses and hiding places. The hostility between these parties was unappeasable. The one was resolved to hold the property which had been allotted to it under the sanction of the law; the other adhered with unrelenting tenacity to the land which had been given them by the Great Spirit. The war which had so long depended between these combatants, and which had been prosecuted with such disastrous fortunes to both, was bloody and ferocious to the last degree. Every other consideration was finally swallowed up in the gratification of personal revenge. The white man hated the Indian, and the Indian hated the white man. Both saw that nothing less than the most daring acts of personal courage could save them from total extermination.

Those of the whites who had gone into the recent conflict, had parted from their families, with a resolution regardless of all consequences, under the conviction that although their lot was a hard one, it must be met with a courage equal to the exigent circumstances in which they were placed. After this bloody battle or rather massacre was over, the conquerors turned their attention to the condition of their associates. Four of them had been killed, and nine of them wounded. The former were hastily buried in the sand. But the situation of the latter, awakened all the generous sympathies of those who had escaped unhurt. They cried constantly for water to slake their burning thirst. One poor fellow who was desperately hurt, implored them to put an end to his misery, by shooting him through the head; for he was certain, he said, that he could not live. Some, in their agonies, prayed earnestly that their sufferings might be quickly ended in death. This party had gone on their expedition suddenly. They possessed no means to heal the sick or wounded, even if there had been time to collect them. What was to be done with these unfortunate men? They could not be

left to die. There were no vehicles on which to transport them, and it seemed impossible to get them along over a rough and narrow trace, every where crossed by fallen timber, and at many points covered with large loose rocks; this difficulty seemed to baffle all the devices of the commander and his comrades, and to fill them with distress. At length, a simple contrivance was suggested and adopted. Round pieces of timber were procured, which were flattened at the ends, that were to rest on the ground. These pieces were connected by broad flat slips that were inserted and extended from side to side. The poles were raised to the shoulders of the horse, and a blanket thrown over his back. Then a broad string, like a breast-band, was drawn round the breast of the animal. On these vehicles, resembling hand-barrows, these poor fellows were laid. One man led the horse carefully and slowly, and two others followed behind, occasionally lifting up these contrivances, and easing them over the bad places and rocky obstructions that lay in the way. It was impossible for the party to make more than ten miles a day. The distance from the Tennessee to Nashville was one hundred and thirty miles. On the march, the sufferings of those who had been shot were indescribable. On the fifth day, one of the men grew rapidly worse, and it was obvious that he must die, for the ball had penetrated the groin and could not be extracted. Orders were given that the whole party should halt and await the result of the struggle which the dying man was maintaining against the rapid approaches of death. His courage, however, was unshaken. When night set in, fires were kindled and the guard mounted. The sufferer beckoned to the commander to come near him. Having done so, he said that he could not live till morning; that he wished to say a few words to him, his old friend and companion in arms. He then requested the veteran, down whose weather-beaten cheek tears were stealing, to tell his wife that he had fought and fallen as became a brave soldier. To tell the same to his children, when they became old enough to understand, how, when and why he had given up his life in their defence, and that they must never lose any opportunity of avenging his blood. He further desired that the place where he might be buried should be carefully marked, so that when the savages were driven from the country, his bones might be collected, and laid along side of those of his elder brother, who had but a few months before likewise fallen heroically in a desperate encounter with the enemy. Finally, he wished to bid farewell to all who were present. They came around him, and clasped his feeble hand. Not a word was spoken, but all were melted into tears.

It was one of the many striking characteristics of these early emigrants, that amidst the roughest scenes and most appalling dangers, they were forever united to one another by the most devoted affection. About an hour before day-light the patient expired. When the day dawned, the dead body was taken to a rocky nook about fifty yards from the trace, and there laid. The party gathered up the stones which were lying round on the surface of the ground, and erected a kind of rude mausoleum on the top of which they placed pieces of fallen timber, in compliance with the dying man's request. This simple monument is known to this hour, and the melancholy history which is connect-

ed with it, is still recited by the descendants of the unfortunate victim. After this pious labor was performed, the weary march was resumed. The wound which had been inflicted upon Henry was in itself not dangerous. But the weather was excessively hot—there was nothing that could be applied to it, to cleanse it, but cold water. Fatigue, want of proper sustenance, bodily and mental irritation, brought on him a slow and insidious fever which exhausted all his strength. No longer able to sit in his saddle, he was placed upon the vehicle which had been occupied by his dead companion. On the evening of the fourteenth day the party arrived within seven miles of the station. An early start was made in the morning, and at about four o'clock in the evening the caravan appeared on the top of the lofty hill that overlooked Nashville. The commander and the spy rode together in front, the latter carrying a slender hickory pole in his hand, with all the scalps that had been taken strung upon it. Some of the children who were near the gate first descried the returning party, and gave the word. All who were within instantly rushed out and gathered up close together, seeming to be afraid to advance and meet the fatal news which might be brought. That the late encounter had made widows of some and orphans of others, the train of wounded which followed in the rear, rendered almost certain. Behind all, came the five young squaws who had been taken prisoners, for the commander treated them with the greatest humanity, as it was one of his truisms that no brave man would ever lay his hand upon a woman in anger. At length there was a halt. The wife of the commander, as usual, was in front. When the veteran alighted, her oldest children being around her feet, she embraced him. But each of the wives of those who had been killed, cried out, "Great God! is my husband dead?" "Is he killed?" No replies were made. These women did not shed tears or shriek, but they set up the wild howl of maniacs—the result of utter despair. No one was yet prepared to give the stirring details of the recent battle. The wife of the commander first rallied and gave directions to have the widowed women taken away and placed in their cabins, whilst the friends of those who were lying on their litters were engaged in lifting them up in their blankets, and carrying them along slowly to their beds. But all were astonished and grieved at the spectral appearance of Henry. Only a little while before, he had gone forth to the battle broil, full of health and life and joy. His commander cherished for him a paternal attachment. His courage, energy, and noble bearing, had won the regards of all around him. The wife of the commander gave him her unceasing personal care. She administered to him those simples that were at hand, and best calculated to abate and finally to remove his fever, and those tonics which could be procured in the woods. She would not permit any one to wash and cleanse his wound, but performed this duty herself. Seeing that he was despondent—that there was something within him that weighed upon his heart—this generous woman endeavored to revive his hopes by every appliance and suggestion within her power. After many weeks of suffering, Henry became perceptibly better. The five prisoners rode on their Indian ponies. They were dressed in the clothes that had been taken from the neighboring station. On their

first arrival no one noticed them. They sat on their horses with their heads bent down, nor did they dare to look up. At last the women suggested that some disposition should be made of these unfortunate beings, who they alleged must be worn out by their tedious march. Signs were made to them to dismount. Having done so, they were directed to pass the gate into the station, where they halted and stood up in a cluster, their eyes directed to the earth and their long coal-black hair floating over their shoulders. They did not appear to be dejected, but prepared, with the characteristic fortitude of the savage, for any fate, however disastrous, that might await them. The wife of the commander approached them—halted—viewed them intently, and walked several times round them. At last she exclaimed, "I suppose these poor creatures had nothing to do with murdering our people. We must do something for them, as they are, like ourselves, human!" A man who resided in the station, who spoke Cherokee, and who had been three years a prisoner in the nation, was then called up, who addressed the squaws in their native tongue. They appeared to be overwhelmed with surprise. After recovering a little, they threw up their eyes, their countenances beaming with joy. Without daring to make any reply to what was said, they obeyed a command that was given them to retire to a cabin where something was set for them to eat.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. B. was taken to a town, distant about three miles from the place where the murder of her husband and his companions had been perpetrated. On her arrival all the inhabitants gathered around her. Many aged warriors and squaws came limping along with the crowd, who viewed her with intense and eager curiosity. They talked earnestly and incessantly with the chief, who held her as his prisoner, and who appeared to be giving to his audience copious details of the events of the recent capture. When he drew out his tomahawk, and exhibited with it the manner of the assault upon Col. B., and the young white men, the rest testified their gratification by loud shouts. Towards Mrs. B. there were no manifestations of compassion in a single individual of this mass of savages.

When she had reached the hut of her master, she was given to understand that she must go out every day and hunt for such loose pieces of wood, as she might be able to carry upon her head or in her arms, and bring them to the hut to be used in cooking. This was nearly all that she was required to do. The two boys of the squaw accompanied her on these expeditions, and after awhile became so much attached to her that they could not be kept away from her. The caresses of Mrs. B. seemed to gratify both them and the mother.

Towards the middle of the summer, many of the Indians fell sick with fever, and were utterly neglected by the rest. The humane feelings of Mrs. B. were aroused in behalf of the sufferers. Her residence in Carolina had made her familiar with the treatment of those inflammatory diseases that are common in southern latitudes. She administered so successfully those simple remedies, which were found in the woods, that many who were ill recovered. Perceiving the effects of

her skill, the whole of the population began to look upon her with a kind of superstitious reverence. Wherever she went they paid her a voluntary homage, as though she bore about her the wand of a charmer. All who were diseased, came to her, confidently expecting relief. If she could not cure them, still she was often able, and always anxious to mitigate their sufferings. These employments diverted her attention in some degree, from her own misfortunes, and filled up hours which would otherwise have been given to despondency.

Mrs. B. earnestly desired to revisit the boat, which she presumed might still be at the place where it had been captured. An application having been made through the squaw to the chief, permission was granted her to do so. Taking the oldest boy with her, she set out early one morning, and on her arrival at the river, found the vessel fastened to a large tree. The water had fallen, and had left her on the dry beach. The heat of the sun had warped the planks, that were green when they were put on, and already a general decay had commenced. Looking on this scene of the overwhelming calamity that had befallen herself and her family, Mrs. B. burst into tears, and delivered herself up to her sorrows.

Her poignant recollections of the past were suddenly awakened into new life and energy. Seating herself upon a log, she asked herself, "Shall I ever return to the enjoyments of civilized life? or am I doomed to spend the rest of my days amidst the haunts of the savage? What has become of my children? My daughter—my manly boy—my little girls? my numerous relatives and friends, whom I left behind me when I entered upon this hazardous and disastrous journey to these western wilds?" Engrossed by these gloomy thoughts Mrs. B. sat a long time, and unconsciously sobbed aloud in all the bitterness of her grief. At length, she summoned enough of courage to venture on board the boat, the upper deck of which she reached with great difficulty. Descending from it, she entered her own apartment. The plunderers had left one bed, three or four stools, and several smaller articles of little value, together with the few books which she had brought along with her. Amongst these was the large family Bible in which the ages of her children had been set down in the hand-writing of her husband. He had purchased it immediately after their marriage. At the sight of this well known volume the heart of Mrs. B. leaped with joy. Springing forward, and hastily seizing it, she found that it was not materially injured. The sudden and unexpected recovery of this precious record, was a subject of unspeakable gratification to one imbued with such deep religious feelings as this widowed woman. She bore it back with her to the town, and reperused its contents with increasing fondness and interest. She often declared, afterwards, that she read it so constantly during her protracted exile, that she committed every word of it to memory. She also stated, that it had continually strengthened her faith—revived her drooping spirits—reanimated her hopes, and fortified her patience. Mrs. B. did not take a last adieu of this frail barque without a pang. She had first entered it with a thousand anticipated pleasures. It had borne her over the placid stream with all her once prosperous, but now calamitous worldly fortunes. Like everything

else that is merely physical, it must soon be broken up by the great destroyer, Time, and its fragments drifted away into the deep ocean. This rude structure had once been her domicil, where she had worshipped her household gods—had loved her husband and her children. The memory of these endearments is too pleasant and mournful to the soul of woman, ever to be forgotten!

The little girls who had been taken off by the old Indian woman, whose name was Luggi, were too young long to remember their mother. Their protector caressed them with more than maternal assiduity and tenderness. Although these children had been nursed in the lap of indulgence, yet they were soon reconciled to lie down upon the dirt floor of this Indian woman's hut, and to fall away into sleep in her arms. She gave almost all her time, and certainly all her affections, to them. She followed them, and participated in their plays and amusements, subdued their aversion to her mighty exterior, by her incessant kindnesses and extravagant attachment. They called her, and regarded her, as their mother.

The son of Mrs. B. was carried about seventy miles south into the interior of the country. He was employed in beating corn into a kind of coarse meal, for the use of the family in which he was domiciliated.

Emily, as has been stated, was allotted to serve a haughty young chieftain. He lived about thirty miles from the river; he did not speak to her, and scarcely ever looked at her. She viewed him with horror. He was one of those younger men whose passions were still turbulent, who loved the bloody strife of war, and who hated every human being in whose veins there was a single drop of the white man's blood. Perhaps it was this detestation that protected Emily from ill usage by this ferocious savage. He had participated in all the bold marauds of his tribe into the settlements of the whites—had assisted in burning some of his prisoners alive—had danced around them, and exulted in their frightful screams. His wild and penetrating glance indicated the storming and unrelenting passions that revelled within him. No helpless and unresisting captive could behold him without involuntarily shuddering.

After two days' march, Emily's master reached the town over which he exercised unlimited dominion. It contained between four and five hundred persons. The sun was about two hours high. She was overcome by excessive fatigue; her feet were blistered and swollen. Nothing but that love of life, which dwells in every human bosom, sustained her. When the party reached the town-square it was halted. The eyes of the assembled inhabitants were fixed on Emily. Her lofty pride and maiden modesty, shrunk before the eager and intrusive gaze of these rejoicing savages. She was unable to utter a word that any one of the throng around her could understand, or to ask for mercy from a human being amongst them. Whether she was to remain under the control of him in whose custody she now was; whether she was to be turned over to some other master; or what was to be her fate, were questions which she asked herself, but which it was impossible for her to resolve. Whilst she stood in this agitated and anxious state of mind, her eyes bent to the earth, and her cheek of a deadly paleness, an Indian girl approached her, and attracted her notice. Looking

at Emily, with an eye full of compassion, she smiled graciously, and as if all her sympathies were aroused in her behalf. The girl was of unrivalled beauty, and appeared to be about seventeen. Her person was tall, and straight as an arrow; her eye was jet black, like most of her race; her hair long and glossy, and her chest round and full. There was an uncommon sweetness in the expression of her countenance, and in her movements a surpassing natural grace and elegance. Her complacency shadowed forth the gentleness and humanity of her nature. The dress of this young beauty, and the deference paid to her by those of her sex, who were around her, indicated that she was of exalted rank. She wore a loose garment, made of calico of glaring colors, which had been brought into the nation by the French and Spanish traders. There was bound around her forehead a band of broad silver lace, and in her ears she had no less than four sets of silver ear-drops. Her step was quick and buoyant. Extending her hand sily, she seized that of Emily, and pressed it gently. This simple token of a secret regard, was the more affecting, because it could not be expressed openly for fear of danger, and fell on the heart of the desolate stranger like a message of mercy borne by an angel of light.

Emily's emotions were unutterable; a delicious hope sprung up in her bosom, and revived her. Perceiving that she was faint and exhausted, the girl, of her own motion, flew with the speed and elasticity of a deer, and quickly returning, handed Emily some water in a small gourd, of which she drank. About sundown the chief moved towards his cabin, his prisoner following, and the Indian girl lingering behind. Having reached it, the plunder was unloaded from the backs of the ponies. The squaw seemed to be much delighted. Emily, unable to stand any longer, sunk down upon a log that lay near the door. Instantly the young Indian girl came, and seated herself beside her, and spoke to her softly in Cherokee. Emily could only reply by looks expressive of her gratitude and pleasure. The girl raised her hand, and felt Emily's hair, neck, arms and hands, then smiled. At last the squaw beckoned to Emily to come into the hut. The chief threw himself carelessly upon the floor, and spoke to those about him roughly and authoritatively.

Early the next morning, the girl came in search of her new acquaintance. The two were soon united by the warmest attachment. Emily began to learn the Cherokee, and made rapid progress in acquiring a knowledge of it. Her monotonous existence was relieved and cheered by a constant association with this innocent and beautiful child of nature.

When the summer heat had ripened the crop, notice was given to the surrounding towns, that the chiefs would celebrate the green corn dance. This is the carnival of the savages. The day before that of the celebration, every householder extinguished the fire in his cabin, and set out with all his family to the general rendezvous. The chiefs were placed within a circular piece of ground. The dance was commenced; being led off to the sound of a rude kind of music, by the young warriors and squaws. If any culprits had been lying out, and entered within this circle, without being apprehended, they were absolved from all punishment for their crimes.

Towards the close of this annual festival, all those who were discontented with their wives, brought them up to the chiefs, and delivered them over, declaring that they could not find them in meat any longer. This was equivalent to a dissolution of the marriage. The squaws, in this condition, submitted without a murmur, and in many cases, were selected by other warriors as their wives. When the assembly was about to be dissolved, the most venerable of the chiefs taking two dry sticks and rubbing them together, till they became ignited, kindled up a large fire, each householder taking with him to his home, however distant, a live chunk. During the period of this celebration, all was gladness and hilarity. The passions of these savages were lulled into rest, as if by enchantment. The depending hostilities with the whites were forgotten, as well as all personal difficulties amongst themselves. Even the children participated in the general joy. The good-natured joke, so common with all the Indian tribes, was passed round by the veteran chiefs, whose vigorous muscles were often relaxed into a general laughter.

Not long after this event, a warrior, whose exploits in the field had acquired for him a great name, was taken sick. He lived near the residence of Emily's master. During his protracted illness, she often went with her associate to see him. Neither his children nor his brother chiefs paid him much attention. He lay week after week, without uttering a single groan or complaint. At last he died. No one shed a tear or manifested any sorrow. But the warriors assembled, and held a short council. Towards night, several of the men came to the place where the body was lying. One of them set to work upon a piece of wood, which he soon fashioned into the form of a bow, and which he rendered as smooth and light as he judged necessary. To it he attached a long and strong sinew taken from a stag that had been killed, and the whole was made ready for use. The other men were engaged in making arrows out of slender pieces of cane, into the ends of which feathers were nicely inserted.

During the night, the wife of the deceased was earnestly employed in baking bread made of Indian meal. Three or four were digging the grave. Towards daylight, the moon shining brightly, the dead body was borne to its last resting place. After being laid down, one of the party stepped forward, and placed the bow and arrows along side of the deceased—then he added a pipe—a parcel of tobacco—a shot pouch—buckskin leggings—a tomahawk and scalping knife—a light gourd, and a dozen loaves of the bread. The corpse was then hastily covered over—the family of the deceased looking on apparently with deep interest. Very soon the whole party returned to their homes in profound silence.

When the corn became ripe and sufficiently dried, and the weather somewhat cool, Emily observed that the warriors were often assembled in their council house, and that others came from the adjacent towns. On more than one occasion, they were overheard debating angrily. Some who were called the Red-Sticks, were in favor of a further prosecution of the war, whilst others were for peace. The voices of the former, being mostly young men, prevailed. In a little while all seemed to be busily engaged. The more active were moving in different directions, gathering up their pow-

der—examining their rifles—picking their flints, and running their bullets and buckshot.

A large party went out upon the hunt, and returned quickly, loaded with game. It was manifest to Emily that an expedition into the white settlements was on foot. The thought that these savages might make another successful incursion, and cut off many in the tragical manner in which her father had fallen, filled her bosom with anxiety and distress. One evening a universal excitement prevailed amongst the population. All were gathered in the town square: the chiefs were equipped in their warlike costumes—their faces painted—their guns by their sides, and feathers in their turbans. They sat in silence a long time. At last, about eight o'clock, all the warriors joined in a low murmuring kind of lament. But in a short time, their voices were pitched to a higher key, and they sung louder. The whole, rising suddenly, commenced dancing; they moved along in a creeping attitude, as though they were approaching, in the dead of the night, the resting place of the white man—then they halted, as if they had fired—then they broke forth in violent screams and yellings—drew their tomahawks and scalping knives—then advanced upon the foe, and represented the killing of the victims—the taking of their scalps—the groans and cries of the wounded—the seizing of the plunder—and wound up with the loud shouts of victory! This scene, which Emily witnessed—lingering near it as she did, unobserved—aroused all her sympathies. Unconscious of its effects upon her at the moment, she found herself, at the close, suffused in tears; she imagined that she again saw the victorious chieftains slaying her father, and butchering his young companions. The next morning she saw this war party take the trace, and commence their journey; she watched it until it disappeared—then returned, to bewail in silence her hard and protracted separation from all she held dear upon earth.

CHAPTER VI.

Many weeks elapsed before Henry became convalescent. His recovery was retarded by incessant anxiety about the fate of Emily, whose absence increased the violence of that passion with which her worth and beauty had inspired him. There were no means by which he could hear from her, if living; or of her, if dead. At last he confided his secret to the wife of the commander, who was keenly alive to whatever concerned his interests and happiness. She consoled and amused him by all those attentions which charming woman pays so successfully to the despondent and afflicted.

Both the Indians and the settlers had become tired of the war. The fires that were continually kindled by the former around the humble dwellings of the latter—the murder of the men, and the capture of the women and their children—had made the whites anxious for peace. They knew, also, that there were crowds of persons in the Carolinas who wished to make their way to the new land of promise, and who were deterred from doing so by the numerous dangers that lay before them. A large emigration would soon render the present possessors of the Indian country invincible.

The more sagacious of the Indian chiefs perceived that if hostilities were continued, they must at last be exterminated. They, therefore, believed it to be better to save a portion of their lands for themselves and tribe, than to lose all. There were many, however, and especially the young and fiery warriors, who were vehemently opposed to these counsels. But at last it was agreed, that a prisoner who was held by the savages, should be sent with proposals for a reconciliation. After a delay of several months, it was stipulated that the representatives of the Cherokee tribe, and commissioners on the part of the United States, should meet at a point on the Holston, for the purpose of making a treaty. In order to provide against any possible danger, it was understood that the parties should appear on the ground without arms; and that if a pacification could not be effected, both were to return to their homes without molestation.

The commissioners arrived the evening before the day of the appointed meeting. The next morning, the chiefs, being more than a hundred in number, made their appearance, accompanied by their interpreter. A rude circular structure, made of stakes and poles, and covered over with bushes, had been hastily put up, for the accommodation of the company. All were introduced to the commissioners in a formal manner. The first was the chief of the whole nation, the illustrious Tuskenehaw. He bore his gigantic form proudly—looked intently at the white men around, and with all that settled malice which he had inherited from his departed ancestors. It was evident that he was driven by a stern necessity to engage in the work before him, and that he loved his people and his fame far better than his life. The leading commissioner was a man of rare natural gifts, and perfectly acquainted with the Indian character. He spoke to the soured and unrelenting chieftain, in a tone well calculated to soothe his wounded pride, and dispose him to conciliation. After a while he agreed to smoke the pipe of peace. The rest of the warriors were amongst the stoutest and bravest of the tribe. Some of them were scarred over with wounds; others were young, impetuous, and still anxious for the bloody strife of battle. The recent events which had deprived them of many of their daring comrades, were still fresh in their recollection. The love of revenge was only slumbering in their bosoms—not extinguished. The next morning the terms of a treaty were specifically announced. When they were perfectly understood by Tuskenehaw, he said that they would be considered—but it was manifest that he looked on them with deep displeasure. They were those which the victor prescribes to the vanquished. All the Indians retired, walking slowly in single file, with their heads bent down, to a thick wood half a mile from the encampment. Here they continued in solemn council till deep in the night, when they kindled up their fires and lay down to rest. At about 10 o'clock the next day they returned, and very soon the negotiations were renewed. After some efforts were made to draw out a reply from Tuskenehaw, he rose; it seemed as if his bosom would burst, so tumultuous were the thoughts that were within. Subduing his emotions, and assuming all that self-collection which marks his race, he said, in substance, "When I was a boy, not much higher than my father's knee, I followed him in the hunt. He and his nation then lived

far away, beyond those mountains, towards the rising sun. There was then no war. The red man then caught his fish, and killed his deer, and hoed his corn in peace. One day the white man came, and told my father that he and his people must give up their cabins and their springs, and go away. But they would not. And there was war. For a great many moons the ground soaked up the blood of the red and white men. At last there was peace. My father, and his people, and women and children, left the bones of their fathers far behind, and came on this side the mountains. When I grew up to be a warrior, the whites came again, and told my father that they wanted some more Indian country, for that they had become as thick as the leaves on the trees. Again we went to war, and my father and many of his people have been killed by your rifles. Now you want me to go away with my squaws and people and children. We have kindled fires around your cabins; we have buried our tomahawks in the brains of your men, and have taken their scalps; we have captured your women, and have done you a great deal of harm; but you have killed our bravest warriors; you are getting strong, and we weak: I will not speak with a forked tongue: my voice is for peace." Towards the close of this speech, the countenance of the orator became solemn and sad. As soon as he was seated, a young man about eight and twenty arose. His eye was full of passion, which it seemed impossible for him to repress. Several minutes elapsed before he could utter a word. At length he said, "My voice is for war. I have killed all the whites I could find. They came and said they must have my mother's corn-field—she was not troubling these white people, but was living in her own cabin, with me and the rest of her children. They said if she did not go, they would drive her away. Where was she to go, without bread or meat? But they made her come to this far distant country, and now we must go away again. I, and all the brave warriors of my town, will die and be buried alongside of their fathers. Those who are afraid, like squaws, will let the white man come and drive them off. My voice is for war." The orator was excited to fury. What he said was followed by a long and low murmur of disapprobation. The chiefs again retired, and were long engaged in council. The next day Tuskenehaw reported that his red brothers were divided in opinion—that he had determined to go home and consult all his people—that he hoped they would agree to a treaty—that within four moons he would send runners and let the commissioners know what he and his warriors would do.

The assembly being dissolved, Tuskenehaw and his party bid farewell, and set out on their return. The commissioners retired to one of the settlements, there to await the result of the deliberations of the chiefs and their people. In the meantime the news that peace might soon be made, flew through Virginia and the Carolinas with the speed of the wind. Hundreds of families commenced preparations for a removal to the far west. As might have been expected, every heart at the Nashville and contiguous stations, was overjoyed at the rumor that a reconciliation would be effected between the hostile parties. They had poured out their blood like water in a long, desperate, and, often times, doubtful conflict. The veteran commander said that he was tired, and felt that he was growing old. He desired, for

the remainder of his days, to cultivate his fields in peace. Henry gathered strength and hopes rapidly. Very soon he was on his feet. His person quickly swelled out into its former fulness and manliness; but, a cloud now and then settled upon his brow; the fate of her to whom he ardently desired to unite his fortunes, and who had long possessed his purest affections, was as yet unknown—but rumors came that Emily's father had been murdered, and his family saved. After a painful and protracted suspense, news was brought to the commissioners that the terms prescribed to Tuskenhaw and his tribe were accepted. It went by express to the east, and to the west, and soon reached all who were interested in this glorious and joyful event. It was arranged that an exchange of prisoners should be effected as quickly as possible.

A large company had set out from western Virginia, immediately after the meeting of the commissioners and Indians, and had arrived at a landing on the Holston before the conclusion of the peace. They were already nearly prepared to descend the river (having constructed boats) for Nashville, the point to which all emigrants first directed their attention. Henry was informed of the intended movement of this party. Fired with the thought of ascertaining the fate of Emily and her family—of restoring them to liberty and to their friends—he prepared to make a rapid journey to East Tennessee, and to descend the river with the emigrants. In aid of these views, several persons, whose relations were held in captivity, proposed to go over-land to the nation, and aid in collecting all the prisoners at Nicojack, whence they might be taken on board the boats. After a hasty preparation, Henry and his servant were ready to set out. Going to the wife of the commander, to bid her farewell, she said that she had packed up with his baggage some bundles for Mrs. B. and her family, which she desired might be sent to them before he saw them. She knew, she said, that they must be in need of every thing. There was so much delicacy in this precaution of this admirable and ever thoughtful woman, that Henry was deeply affected. Pursuing the trace through the wilderness, with all the speed that was practicable, Henry reached the landing just in time to embark with the emigrating party. There were seventeen boats in company, and more than four hundred persons on board. The hopes and spirits of the party were elevated to the greatest degree, for they no longer feared that cunning and lurking foe, who had been the terror for so many years of every enterprising settler.

When this little fleet was drawn up to the shore, as it was sometimes, in the journey, the young men, with their dogs and fowling pieces, penetrated the thick contiguous woods, and shot down game, of which there was the greatest abundance. When the mornings were fine, and the boats were moving swiftly over the bosom of the swelling stream, the young men and girls ascended to the tops of the decks, and danced to the tunes of the violin. The gravity of the older people was relaxed amidst these scenes of innocent hilarity and joy. At last the voyagers came in sight of Nicojack. The heart of Henry was filled with tumultuous emotions. The conflict between the hopes and anxieties and fears that raged within him, almost overpowered him. As the vessels neared the shore, more than a dozen squaws, with their children following them,

whom they had been teaching to swim at the river-side, were seen rapidly ascending to the top of the bluff. In a little time a number of chiefs came down, bearing a white flag. Their subdued and docile countenances assured every one that there was no danger. When they came on board, inquiries were made whether the prisoners had been collected, and where they were to be found? To which they answered that as yet none had arrived, but that runners had gone after them several days before, and that they would soon come. After considerable exertion, Henry learned where Mrs. B. was. He procured a guide to accompany him, and quickly reached the town, where his presence created a strong sensation. Making his way towards the cabin where Mrs. B. was, she espied him, and perceiving that he was a white man, she hastened to meet him. When she ascertained who he was, she was wholly overpowered, and burst into tears. With the quick discernment of a mother, she saw in an instant the cause of his coming; and she perceived as quickly, from these evidences of fidelity and devotion, on the part of him whom she loved with the greatest ardor, that her daughter's future happiness would be unspeakable. Moreover, this widowed woman would find in the husband of her child a faithful protector of herself and her family. The virtues of this gallant young man, shone forth to the view of Mrs. B., at this moment, with superadded lustre. Henry answered the anxious inquiries of Mrs. B., and detailed all the leading events that had transpired in the settlements since the capture of the boat. They were of course listened to with profound interest and emotion. After some hasty preparations, the two sat out for the town. Henry delivered the clothing which had been brought by him for Mrs. B., Emily, and the rest of the children. The next day news was brought that all the prisoners would arrive that evening or in the morning. Mrs. B. intimated to Henry that she wished to have a private interview with Emily before he saw her, and to which he readily assented. About an hour before sun-down, a long train of travellers approached the town, mounted on Indian ponies. Emily's mother was unable any longer to repress her feelings. She acknowledged aloud her gratitude to God, for the restoration of her children, after their long and perilous captivity. She walked, she at last ran to meet her. The daughter recognized her mother, and, alighting, they were in a moment locked in each other's arms. Both wept in silence—they were the tears of joy mingled with those of sorrow. Mrs. B. and Emily returned and took shelter for the night in an Indian cabin. Having somewhat adjusted her dress, Mrs. B. went in search of Henry, and directed him where to find her daughter. When he reached the door, Emily was sitting near it. Seeing her, he sprang forward, embraced her, and exclaimed, "My long lost Emily!" She extended her hand, but was unable to utter a word. Her affection and gratitude overcame her. The two little girls had not yet arrived. But they came the next morning, accompanied by the old woman, Luggi. She was the miserable personification of despair. She had evidently been weeping for a long time. The children had totally forgotten their mother. When she attempted to take them and caress them, they ran screaming to the squaw, and threw their arms around her neck—she embracing them tenderly and talking in-

cemantly and incoherently in Cherokee. At length the prisoners were collected on the river bank. The morning was beautiful. The steersmen blew their horns. The shrill sounds reverberated along the neighboring cliffs and up the vallies. The moment arrived when the little girls must be torn from their Indian mother. A young man was sent to take them away: they resisted: the old squaw clung to them in an agony; but they were brought on board. After the fleet had gained the middle of the stream, and was fairly under way, the old woman ran along the beach for nearly a mile. At length, being exhausted, she sat down. The last that was seen of her by those who were watching her from the sterns of the boats, she was sitting with her head covered with her blanket, between her knees, apparently pouring out her unavailing tears.

The way to Nashville was long and wearisome to all on board, except Henry and Emily. The dangers and sufferings which both had passed, were almost forgotten in the joyful anticipations of the future. But at last the long desired station was in the view of the travellers. The settlers flew to the water side. The boats were quickly fastened to the shore. The congratulations were mutual and heartfelt. Some laughed and many wept from excess of joy. The veteran commander and his heroic wife, whose fame had extended far and wide, were the observed of all observers. Every tongue did them reverence. Groups were collected on the decks. Gordon, the spy, was every where. The loud and long roar arose from every cluster that was gathered around him. The removal of the women and children, and the goods of the emigrants, required time; but every one assisted cheerfully. There was peace; and each one had before him "where to choose a place of residence and Providence his guide." Schools were established—temples of christian worship founded. Elegance and taste came flying on golden wings. The arts flourished: the sound of the woodman's axe was heard in a thousand directions.

A day was set for the marriage of Henry and Emily. There was a great wedding. He received a rich reward for his bravery and fidelity in the hand of her who on that day came to the altar with a countenance radiant with virtue, beauty and joy. In the course of time they became the happy progenitors of a highly gifted and honored race.

STANZAS.

FROM A LADY'S PORT-FOLIO.

Oh earth! oh earth! with thy sunny brow,
And gay, alluring smile,
I dare not trust thy radiance more,
That doth so oft beguile.
I would not, now, my years were less,
Or e'en my cheek more fair,
For time hath ever a withering blight,
And I'll not place my heart there.

Nor would I that the breath of fame
My name aloft should raise;—
For man is ever a fickle thing,
And I care not for his praise.

And wit may flash, and mirth may flow,
But flash and flow in vain,
For they ne'er can cure an aching heart,
Or cool a burning brain.

I love not pomp, I love not power,
And wealth in vain may shine,
And the banquet passes unheeded by,
For I love not rosy wine.
And love hath lost its fairy spell,
My heart forgets to sigh;
I care not now for the brightest ray,
That beams from beauty's eye.

And thanks to thee, I have learn'd to love
And trust the world no more;
For I find that but deceitful show
I deemed so true before.
My silent heart and pensive lyre
Are all I ask of earth,
Whose tears are but an empty shade,
An idle sound whose mirth.

S. P.

THE BUSY-BODY.

No. III.

Saturday, May 5th.

O what a miracle is man to man!—*Night Thoughts.*

You can scarce pay any man a greater compliment, than by commending him for his perfect *knowledge of the world*—a phrase to which custom has given two distinct meanings. It is not, in every case, easy to determine in which of these senses it is employed: sometimes, indeed, the two are partially blended, or shaded into one another, and, sometimes, they are united: but, however intended or understood, its application is always considered highly flattering. *Knowledge of the world*, in either sense, is certainly a great accomplishment—a most valuable acquirement; but this does not seem to be the main reason why it is thought so creditable:—it implies talent, and a nice discernment, and most persons, if they can establish a character for these, are content to leave the actual advantages of knowledge to more dull and plodding souls. Every one knows, that commendation of a boy's mental power is usually the signal for his throwing aside his books, and talking contemptuously of those who still labor on, because they have no kind friends to ruin them by ill-judged flattery. Most persons seem to indulge as much self-complacency, when, by a sagacious air, they can gain credit for great knowledge, as if they actually possessed the treasure. Hypocrisy is an homage paid to learning quite as often as to virtue.

But here I should take more particular notice of the two senses, in which, as I have just remarked, the phrase, *knowledge of the world*, is employed. Sometimes it is intended to signify an acquaintance with the forms and usages of fashion and polite society, of that particular rank to which the person possessing it belongs, or

more properly, of every class of the community into which he may be thrown. Used in this sense, it may be regarded as the true source of *gentility*, if from the latter we abstract the idea of high birth, so that it be considered only as the distinctive quality of a *gentleman*, and define a gentleman, as some author has well done, to be a man who is at ease in every sort of company. For this ease is always the result of self-confidence, arising from a knowledge of the principles of elegant behavior. It is true, there may be a certain boldness of demeanor, springing from a very different source—ignorance and vulgarity; but this is awkward rudeness, not graceful ease. *Knowledge of the world* also signifies knowledge of mankind—of human nature; and, either in this sense, or in one compounded from this and the former, is most frequently employed.

Different circumstances may alter, at least in appearance, the relative value of these two sorts of knowledge. They who engage in the active, arduous business of the world should lose no opportunity of gaining an insight into the principles and motives of human action. There is all the hazard of the gaming-table, in dealing with our fellow-men, if we know nothing of that moral arithmetic, by which may be calculated the chances of others' conduct. On the contrary, they who make pleasure their main object, may, consistently enough with this mode of life, prize good-breeding—a familiarity with the usages of society, the most highly. However, it is very certain that each of these, not only assists, but, in some degree is necessary to the other. No one can become a perfect gentleman, according to our borrowed definition of that character, without a considerable acquaintance with human nature. Without it, a person may go through the common forms of civility, from mere habit, but is entirely at a loss how to act in any emergency which requires a nice perception of the feelings of others, dependence on his own powers of invention, and an inherent sense of propriety. "The least variation from established precedents will totally distract and bewilder him." And, on the other hand, he who would make man his study, beside the ease which is absolutely essential to the successful study of any object, should possess that knowledge of the usages of society, which will fit him for unrestrained and refined intercourse with his fellow-men—the objects of his investigations.

But my further remarks must be confined to a single head—knowledge of human character. Even if the study of mankind were productive of no practical advantage, it would still be an interesting and dignified pursuit; and, if the only solid benefits to be derived from it were that habit of close observation and undivided attention, and that acuteness of mind, which it tends to engender or improve, it might be recommended as an exercise to strengthen the intellect, in preference to almost any other. The studies usually adopted for this purpose have one great disadvantage: they sharpen the apprehension of abstract truth and error, correct the judgment, strengthen the reason, and improve the memory; but the external senses—those which hold converse with the objects of the outer world, are enfeebled, or, at least, in no degree benefited. The student who leaves his chamber for amusement or bodily exercise, after intense application to mathematical or metaphysical investigations, his intellect having been so

invigorated that he can follow the closest chain of argument, detect the most subtle fallacy, apprehend the most intricate speculation, when he comes forth among his fellow-men, is, frequently, still wrapt up in mental abstractions—feels nothing that he handles—sees not the objects that cast their images on the mirror of vision—hears no sound however forcibly its vibrations ring upon his tympanum. Or, if he be not thus absent minded, his thoughts wander and rove about, like birds liberated from their cage, dwelling but for a moment on each object—free as air—as light, too, and empty. Nothing makes a lasting impression. The habit of attentive observation can be formed only by long practice—not in the closet, but in the busy haunts of active life. From the *penetratitia* of the study may issue proper inmates for a cloister; but he, who intends to strive for mastery in the world, can acquire, only amid the world's din and bustle, the quick eye, the sensitive ear, which no movement, no breath escapes. And the study of which we speak, while it sharpens the outward senses, will compare, to its advantage, with any other, as a mere intellectual exercise.

But it has a higher recommendation than its interesting character, or fitness to develop the mental powers—its intrinsic value. Some knowledge of the human nature must be possessed by every one who pretends to have any, even the most trivial, dealings with his fellow-men; and none, however dull the perceptions, however vacant the mind, can go through life without acquiring a certain proportion of it. Even the instinct of animals seems to give them some acquaintance with man's character; and perfect idiots often possess a moderate share of acuteness—a sort of animal cunning, which governs their intercourse with the world. But, when, to the force of habit and necessary casual observation, are added close attention and systematic study, no bounds can be assigned to our attainable knowledge of mankind. And what advantage—what power does an intimate acquaintance with the human heart confer? In every profession—in every business, they are felt, though they never can be estimated. The learning of the schools, bodily skill, energy, and courage, are of little avail, when knowledge of the world, the guide to all their noblest achievements, is wanting.

But the value of this knowledge is not greater than the difficulty of its acquirement. Few ever attain to a close familiarity with the various motives—reason, passion, fitful whim, and lasting prejudice, which operate upon the mind, and determine the will. It requires a comprehensiveness of intellect, an acuteness of perception, and a patient study, which are rarely combined. No pursuit can be more delightful, so much that is new and keenly interesting rises to the learner's view, at every step of his progress. And, then, the consciousness of each step's importance—of the advantage which it gives, enhances greatly his pleasure. But the formation of a habit of fixed attention, so necessary to any long continued intellectual effort, and, under all circumstances, demanding great energy and perseverance, here meets with peculiar difficulties. A person accustomed to the profoundest mental abstractions, in the closet, on coming out into the world, if he give himself to what is passing around, is confused by the constant hurry and noise, and the quick succession of objects, and cannot command his thoughts, or bring

them to bear upon a single point. The attention is called off at every moment. Doubtless many will remember frequent resolutions, made under a strong sense of the importance of the task, to set about the study of mankind in earnest.

Wherever these purposes have been formed—in the street, the public assembly, or the drawing-room, they have, immediately, commenced to execute them. An unpractised eye, a mind without discipline, are slow in their operations; and some, after a few glances and listless reflections, have probably concluded, that there, at least, nothing was to be learned, and given up their plan from mere sluggishness. But the greater number have been insensibly led away from the object of pursuit by the thousand forms, material and ideal, constantly flitting before them; have forgotten the task imposed, while indulging the luxuries of sight and hearing, or forming new purposes of study and amusement.

The chief difficulty, however, lies in the nature of the science itself. The mind is not like a machine acted upon by measured and regular impulses. You may determine the operation of the most complicated engine of human invention, with certainty, because the force and number of the springs or other impelling powers, may be clearly ascertained. The revolutions of planets may be calculated, notwithstanding the numerous perturbations of their orbits. But the various influences which decide human conduct cannot all be detected by the nicest scrutiny. A single disturbing cause, and that deep-hidden, often produces effects quite contrary to expectations formed from the most profound deductions. Scarcely on any two minds do the same motives operate with equal force. And, after all, he who is best acquainted with human nature, does but calculate chances, when seeking to determine what course another will take under particular circumstances. The sway of passion, as it cannot be controlled, so also cannot be estimated. But, still, though our knowledge of man's character is always an uncertain guide, and as nought compared with the omniscience of Deity, it admits of wonderful improvement; and he, who has profited most by observation and study, will calculate the chance most nearly. When results are variable, we generally approximate the truth, with the increase in the number of accurate observations compounded. This is eminently the case in regard to the investigations of which I have been speaking.

But what effect upon a person's own character does a profound knowledge of human nature produce? There is certainly danger that the power which it confers will be misdirected; and so may be any sort of knowledge or any good. No argument against a thing, drawn from its abuse, can be valid, until it is shown that its advantages are less than the evils of such abuse. A knowledge of mankind may also tend to cherish religious skepticism, and a disregard of virtue, in minds not well balanced by education and the force of principle. But this is the tendency of many branches of study—scientific study in particular—at which no one, now-a-days, pretends to rail on that account. Knowledge, universally, is power; and power, in the hands of men lacking good principles, whether such principles have never been instilled into their minds, or have been corruptly abandoned when possessed, is always prejudicial both to superiors and inferiors.

THE BUSY-BODY—No. IV.

Saturday, May 19th.

———And I dressed myself in my best suit of black, which is the color I always wear—it saves money, when relations happen to bequeath the misfortune of going into mourning.

Lawrie Todd.

The most perfect character is composed of elements the most strongly and incessantly conflicting; their violence, however, being usually imperceptible from the nice correspondence of their strength; the mind being kept in a state of equilibrium, more or less stable, by many antagonist forces. A well poised mind is, proverbially, of all, the best. The predominance of any one faculty or feeling destroys that balance of power, which is no less important in the mental than in political economy.

Thus, in every character, tender sensibility and ready emotions are opposed, and, to some degree kept in check, by a calculating spirit—a disposition to regard utility alone. All have experienced the conflict between these repugnant principles. Feeling will sometimes creep over the soul, and usurp dominion, when conscience tells us that reason should bear sway: pity warm and soften the heart, though justice dictates stern determinations. So, too, thoughts, cold, and worldly, and selfish, will oft break in upon the spirit of devotion, the glow of refined joy, the swelling sympathies of compassion and of love, and the silent musings of deep sorrow, when they seem polluting and almost sacrilegious. The extreme, in one case, is that entire subjection to impulse and emotion, which makes a man the creature of each momentary feeling: in the other, that constant and passionless regard to the suggestions of worldly prudence, which might be almost rivalled by an intricate calculating machine. The former failing, however, meets with our ready indulgence, or even our esteem: we are apt to attribute the fault to nature, that gave such a warm heart, such quick sensibility, rather than to the individual himself. But the latter excites disgust and contempt: we call it unnatural; though there seems no good reason for the accusation: Dame Nature, in her *freaks*—as some irreverently name her eccentricities—is just as likely to leave one heartless, as to make him all heart. The true reason of this difference is, that experience of the qualities, which best fit an individual for social duties, begets in us a dislike for everything akin to selfishness.

The idea of founding calculations of pecuniary profit or loss upon the possibility of events so mournful as the death of relatives and friends is repugnant to all refined and tender feeling. At least our kindred we should love as ourselves: this is much narrower than the golden rule. If then a man shrinks from the duty of framing his last will and testament, while yet in health and strength, because of the mournful thoughts and gloomy anticipations which the employment brings; because death seems nearer the more attentively it is viewed; according to this law of love, he should feel the same unwillingness to make a settlement depending for its effect upon the decease of a wife or child. These arrangements, indeed, no matter how acute his sensibilities, common prudence forbids to omit. The great evil which might result from their neglect, far outweighs every consideration of mere feeling. But it is very

clear, that he, who regulates trifling interests by a continual anticipation of those times of bereavement, which overwhelm the souls of most men with bitterness; who is willing to conjure up forms of woe, and dwell upon the thoughts which they inspire, for the least promise of gain, has not a heart warmed by the common affections of humanity. The exhibition of such unfeeling sordidness, as would lead one to provide against the risk of trivial pecuniary loss from the death of friends, by wearing, constantly, the garb of mourning, though, in fiction it may excite only a smile, must, in real life, waken feelings akin to disgust. Still more repugnant to our better nature is the intrusion of these petty considerations of selfishness, upon the consecrated gloom of sorrow; and, if they sometimes come unbidden, the mind should scarce acknowledge to itself their presence; much less should they be exposed to public view, as boasted tokens of superior worldly wisdom.

Some of my readers may have heard the story of a man, who, from motives of economy, bought a coffin for his daughter, before her decease. I will not vouch for its truth—the authority is perhaps doubtful. The child was lying dangerously ill—as he supposed, at the point of death; and even the physicians had pronounced the case hopeless, and had left her to struggle with fate. The agonized father was principally occupied with thoughts of the funeral expenses; and, as there was reason for fearing an advance in the price of boards, and a strike for higher wages among the journeymen-undertakers, he soon resolved to anticipate the rising market, and ordered a coffin to be made immediately. But nature peeping out from her retreat, and seeing no physician near, began, though timidly at first, to assert her dominion. Calm sleep once again lulled the girl's young frame, and she awoke, at length, with a brighter eye and a pulse more free. Her father, alarmed for the success of his speculation, could hardly credit the joyful intelligence; but, after assuring himself of its truth, hurried off, with palpitating heart, to countermand his former orders. But the undertaker, with a despatch suited to the supposed emergency, had already done his work—the coffin was waiting for its tenant. The parent returned, in no very enviable state of feeling, to the bed-side of his child, thinking that, perhaps, he had been too hasty in listening to the voice of hope. All doubt, however, was now dispelled. The doctors had returned in time to take to themselves the credit of a wonderful cure, and they congratulated him warmly upon this new triumph of the healing art: in short, his daughter, in due time, completely recovered. It was in vain to attempt concealment. The story had already gotten abroad, and many a joke was circulated at the poor man's expense. Such expense, however, he did not much lay to heart. But there was the coffin upon his hands—a dead loss, in all likelihood; for the town in which he lived was not very large, and was noted for its health. And then, coffins are, usually, made to order, and by exact measurement, which increased his risk to a fearful extent. For some years no tenant for this narrow lodging offered. During that period, he is said to have displayed an uncommon regard for children, particularly such as were of about the size of his daughter, surveying them attentively from head to foot, whenever he met with them, as if to judge of their proportions. Whether, at such moments, his "heart was in

the coffin," none could say. Unluckily, the same daughter at length fell into the doctor's hands again, and this time nature was outwitted: the child died. Perhaps the thought that a coffin waited for her hastened her end. To her bed of rest she was gathered, and slept not the less peacefully, for being somewhat cramped in a tenement which she had outgrown.

A few months ago I paid a visit of condolence to a friend of mine in affliction: he had lately buried one of his children—a promising boy of about eight years old. I had put off the call as long as a decent regard to the claims of friendship would permit, as I always do at such a time, unless my assistance in its sad offices be needed. The unfeeling crowd of consolers, that usually throng the house of sorrow, if ever successful in driving away grief, succeed but by harassing the mind of the afflicted mourner—by making the second woe greater than the first. Silence and retirement are the only balms that soften and purify the heart, in healing its wounds. I did not expect to find my friend overcome by the violence of his distress: he had never seemed like one who could easily be melted into tears. He is a man in moderate circumstances, and has a large household to support. Many years ago he settled in our neighborhood, then just beginning the world, and having but a single child. The family has since increased with wonderful rapidity, and the father has received my congratulations, on the accession of every new comer, with smiles growing fainter and more melancholy at each successive visitation, until, on the last occasion, when twins—a fine boy and girl—were ushered into the world, he received the friends that came to rejoice with him, with such a wry face, though striving to appear resigned, that it was evident he had been greatly startled by the magnitude of nature's present.

I have said that he was in moderate circumstances; and, without being miserly, he has always seemed fearful of being reduced to want; perhaps not without reason, since the mouths to be supplied have so rapidly increased both in capacity and number. Indeed, while the household has gathered strength, the house has been gradually falling into ruin, for want of repairs. The birth of each child has defeated some plan for painting or plastering; and the twins had like to have driven every such purpose forever from his thoughts. Several times, especially of late, I have found him, when I called, busily engaged in calculation of his "ways and means," and then it has been impossible to lead our conversation away from the subject of finance. If his spirits are at any time dejected, he seeks relief in computing the next month's debts and credits; and the indication, on his balance-sheet, of a surplus revenue always restores equanimity. So particular is he in keeping accounts, that he can tell exactly what the maintenance and education of every one of his children, for each year of its life, has cost; and has carefully computed how many more youngsters will suffice to ruin him.

On calling at my friend's house, to condole with him for the loss of his son, I found him alone, seated at his desk, and intent on a paper, which the first glance told me was covered with figures: he is trying, thought I, a new remedy for grief—the application of the rules of arithmetic. On hearing the sound of my voice, he rose,

and, extending his hand, pressed mine closely, his face wearing a mock expression of deep sorrow. But soon the cloud passed away, as we entered into easy conversation. Every mention, however, of his poor boy brought back a momentary look of sadness, which seemed put on, as if from a sense of duty, and passed away with any change of subject. So I relinquished the office of consolation as unnecessary. At length he began to ask my advice about the proper repairs for his house, and the workmen to be employed. "I know," said he, "that such considerations may appear unsuitable to a time of deep affliction; but overwhelming as my distress has been"—and here he drew a handkerchief across his eyes, and winked them, as if to force a tear—"I must bear up against it. Prudence forbids a man in my circumstances to give way to grief. I have calculated, as well as my troubles would permit—for I can't always help shedding tears when I think of him—how much my poor boy would have cost me if he had lived. He was to have gone to school next quarter, and that, you know, would have been something. Altogether, I think I shall be able to plaster the house at least. Poor fellow! I wouldn't have lost him for a thousand houses!"

I gave my advice in regard to the disposal of what he had saved by his son's death; but he afterwards spent so long a time in perfecting his calculations, that the opportunity was lost: my friend finds himself threatened with another heir!

STANZAS TO HELEN.

By F. W. Thomas, author of "Clinton Bradshaw," &c.

Lady! thou art changed indeed—

I may not love thee now,
But view thee as an idol creed,
Unworthy of a vow.

Yet once thy love was all to me:
It was a courted destiny,

Such as his day-dreams show
To the fondly trusting boy,
Whose fancy is as full of joy
As earth is full of wo.

I wooed thy love as prophets woo
The hour they've promised long,
Whose happy scenes should all be true,
And beautiful as song.

How very vain the phantasy
Of those who hope, and hope for aye,
While fickle passion lasts;
Who, like the summer's insect thing,
Flit away on careless wing,
Till comes the chilling blasts.

And then it dies, as my hope dies,
No, never to return;
Devoted, as it highest flies,
To an untimely tomb.
How often in the moonlit grove,
When we have pledged our mutual love,

You've pointed to the star,
And spoke of your unchanging soul,
The needle's truth, and of the pole,
And of the mariner.

This is love's frailest common-place,
Written oft as spoken;
It is the lover's word of grace,
Before his vows are broken.
Yet you, you spoke with such a look,
That truth, as in the sybil's book,
Seemed clothed in every word;
And I—I listened and believed:
And who may not be thus deceived,
Who feels it as he heard?

Thou queen of the voluptuous throng,
Where pleasure holds her reign,
No more I hear thy siren song,
Or court thy proffered chain.
No more the meeting hour of gladness,
No more the parting hour of sadness,
Shall light or cloud my brow:
You've broke the vow I loved the best;
I feel I have the power to jest
With any other vow.

They're like thee, in this western land,
As lovely as thou art;
But then they have a warmer hand,
And wear a truer heart.
I may not kneel at any shrine,
So soon since I arose from thine—
I might mistake the maid:
And yet, oh! for the early dream
Of her I left o'er hill and stream,
I'd be again betrayed.

Betrayed!—no, not betrayed by thee—
'Twas manhood's sober thought,
That proved the cold reality
My boyish fancy wrought
To every virtue, every bliss:
Yet who, for such a dream as this,
Who would not be a boy?
With woman for his fairy queen,
And earth as one bright gorgeous scene,
A fairy land of joy.

Yes! oft-times as I sorrowing pine
For those I've left behind me,
The friends who bound their hearts with mine,
And ever thus shall bind me;
As oft as I recall the hours
When law was left for lady bowers,
And reason left for rhyme;
I think of those who round thee hung,
The love-note of thy siren tongue,
And of our tristing time.

And when I clasp a friend's warm hand,
Who like me loves the west—
Leaving afar our father-land,
Where thou art loveliest—
'Tis sweet with him to talk of thee,
Thy smile, thy look, thy witchery,
Thy beauty, and thy art;

And when I hear it all unmoved,
I wonder if I ever loved,
So very calm's my heart.

I'm from thee many a weary mile,
Where rolls La Belle* along ;
I love its ripples, song and smile,
'Tis like thy smile and song—
So truly it reflects the scene,
The sunny ray, the changing green,
The clear, o'erhanging heaven ;
So truly, when I've looked on thee,
Thou gav'st each love-look back to me,
Till I have thought love given.

Oh, lady ! in this changing world,
Passions, strange and strong,
Bear us, like a leaf, wind-whirled,
With varying fate along.
But yester-eve this bounding river
Wore holy calm, as if forever ;
Now rolls it wildly free.
Thus I, who bid my heart be still,
Now feel it bursting 'gainst my will,
As wildly unto thee.

Alas ! I am a wanderer
From those who love me best,
Who, when it was my lot to err,
Relieved an aching breast ;
From friends who loved my lowly name,
And never heard a word of blame,
But to defend their friend ;
And here, o'er mountain and o'er flood,
I pour to them my gratitude ;
'Tis all I have to send.

Oh ! that I could my dark thoughts cast
Upon thee, lovely river !
And know, as on thy bright waves passed,
They'd pass with them forever.
Lady ! we yet may meet again,
When memory shall no longer pain,
And love no longer sigh ;
No more, no more may I adore thee ;
Enough, the world is all before me ;
My lady-love, good bye.

Banks of the Ohio, near Louisville, 1836.

YET MORE ABOUT TREES.

" Still climbing trees
With the Hesperides."

Leigh Hunt.

A few months ago I strung together a few thoughts upon this most delightful theme ; and interspersed some passages from the poets, and legends from the classics, by way of illustrating those views. A critic of the *cui bono* class piqued me to write "More about Trees," in order to show that our countrymen had a love, and were fast increasing that affection, for these beautiful creations of God's hand : and the object of the present paper is merely to cite more of those illustrations, for

* The French called the Ohio La Belle Riviere ; the beautiful river.

the readers of the Messenger, from the ancient and modern poets.

This is peculiarly the season for the resumption of this subject. How beautifully sings the wisest, when in his canticles he says :

" The winter is past : the rain is over and gone ;
The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of singing is come,
and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land :

The figtree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines, with the tender grape, give a good smell."

But few delights are there for the enjoyment of the lover of nature in the winter time,—I mean in our northern New England winter-time. My friend Brent has touchingly described the sheeny show of the sleet, lighted by the next day's sun, but that is evanescent at best, and always cold and dreary in its associations. Yet do I remember some winter days when my rambles afield have been as delightful and as free from discomfort as those of the merry summer time, or the more sober of autumn days. One in a particular manner recurs to me. It was in December. The sun rose as clear and undimmed as in May. I climbed to the top of a lovely hill in the neighborhood, to enjoy a beautiful, and, to me, a most rare spectacle. I had never before an idea of the fine effect upon a landscape of the curling of a thousand smokes, wreathing slowly and gently upwards from the cottage roofs of little villages scattered picturesquely around the base of a high hill. The atmosphere was perfectly clear, and the sun shed its short-lived warmth upon the sere grass at my feet, rendering its yellow tint more deep and golden. It dazzled my eye as it rested upon the sod. The sky was so soft and blue, and those little eddies of smoke were curling so slowly upwards to its expanse, I could almost fancy it to be their resting place, and that it was from them that it received its own azure beauty. The little river which bears the same name as the hill, was gliding on its serpentine way, forming little islands and peninsulas, all covered with the same hue of wintry desolation, yet cheered and relieved by this unwonted and almost forgotten brightness. The sunbeam played under the brown bank with the leaping wavelet, which, as if delighted with its return, sparkled and flashed like scattering diamonds, beneath its influence. The very oaks, shorn, as they had so long been, of their verdure, and standing forth, as they did, in all their gaunt and gigantic majesty, seemed glad amidst all this gladness of nature : for they gently waved their minuter branches, and looked down, methought, into their transparent mirror, to catch, from the brightness it reflected, a part of this general inspiration of nature.

But it is of summer trees, and not those of winter, that I was writing.

The whole country is now in blossom. How beautiful is Herrick, when apostrophizing these short-lived visitants !

'BLOSSOMS.

'Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,—
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But ye may yet stay here awhile
To blush and gently smile,—
And go at last !

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite!

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read, how soon things have
Their end, tho' ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile,—they glide
Into the grave!

There are those who pretend to despise the Sycamore. This tree is not likely to come to perfection, unless planted upon the banks of rivers. It is not so good a tree for lawn or city as many others. Its rapid growth is in its favor. But the sycamore-haters should see it growing upon the Connecticut river: its noble stems gracefully dipping "its broad green crown" into the waves, and forming a verdant bower, into which you may drive your skiff, and sit like a nested bird, seeing but unseen. Old *Herrick* has a pretty address to this tree, among his delightful poems.

'TO SYCAMORES.

'I'm sick with love: oh let me lie
Under your shades, to sleep or die!
Either is welcome, so I have
Or here my bed, or here my grave.
Why do ye sigh, and sob, and keep
Time with the tears that I do weep?
Say! have ye sense, and do ye prove
What sympathies there are in love?

And a modern poet has been inspired by the beauty of such a tree as I have described. He says:

'This sycamore, oft musical with bees,
Such tents the patriarchs loved! oh, long unharmed
May all its aged boughs o'er canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves.
Here twilight is, and coolness; here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far, and find no second tree.
Drink, pilgrim, here! here rest!

Coleridge.

The same poet has this pretty conceit. Who has not seen what he so tenderly describes?

'This little lime-tree bower! in which I've marked
Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath the blaze
Hung the transparent foliage: and I watched
Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to see
The shadow of the leaf and stem above,
Dappling its sunshine!

While thinking, in our less genial clime, of such a bower as this, how natural is it for the lover of nature to exclaim, with poor *Keats*,

'Oh for a beaker full of the warm south,—
Full of the true, the blushing Hippocrene!
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth!
That I might drink, and leave the world, unseen,
And fade away, into the forest dim!

Such a 'forest dim' was that of Arden, when the duke kept court, when the melancholy Jaques watched

the dappled deer, where Orlando and Rosalind loved, and where Amicus sang in strains like these:

'Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather!'

And in what but such a sycamore bower as *Herrick* apostrophizes, and *Coleridge* describes, was that, in which *Precator*, that sweet poet of our own day, was fain to dwell?

'Oh I would live where rivers gaily run,
Where shady trees may screen me from the sun:
Where I may feel and breathe the fragrant air,
Where, (what'er the toil or wearying pains I bear,)
Those eyes, which look away all human ill,
May shed on me their still, sweet, constant light,
And all the hearts I love, may, day and night,
Be found beside me ever clustering still!

Berry Cornwall.

But I must close my leaf-gathering, and cannot do so more appropriately, methinks, than by transcribing for you a rare gem from old *Drayton*, (1630,) called

'THE FORESTER.

'I am the prince of sports, the forest is my fee,
He's not upon the earth who pleasure tastes like me.
The morn no sooner puts her rosy mantle on,
Than from my quiet lodge I instantly am gone,
When the melodious birds, from every bush and brier
Of the wild spacious wastes, make a continual choir.
The mottled meadows then, fresh garnish'd by the sun,
Waft up their spicy sweets, upon the winds that run
In easy ambling course, and softly seem to pace,
That we the longer may their lusciousness embrace.
I am clad in youthful green, I other colors scorn;
My silken baldric bears my bugle or my horn,
Which setting to my lips, I wind so loud and shrill,
As makes the echoes shout from every neighboring hill;
My dog-hook at my belt, to which my lyam's tied,
My sheaf of arrows by, my wood knife by my side;
My cross-bow in my hand, I by the woodman's art,
Forecast where I may spring the goodly high-palm'd hart.
To view the grazing herds, at sundry times I use,
When by the loftiest head I know my deer to choose,
And to unherd him then, I gallop o'er the ground,
Upon my well breath'd nag, and cheer my faithful hound.
Sometimes I pitch my toils the deer alive to take,
Sometimes I like the cry the deep-mouth'd kennel make.
Meanwhile the feather'd flocks that the wild forests haunt,
Their sylvan songs to me in cheerful ditties chaunt.
The shades, like ample shields, defend me from the sun,
Through which to cheer my burning brow, the gentle streamlets
run;
No little bubbling brook from any spring that falls,
But on the pebbles play for me his pretty madrigals.
At morn I climb the hills, where wholesome breezes blow,
At noon I seek the vales, and arching shades below;
At evening I again the crystal floods frequent;
In pleasure thus my life continually is spent.
As princes and great lords have palaces, so I
Have in the forests here, for hall and gallery,
The tall and stately woods, which underneath are plain;
The groves my gardens are, the heath and downs again
My wide and spacious walks. Ah! say what'er you can,
The forester is still your only happy man!

Adieu! I will yet, ere summer closes, climb more trees, with the *Hesperides*.

J. F. O.

ON HEALTH.

TO MOTHERS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Have we not all of us seen, with pity and regret, some sickly mother, burdened with the cares of her household? Feeling that there were employments which none could discharge as well as herself—modifications of duty, in which the interest of her husband, the welfare of her children, the comfort of her family, were involved—duties which she could not depute to another, without loss—she continued to exert herself, above and beyond her strength.

Still her step is languid, and her eye joyless. The "spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak." Her little ones observe her dejected manner, and become sad; or, they take advantage of her want of energy, and grow lawless. She, herself, cannot long persist in a course of labor that involves expense of health, without some mental sympathy. A temper the most amiable, will sometimes become irritable or complaining, when the shrinking nerves require rest, and the demands of toil, and the claims upon painful thought, are perpetual. Efforts, which to one in health, are like dew-drops shaken from the eagle's wing, seem to the invalid like the ascent of the Alps, or like heaping Pelion upon Ossa.

Admitting that a sickly woman has sufficient self-control to repel the intrusion of fretfulness, and preserve a subdued equanimity, this, though certainly deserving of praise, is falling short of what she should wish to attain. The meek look of resignation, though it may cost her much to maintain, is not all that a husband wishes, who, coming from the vexed atmosphere of business or ambition, would fain find in his home the smile of cheerfulness, the playful charm of a mind at ease.

Men, prize more than our sex are always aware, the health-beaming countenance, the elastic step, and all those demonstrations of domestic order, in which unbroken activity delights. They love to see a woman equal to her own duties, and performing them with pleasure. They do not like to have the principal theme of domestic conversation a detail of physical ills, or to be expected to question, like a physician, into the variety of symptoms which have supervened since their departure. Or if this may be occasionally done, with a good grace, where ill-health is supposed to be temporary, yet the saddening effects of an enfeebled constitution, cannot always be resisted by him who expected to find in a wife a "yoke-fellow," able to endure the rough roads and sharp ascents of life. A nature possessing great capacities of sympathy and tenderness, may doubtless be softened by the exercise of those capacities. Still, the good gained, is only from the patient, perhaps the christian endurance of a disappointment. But where those capacities do not exist, and where religious principle is absent, the perpetual influence of a sickly and mournful wife, is as a blight on those prospects which allure to matrimony. Folly, moroseness, and lapses into vice, may be often traced to those causes which robe home in gloom.

If to a father the influence of continual ill-health in

the partner of his joys, is so dispiriting, how much more oppressive is it to those little ones who are by nature allied to gladness. Childhood, whose richest heritage is its innocent joy, must hush its sportive laugh, and repress its merry footstep, as if its plays were sins. Or if the diseased nerves of the mother do not habitually impose such sacrifices, it learns, from nature's promptings, to fashion its manners, or its voice, or its countenance, after the melancholy model of the sufferer whom it loves, and so forfeits its beautiful heritage of young delight.

Those sicknesses to which the most robust are subject, by giving exercise to self-denial and offices of sympathy, from all the members of a household, are doubtless often blessed as means of improvement, and the messengers which draw more closely the bonds of true affection. But it must be sufficiently obvious, that I allude to that want of constitutional vigor, or of that confirmed feebleness of habit, which either create inability for those duties which in most parts of our country devolve upon a wife, a mother, and the mistress of a family, or else cause them to be discharged in languor and wretchedness. And I speak of them, that the attention of those who conduct the earliest physical education of females, may be quickened to search how an evil of such magnitude may be obviated.

Mothers, is there any thing we can do to acquire for our daughters, a good constitution? Is there truth in the sentiment sometimes expressed, that our sex are becoming more and more effeminate? Are we as capable of enduring fatigue as were our grandmothers? Are we as well versed in the details of house-keeping, as able to bear them without inconvenience, as our mothers? Have our daughters as much stamina of constitution, as much aptitude for domestic duty, as we ourselves possess? These questions are not interesting to us simply as individuals. They affect the welfare of the community. For the ability or inability of woman to discharge what the Almighty has committed to her, touches the equilibrium of society, and the hidden springs of existence. Tenderly interested as we are for the health of our offspring, let us devote peculiar attention to that of our daughters. Their delicate frames require more care in order to become vigorous, and are in more danger from the prevalence of fashion.

I plead for the little girl, that she may have air and exercise, as well as her brother, and that she may not be too much blamed, if in her earnest play she happen to tear or soil her apparel. I plead that she be not punished as a romp, if she keenly enjoy those active sports which city gentility proscribes. I plead that the ambition to make her accomplished, do not chain her to the piano, till the spinal column, which should consolidate the frame, starts aside like a broken reed;—nor bow her over her book, till the vital energy which ought to pervade the whole frame, mounts into the brain, and kindles the death-fever.

Surely we ought to acquaint ourselves with the outlines of the mechanism of this our clay-temple, that we interfere not, through ignorance, with those laws on which its organization depends. Rendered precious, by being the shrine of an undying spirit, our ministrations for its well-being assume an almost fearful importance. Appointed, as the mother is, to guard the harmony of its architecture, to study the arts on

which its symmetry depends, she is forced to perceive how much the mind is affected by the circumstances of its lodgment, and is incited to cherish the mortal for the sake of the immortal.

Does she attach value to the germs of intellect? Let her see that the casket which contains them, be not lightly endangered or carelessly broken. Does she pray for the welfare of the soul? Let her seek the good of its companion, who walks with it to the gates of the grave, and rushes again to its embrace on the morning of the resurrection.

Those who educate the young, should be ever awake to the evils of compression in the region of the heart and lungs. A slight ligature there, in the earlier stages of life, is fraught with danger. To disturb or impede the laborers who turn the wheels of life, both night and day, is absurd and ungrateful. Samson was bound in fetters, and ground in the prison-house, for a while, but at length he crushed the pillars of the temple, and the lords of the Philistines perished with him. Nature, though she may be long in resenting an injury, does not forget it. Against those who violate her laws, she often rises as a giant in his might, and when they least expect it, inflicts a fearful punishment. Fashion seems long enough to have oppressed and insulted health in its strong holds. She cannot even prove that she has rendered the form more graceful, as some equivalent for her ravages. In ancient Greece, to whom our painters and sculptors still look for the purest models, was not the form left untortured? the volume of the lungs allowed free play? the heart permitted, without manacles, to do the great work that the Creator assigned it?

The injuries inflicted by compression of the vital parts, are too numerous to be readily recounted. Impaired digestion, obstructed circulation, pulmonary disease, and nervous wretchedness, are in their train. A physician, distinguished by practical knowledge of the Protean forms of insanity, asserts that he gains many patients from this cause. Another medical gentleman of eminence, led by philanthropy to investigate the subject of tight-lacing, has assured the public, that multitudes annually die by the severe discipline of busk and corset. This theory is sustained by collateral proof, and illustrated by dissections.

It is not sufficient that we, mothers, protect our younger daughters, while immediately under our authority, from such hurtful practices. We should follow them until a principle is formed by which they can protect themselves from the tyranny of fashion. It is true, that no young lady acknowledges herself to be laced too tight. Habits that shun the light, and shelter themselves under subterfuge, are ever the most difficult to eradicate. A part of the energy which is essential to their reformation, must be expended in hunting them from their hiding-places. Though the sufferer from tight-lacing, may not own herself to be uncomfortable, the laborious respiration, the constrained movement, perhaps the curved spine, bring different testimony.

But in these days of diffused knowledge, of heightened education, is it possible that any female can put in jeopardy the enjoyment of health, even the duration of existence, for a circumstance of dress? Will she throw an illusion over those who try to save her? and like the Spartan culprit, conceal the destroyer that feeds

upon her vitals? *We know that it is so.* Who, that has tested the omnipotence of fashion, will doubt it? This is by no means the only sacrifice of health that she imposes. But it is a prominent one. Let us, who are mothers, look to it. Fully aware, as we must be, of the danger of stricture on the lungs and heart, during their season of development, why should we not bring up our daughters without any article of dress which could disorder the seat of vitality? Our sons hold themselves erect, without busk, or corset, or framework of whale-bone. Why should not our daughters also? Did not God make them equally upright? Yes. But they have "sought out many inventions."

Let us educate a race who shall have room to breathe. Let us promise, even in their cradle, that their hearts shall not be pinioned as in a vice, nor their spines bent like a bow, nor their ribs forced into the liver. Doubtless, the husbands and fathers of the next generation will give us thanks.

Let us leave no place in the minds of those whom we educate, for the lunatic sentiment, that the mind's healthful action, and the integrity of the organs on which it operates, are secondary to the vanities of external decoration. If they have received from their Creator a sound mind in a sound body, teach them that they are accountable to Him for both. If they deliberately permit injury to either, how shall they answer for it before the High Judge?

But how shall the mother answer it, in whose hand the soul of her child was laid, as a waxen tablet, if she suffer fashion to cover it with fantastic images, and folly to puff out her feverish breath, melting the lines that wisdom pencilled there, till what heaven would fain have polished for itself, loses the fair impression, and becomes like common earth.

Hartford, Conn.

TO A FRIEND AT PARTING.

We part—perhaps to meet no more;
And oft may I, with fond regret,
Recall the scenes we've travelled o'er:
Such scenes the heart can ne'er forget.
Long months—it may be years—will roll;
It may be (who can know the pain
With which that thought weighs down the soul?)
On earth we ne'er shall meet again.

Through distant lands and stranger climes
Our lot 'twill be to wander far,
Yet shall our hearts, like cadenced rhymes—
With friendship for their polar star—
Together flow unjarring on,
Persuading us with siren strain,
How hopes exist, till life be gone,
That we shall haply meet again.

But should such hopes delusive prove,
And ne'er again that joy we know,
While doomed, apart, alone to rove
Through life's uncertain hours of woe;
Then let this last memento be
A link in friendship's holy chain,
To prove my heart still true to thee,
Although we ne'er shall meet again!

F. G.

Bibliographical Notices.

[Publishers and authors, who wish their works noticed in this journal, are requested to forward them immediately.]

"Cromwell. An historical novel. By the author of 'The Brothers,' &c. Two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1838."

This is undoubtedly one of the ablest productions of its class, and will secure for its talented author a prominent rank among historical novelists. We have not been brought so immediately in contact with the memorable actors in those stirring times of British history, when an oppressed and insulted people rebuked the bold incursions of a heartless and vile despot; nor commingled in imagination, so familiarly with the determined and sanguinary belligerents, since the graphic pen of Scotland's dramatic historian was paralysed in death. If we view the present work as a pure novel, it presents us many points for criticism; it lacks variety of incident, originality, and *dramatis personæ*; but as an historical novel, it stands pre-eminent, bringing before the mind's eye, in the richest attire, the memorable actors in that great struggle which secured freedom to England, and whose influence will be felt to the latest posterity. The able author has succeeded admirably in sketching the character of that most extraordinary man, whose firmness of mind and energy of purpose, raised him from the humblest position in life, if not to a throne, to a sceptre more powerful; since it touched the hearts and swayed the minds of a nation.

"Mexico versus Texas. A descriptive novel. By a Texian. Philadelphia: 1838."

We are glad to find that the skilful pen of the Texian is recording many of the eventful struggles of his oppressed countrymen, in a form which will prove attractive to the general reader. The present work will afford amusement, and impart information, and while there are some objectionable points, there is much to admire and commend. Upon the whole it is a very creditable production.

"Slavery in America; being a Review of Miss Martineau on that subject. By a South Carolinian. Richmond: Thos. W. White. 1838."

This review was originally published in the Southern Literary Messenger, and attracted great attention, from the lucid and successful manner in which it confuted the gross misrepresentations in "Society in America;" and as the demand for the essay has exhausted the number of the Messenger, the editor has determined to publish it in pamphlet form. The time, we think, has been judiciously selected, since it will answer as well for a review of "Retrospect of Western Travels."

"The Lady of Lyons, or Love and Pride. A play in five acts. By E. L. Bulwer. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1838."

The intense anxiety with which "The Lady of Lyons" was awaited, and the avidity with which it has been read, is sufficient evidence of the high estimation in which its gifted author is held, notwithstanding the heavy artillery of certain soi-disant moralists.

So carefully has the present production been put together, that we honestly believe it free from all ground of cavil or criticism from the most rigid moralist; for, melancholy to relate, Bulwer, the emissary of darkness, is reading us a lesson of virtue and morals, and if we mistake not, has disarmed his adversaries, by withholding the necessary food for the fastidious taste of the temulent critics. The fountain, condemned as muddy and pestilential, is pouring forth clear waters; and for the bitter drug, has been substituted a sweet and refreshing draught. He who discovers the serpent's poison lingering on the leaflets of so fragrant a plant, must indeed be gifted with a microscopic eye.

The preface to the play sets forth Mr. Bulwer's object in stepping upon the field of dramatic composition, and his motives are alike creditable to his head and heart. To benefit a friend (Mr. Macready,) by contributing to the novelties of a theatrical season, was a sufficient incentive to Mr. Bulwer, to engage in a labor somewhat at variance with his ordinary pursuits. This, superadded to the charge of the hyper-critics, that dramatic composition was above his range, induced him to engage promptly and heartily in the effort.

To achieve entire success, and demolish the sickly opposition of a band of jealous and prejudiced adversaries, calls for an inventive, creative fancy, and a well stored mind. Of its ability as a dramatic composition, there exists not now a doubt; for although it was brought forth *sub-rosa*, in as critical a community and before as enlightened and competent an umpirage as the world can boast of, it met its unqualified applause. Its dramatic effect, richness and beauty of composition, and lofty tone, have placed it beyond the reach of a prepossessed and illiberal judicature. The following extracts from the fifth act will furnish fair specimens of the play, and as they are selected from the consummation of the plot, develop the ingenuity and power of the author:—

"SCENE II.

"A room in the house of Monsieur Deschappelles; Pauline seated in great dejection.

PAULINE.

Is it so, then. I must be false to love,
Or sacrifice a father! Oh, my Claude,
My lover, and my husband! have I lived
To pray that thou mayst find some fairer boon
Than the deep faith of this devoted heart,
Nourish'd till now, now broken?

(Enter Monsieur Deschappelles.)

MONS. DESCHAP.

My dear child,
How shall I thank, how bless thee? Thou hast saved,
I will not say my fortune—I could bear
Reverse, and shrink not—but that prouder wealth
Which merchants value most; my name, my credit,
The hard-won honors of a toilsome life:
These thou hast saved, my child!

PAULINE.

Is there no hope? No hope but this?

MONS. DESCHAP.

None. If, without the sum
Which Beauseant offers for thy hand, this day
Sinks to the west, to-morrow brings our ruin!
And hundreds, mingled in that ruin, curse
The bankrupt merchant! and the insolent herd
We feasted and made merry, cry in scorn,
"How pride has fallen! Lo, the bankrupt merchant!"
My daughter, thou hast saved us!

PAULINE.

And am lost!

MONS. DESCHAP.

Come, let me hope that Beauseant's love—

PAULINE.

His love—

Talk not of love ; love has no thought of self !
 Love buys not with the ruthless usurer's gold
 The loathsome prostitution of a hand
 Without a heart ! Love sacrifices all things
 To bless the thing it loves ! He knows not love.
 Father, his love is hate, his hope revenge !
 My tears, my anguish, my remorse for falsehood ;
 These are the joys he wrings from our despair !

MONS. DESCHAP.

If thou deem'st thus, reject him ! Shame and ruin
 Were better than thy misery ; think no more on't.
 My sand is well nigh run ; what boots it when
 The glass is broken ? We'll annul the contract.
 And if to-morrow, in the prisoner's cell
 These aged limbs are laid, why still, my child,
 I'll think thou art spared ; and wait the liberal hour
 That lays the beggar by the side of kings !

PAULINE.

No, no, forgive me ! You, my honored father ;
 You, who so loved, so cherish'd me, whose lips
 Never knew one harsh word ! I'm not ungrateful,
 I am but human ! hush ! Now, call the bridegroom ;
 You see I am prepared ; no tears ; all calm ;
 But, father, *talk no more of love !*

MONS. DESCHAP.

My child,

'Tis but one struggle ; he is young, rich, noble ;
 Thy state will rank first mid the dames of Lyons ;
 And when this heart can shelter thee no more,
 Thy youth will not be guardianless.

PAULINE.

I have set

My foot upon the ploughshare ; I will pass
 The fiery ordeal. (*Aside*) Merciful Heaven, support
 me !

And on the absent wanderer shed the light
 Of happier stars, lost evermore to me !"

The important actors in the drama have arrived, and
 are present during the following dialogue. Claude
 Melnotte in disguise :—

"PAULINE.

"Thrice have I sought to speak ; my courage fails me.
 Sir, is it true that you have known, nay, are
 The friend of Melnotte ?

MELNOTTE.

Lady, yes ! Myself

And misery know the man !

PAULINE.

And you will see him,
 And you will bear to him, ay, word for word,
 All that this heart, which breaks in parting from him,
 Would send, ere still for ever.

MELNOTTE.

He hath told me !

You have the right to choose from out the world
 A worthier bridegroom ; he foregoes all claim
 Even to murmur at his doom. Speak on !

PAULINE.

Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought
 That was not his ; that on his wandering way,
 Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers.
 Tell him, ev'n now that I would rather share
 His lowliest lot, walk by his side, an outcast ;
 Work for him, beg with him ; live upon the light
 Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown
 The Bourbon lost !

MELNOTTE (*aside*.)

Am I already mad ?

And does delirium utter such sweet words
 Into a dreamer's ear ? (*Aloud*) You love him thus,
 And yet desert him ?

PAULINE.

Say that, if his eye
 Could read this heart, its struggles, its temptations,
 His love itself would pardon that desertion !
 Look on that poor old man ; he is my father ;
 He stands upon the verge of an abyss ;
 He calls his child to save him ! Shall I shrink
 From him who gave me birth ? withhold my hand,
 And see a parent perish ? Tell him this,
 And say that we shall meet again in Heaven !

MELNOTTE. (*aside*.)

The night is past ; joy cometh with the morrow.
 (*Aloud*) Lady, I—I—what is this riddle ? what
 The nature of this sacrifice ?

PAULINE. (*pointing to Damas*.)

Go ask him !

BEAUSEANT. (*from the table*.)

The papers are prepared ; we only need
 Your hand and seal.

MELNOTTE.

Stay, lady ; one word more.

Were but your duty with your faith united,
 Would you still share the lowborn peasant's lot !

PAULINE.

Would I ? Ah, better death with him I love
 Than all the pomp, which is but as the flowers
 That crown the victim ! (*turning away*) I am ready.
 (*Melnotte rushes to Damas*.)

DAMAS.

There,

This is the schedule, this the total.

BEAUSEANT. (*to Deschappelles, showing notes*.)

These

Are yours the instant she has signed ; you are
 Still the great house of Lyons !

(*The notary is about to hand the contract to Pauline,
 when Melnotte seizes and tears it.*)

BEAUSEANT.

Are you mad ?

MONS. DESCHAP.

How, sir ! What means this insult ?

MELNOTTE.

Peace, old man !

I have a prior claim. Before the face
 Of man and Heaven I urge it ! I outbid
 Yon sordid huckster for your priceless jewel.

(*Giving a pocketbook*.)

There is the sum twice told ! Blush not to take it :
 There's not a coin that is not bought and hallow'd
 In the cause of nations with a soldier's blood !

BEAUSEANT.

Torments and death !

PAULINE.

That voice ! Thou art—

MELNOTTE.

Thy husband !

(*Pauline rushes into his arms.*)

MELNOTTE.

Look up ! Look up, Pauline ! for I can bear
 Thine eyes ! The stain is blotted from my name.
 I have redeem'd mine honor. I can call
 On France to sanction thy divine forgiveness !
 Oh, joy ! oh, rapture ! By the midnight watchfires
 Thus have I seen thee ! thus foretold this hour !
 And, mid the roar of battle, thus have heard
 The beating of thy heart against my own !

BEAUSEANT.

Fool'd, duped, and triumph'd over in the hour
 Of mine own victory ! Curses on ye both !
 May thorns be planted in the marriage bed !
 And love grow sour'd and blacken'd into hate,
 Such as the hate that gnaws me.

DAMAS.

Curse away !

And let me tell thee, Beauseant, a wise proverb
 The Arabs have : "Curses are like young chickens,
 (*Solemnly*)

And still come home to roost !"

BEAUSANT.

Their happiness

Maddens my soul! I am powerless and revengeless!

(To madame.)

I wish you joy! Ha, ha! The gardener's son! [Exit.

DAMAS. (to Glavis.)

Your friend intends to hang himself! Methinks

You ought to be his travelling companion!

GLAVIS.

Sir, you are exceedingly obliging!

[Exit.

PAULINE.

Oh! My father, you are saved, and by my husband.

Ah! blessed hour!

MELNOTTE.

Yet you weep still, Pauline!

PAULINE.

But on thy breast! these tears are sweet and holy!

MONS. DESCHAP.

You have won love and honor nobly, sir!

Take her; be happy both!

MADAME DESCHAP.

I'm all astonish'd!

Who, then, is Colonel Morier?

DAMAS.

You behold him!

MELNOTTE.

Morier no more after this happy day!

I would not bear again my father's name

Till I could deem it spotless! The hour's come!

Heaven smiled on conscience! As the soldier rose

From rank to rank, how sacred was the fame

That cancell'd crime and raised him nearer thee!

MADAME DESCHAP.

A colonel and a hero! Well, that's something!

He's wonderously improved! I wish you joy, sir!

MELNOTTE.

Ah! the same love that tempts us into sin,

If it be true love, works out its redemption;

And he who seeks repentance for the past,

Should woo the angel virtue in the future!"

"The Last Man. Petersburg: From the press of Edmund Raf-
fin. 1838."

A pamphlet of nineteen pages, written in blank
verse, with this modest title-page, has been handed to
us, and its contents have been perused with great plea-
sure. Although the fastidious or hypercritical may
find ground for criticism, yet there is in it much to ad-
mire. We look upon it not as "the ripened fruit of a
matured plant, but the blossom of a youthful vine"—
the promise of the future. Genius of a rare order is
impressed upon it.

"A Valedictory Address, delivered to the Students of the Uni-
versity of North Carolina, by William Hooper, late professor
of ancient languages in that institution, &c. Raleigh: 1838."

This is an able and eloquent appeal to the youth of
North Carolina; affectionately but cogently impressing
upon them the necessity of selecting and pursuing a
virtuous, moral, and religious life, from the even tenor
of which they must reap happiness and influence.

"Speeches of Joseph Hopkinson and Charles Chauncey, on the
Judicial Tenure. Delivered in the Convention of Pennsylva-
nia for revising the Constitution. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey
& A. Hart. 1838."

We commend these able intellectual efforts to the
statesmen of our country, assured that they will glean
from them sound political views.

"The Hawaiian Spectator, Vol. 1, No. 1; Conducted by an as-
sociation of gentlemen. January, 1838. Honolulu, Oahu,
Sandwich Islands. 1838."

An unexpected stranger is now introduced to our read-
ers, and we doubt not will meet with a cordial reception;
for who is so apathetic as to be indifferent of a people,
which has constituted an important portion of that be-
nighted race which has been illumed by the benevolent
operations of the missionary enterprises of the present
philanthropic age? By means of such a periodical,
judiciously conducted, we shall be able to obtain im-
portant information concerning the geological features
of this interesting group of islands, the climate, soil
and natural products, the moral and physical powers of
the natives, and last, though not least in importance,
the influence of the missionary scheme, whether for
weal or wo. A very interesting sketch of the Marke-
sian character occupies several pages of the present
number.

"The Hesperian; or Western Monthly Magazine. Edited by
William D. Gallagher and Otway Curry. Columbus, Ohio.
1838."

We have received the first and second numbers of
this western star, and hail it as an able co-laborer in
the field of American literature. We wish it a success
commensurate with its deserts.

"Catalogue of the Officers and Students of William and Mary
College: Session of 1837-38."

We are glad to find that this venerable institution of
learning continues to receive a considerable portion of
the students of Virginia, and trust that what is so richly
deserved, will be long continued. The present class,
one hundred and eleven, is within two of being the
largest ever assembled within her classic walls. We
copy the following summary:—

"The number of students attending the respective
departments are:

T. R. DEW, Pro-	} Junior Moral Class,..... 76	76
fessor.		
		114

J. MILLINGTON,	} Chemistry,..... 70	70
Professor.		
		96

ROB. SAUNDERS,	} Junior Mathematical..... 54	54
Professor.		
		70

B. TUCKER, Pro-	} Junior Political (National Law,) 44	44
fessor.		
		62

J. MILLINGTON, Professor of Civil Engineering,..... 14	14
D. BROWN, Professor of higher classics,..... 13	13

✂ CORRECTION.—In the biographical notice of the au-
thor of "Clinton Bradshaw," "The Emigrant," &c. in the May
number of the Messenger, the biographer has accidentally in-
serted "Francis" in the place of Frederick William Thomas.
On page 300, for the "Boothan Tree," read "The Adventure
of a Poet; a tale told in rhyme."

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FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

PROSE FRAGMENT.

BY A BACHELOR.

The mind, says a modern writer, must have its *appui*. Sterne had said before him that the good and feeling heart must have some object whereupon to base its deep affections. Sterne was perhaps the more heartless of the two; but his observation accords best with the gentler feelings of our nature.

The mind *must* have its *appui*—a stay on which to rest its thoughts, its hopes, its cares. Ambition that would sacrifice the liberty of nations—would chain up thought and action, and cement inglorious powers by the blood of those over whom they were acquired—has been the guiding passion of some. Thank God! the serpent's head hath been crushed in these our latter days, and the world will henceforth suffer comparatively little from irresponsible power. Wealth has been reared into an idol. Sensual license hath had no small influence in impressing and controlling the characters of men. Learning—the hidden secrets of nature—the wide volume opened by the incomprehensible incidents from an unseen cause daily exhibiting its influence before us in our very dwelling places—the air—the stars—the perfume of a flower—the innumerable mysteries of space, of time, and of existence—have called forth researches and created speculations, that have occupied the minds of thousands. Why mention other subjects which have furnished the mental food of some, to the exclusion of all the purer and lovelier feelings of our kind? And thou, calm, meek, sublime Religion! how hast thou been the hope, the sustaining power, the *appui* of many a rare and spotless spirit!

Let me not elevate the selfish pleasures of sense and the anomalous pleasures derived from scientific and speculative investigations—let me not depress the pure pleasures of religious feeling, properly directed, by comparing each or any of them with the pleasure that my heart would select for its own unmixed delight. Let me not enter into metaphysical discriminations between these different feelings more clearly to develop my idea. That is not necessary. It is the sordid mind—with a depraved moral sense—that cannot appreciate the pure charms of reciprocated affection—the unmeasured wealth that lies in a virtuous woman's love!—

* * * * *

Yea—after all, my thoughts are all of Thee!

* * * * *

How doth my spirit wander from the dull page of Science, to summon forth thy bright and gentle glance! Strangely commingled with the bold ideas of old philosophy—linked to the half framed thoughts on codes, and laws, and rights, as they rise upon the mind, steal o'er the sense those soft emotions born of Love and Faith and Thee! Gentle, yet vivid as that light which the great Creator spoke into being o'er the new-made world, is the radiant beauty of thy glorious Eye! Pure

as the first emotion of pity felt by Angel breasts, for the doom pronounced upon their fallen peers, are the aspirations of thy noble Soul! That Brow! (Who doubts, that once has seen, the character and feelings indexed by that Brow? Strange sympathy between the mind and outward form!) The wisdom of Divinity hath written there the just and gentle Heart! That queenlike step and air! I may not all portray their Dignity and Grace. Do not the tones of thy soft and flutelike Voice still linger round my memory, and haunt it with a strange, unearthly melody? When shall its breathings fall upon the ear again!

* * * * *

MECKLENBURG

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.*

The April number of the "Southern Literary Messenger" contains a spirited article, entitled "The New York Review of Mr. Jefferson Reviewed." In the course of the reviewer's remarks, allusion is made to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, adopted on the 20th of May, 1775. As the issue there presented is clothed in rather a mystical garb, and as the subject is still new, and imperfectly understood by many in our common country, we have been induced to believe that a condensed view of this novel and inte-

* As this is the second notice taken in the Messenger of the Mecklenburg Declaration, and as it is, in itself, a very curious Revolutionary and Literary relic, we have thought it might gratify the curiosity of our readers, to lay it before them. The following is a copy of it, taken from Mr. G. Tucker's "Life of Thomas Jefferson," &c.

"The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

(20th of May, 1775.)

"That whosoever directly or indirectly abets, or in any way, form, or manner, countenances the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country, to America, and to the inherent and undeniable rights of man.

"That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bands, which have connected us with the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connexion, contract, or association with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the blood of American patriots at Lexington.

"That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power, other than that of our God, and the general government of Congress; to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly pledge to each other, our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.

"That as we acknowledge the existence and control of no law nor legal officer, civil or military, within this county, we do hereby ordain and adopt as a rule of life, all, each, and every of our former laws; wherein, nevertheless, the crown of Great Britain never can be considered as holding rights, privileges, immunities, or authority therein.

"That it is further decreed, that all, each, and every military officer in this county, is hereby reinstated in his former command and authority, he acting conformably to the regulations. And that every member present of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer, viz. a justice of the peace, in the character of a committee man, to issue process, hear, and determine all matters of controversy, according to said adopted laws; and

resting transaction would be acceptable to the readers of the Messenger, and impart summary information to those who have not examined the testimony adduced in its favor. Wherever an impartial investigation has been instituted on this subject by the *candid inquirer after truth*, the universal conviction has been, that the Mecklenburg Resolves are an *original* and *bona fide* Declaration of Independence; and, as such, *claim priority over all others*. However *sensitive* the acknowledged author of the National Declaration was, on the first announcement of this subject in 1819, and whatever skepticism others may now exhibit, yet the venerable maxim, "Truth is powerful and will prevail,"

to preserve peace, union, and harmony in said county, and to use every exertion to spread the love of country and fire of freedom throughout America, until a more general and organized government be established in this province.

"ABRAHAM ALEXANDER, *Chairman*.

"JOHN M'KNITT ALEXANDER, *Secretary*."

It is our misfortune to differ with Mr. Tucker about the character of this document. He is anxious to justify Mr. Jefferson against the charge of plagiarism, and he contends that the charge is the other way; that the Mecklenburg Declaration has been altered, both in its scope and expressions, from its original cast; that the two paragraphs in which the coincidence (between the Mecklenburg Declaration and Mr. J.'s Declaration,) is found, have been subsequently interpolated, with a view of enhancing the merit of the act, and of making it a more unequivocal Declaration of Independence! One of Mr. Tucker's arguments in favor "of the probability of this supposition," is, that "it seems impossible, that if they had all been drawn at once, the second and third had not *preceded* that which now stands first. We can (says he) more easily believe that so singular an inversion of natural order was caused by the wish to conceal and counterfeit interpolation, than that it ever could have suggested itself to any mind that had written all the five resolutions."

We think, on the other hand, that all the propositions stand in their natural order; that the one grows necessarily out of the other, as conclusions following their premises. Mark the necessary connexion!

The 1st proposition declares in substance that Great Britain has violated the charter of our rights,—so plainly and directly that no man can countenance the invasion, without being an enemy to America, and to the inherent rights of man.

And *because* she has so directly invaded our charter and our rights, *therefore* the 2nd resolution declares the political bonds, that have connected us with the mother country are hereby dissolved.

Because these are dissolved, the 3rd proposition *therefore* declares us to be a free and independent people, a sovereign and self-governing association, subject to no other control than the power of God, and the authority of the general government of Congress—and they pledge themselves to maintain that independence at every hazard.

And *because*, as a consequence of this dissolution, they acknowledge the existence of no law or officer (of the British government—as some temporary government is wanting within the county,) they, *therefore*, in the 4th proposition adopt, (of their own accord,) and as their rule of action, their former laws; disclaiming at the same time any authority in the British crown to claim any rights, privileges, &c. under those laws.

And *because* they have voluntarily re-adopted the laws (and must have officers to carry them into execution), the 5th proposition *therefore* reinstates every military officer in the county in his former authority—and they also constitute civil officers, to issue processes, and determine all matters of controversy, according to said adopted laws, &c.

In all this it appears to us, that there is nothing forced, and no inversion of the natural order—but that the several links form a connected chain of propositions—the 2nd naturally growing out of the 1st, the 3rd out of the 2nd, until the whole are exhausted.

But, though we cannot subscribe to Mr. T.'s suppositions, still we agree with him in his main object. We clear Mr. Jefferson of the charge of plagiarism, as we have shown in our April No.

conveys salutary advice, and requires only time, in this instance, to receive additional confirmation. We are fully disposed to render to Mr. Jefferson all that need of approbation to which his eminent services justly entitle him; but, at the same time, wish to guard against that overweening attachment or parasitical admiration for a distinguished name which would make us partial in our decisions.

In preparing this succinct account of a memorable event, and the most prominent causes leading thereto, we shall draw our materials from the few recent publications on the subject. If we differ in opinion from either the reviewer or the reviewed, it will be an honest difference—not resulting from dark revenge or rancorous feeling—and our remarks, accordingly, will be more of a corrective and explanatory, than a controversial nature. On the greater portion of the article above referred to, touching Mr. Jefferson's religion, moral defects, &c. we are not disposed to offer any critique of our own, but feel perfectly willing to permit the literary combatants,

"With stomachs stout
To fight it out."

Without, therefore, pretending to award the palm of victory to either, we leave the matter where we find it, before the public tribunal—*sub judice lis est*, and shall acquiesce in their decision.

At an early period in the history of North Carolina, may be traced manifest signs of that spirit of freedom and secret aspirations after liberty, which afterwards shone out in all their meridian splendor. The great distance of the mother country—the absence of royal magnificence—the free exercise of religious opinions—the general mediocrity of society—the numerous obstacles surmounted in settling a wilderness and securing a home, all tended to produce among the colonies a sense of *self-dependence*, and render them averse to every species of superiority or domination. They were so many *excitants* in awakening successful enterprise, and gradually unfolding to view a progressive development of national pride. From these causes and others of collateral tendency, originated an early conviction that all men were "created equal," endowed with certain "inalienable" or "inherent rights," and entitled to certain "exclusive privileges." When it was resolved by Parliament on the 10th of March, 1764, to raise a revenue in the colonies by a system of taxation, the delicate cord of "national rights" was sensibly touched, and ceased not to vibrate until the disturbing cause was removed. On the 31st of October following, we find the popular house of the assembly of North Carolina, in their address to the Governor, openly avowing its injustice and unconstitutionality. On the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765, the citizens of North Carolina exhibited, in common with the other colonies, an unqualified disapprobation of the "odious measure," and a stern and unyielding opposition to its execution within her borders. This exasperated state of feeling and complete failure on the part of the British ministry to distribute stamps, we cannot pursue in detail. Suffice it to say, it justly constitutes one of the proudest and most brilliant achievements in the history of the state. But another strong fomenting cause in North Carolina, of an early and continued repugnance against

British authority, and which ultimately exerted a more powerful influence on the destinies of her people, than grievances of a common nature, is to be found in the number and frequency of her gubernatorial quarrels. In the history of no one of the colonies, not excepting Massachusetts with her inexorable Hutchinson, can be traced such a continual conflict of opinion betwixt the Governors and people. Every arbitrary exaction, or unjust invasion of the people's rights on the part of the Governors, who were mere instruments of power, clothed with a little brief authority, strongly tended to aggravate existing troubles, and weaken allegiance to the crown. Hence arose the belief that "moderation ceased to be a virtue, when the liberty of the British subject was in danger;" and to submit, under such circumstances, became a crime. From the 3rd of April, 1765, to the 1st of July, 1771, North Carolina was governed by William Tryon. During the whole term of his administration, the public mind was agitated by the passage of the Stamp Act. Tryon met his first assembly one month after entering upon the duties of his office. Rumors and reports from the North currently prevailed among the people, that the Stamp Act had been passed by Parliament. "This intelligence reached Wilmington shortly after the meeting of the assembly; and such was the violence exhibited by the members of the popular house, that Governor Tryon suddenly prorogued the legislative body on the 18th of the same month in which it had assembled. The popular house had but just replied to the opening speech of the Governor, and adopted the usual preliminary steps of legislation." Such was the excitement produced, that the Governor "apprehended an overt act of treason; and to arrest the disease in its incipient stage, prorogued the assembly." The patriotic enthusiasm that manifested itself, was so strong, that "the speaker, John Ashe, pledged himself that he would resist the iniquitous law, and informed the Governor that the people would support him in the holy cause. Had the Governor permitted the house to have organized itself on the 30th of November, the day to which it stood prorogued, its proceedings would not have proved less treasonable in the eyes of royalty.

In this year, 1765, a proposition was adopted by the assembly of Massachusetts, and warmly responded to by the other colonies, to form a general Congress, consisting of delegates from the popular house of each. In this Congress, which convened in New York, several of the colonies were not represented. North Carolina was deprived of the opportunity of sending delegates, through the rash prorogation of the assembly above alluded to, just on the eve of entering into an election. The popular house was not permitted to convene itself until November, 1766; being prorogued in February preceding, by royal proclamation. Thus, through the fears of the Governor, the province was deprived of an assembly for more than eighteen months. At this session occurred a quarrel with the Governor on account of the long chasm in the legislation of the province. The house likewise regretted its inability of acting in concert with the other colonies in the late Congress. But our limits will compel us to pass over many legislative disputes growing out of acts of ministerial dictation—the court-law controversy—the repeal of the acts of 1749 and 1754, laying a poll-tax, and a duty on

liquors, &c. Of these distracting questions the court-law controversy was the most prominent source of dissatisfaction.

"For more than twenty years before the Revolutionary war, the popular house and the Governors were divided on the details of a bill to establish Courts of Law." We will now advert to a few important transactions in the administration of Josiah Martin, Tryon's successor, and the last of the royal Governors. On the 19th of November, 1771, Martin met his first assembly. At each session of the assembly, from the year 1771 to 1774, inclusive, there occurred a quarrel with the Governor, invariably terminating in a prorogation of that body. These prorogations or dissolutions uniformly grew out of the adoption of some high-toned resolution, or the passage of some bill on the several local questions which agitated the province. After the dissolution of the assembly, in the spring of 1774, the situation of the province was little short of anarchy. The total disregard to the wants of the people on the part of the Governor, could not fail to produce the most intense excitement. Owing to this incessant source of vexation, and the universal discontent that prevailed, we find the principal whig leaders of that day busily engaged in maturing plans for the organization of a provincial Congress, "directly from the people, and independent of the authority of the Governor." The following extract from a letter of William Hooper to James Iredell, dated April 26th, 1774, forcibly illustrates the tone of thinking among some of the public characters on prospective events, in which it is said, "With you I anticipate the important share which the colonies must soon have in regulating the political balance. They are striding fast to independence, and will ere long build an empire on the ruins of Britain; will adopt its constitution, purged of its impurities; and, from an experience of its defects, will guard against those evils which have wasted its vigor, and brought it to an untimely end." This is strong language, and sufficiently indicative of the spirit of the times. It is here particularly adverted to, that the reader may mark the period that gave it birth. When the project of a provincial and continental Congress was published abroad, the people embraced it with enthusiasm and zeal. About the 1st of July handbills were circulated throughout the province, inviting the people to elect delegates to a convention, to be held at Newbern on the 25th of August. The objects of the said convention were stated to be to express the sentiments of the people "on acts lately passed by the Parliament of Great Britain, and to appoint delegates to represent the province in a continental Congress." By the 1st of August a large majority of the counties had held elections, and returned their most faithful leaders. When information of these elections reached the Governor, who at first doubted the success of the plan, he issued, on the 12th of August, the usual missile of authority, a proclamation, condemning such proceedings. But the proclamation proved of no avail—*vox, et præterea nihil*—a vain and inoperative display of words. The delegates punctually met in Newbern on the 25th of August, 1774. This was the first provincial Congress. The interesting proceedings on that occasion can receive in this sketch nothing more than a passing notice. The several acts of Parliament, imposing duties on imports,

were condemned as highly illegal and oppressive; the inhabitants of Massachusetts province were applauded for distinguishing themselves in a "manly support of the rights of America in general;" and resolutions proposing to carry into execution any general plan of commercial restrictions agreed to in the continental Congress were adopted. It was further resolved, that William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, and Richard Caswell, be appointed deputies to attend the General Congress, to be held in Philadelphia on the 20th of September following; and to be "invested with such powers, as may make any act done by them obligatory in honor upon every inhabitant of the province, who is not an alien to his country's good, and an apostate to the liberties of America." The second provincial Congress convened in Newbern on the 3rd of April, 1775, under the same regulations as its predecessor. In this instance, the Governor, as usual, issued his proclamation, forbidding "such meetings, cabals, and illegal proceedings." The provincial assembly likewise met in Newbern on the following day, April 4th, consisting, with but few exceptions, of members to the provincial Congress. Here is presented the bold and imposing spectacle of a popular convention, assembling before the eyes of the Governor, and in defiance of his royal prerogative! The popular house of the assembly, after sitting only four days, and still assuming a more treasonable aspect in the view of his excellency, was dissolved by proclamation. *This was the last assembly that ever convened under the royal government.* The provincial Congress, however, proceeded to the despatch of business. Among other resolutions, the proceedings of the continental Congress lately held in Philadelphia, and the "faithful and judicious discharge of the important trust" reposed in their delegation to that body, were highly approved.

After the dissolution of the assembly, the Governor found himself surrounded by only a few of his most faithful councillors. The royal government was now tottering to its base, and signs of a fatal decay were everywhere visible. In the meantime, the Governor, finding it inexpedient to issue writs of election for a new assembly, busily engaged himself in fortifying his palace, and raising a military force. "The people of Newbern watched, with much uneasiness, the range of cannon planted before the palace; and the committees of the adjacent counties, by intercepting the emissaries of the Governor, gave them intelligence of his efforts to raise a military body-guard. Governor Martin, on the 16th of March, anticipating the present state of affairs, had written to General Gage, at Boston, soliciting a supply of ammunition and arms; and by the vigilance of the delegation in the continental Congress, this letter too had been intercepted, and was now before the whig authorities of Newbern. These hostile preparations on the part of his excellency, provoked, on the 24th of April, an open rupture between him and the people." While the Governor and Council were in session in the palace, some of the leading whigs seized and carried off the artillery which had been planted for its defence. "Governor Martin, apprehending further violence from the whig leaders, on the evening of the same day, fled from the palace; and, accompanied by a few of his most faithful councillors, retreated to fort Johnson on the banks of the Cape Fear." He did not, however, find

the fort a much safer position for his head-quarters than the palace at Newbern. In this retreat he was vigorously pursued, and forced to remove his military stores, as well as the head-quarters of his government, on board "his Majesty's ship-of-war Cruiser." The flight of his excellency, from the palace at Newbern, on the 24th of April, 1775, may be marked as the closing scene of the royal government. "During the spring of this year, 1775, the attention of all the colonies was directed towards Boston, a town which seemed to be the object of the devoted vengeance of the ministry." Several detached meetings of the people of Mecklenburg were held during the spring, in which it was declared, "that the cause of Boston was the cause of all;" and "that their destinies were indissolubly connected with those of their eastern fellow-citizens." Out of this state of feeling grew the *Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence*. The convention which assembled in Charlotte on the 19th of May, 1775, and declared independence on the succeeding 20th, was convoked by Col. Thomas Polk, who afterwards performed the office of a herald, in proclaiming its proceedings, "to a large, respectable, and approving assemblage of citizens." "The subject of independence was discussed during the two days of its session, and was at last unanimously declared. The news of the battle of Lexington arrived by express during the session of the convention; and this intelligence inflaming the minds of the people, the universal voice was for independence." The flame thus kindled at Lexington continued to spread through the province with unabated fury. Associations were held in various parts of the state, in all of which, they solemnly engaged "to take up arms, and risk *their lives and fortunes* in maintaining the freedom of our country." The people everywhere felt as if they were now breathing the delightful atmosphere of a free government. Reconciliation was at an end. Truly then was it said by Mr. Jefferson, in his letter to Mr. Adams, "no state was more forward or fixed." After Governor Martin was expelled from the province, and forced to take shelter on board his Majesty's ship-of-war Cruiser, and whilst this declaration, by the citizens of Mecklenburg, was still ringing unpleasantly in royal ears, he issued a lengthy proclamation—the last dying effort of fallen, but struggling authority. In this furious document, after reciting several "traitorous proceedings" of the people, he uses the following language: "And, whereas, I have also seen a most infamous publication in the Cape Fear Mercury, importing to be resolves of a set of people styling themselves a committee for the county of Mecklenburg, most traitorously declaring the entire dissolution of the laws, government and constitution of this country, and setting up a system of rule and regulation repugnant to the laws and subversive of his Majesty's government." This extract cannot be viewed by the most skeptical inquirer as otherwise than affording *impartial and contemporaneous* evidence. Another high source of authority attesting the identity of this declaration is to be found in the manuscript "Journal of the War in the South," by the late Rev. Humphrey Hunter, who was an eyewitness of the proceedings of that day, and a soldier of the Revolution. This journal we saw before any extracts from it came before the public, and know it was *expressly prepared* to show to the world the part its author took in scenes

which "tried men's souls," and to confirm and perpetuate this memorable declaration. In this "Journal" may be seen an account of the battle of Camden, and the most correct detail of the painful circumstances attending the fall and death of the brave Baron De Kalb. We deem it unnecessary to analyze particularly the various sources of evidence, any one of which justly merits respectful consideration. The certificate of Captain James Jack, who bore the declaration to Congress, then in session at Philadelphia; a letter from the late General Joseph Graham, a soldier of the Revolution, and covered with scars in its defence; the personal testimony of the late Colonel William Polk of Raleigh; and a letter from John Davidson, the last surviving signer, have all been adduced to confirm its adoption, and constitute a mass of high and indisputable testimony. Numerous events in our Revolutionary history, which have received the stamp of universal belief for more than half a century, cannot present a more formidable phalanx of irresistible proof.

In the article above referred to, the serious inquiry has been raised, "How is it possible that this paper, if it reached Congress, was concealed?" To this we answer in the language of the "Journal," just mentioned, that "on the return of Captain Jack, he reported that Congress, individually, manifested their entire approbation of the conduct of the Mecklenburg citizens, but deemed it premature to lay them officially before the house." In other words, the citizens of Mecklenburg, and of the state generally, were more than one year in advance of the other colonies in a determination to declare independence. At that period Congress had not arrived at sufficient maturity of opinion as to ensure unanimity of action on a question so momentous, and on the determination of which depended the destiny of the nation. There were many distinguished patriots who still ardently entertained hopes of an amicable adjustment of difficulties with the mother country; but in North Carolina pacific measures were out of the question—the royal Governor was expelled from the province, and the people quietly living under a whig government! Generality of opinion had already developed itself in Congress, but an approach to unanimity of opinion was necessary before an appeal to arms—the *dernier resort* of an injured people. It is then, in all probability, to the "premature" nature of this declaration, and its consequent informal reception by Congress, that we are to attribute the absence of any record of its presentation on the journals of that body. The question has been likewise asked, why it should remain unknown so long afterwards? To this we answer that few copies of such a paper would be prepared at first, and consequently, still fewer would escape the ravages of time. These, through the careless researches of historians, have remained concealed until within a few years past. A noble task still devolves on some future historian, of compiling from the musty records in the archives at Raleigh, and from other sources, public and private, a full and complete history of the state. To exemplify still farther the ignorance that has hitherto prevailed on the colonial history of the state, we will barely introduce an important transaction of the provincial Congress which convened in Halifax, April 4, 1776. In this Congress, the question of independence was moved, discussed and unanimously approved—a circumstance alone

calculated to perpetuate its fame. On the succeeding 12th, a report was submitted, concluding with a resolution empowering their delegation in the continental Congress, to concur with the other colonies in declaring independence. These proceedings, it will be seen, preceded the recommendation of the Virginia convention on the same subject by more than a month, and is the first open and public declaration, by state authority, on record. This resolution was forwarded to the continental Congress, and presented to that body on the 27th of May, 1776. Although this illustrious movement reflects so much honor on the state, and corroborates the opinion that the people were fully ripe for independence, yet, it too, like the Mecklenburg declaration, was doomed to long and silent repose. Within a few years it has been observed among the state papers at Washington City, and has been properly noticed in Mr. Pitkin's able and useful work, the "Political and Civil History of the United States." Again, a serious charge has been advanced by Professor Tucker in his "Life of Jefferson," where he says the compiler of the Mecklenburg Declaration borrowed certain parallel phrases from the National Declaration, and interpolated them into that copy. This is a bold charge, but we think neither plausible nor tenable. We entirely concur in the following introductory remarks of the editor on the "Review" above quoted. "We do not adopt Professor Tucker's theory, that the extant copy of the Mecklenburg Declaration is so far spurious, that the compiler of it borrowed from Mr. Jefferson's draft these parallel phrases, and interpolated them into the Mecklenburg copy. We are willing to admit the present Mecklenburg copy to be as it was at first written, and we entirely dissent from Professor Tucker's account of the changes and interpolations which he has assigned to that copy." There is one circumstance which ought to settle this matter to the satisfaction of the candid inquirer, and bar all idea of interpolation. The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence as published, and now in the executive office of North Carolina, was preserved by General Davie, a name of distinction and worth in the south, and illustrious in the history of the state. A proper appreciation of this fact alone brings the Professor's charge, with all its improbability, to the ground. We think these "parallel phrases" may be accounted for in quite a different and far more charitable way. It is simply this: as the grievances of the colonies were of a common nature, resulting from a violation of their just rights, so would their sentiments naturally flow in equivalent, or similar language. Whoever will examine the numerous resolutions, speeches, letters, &c. on colonial affairs, will find many vivid thoughts—the glowing emanations of a patriotic and warm-hearted people, conveyed in nearly identical language. Even among the colonial papers which have lately come to light in North Carolina, this similarity, and sometimes identity of language, is perceptible for several years anterior to the adoption of the National Declaration. In the course of time many of these choice expressions—these "phrases of rhetorical excellence"—would be noted and remembered by every enthusiastic lover of liberty, and thus become interwoven into the proceedings of the times. Such we believe to be the "common fountain" to which such parallel expressions, in the two instruments, may be traced.

We have now presented a brief outline of the train of proceedings leading to the adoption of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence on the 20th of May, 1775. If we have succeeded in imparting information, invalidating objections, or removing prejudices from the mind of any one on this subject, our humble, though laudable, ambition, will be fully satisfied, and our limited exertions amply rewarded.

C. L. H.

MIDNIGHT.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

'Tis Midnight all, the solemn noon of Night!
Through the clear vault of heaven, in constant care,
The silent Moon pursues her pathless course,
And the lone Stars, like "wakeful sentinels,"
Do keep their vigil in the far-off sky!
Nature reposes on the lap of Night,
And Earth's glad voices now are hushed and still,
Save but the cricket's solemn, distant chirp,
And the deep baying of the faithful dog!

The city's hum has ceased: no more the sound
Is heard of busy artists, at their toil,
Nor hurried step of eager, gathering crowds,
Who throng the mart, intent on paltry gain!
'Tis silent all—no sound of human voice,
Save the hoarse watchman's cry, "*Past twelve o'clock!*"

Man resteth from his labors: all his cares
Lost in the soothing rest Oblivion gives!
Forgot are all his carking woes and toils,
While his "tired nature" hugs the grateful couch,
Wrapped by the balmy mantle of repose!
Man resteth from his labors, only where
The feeble taper 'lumes the house of wo:
Where, bending low beside the sick one's couch,
The anxious mother mourns her suffering child,
Or the fond wife bewails her bosom's lord;
Or where, perchance, in secret halls of vice,
The haggard gambler tempts the desperate die,
Or rushes madly on the dart of Death;
Or where, in chambers of more shameful crime,
The child of guilty pleasure seeks his lust!

Man resteth! Sweet his peaceful, hallowed rest,
Where conscience slumbereth peacefully within.
The infant smileth mid his dream of heaven,
And the fond mother folds her happy boy
Close to love's aching breast, and keeps him there:—
The maiden murmurs in her dream of Love
The name long cherished in her inmost soul,
Then blushes at the memory of the name;
While the fond lover, starting from his couch,
Calls for a moment on her treasured name,
Then turns him to his pleasant sleep again:—
The peasant slumbers, on his humble bed,
More happy than his lord, who restless turns,
But still his fevered frame no rest can find:—
The merchant dreameth of increasing gain,—
The miser counteth oft his hoarded gold,—
But oh! the pillow of the man of guilt!
No peace is there—but dæmons haunt his bed,

Weave all his dreams, and riot in his groans:—
The prisoner turns him on his lowly pallet,
And the deep clanking of his dungeon chain
Goes up for witness to the bar of Heaven:—
He who deceived the heart of trusting Love,
And basely ruined, where he should protect,
Starts back, all trembling, at the pallid form
Of the lost victim, beckoning him afar,
And shrieks, and groans, and prays for Death—for
Hell:—

He who hath trod dishonor's shameful path,
And wronged the widow and her lonely babes,
What ghastly visions gloom upon his sleep:—
But ah! whence comes that shriek of wild despair,
That yell of agony, too dire for Earth?—
'Twas from the murderer's couch, of scorpion-sting,
Where Conscience points him to his victim slain,
And whispers of his fearful, written doom!

* * * * *

Man resteth—for a moment's fleeting space!
But the soon Morning's dawn shall call him forth,
Again to mingle with the busy world!
But for a little while—and man shall rest
In Death's long slumber, in the grave's still night:
And he shall wake no more on Earth again:
But, at the last, the mighty Angel's trump
Shall wake him from the midnight of the tomb,
And call him up to judgment: There, in truth,
Must he be judged for all his actions done;
And, if he be accounted meet for such reward,
Shall cease from all his labors and his cares,
And enter into everlasting rest.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous—from 1793 to 1830.—Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire—and translated from the French for the Messenger, by a gentleman in Paris.

BARON TAYLOR AND THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

After completing some very beautiful decorations for the theatre *du panorama dramatique*, and, among others, a glass veil, which some twelve years ago attracted all Paris by its novelty, M. Taylor suddenly became a Captain of the Staff, a Baron, and a Royal Commissioner near the *Theatre Français*. M. Taylor, a spirited and pure writer, succeeded in proving that the duties of a commissioner of the government, near a royal theatre, are, for so distinguished a wit as himself, of such easy execution, that the person who enjoys the situation, and draws a salary of six thousand francs a year, may consecrate nine months of the twelve to scientific voyages at the expense of the government. It happened to M. Taylor that he sometimes dated his receipts for instalments of his salary as a Commissioner Royal for the *Theatre Français* from the banks of the Nile.

During one of these excursions into Egypt, M. Taylor, on visiting the pyramids, according to custom, engraved his name upon the stone of these ancient monuments. But his mind was, at the moment, occupied about something else; he was, perhaps, thinking of his duties at the *Theatre Français*, so that his name was badly cut. The second stroke of the *y*, in the word *Taylor*, was omitted.

One evening, after his return to Paris, while promenading in the green-room of the opera, he encountered an Englishman, who had also visited Egypt and the pyramids; and who, if he had not engraved his name on the stone of these monuments, had at least taken into his head the singular fancy of copying, in his memorandum book, all the inscriptions which time had suffered to remain legible.

"Then," said M. Taylor, "I hope that I have not been entirely forgotten by you, since my name must be on your tablets."

"No, I assure you it is not."

"How is that? It is not a year since I engraved it; it could hardly be effaced already."

"I assure you I did not discover it."

"It is very extraordinary."

"I read and copied a *Tailor*; but your name is too well known, in the literary world, for me to confound it with any other. I have always read your name written with a *y*, while the one I have copied contained only an *i*."

The next morning, by seven o'clock, M. Taylor was at the office of the Minister of the interior: he announced his intention of going into Egypt to complete his unfinished researches, and solicited a new mission from the government.

The request was too legitimate a one to be refused. The *Théâtre Français* was again deprived of its Royal Commissioner for nearly a year; but the *Tailor* of the pyramids is now *Taylor*.

THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

I trust the reader will not peruse, without interest, some details concerning the origin and character of the Pacha of Egypt, which were communicated to me by a French general officer, to whom the Egyptian army was indebted for the excellent organization which rendered it so formidable to the Ottoman empire.

Méhémet-Ali is a man of great capacity; he has effected a prodigious advance in the civilization of the East. An inquiry into the origin of a man, who, without instruction, and by the sole power of his own talents, has made himself the independent sovereign—independent, at least in fact, of an immense country, cannot fail to be interesting.

At the period of the campaign in Egypt, 1798, Méhémet-Ali was nothing but a brave and enterprising contrabandist. He had already inflicted incalculable losses upon the government, which, despairing of becoming master of his person, offered him a pardon, and a rank equivalent to that of a French *chef-de-bataillon*, (the title of this grade signifies, in the language of Egypt, the commander of a thousand men) if he would unite himself with his band to the troops sent against the French army.

Méhémet-Ali accepted the offer. His successes were but feeble, but he knew how to profit by them—he perfectly understood the fabrication of bulletins; and it was not long before he succeeded in creating himself a party. Egypt having been evacuated by the French army, Méhémet-Ali labored still more actively in the execution of the great *projet* which he had conceived; and one day having cut off the heads of three Pachas,

and strangled two others, he proclaimed himself Pacha of Egypt, uniting under his authority the different governments, of which he made himself the heir, by putting to death their rightful rulers.

The Porte did not hesitate to confirm him in the dignity which he had conferred upon himself. The tribute is the great question for the Porte in affairs of this sort; and it generally shows itself but little disposed to disturb any enterprising individual, who may thus possess himself of power, especially at five hundred leagues from the metropolis, provided he sends a supply of presents, and promises to pay the regular tribute. Méhémet-Ali paid it very regularly for several years, though I believe he is just now somewhat in arrear.

When Méhémet-Ali made himself Pacha of Egypt he could neither read nor write. In Egypt and Turkey a man of elevated dignity does not find it absolutely necessary to know how to write, but he ought to know how to read. Méhémet-Ali perceived this necessity on discovering that his secretaries had frequently misread the *firmans* or despatches which they submitted to him. He accordingly determined to learn to read, but he was anxious to do so in secret.

One morning he was informed that a vessel, bearing the imperial flag of Morocco, was signaled at the entrance of the port of Alexandria. He ascertained that this vessel had been freighted for a son and a daughter of the Emperor of Morocco, who were going on a pilgrimage to Mecca. He invited them to repose from the fatigues of their voyage—the Prince in his palace, and the Princess in his harem—promising to treat them with a hospitality worthy of their rank.

A few days afterwards the imperial Prince was enabled to continue his voyage; but the Princess remained voluntarily in the harem at Alexandria, and became one of the four legitimate wives of Méhémet-Ali. The Pacha of Egypt had four harems, and eight hundred wives; and in each harem he had a legitimate wife.

The Princess of Morocco was extremely well educated; she knew how to read, and became the instructor of Méhémet-Ali; and when the education of the Vice Roy was completed, his secretaries learnt, in undergoing the punishment which he inflicted on them, that their master was no longer contented to be deceived.

There are few men, even in Europe, who have more extended, or accurate information, than the Pacha of Egypt, on the subjects of agriculture, navigation, and commerce. Heretofore the necessity of securing his conquests, and of establishing definitely his independence, has compelled him to impose enormous charges on his subjects; but his immense works will survive him, and Egypt will be indebted to him, at a future and not very distant period, for an incalculable increase of her riches, and a civilization which he invites by all the means in his power. The desertion of Soleman-Bey was a severe loss to him. Soleman would have been a remarkable man in Europe. He spoke French, German, English, and Italian with equal facility; and he had made himself well acquainted with the exact sciences. It was never certainly known to what cause to attribute the discontent which induced him to abandon the cause of the Pacha of Egypt for that of Mahmoud. Mahmoud himself looked with dis-

trust upon this desertion; and Soleman, whose death was announced a few months after he quitted the service of the Pacha, it was said, was poisoned by order of the Sultan. He had a brother among the young Egyptians entrusted to the care of M. Jomard.

Méhémet-Ali is admirably seconded by his son Ibrahim, a General endowed with great military talents, but whose excellent qualities have been dimmed by the most frightful cruelty. Ibrahim does not send to the executioner those who displease him—he puts them to death himself. He has never failed in devotion to his father, though he has not always approved his political ideas; however, he more recently has altered his opinions, and surrendered himself up entirely to a system which he promises to continue.

The Pacha of Egypt has a buffoon of the name of Mustapha. This creature is not without wit. He unites with his functions of regular buffoon, those attached to one of the great dignitaries of the palace. Mustapha enjoys much favor; but with oriental Princes the most extraordinary regard does not always prevent exposure to very disagreeable caprices.

"Mustapha," said Méhémet-Ali, one day to his buffoon, "let us play a game of checkers."

"I am at the service of your highness."

"But I desire that you should lose."

"Then I will lose."

"What shall we play for?"

"Whatever your highness may please."

"Then we will play—you will lose; and, if you do, I will have you thrown into a well."

"I will play—I will lose; and if your highness wishes to have me thrown into a well, I will be thrown—you are master."

The game was played, the buffoon lost, and the Pacha ordered him, accordingly, to be thrown into a well, which was done. He was immediately drawn out, and brought back, wet through and through, to the presence of his master, who gave him the magnificent cachemire which he wore round his own waist to wipe himself with.

THE SLIPPER OF M. DE PEYRONNET.

An old and common proverb says—*trop gratter cuit, trop parler nuit*. If the principle of this proverb is applicable to common life and private individuals, how much more is it to public men, whose most insignificant words, when collected, weighed, and commented upon, receive from the interpretation that may be given them, an importance which those who uttered them never dreamt of. It especially applies to those expressions uttered in a moment of passion; and which, for the very reason that they seem less the result of reflection, are received as involuntary but positive evidence of the secret thoughts of the speaker.

When, during the conferences of Dresden, the Emperor said harshly to M. de Metternich, who had come to have an understanding with him on the basis of the alliance between France and Austria, "How much do the English give to determine you to advise the Emperor of Austria to separate himself from me?" he made an open enemy of the most influential member of the Austrian cabinet; and, by a word, pronounced in a

moment of ill-humor and impatience, alienated the only great power which still hesitated to declare against him.

It is probable that M. de Metternich had received from the English either money or promises. Had the Emperor not have been soured by the misfortunes of the Russian campaign, and the recent desertions which he had suffered from, he would have contented himself by offering M. de Metternich double the sum he supposed him to have been promised by the English, saving to himself the means of seizing, at his pleasure, a favorable opportunity for procuring his dismissal from the Ministry: but anger never reasons.

When, during the famous sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, in which the petition, demanding the recall of those who had been proscribed in 1815, was reported, M. de Serre pronounced, in reference to this subject, the word *never*! he lost, by that single expression, the prestige with which his brilliant success in the tribune had surrounded him. He became an ordinary man. The word *never* should not have passed the lips of a statesman.

M. de Peyronnet who seemed to set himself studiously to work, for the purpose of covering with oblivion the excellent qualities which it was impossible not to recognize in him, also uttered one of those expressions which destroy a man. The two last sessions which preceded the fall of the Ministry of M. Villèle, were marked, in spite of the compact majority of three hundred which sustained the government, by those half-checks of the tribune which foretell the end of an administration. The Council had also begun to suffer some discord. M. de Peyronnet, less a statesman, and more of a partizan than M. de Villèle, more frank and free in his behaviour than the President of the Council, energetically repulsed everything which seemed like concession.

The session of 1825 had just terminated, and M. de Peyronnet announced his intention of visiting some of the watering places of the continent. One of his friends observed that it would hardly be prudent to absent himself at such a moment. "What matters it?" said M. de Peyronnet; "they will never dare to do anything without me. I leave my slipper here, which is all that is necessary."

These words, circulated in the court and the saloons, by the amiable friend who heard them, made more and more dangerous enemies for M. de Peyronnet, than all the acts of his long and difficult Ministry.

SONNET—TO MARY.

Mary! 'twas when at first thine eye I met,
Love claimed my heart, and set his arrow there:
Call me not rash—he came unbidden, yet,
O! not unwelcome! Then I breathed a prayer,
Invoking him to use his witching wiles
To plead my cause with thee; for, O! 'twas vain
To ward the archery of those radiant smiles,
For ever, as I chanced to meet thine eye,
The fickle Archer-God was sure to gain
Over my heart a fresher victory.

And now he doth so like a tyrant reign,
I have no joy, no peace, save thou art nigh.
My love is boundless! changeless! Oh that thou
Wouldst welcome Cupid and my true heart's vow!
Richmond, April, 1838.

L. L.

THE ADVENTURERS.*

BY HORATIO KING.

In the early part of the 17th century, the Indians held undisputed sway throughout almost the whole territory of the province of Maine. There were several tribes of them, and their number very great. Few whites had ventured far beyond their scattered settlements on the seaboard; and though several treaties had been made with the Indians, who solemnly swore to maintain peace, their engagements, as often as entered into, were broken. At one of these conferences in June, 1703, attended by the chiefs of the Norridgewock, Penobscot, Penacook, Ameriscoggin and Pequakett tribes, the governor of the state also being present, the natives assured him "that they aimed at nothing more than peace; and that as high as the sun was above the earth, so far distant should their designs be of making the least breach between each other." But in less than two months from the date of this treaty, aided by the French, who were then at war with the English, they destroyed almost every village and dwelling east of the Saco river; and in fact, extended their devastations as far south as Wells. They continued their hostilities, without intermission, until 1713, when another treaty of peace was entered into between them and the government—delegates from the tribes on the St. John, Kennebec, Ameriscoggin, Saco and Merrimac being present at the conference. The Indians manifesting a friendly disposition, the whites now ventured to return and re-establish themselves in their former situations along the seaboard. It was several years, however, after this treaty, before any considerable number took up their residence east of the Kennebec river. "Falmouth Neck," (now Portland) and vicinity, affording some of the most pleasant situations on the coast, emigration was directed that way, and population increased there quite rapidly. But the renewal of Indian hostilities in 1720, again checked the progress of population and the prosperity of the settlers, who were destined to suffer for five years in another bloody conflict with these wild and savage dwellers of the forest. It was in August, 1724, of this war, it will be recollected, that the English surprised and entirely destroyed the settlement of the Norridgewocks, eighty of whom were killed, and among whom was "Father Ralle," their French Priest, who had resided with them over thirty years, and had been instrumental in inciting them to harass, plunder, and murder the whites. It will, doubtless, also be recollected, that the closing battle of this war, of any considerable importance, was the engagement between the volunteer company under

Captain Lovell, and the Pequaketts, whose chief was Paugus, in May, 1725. In December of that year, another treaty was executed, and finally ratified by all the eastern tribes.

But the back country was yet a vast wilderness, and still alive with innumerable savages, professedly friendly, but whose warlike and ferocious spirit was still unsubdued. Even while professing friendship, there were always those among them not scrupulous about committing depredations upon the property of the whites, and taking their lives also, whenever it happened to suit their purposes. The latter were obliged to submit silently to these outrages, or run the risk of kindling a flame which might overwhelm and entirely destroy them. Their ravages, however, were not very extensive; and the settlers were encouraged to persevere in their enterprises—every year becoming better established, and increasing in numbers and strength, by emigrations from the older towns in Massachusetts and other states, as well as from Europe.

Among the early settlers of North Yarmouth, the town adjoining Falmouth, was a company of enterprising young men from Duxbury, Massachusetts. They emigrated thither about the year 1743. Purposing to journey into the wilderness together, suitable preparations were made for their comfort and safety on the way. By previous arrangement, the evening before setting out was spent in company with each other, for the purpose of a mutual understanding upon matters interesting to them all. Ten in number, they met at a handsome dwelling, a short distance from the centre of the town, in which they belonged, on the road leading from Duxbury to Plymouth. The house, a few years since, was still standing, having, by occasional repairs, been preserved in a good condition.

"Well," said Jones, the adventurous band having, as above remarked, all assembled together, "we have, at length, succeeded in mustering courage sufficient to cut the strong cords which have thus far closely confined us to our native hills! What success, think you, shall we experience in this new move of ours?"

"I fear we shall have a tedious journey of it," answered Freeman, another of the company.

"Yes," added a third, named Davis, "and ten to one if it be not a bloody one too! Those red rascals, down east, are as numerous almost as the trees; and we may think ourselves lucky if we reach our destination with whole scalps! What say, Jones—is your old firelock in prime order?"

"Aye, let me alone for that," replied Jones, "she is sure fire, and no stranger either to the red faces, as some of them, to their sorrow, have felt! She was true to the country long before I came upon the stage—trust me, she will not prove unfaithful now! What's the matter, friend Rice?"

* For the historical facts in this sketch, the writer is indebted, mainly, to Willis's History of Portland.

why look so sad?" continued Jones, jocosely; "I suspect the thought of leaving young Eliza occupies your mind at this time. Cheer up, my fellow! bright prospects are before you, and you will soon be prepared to take her to yourself. Come! what's the use of sadness? we'll have a pleasant journey and a prosperous time of it yet."

"To tell the truth," answered Rice, "I do feel rather sad this evening—not from the cause you intimate, however, but I had a dream last night—and I fear it may come to pass."

"A dream, eh?" exclaimed several of the company, with a burst of laughter, in which Rice was forced to join.

"Yes," continued he, "I dreamed that we were on our way, and were attacked and cut to pieces by the Indians. It appeared so much like reality, that I awoke trembling and much alarmed; and, in spite of my courage, the circumstance has given me not a little uneasiness since."

"A truce to your dreams!" said Drinkwater, "leave them to the old women. Come, who shall be our commander?"

"Jones, Jones," answered a number of voices. The vote was taken, and Mr. Jones unanimously declared to be their choice for Captain. The dream was laughed out of the company, as a matter of no moment.

The war of 1703, and subsequent wars with the Indians, had proved exceedingly unhappy to many of Jones' ancestors; and he was ready to embrace the first opportunity which might offer itself to chastise the savages for their cruelty so often displayed. He readily accepted the appointment, swearing by his old firelock, to do his duty manfully.

"Now, Captain," said Blanchard, another of the company, "suppose we encounter a gang of hostile red faces, what shall be our first step?"

"Shoot every soul of them, and send them to settle their accounts with Father Ralle!" was the reply. "But we must keep a bright look out, or they'll wing us before we know it!"

"Right, Captain," responded Blanchard, "they know well how to take their game, as poor Lovell and his ill-fated but gallant band might testify."

"Aye, but Paugus finally found his match," said the Captain, "and if they surprise us, we must endeavor to give them as good as they send. They, too, may find their scalps at head quarters for the premium, and ourselves the bearers!"

"Good!" exclaimed Mitchell, who, until now, had remained almost in silence. "Who knows but we may make our fortunes in whipping the rascals? What will they bring a head, Captain?"

"Stop, stop," interrupted Rice, "you are a little too fast; the government pays no premium for scalps now—what's more, we had better take care of our own, or I am no prophet!"

"Well, well," replied Mitchell, "premium or

not, I hope we shall not get frightened at dreams before starting! Do, friend Rice, take courage! We have to die but once, and that's but a trifle, you know, if we are only prepared! Ah, I recollect, the governor withdrew the premium on the heads of the Indians, upon their promising good fashions in future. Maybe they'll not trouble us."

"But who'll trust them?" continued Rice. "They have broken their pledges, and proved false too often to be trusted now. For myself, I intend to be on my guard against them—and heaven grant my dream may prove the presage of no evil!"

All acknowledged the importance of being prepared for the worst; and the company, after spending the evening in a manner somewhat as above described, separated to seek rest and take leave of their friends, in view of an early start in the morning.

In those days, it was considered a great undertaking to travel from the old settlements in Massachusetts to the province of Maine, especially if the adventurers were purposing to take up a permanent residence "down east." Compared with such a journey then, the distance from Maine to New Orleans is travelled now with perfect ease. Running through vast forests, and very little travelled, the road, much of the way, was hardly more than a rough path; and the danger of being surprised and massacred by the Indians, added much to the importance of the undertaking. Nothing daunted, however, and full of courage, our enterprising band were assembled and ready for their march in the morning, ere the sun had again made his appearance. It was early in the spring of the year, and they were to make their journey on foot. Thus, each with a knapsack of provisions, &c. upon his back, and a good gun on his shoulder, they started on their way.

For the first five or six days, they met with no serious difficulty, though occasionally startled with the sight of an Indian, springing up and bounding on ahead of them, as if alarmed at the approach of white men. But on the seventh day of their journey, they were not so fortunate. Two of their company, Captain Jones and Mitchell, had wandered from the rest, a short distance from the road, in search of game. They were near each other, when, much to their surprise, they heard in a direction still farther from the road, the report of two guns, and balls came whistling by, lodging in the body of a large tree immediately behind them. It was evidently the salutation of no friend. Quick as thought, both sprang for safety to the opposite side of the tree from which the balls had penetrated, and prepared to return the shots. In an instant, they saw two Indians, with uplifted tomahawks, slowly advancing toward them, as if they thought their balls had taken effect—the smoke of their guns, probably, shielding their

intended victims, for the moment, from their sight. They were suffered to advance but a short distance, before each found himself drinking deeply of the cup he anxiously hoped and believed was the bitter lot of others! The sure fire of Jones and his companion had brought them to the ground, and they lay before them in the agonies of death! Those of the company in the road, hearing the report of the guns in such quick succession, hastened to the spot just in time to see each of the savages draw his last breath, which was spent in earnest entreaties for their lives to be spared.

"What now!" exclaimed Davis, addressing the Captain. "The fellows attempted to blow you through, eh? A bad move for them, I'm thinking!"

"And for us, too, I fear," added Freeman. "Either of you wounded, Captain?"

"Not touched," replied Jones—"a thousand wonders we were not both killed. The rascals must have taken deliberate aim at us!"

"Aye," said Cutter, the youngest of the company; "but you paid them in their own coin, Captain; they've no cause for grumbling!"

"True!" responded the Captain; "but we must hasten to conceal their bodies and be off, or it may be ill with us yet! Their confederates are not far distant, I warrant you."

No time was lost in attending to this suggestion. The remains of the two savages, together with all they had about them, were buried near the place where they fell, being covered with decayed wood and such other light materials as were at hand; and all again proceeded on their way. They were now somewhat alarmed, as they had reason to be, lest the occurrence might be the means of involving them in more serious difficulty. The day was far spent, and they had knowledge of no human habitation to which they might flee for safety during the approaching night. Summoning to their aid all their courage, however, they determined to make the night answer a good purpose to them, even though it brought no rest to their weary limbs. They therefore improved the larger part of it in travelling as far on their journey as possible, in hopes to get beyond the reach of the Indians, should they be pursued. At the dawn of day, on the following morning, thinking themselves no longer immediately in danger, they halted in the midst of the wilderness, to take rest and refresh themselves by food. A good hour or more having passed, they resumed their march. But they had proceeded but a few miles, when Mitchell, a little ahead of the rest, caught the glimpse of an Indian still farther on, just springing across the road to a shrubby thicket on the left. He gave the alarm, and the Captain directed his comrades to leave the road, that in case of an attack, the trees might serve to defend them from the fire of the enemy. The

command was hardly given, before the report of a gun was heard, and Rice fell, wounded, to the ground—a musket ball having passed through his leg just below the knee, entirely disabling him. A sharp contest was now anticipated as certain to follow; for they correctly believed themselves overtaken by the savages they had so much exerted themselves to avoid. Indeed, they immediately perceived that they were outnumbered, nearly two to one, by their foes, and that they must fight for their lives. The road they had travelled the night previous, it was afterwards found, was very circuitous; and the Indians, being acquainted with the way, had taken a shorter direction across the woods, for the purpose of concealing themselves in the thicket, and making sure of their prey undiscovered. But for the sharp look out and early alarm of Mitchell, their purpose would doubtless have been executed. A good Providence, however, still favored our adventurers. Guarded by the trees, they poured in a most deadly fire upon the savages, who had the advantage of no large trees to protect them. A brisk fire was kept up on either side for several minutes, when the savages, finding themselves constantly growing weaker, and disheartened by so unexpected a defeat, retreated into a contiguous swamp, intending to renew their attack under more favorable circumstances to themselves, having, in the first instance, chosen their position, not for defence, but concealment. Our gallant band (with the exception of poor Rice, who could not be found after the conflict,) being again at liberty to proceed, the question now arose, what direction they should take, to be most secure from the pursuit of the Indians. Still, in the midst of the wilderness, it was evident they could not follow the road with safety; and to leave it, and run the risk of finding their way to a settlement through a dense and almost boundless forest, was also exceedingly hazardous. One or the other course, however, must be taken; and the latter was decided upon as being, under the circumstances, most likely to end well. They accordingly left the road on the right, and travelled in a westerly direction from it—meeting with no other serious trouble on their journey. But for a fortunate circumstance on the next day, after leaving the road, however, it might not have been thus well with them. They had become bewildered, and utterly at a loss which way to proceed, when they discovered an Indian, apparently unarmed, advancing, with friendly gestures, towards them. They doubted, at first, his sincerity; but permitting him to approach, he soon convinced them of his friendly disposition, by directing their attention to a canoe which he had left behind, and which, he said, was but a short distance from the Saco river, where he had been engaged in fishing. They offered him a few trifling presents, and he in turn, gave them

some of his fish, of which, with other food, after cooking, they partook together, much to the satisfaction of all. It is needless to add, that the presence of their unfortunate companion, whom they had left behind, and whose loss they severely mourned, would have rendered the rough banquet of our travellers far more pleasant. But of his fate they were ignorant. They little doubted, however, that the Indians had, ere then, cruelly put an end to his existence, if so unfortunate as to have fallen into their hands; or, it was possible, his wound might have caused his death before the savages returned. His dream, in respect to himself at least, had indeed proved too true!

After a few hours' rest, our travellers, having engaged the friendly Indian to act as their guide, again started on their way, crossing the river by means of his canoe; and on the following day arrived safely at the settlement on Falmouth Neck. Purposing to follow farming for a livelihood, they chose North Yarmouth as their place of settlement. But before getting even comfortably situated, the French war was declared in 1744.

Notwithstanding the Indians on the west of Penobscot river, by a treaty with the government, bound themselves to remain neutral during the war, on being afterwards required to aid in subduing the St. John and Cape Sable Indians, who favored the French, they proved false, and joined the enemy. Hence war was declared against them in 1745, and a bounty of one hundred and sixty-five dollars established on Indian scalps. Volunteer companies were now raised to go in search of the Indians. In 1746, several individuals in North Yarmouth, among whom were our friends, Jones, Mitchell and Drinkwater, joined one of these companies. Philip Greeley, a neighbor, (who, if we mistake not, was also of the adventurous band,) having been shot by the Indians, near his cornfield. The strongest house in the neighborhood had been selected and guarded for a place of safety, by surrounding it with long posts, forced into the ground, closely joining each other, a few rods from the dwelling. Thus a number of families unitedly secured themselves from the constantly expected attacks of the Indians. Early on a morning in August, Greeley had left this dwelling to examine his cornfield, which was not far distant, and the Indians, being on the watch, fired upon and killed him, before he was able to get beyond their reach, or assistance could be rendered.

The volunteer company immediately started on their expedition. They were several days absent without encountering their foes, having penetrated the wilderness to the west of Saco river. At length, near the close of the fourth day, they saw two Indians, and orders were immediately given to shoot them down. They raised their pieces for

the fire, when the savages, dropping their weapons, ran towards them, begging for life. Being convinced of their pacific intentions, their entreaties were granted, on their voluntarily promising to bring to them, the next day, a white man, who, they said, had long been a captive in their tribe. They were faithful to their word, and to the unspeakable joy of the company and himself, the captive was no other than William Rice, who, three years before, had been left wounded in the power of the savages! Accompanied by the liberated captive, the party immediately returned home, delighted with their expedition. Thus was Rice restored to his friends, and civilized society, after a painful captivity of more than three years. On being discovered in his place of concealment by the Indians, in the first instance, after receiving the wound in his leg, he looked only for the most dreadful suffering and death. Faint from pain and loss of blood, he had lain several hours insensible when taken up. But weak and faint as he was, he was compelled to accompany the savages to their settlement, a distance of several miles, on foot! Here he soon learned that ten of their best warriors had fallen in the contest with his companions; and was given also to understand that his life was prolonged only to be disposed of in the most brutal manner, when a portion of the tribe, still in pursuit of his friends, should return! Fortunately for him, however, three days transpired before their return, affording him an opportunity of planning to avert the blow which was to fall upon him, and of gaining the confidence and esteem of the less savage of the tribe. He improved his time to advantage. Learning that a fatal malady prevailed among them, and professing to be a skillful physician, he flattered the savages that he might be highly serviceable to them, on his recovery, were his life spared. But though successful in alluring them from their dreadful purpose, he yet had serious reason to fear death from his wound, which, from want of proper attention, had thrown him into a violent fever. After severe suffering for several weeks, however, he at length recovered his health, but with almost the entire loss of the use of his leg. Having now little hope of regaining his liberty, except through the favor of the Indians, he used every exertion to please them in his power. As a physician, (though by profession a cobbler,) fortune seemed to smile on his efforts; for remarkable cures were indeed effected under his direction. He thus secured the confidence of the tribe, and made his situation comparatively one of happiness, being constantly supported by the hope of ere long seeing himself free, with his relatives and friends. Ignorant of his distance from the white settlements, he made no serious attempt to escape—trusting in God for a deliverance. The sequel proved that his trust was not in vain. After tarrying a short time in

North Yarmouth, he returned to his native town, welcomed by all—especially by Eliza Stanwood, who afterwards became his wife. A valuable and respected citizen, he died, much lamented, in 1767, at the age of fifty-six.

Our settlers in North Yarmouth, as well as in most other parts of the country, continued in a state of excitement from the war, until 1748, when the suspension of arms in Europe, resulting in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, put an end to the destructive warfare, which had so long disturbed their repose. The war being terminated, their prosperity was not again interrupted before the great revolution of 1776. Ardently engaged in the cause of freedom, they now aided in achieving the independence of their country—and lived, many of them, to witness the success and happiness of their descendants—the unparalleled prosperity of a great and free people in after years.

SPRING JOYS.*

By the author of "Love at the Shrines," "Sleet Storm," &c.

There is joy coming to us all from the skies, but it comes slowly and tremblingly, like a proud woman's smile upon the man she loves. The birds are making a great disturbance among the trees, and every now and then, a bud or a leaf, falls through the branches, and flutters in the breeze. Really spring is a delightful season to think in, and it fills the heart with delicious and never to be expressed sensations of delight—crowding it over with wild fancies of shaded valleys, and warm sunny slopes, where grow the daisies and the wild roses—those fragrant and simple flowers.

How gay are our children, and our wives are tramping over head, and closets are locked and unlocked, and large supplies of winter clothing are hanging on the back porch to air. The red cornered blankets are luxuriating in the genial beams, and the children are looking for crooked pins among them, which they call witches. You all remember those freaks, which are nothing more nor less than the first dawnings of fancy and imagination, that afterwards enlarge through the big veins of poetry or history, and marvel the world with goblins, and stories of wizards and warriors.

There is so much of domestic poetry in spring, that the soul yearns to it, and every minute beauty of nature becomes exaggerated to our eyes, and endeared a thousand fold to our hearts. It is the magnifying power of our love of nature!

How the morning sun glides over the window panes; and, lo! an old weather-beaten spider is crawling forth from his wintry lair, with steady and ferocious steps. I will watch the assassin giant. He spins out his coil of deadly rope, and takes a survey of his dominion.

* This article was written in early spring, but delayed in the hands of the author, which accounts for its late appearance. It is presumed that the thoughts of which it is composed, are so generally diffused through the hearts of all, that even at this late stage of the season, it will not be unwelcome.

The glassy surface is his slaughter-house. He seems to prick up his ears, that Arab of the window, and his long black legs are tremulous with ecstasy as he hears the murmuring buzz of his victim. Fool of a fly keep off! His eyes are glistening, and his sides distend with his hungry panting, and rapidly he whirls out his net. Nearer and nearer comes the child of frolic and of sugar—the ridiculous and sensual fly. He cleaves the air with his sonorous wings—he sees a thousand prismatic and beautiful colors in the glass—he sees the distant and glorious fields—the rose bushes in their incipient bloom—the cherry blossoms and the apple flowers—the green grass—and he longs to perch himself upon the tapering ears of my browsing steed, and rapidly he darts against the glass. He cannot break the sand-blown barrier, and forthwith, with an aching pate, (so hard was it thumped, that I wonder his brains were not scattered out,) he commences his dance on his forelegs. How he kicks and cuffs and grumbles and growls, and then bursts forth in a wild and romantic bugle note; finally he settles in a corner and smooths down his ruffled front, and strikes up his angular music with his elastic legs. Meantime the black giant is busily engaged. He keeps as silent as the grave; his fuzzy back is raised, and his ferocious eyes sparkle with savage joy; he swings himself along the glass by one of his cables, and apparently without noticing the fly, he spins out with greedy haste the death entrapping seine. The fly is dreaming by this of love and sugar-candy, having buzzed himself to sleep. Gently a thread is passed over one of his wings; he feels it not, for his noddle is filled with harmonious memories of the last summer's glories. The spider works on; another and another impalpable thread is passed over his pinions—the cord is tightened round his legs, and fully caught, and awake, the poor fly sets up the wail of the prisoner. His gentle and heart-rending appeal is lost upon the desert air; he is alone with the fly-eater, on a wide and desolate field of ice—not another fly is seen to speed to the rescue. A group of savage young spiders crawl out of their corners, and smirk at each other: they gaze around and watch from afar off the victory of their monarch: they sharpen their fangs for the first banquet of spring.

The tragedy is drawing to a close: my heart is touched at the ghastly picture of tyranny, and I feel now that I have read of such scenes in Roman and Grecian history, in English and Spanish annals, in French and German story, and I long to exercise the attributes of mercy and of vengeance. Just as the despot is about to pounce upon his entangled prey I will save him. To accomplish my purpose, I have slyly loosened my slipper from my left foot. Ha, the monster! he is now for the death spring! It is now my time. Mercy! I have smashed the glass into a thousand atoms! The spider's bloody carcass is crimsoned and mangled upon the heel of my shoe, and the fly is away upon the wing through the soft air, without one buzz of gratitude. That same chap will bite me on the nose, as in the midday heat of June, I poke it into a tumbler of iced punch or port. Such, alas! is the gratitude of flies and men.

It is now ten A. M. by the clock, and I saunter forth into a friend's beautiful garden, (sweet by its own natural adornment, and by the taste of those fair hands that strew its paths with flowers.) The lilacs, on the

crowning slopes, are blue and crimson ; the sun darts through the parted lips of leaves and flowers, and upon the short velvet grass he scatters his golden dust ; the fish are disporting in the pond, and yon old and sentimental trout, who lies so softly in the water-grass, is basking his fin in the summer warmth, and wags his pliant tail in all the luxury of piscatory contentment.

Oh, how the woodbine creeps around the dairy, and the moss spreading over the peaked roof, has wound itself into the semblance of a velvet collar around the coat of some ancient gentleman. There is a still, but eloquent meditative sentiment about this spot, that checks the worldly thought, and ministers to the true throb of the innocent nature. The thick and shady grove over my head, and yon majestic oak, with his thousand branches, which he lifts with a sentient majesty to the sun, how beautiful—how full of testament of a God ! It is spring—the year is in its youth and its purity ; and that majesty, which ere long, is to tower in its saffron robes and glittering coronals, is lapped on the cradle of a million buds, and rocked to and fro by the balmy breath of the playful zephyra. My soul is glad within me ; and melodious symphonies of boyhood—memories of my life's earliest hours—trip over the green sward of recollection, and sing peace and quiet to my struggling heart. There is no blemish in that retracing of those sunny paths, save of truancy from the stern school, and of precepts from parents—those kind representatives of our God—neglected or disobeyed.

The wiry dog, my loved companion, gazes askant on the pellucid waters of the fish-pond, and watches with an eye of intelligent interest, the swift motions of the Gold Fish, who scatters with his beaming tail the waters in his course. An old and solitary squirrel, gray as my grandfather's wig, chirps on the outward branches of the oak, and ogles a young blackbird, his only companion, in these verdant latitudes, with a cute and curious eye. Not a breath stirs a leaf. An aroma pervades the air, and fills my senses with rapture. The spring is the angel of God made visible to mortal ken in various and wonderful figurations. It bursts in beauty upon our senses in the lily—it threatens in the distant thunder—breathes to us from the limbs of the forests and the flowers of the fields ; and we read of the existence of a God in a leaf, which maps his power. How solemn and how calm—how glorious and how tender, are the sentiments that flock to the heart's fold, like so many young birds, hopeful of the mother, at the first outburst of the spring. We lift our eyes up to the blue worlds, and the ear and the mouth are filled with fragrant gales, and we let our souls go out to the skies, and converse with the seraphims. We hear their gold-strung harps, and our minds, how intellectual in such moments of transcendent enthusiasm, hold words of wisdom with those who stand nearest to the mighty one of all. Virtue now becomes a graven and cabalistic word upon the tops of the mountains, and honor and justice are reflected from the skies into those thoughtful sheets of water that lie between those hills of everlasting strength. The earth and the air—the waves, those dark and mighty waves, that roll and flash into eternity, with their mysterious murmurs, seem filled with the moral sentiment of innocence ; and the little barque that floats like a wafer upon their long swells, is as safe as

the star that rides upon the bosom of that blue heaven, which at night covers us with religion and majesty.

It is spring, and yet how fickle ! The price of fuel has not diminished, and the poor man who digs up his little patch of earth, and cultivates his cabbage and potatoes, turns at evening into his humble shed, and finds his little ones warming their hands over the unseasonable fire. However, that will not last long. The south wind is springing up, and I see the rose bushes bend to and fro. Bear up with cheerful hearts for awhile, ye poor, and the showers soft will be poured out, and to the sound of your children's merry prattle, the buds will bloom into perfection.

Two blankets o' night in May ! I won't hear of it ! What ! when I know that the wheat crops and the rye patches are busy at their golden crowns and tassels—when I hear the mockingbird, and see the soft moon of love, and the stars so warm ! I will keep up the old custom of sleeping under a white counterpane, and leave blankets to those who cannot bear music in spring gales, or see beauty in spring shrubs. It is night, and the memories are at work—those busy chaps that garner up the old dried leaves of flowers interspersed in our school books, and that prate so garrulously of our schoolboy sweethearts, when we used to copy verses from the "Lady of the Lake" for our beloved. Oh ! how they were kept in of evenings for not knowing those old primer tasks ; their young noddles so full of us boys ! Imprisoned with the stern dominie, even while the rainbow spanned the east ! Mayhap his old heart was touched with their young beauty. Delicious recollections ! What to them are the memories of the conqueror's march through vanquished nations—through bloody and dead armies—over rent banners and broken constitutions—perhaps over dead liberty ? Oh, nothing—absolutely nothing. The fresh memory of boyish innocence—of flowers that were culled to crown our sweethearts with—the gambol and the sport—the game upon the green—the tumble and the toss,—oh, they are the memories that nature dictates, and that God feels for. All others, of vanity, of victory, of blood, of crowns, of politics, of power and ambition, are but as demons that darken the sunshine of the earth, and convert the chapel of the mind, sacred in its orisons and its object, into a hated arena of unworthy thought.

Washington City, May, 1838.

LEIGH HUNT,

ON SONNET-WRITING AND SONNET-WRITERS IN GENERAL.

It would be difficult to find, in any writer whose works have crossed the Atlantic, more pertness and shallowness than appear in the subjoined piece, written by Leigh Hunt, for the *Examiner* newspaper ; of which we believe, he was editor.

It is from our old Blackwood, for 1819.

"Petrarch wrote Sonnets. This, I think, is pretty generally known—I mean among the true lovers of Italian poetry. Of course, I do not here

allude to those young ladies and gentlemen who are beginning to learn Italian, as they say, and think Petrarch really a charming man, and know by heart the names of Tasso and Ariosto, and of that wholesale dealer in grand vagaries, Dante. But besides these, several other Italian writers have composed sonnets, though I do not think with the rest of the world, that they have brought this species of composition to anything like perfection.

"Among us, Shakspeare and Milton have made attempts. Milton, by the way, is known to people in general merely as the author of *Paradise Lost*: but his masque, called *Comus*, I think the finest specimen of his poetical powers, faulty as it is in many respects. Some allowance, however, must be made for his youth at the time he wrote it; and indeed I must, in common fairness, admit, that when I composed my *Descent of Liberty*, I had the advantage of being somewhat older.

"When I inform my readers that Shakspeare wrote sonnets, I know they will be inclined to receive the revelation with a bless-my-soul sort of stare, and for anything I know, discredit it altogether. People, generally speaking, are very ignorant about the great nature-looking-through Bard, though I know they pretend to talk a good deal about him. His sonnets, for instance, are known only to the few whose souls are informed with a pure taste, and whose high aspirings enable them to feel and enjoy all the green leafiness and dewy freshness of his poetry. For my own part, I think well of them; and certainly upon the whole, they are not unworthy of their great author. Yet he has left something to be done in that way.

"Among the moderns we have no great examples. This lack of good sonnet-writers in England, is in some sort attributable to the style of versification prevalent among us, and which is totally unfit for the streamy, gurgling-brooky, as it were, flow of the sonnet. Dryden and Pope, I think, were wretched versifiers, though I know this opinion will absolutely horrify all the boarding-school misses, as well as many other well-intentioned folks, who like verses which cost them no trouble to read into music. But to come to the point. What our poetry has hitherto wanted, is a looseness and irregularity—a kind of broken, patchy choppiness in the construction of its verse, and an idiomatic how-d'ye-do-pretty-well-thank-ye sort of freedom in its language. This, at length, I have succeeded in giving it, and present my readers with the following sonnet on myself as a specimen. By the way, I intend it only for such readers as have a fine eye for the truth of things—for sweethearts and fine understandings—for maids whose very souls peep out at their bosoms, as it were, and who love the moonlight stillness of the Regent's Park.

" SONNET ON MYSELF.

"I love to walk towards Hampstead saunteringly,
And climb thy grassy eminence, Primrose Hill!
And of the frolicsome breeze, swallow my fill,
And gaze all round and round me. Then I lie
Flatly on the grass, rurally,
And sicken to think of the smoke-mantled city,
But pluck a butter-cup, yellow and pretty,
And twirl it, as it were, Italianly.
And then I drink hot milk, fresh from the cow,
Not such as that they sell about the town; and then
I gaze at the sky with high poetic feeling,
And liken it to a gorgeously spangled ceiling;
Then my all-compassing mind tells me—as now,
And as it usually does—that I am foremost of men!"

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And so "good bye for the present, sweet Master Shallow;" we shall come back to thee anon, as sure as our name is
Z.

THE DESULTORY SPECULATOR.

For my own amusement, and possibly for that of your readers, I propose to send you, from time to time, the occasional thoughts and reflections of my mind, under the above title. They will of course be desultory and various, and may from that circumstance, be less *ennuyeux*, than regular and elaborate essays.

Spring is beginning to unfold her beauties, and the ethereal spirit, veiled in a shower of shadowy roses, has descended on our fields and mountains and valleys. The air teems with fragrance, the grove is animated with melody, and all nature is rejoicing in her renovation. Among the sweetest productions of her reign is

THE ROSE.

This beautiful shrub is found in almost every country, and wherever found, its fragrance and splendor have made it the ornament of the garden and an object of admiration. Nature, as if charmed with this exquisite specimen of her skill, has multiplied its species and varieties to an almost unlimited extent, and the poet has sung its praises in all ages and nations. It has been wedded to the nightingale, and its fragrance and beauty have been the theme of every tongue. It was called by the ancients the "splendor of plants," and has been made an universal emblem. "La piété," says a French writer, "en decore les temples, l'amour et la gaieté en forment des couronnes, la douleur l'effeuille sur les tombeaux, la pudeur et la chasteté la reçoivent comme la prix le plus doux et le plus glorieux."

"Resplendent rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers,
Whose virgin blush of chastened dye
Enchants so much our mental eye."

Anacreon has sung the praise of this beautiful flower:

"Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower!
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled spring, the wood nymph wild."

It is an object which has been embodied in the poetry of all ages. No flower that blooms is more poetical. Its very origin is blended with the fancies of the poet.

"Tendre objet des pleurs d'Aurore."

The Guebers believe that when Abraham was thrown into the fire by Nimrod, the flame turned into a bed of roses. The Turks have an idea that it sprang from the perspiration of Mahomet, and they cause a rose to be sculptured on the monuments of all young women who die unmarried. The mythological writers say, that Apollo caused Rhodante, Queen of Corinth, in consequence of her extreme beauty, to be changed into a rose. The first rose is said to have been given by the God of Love to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, to engage him to conceal the conduct of his mother Venus, and hence it was made the symbol of silence. A rose was always placed above the heads of the guests in the banqueting hall, to banish restraint, and to denote that nothing said there should be repeated elsewhere; and hence originated the saying *sub rosa*, when a secret was to be kept. Rhodes is thought to owe its name to the immense quantity of roses which it produces. At Salreay, in France, a curious festival is kept up, called the festival of roses. A young girl is selected from among three of the most distinguished for female virtues: her name is announced from the pulpit; she is afterwards conducted to the church, to attend the vesper service. She was formerly accustomed to open the ball at night with the *seigneur*; now a present is bestowed upon her, and she is called *la rosiere*, because she is always adorned with roses. The perfume of this delicious flower, is thus poetically accounted for by the fabulous authors: "Love, at a feast on Olympus, in the midst of a lively dance, overset, by a stroke of his wing, a goblet of nectar, which, falling on a rose, embalmed it with the rich fragrance it still retains."

As Venus wandered midst the Idalian bower,
And watched the loves and graces round her play,
She plucked a musk rose from its dew-bent spray,
And this, she cried, shall be my favorite flower;
For o'er its crimson leaflets I will shower
Dissolving sweets, to steal the soul away. *Reesce.*

In Shiras and Cashmere the rose is peculiarly odoriferous, and yields the most fragrant ottar or essential oil.

Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave. *Moore.*

Catullus thus accounts for the color of this beautiful flower, which was originally white:

While the enamored queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes,
She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flowret feels her blood, and blushes.

The petals of the rose are the only part of the flower that imparts the odoriferous matter to water by distillation and infusion. The ottar is obtained from various species of the rose, but particularly the musk species. The aroma or odor, though so agreeable, has in some instances produced fainting, hysterical affections, inflammations of the eyes, &c. A case is recorded of a celebrated painter, who could not remain in any room where there were roses, without being attacked with violent sickness, succeeded by fainting. These effects have been attributed to the carbonic acid gas which these flowers exhale. But few, however, are thus

affected, and the fragrance is to almost every one delicious. All would wish

"To die of a rose in aromatic pain;"

and our most beautiful sentiments are tinged with the *couleur de rose*.

Washington.

W—N.

A RECENT VISIT TO LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

BY AN AMERICAN.*

She is an extraordinary woman, this Lady Hester Stanhope. Extraordinary in her character, in her appearance, in her opinions, and in the romantic incidents of her life.

* * * * *

Sidon is about twenty miles north of Tyre, in like manner upon the sea-coast, and in an equal state of misery and decadence. It was originally an open roadstead, furnished subsequently with an artificial mole, the remains of which yet exist. These towns owed their origin and prosperity to their situation, as the most convenient marts for the country east of them. The vallies of Lebanon, in their rear, are fertile and productive; and the great valley, in which Baalbec is placed, between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, was one of the richest regions upon the face of the globe. And Damascus, on the eastern side of Anti-Lebanon, and its beautiful circumjacent country, must have always depended upon these ports for the exportation and importation of whatever articles formed their commerce. "Syria was thy merchant," says the Prophet Ezekiel, speaking of Tyre. "Judah and the land of Israel, they were thy merchants." "Damascus was thy merchant." How true all this was, history has told us. And it perfectly agrees with the geographical features of the country, and with the relations necessarily existing between the regions extending as far as the Euphrates, and this part of the Mediterranean. Beirout, about twenty miles north of Sidon, has now taken the trade which formerly enriched that city and Tyre; and there must always be some considerable mart in the neighborhood. The inhabitants are, indeed, miserable, debased by vices of morals and of manners, and pressed down by the extortions of Eastern despotism. Still there is produced in the country much silk, fruit, wine, and drugs. While upon this topic of oppression, I am induced to mention a circumstance strikingly illustrative of it, which passed under my own eyes, at Cairo. We had been furnished with the necessary boats by the Government, but there

* Copied from the May No. of the Democratic Review, to which work it was forwarded by Hon. Lewis Cass, our Minister in France.

was a deficiency of boatmen. We lay at Boulac, the port of Cairo, and a large crowd had assembled, as usual, to witness the arrival and departure of vessels. Suddenly, some police officers seized a rope, and pushing into the crowd, surrounded with it a number of men, whom they compelled to come on board to serve as sailors—and what is worse, without any arrangement for pay or provisions. Where boats are furnished by the authorities, there is no obligation upon the passengers to remunerate the wretched beings employed in their transportation. I need scarcely add, that we did not seek to withdraw ourselves from our equitable duty by this immunity.

We left Sidon on the morning of that day, and after passing its miserable walls, we found ourselves upon the sandy beach of the sea. After travelling upon it about two miles, we began to ascend the head of a small stream, deriving its sources from the ridges of Lebanon. It is perennial, and its course is marked by productiveness and abundance. Water and fertility are almost synonymous in the East; and the fig and mulberry trees and the vines along the valley of this stream, presented a most delightful contrast to the naked and sterile ridges which enclosed it. We soon, however, left it, and traversed a very rugged and inhospitable country, ascending and descending hill after hill, each composed almost wholly of rock, till we came in sight of the little insulated mountain where Lady Hester Stanhope had established her lonely dwelling. It is almost conical, and separated by a deep valley from the other hills. We toiled up its precipitous side by a narrow winding path, enjoying the full benefit of a Syrian mid-day sun. When on the top, we stopped a moment to rest, and to survey the prospect around us. Steep valleys on every side seemed to enclose similar hills. Near was one having on its top a Greek convent, and others in the distance spotted with villages, Greek, Arab, and Druse. There must be something peculiar in the soil of this region, for to the eye nothing could promise greater sterility. The worst spot in the Alleghany Mountains would seem to me to hold out greater encouragement to industry; and a person who has visited the Gap in the White Mountains, may form a tolerable idea of the rocky desolation which the prospect offers. Upon the top of the hill, this self-expatriated grand-daughter of the great Earl of Chatham, this niece and adviser of William Pitt, has established her residence. The house, or rather the cluster of houses, is built in the Arab manner, low, irregular, and almost detached. It is of stone, rather rudely constructed, and surrounded, as is usual here, with a stone wall. There are some fig and pomegranate trees, vines and flowering shrubs, cultivated with care, and furnished with water brought from some distant spring in the valley below, upon asses—for

the hill itself is as destitute of water as the deserts of Arabia.

I had taken the precaution, before leaving Sidon, to transmit, by a messenger, my card and letter, stating our desire to have an interview with her ladyship. I had understood, when in Damascus, from the French consul, who had been for some years her physician, that she was not always accessible, and I was advised to give her previous notice of our intended visit. When we reached her house, we found she had not risen, for among her peculiar habits, is one which converts the day into night. She had, however, given orders for our hospitable reception, and requested we would dine, informing us she would receive us about three o'clock in the afternoon. This, however, did not suit our arrangements; for one object we had in view in the journey, was to visit the Emir Beschir, the Prince of the Druses, who lives about seven hours' ride beyond Lady Hester, in the midst of the Ridges of Lebanon. We, therefore, excused ourselves to her ladyship for not waiting, promising to make our visit to the Emir that evening, and to return, so as to present ourselves again there by noon the next day. To this arrangement she assented, and we continued our journey without seeing her.

The same uninviting country met our view, until we crossed over some steep, rocky ridges, and struck a petty stream, which discharges itself into the Mediterranean, between Sidon and Beirout. It is the one in which the Emperor Barbarossa was drowned, while engaged in a crusade. We travelled up this stream to its source, and after dark reached the residence of the Emir, one of the most romantic spots in the world. This singular people, the Druses, occupy these mountains. They have preserved a species of independence, and are governed by their own princes. I may take some other opportunity of communicating to you the particulars of our visit. A more interesting one could not have been made. We were received and treated with true Arab hospitality. The palace is by far the most magnificent building in Syria, and more than four times the size of our President's house. It is said the Emir keeps a thousand servants. During the journey of this day, we saw, for the first time, those horns alluded to in the Scripture, which are worn by the women. They are at least fifteen inches long, and rise over the forehead, being covered by a veil—and most uncouth looking objects they are.

We returned to Lady Hester Stanhope's at the hour indicated; and after a short time were introduced into her private apartment. She was sitting, dressed like an Arab, clothed in white, with a turban upon her head, and smoking a long pipe. She is tall and spare, with a worn and sickly complexion, and apparently about sixty-five years of age. I had heard from her physician, in

Damascus, that she had been engaged in early life to Sir John Moore, and I looked for those traits which may have been supposed to have attracted this great captain. But the remains were not to be found. There was a settled melancholy which added to the interest of her appearance; and the recollection of what she had been, contrasted with what she was, produced a powerful impression upon each of the party.

She received us with great kindness, and entered into a free and unrestrained conversation. She has seen life in a great variety of forms, and communicates her observations with spirit. She related to us many anecdotes of Mr. Pitt, and of his cotemporaries, who were associated with him on the stirring scenes during the French revolutionary wars. She has an unconquerable aversion to George the Fourth, and considers him the worst man who ever lived—except her neighbor, the Emir Beschir, who rather occupies the nadir in the circle of her affections. Of the Duke of York she spoke with great kindness; and I am inclined to think, that in both of these cases her own opinions are the faithful mirror of those of Mr. Pitt. She lived with that eminent statesman during the latter period of his life, and was admitted to his confidential councils and to the examination of his most private papers. What peculiar circumstances led her to change all the habits of her life, and to flee beyond Christendom, I know not. But as she displayed some eccentricity in the conception, she exhibited great firmness and intrepidity in the execution of the plan. On her first voyage she was shipwrecked somewhere off the coast of Caramania, I believe, between Cyprus and Rhodes, and was detained some days upon a barren waste. She lost every thing, and suffered all the hardships incident to such an accident in such an inhospitable region. But with indomitable resolution she returned to England, and, after procuring such articles as she needed, re-embarked for the East, and safely reached Syria. From that period her adventures are well known. She traversed almost all the country between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean, and by her conduct and her largesses, acquired an extraordinary influence over the tribes of nomadic Arabs who roam through this region. She was even saluted Queen of Palmyra, amid the mighty and interesting ruins which attest, upon a small oasis in the middle of the desert, the former power of Zenobia; and perhaps visions of glory floated before her eyes, and perhaps she dreamed of rivalling the renown of the unfortunate sovereign, who, after resisting the strength of Rome, was led away captive by Aurelian. But, alas, the Ishmaelites are poor pillars for a throne to rest upon, a foundation as unstable as their own sandy ocean. The leech, cries 'Give, give'—and the Arabs cried, 'More, more,' till the treasury of the Lady Hester was well nigh ex-

hausted; and as her means diminished, her influence also diminished, till the latter is reduced within very narrow limits, and till the former, I fear, is much less than the interest I take in her fate induces me to wish it was. At one time, her passport was a safe guaranty for the traveller, insuring him protection and hospitality among the wildest bands.

I found she held the moral character of the Turks in high estimation; but she denounces the changes which are evidently in progress throughout the Empire, having a tendency to assimilate the Mussulman population to the Christian standard. This she charges upon Sultan Mahmoud; and as her *beau ideal* of a gentleman seems to be a Turk of the old school, with his flowing robes and the other accessories of an Eastern toilet, she may well be supposed to hold in detestation the ugly Fez cap, the pantaloons and the long frock coat, which have changed and disfigured the Mahometans. We had much interesting conversation with her, which I shall not repeat, confining myself to such remarks, indicative of her frame of mind, as may appear to be of a general nature. I found she had so far lost her command of the English language, as to be driven occasionally to have recourse to the Arabic. She expressed much dissatisfaction at the accounts which some travellers have given of their interviews with her, and was particularly severe upon M. Lamartine. Her strictures upon the work of this gentleman exhibited much feeling, and she considers his description of her dress, and manners, and conversation, as highly colored, and, in fact, distorted—and she qualified it by an epithet I feel no disposition to repeat. M. Lamartine is a poet, with a vivid imagination, surveying objects through a less sober medium than we every day folks; he is also a gentleman of great worth and of high reputation, and no doubt described objects as they struck him; but really, after having followed a large part of his route, I must say, that his book is a very erroneous guide to a just appreciation of the mind and manners of this region. It is a picture sketched and colored with great beauty and brilliancy, but one whose prototype it would be difficult to find.

I cannot fully make out from M. Lamartine's narrative, whether he united with Lady Hester Stanhope, in the opinions he states she entertained concerning the miraculous horse whose destiny is to be so noble. There is here so much of mysticism in his narrative, as to baffle my penetration with respect to his own views. However, after diligent inquiry, we could learn nothing of this new Alborak. Her ladyship disavowed, in decided terms, the charge of being decked as M. Lamartine paints her—saying she was clothed in a dress precisely similar to the one she had on when we were with her, which was perfectly simple.

Our interview was highly interesting. Lady

Hester is possessed naturally of a vigorous intellect, improved by early study, and by a free admission to the best society. As may well be supposed, her peculiar opinions upon some subjects almost approach monomania. I imagine her long residence in the East has produced an effect upon her religious views, for there seems to be a medley, in her conversation, of the doctrines of Christianity and of the dogmas of Islamism. She alluded, in pretty distinct terms, to a story resembling in its outline the legendary tale of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, and which relates to certain persons now sleeping at Damascus, whose awakening, which is not far distant, is to be attended with some strange event. I believe we have all of us more or less of a spirit of hallucination, each perhaps when his own peculiar chord is struck, and more or less *developed*, as the craniologist would say, as the proper bump is greater or smaller.

Lady Hester has shown much friendship to our countrymen, and I think has received them whenever they have presented themselves, which she has not always done to British travellers. Ladies she never receives. Whether this exclusion is founded upon the Turkish opinion of female inferiority, I had not an opportunity to judge. We have certainly to thank her for her politeness and hospitality: and this she carried so far, notwithstanding our objections, as to send a servant with fruit to our boat at Sidon. We left her, wishing her more happiness than I am afraid is in store for her.

HEAVEN.

(FROM A LADY'S ALBUM.)

There is a realm beyond the distant sky,
Veiled from the impious gaze of mortal eye—
A realm of bliss unfading and serene,
Where sorrow is not known, and vice hath never been!

No anxious cares there rack the heaving breast;
There none are found by woe or grief oppressed;—
The needy widow there shall cease to need,
And gain that wealth for which a world might bleed.

The tear that glistened oft in beauty's eye,
There shall the pure celestial breezes dry;
And every sigh which filled the earthly breast,
In holy bliss shall there be calmed to rest.

No plaints of broken vows shall there be heard!—
No victims there of ardent hopes deferred
Shall be;—no chidings of the jealous mind;—
No artful wiles affection's links to bind.

All sensual feuds—all bitter strifes shall cease—
O'er the fair scene shall triumph heavenly Peace;—
While Love in one continuous glow shall beam—
The pure, enshrined Divinity its theme!

Alexandria, December, 1834.

REMARKS

ON A LATE REVIEW OF BACON.

By a native, not a resident of Virginia.

"It is the first duty of every christian and every patriot to oppose everything which tends to corrupt public morals or promote licentiousness of opinion." This sentiment of one of your contributors, has strongly affected my mind in reference to a recent review of the works of Bacon, in the Edinburgh Review, and which has been transferred, in a condensed form, to the columns of the Messenger. Regarded merely as a composition, it is beyond all praise. Every paragraph betrays the hand of a master. The illustrations, which are most felicitously used, show that the writer is at home in every department of polite literature. Admiration of intellectual power and of rhetorical graces, however, though always pleasant free-will offerings to genius, should never blind us to the moral bearings of any production. With all the admiration of the writer's power awakened by this essay, there was at the close of it a mournful conviction, which has been strengthened by repeated reflection, that its tendency was to be deplored, and ought, if possible, to be counteracted. It is altogether probable, that an undefined sense—that something wrong and dangerous, was mixed up with all this splendid diction—may have pervaded the minds of others. With this feeling, I had expected to see something in the Messenger which would have obviated any remarks by the writer; but having waited in vain, may I have the use of a few pages to give utterance to the thoughts that have arisen from the reading of this essay?

What shall be said, regards almost exclusively the latter part of the review, beginning with the February number of the Messenger. With the biographical part there can be no just quarrel. The apprehension of injurious effects arises from the views given of the Baconian philosophy, and the high eulogium on its superior practical advantages, as contrasted especially with the philosophy of Plato. Many may smile at this honest expression of apprehension. Why, they may ask, what injury will it or can it do society, or what influence can it have on the moral interests of our community, whether a man prefers or praises the philosophy of Bacon or of Plato? Are not these mere questions of speculation? No; far otherwise. This essay has had, and will have its moral influence; it will shape the thoughts, and mould the sentiments, and give a tinge to the plans of those who move the opinions of the mass. "*Philosophia sedet ad Jubernaculum.*" She is the true mistress—more potent than literature—more lasting than governments, in moulding men's opinions. She strikes her empire into the depths of the soul. "The

principles of philosophy, good or bad, when incorporated in the minds of the few thinking and reflecting, descend and entrench themselves, not so much as speculative views, but as practical principles, into the body of the people." The spirit of philosophy, in the minds of the intellectual of an age, are like the inner works of a clock; we see the results on the mass, as we see the outward index of the time-piece. The retired student powerfully agitates, or mightily controls that sea of human affairs, from which he is at so great a distance. "In view of the wide and fatal influence of false philosophy, we should aim to correct it, notwithstanding the perils involved in the attempt," or the presumption which seems to be argued by the effort. "We are not to abandon the errors of philosophy as hopeless, or disregard them as innocent, while we know that their seat is at the very centre of all influence, and their power is almost omnipotent." In this conflict, about the true philosophy, is embosomed some of the best interests of man; and every one, according to his ability, should contribute to rectify the wrong, and recommend the right. With these convictions, the writer diffidently adventures his protest against this essay.

It has been well remarked, that "the human mind possesses an instinct which leads it to seek the deeper grounds and universal relations of the various objects of its knowledge, and organize from them a systematic whole." From this instinct arises philosophy. Men who think must be philosophers. They must follow some method in the pursuit and arrangement of knowledge. The question is not, shall we philosophize, but *how* shall we do it? In any age but a few are philosophers, strictly speaking, i. e., in the sense of having felt within themselves this instinct, and yielded to its suggestion by forming new methods of philosophizing. The mass philosophize according to the methods which reign around them, and which they have found established, and generally surrender themselves to some master, both in regard to the mode of philosophy and the supreme objects of pursuit. There has been, in the history of philosophy, two great families of philosophers, or methods of philosophizing. In different ages, and for different temporary peculiarities, these have been distinguished by different names; such as idealism and realism—the spiritual and material—the metaphysical and mechanical. It is not proper to enter into the minutia of this history now. We consider these two kinds of philosophy to be the manifestations of two grand leading tendencies of mind—*geistesrichtungen*, as the Germans say—which have always existed among mankind. Of these, Bacon and Plato may be considered the representatives. Platonism is but the summing up, or systematizing of one of these tendencies, that considers spirit the great object of

philosophy, and self-consciousness the great means of its prosecution. It existed before Plato. It survived him. It exists yet, but it bears his name, because he gave it shape and clothed it with beauty. So Baconism is the summing up and systematizing of the other great tendency of the human mind, both in regard to the object of pursuit, and the method of attaining it. The theatre of this last philosophy is matter, and mind as affected by matter. The method of pursuit is strict analysis of, and experiment upon, matter, and a careful collation of the knowledge we acquire by means of the senses. It existed before Bacon. Its developments may be seen in all history, as the constant antagonist of the other philosophy; and as one method or the other prevailed at different periods, we may see the method of philosophizing appropriate to matter, applied to the discoveries of mind, or the rules of philosophizing proper for investigation of the mind, applied to analysis of matter. Bacon gave this philosophy form and substance and eclat. He reduced its scattered principles to a system, and showed the true method of making progress in material discoveries. He gave it his name because he made it popular, and illustrated its advantages more fully than any of his predecessors.

If this view of the history of philosophy be correct, it seems very obvious, that neither of these methods can be sufficient of itself, unless we abandon, as altogether useless, one of the two grand departments of human investigation, or involve ourselves in inextricable confusion by transferring from its appropriate sphere, the respective method of mental or material investigation. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than an overweening sense of importance on either side, or by either of these families of philosophers, which would utterly condemn or ridicule the other. While matter remains to be investigated, and material discoveries and triumphs are important and desirable, none should desire to see the philosophy of Bacon again immured in the dust of metaphysics; and while mind remains worthy of investigation; and its powers and operations constitute a subject of contemplation, no one should desire to see the spiritual philosophy completely exorcised by the mechanical. The system of Bacon, for certain purposes, is desirable and useful. It is good in its place. So is the system of Plato. But the reviewer, taking occasion from a new edition of the works of Bacon, has elaborated a most masterly exposition of his philosophy, and holding it up in contrast with Platonism, challenges for the one system universal suffrage, and endeavors to create against the other the feeling of contempt. Without pretending to be exclusively a Platonist, or deeming that idealism is the only way to arrive at full knowledge of the system of things, there may be an advantage in repelling these exclusive claims,

and showing some of the excellencies of the Platonic philosophy.

The review in question may be considered as a systematic and most elaborate attempt to show that utility is the proof of the true philosophy. Any system which cannot show its *fruit* is to be rejected, and the fruit thus considered as the genuine and only test of a philosophical system, is, "when called by its christian name," *physical enjoyment*. The reviewer states over and over, and with manifest encomium, that the end of the Baconian philosophy is this kind of fruit, and that it has produced it, is the demonstration of its vast superiority. This is what is meant by "the well-being of man:" this is the plain translation of Bacon's Latin phrase, "*commoda vitæ*"—abundance of good things. This is "the way the mass understand the term good." It is physical enjoyment or animal comfort. The position is broadly and most ingeniously taken, and most learnedly defended, that this is the "*summum bonum*" of man. Here we are constrained to say, if this be so, then the philosophy of Bacon is the philosophy for man. Grant these premises, and the conclusion seems irresistible. If fruit, in this sense, is the great and only desideratum, Bacon has a right to be called the philosopher, and his system the philosophy; for sure it is, he has made us more comfortable, and his philosophy has added vastly to our animal enjoyments. That this is not a libel on the object of Bacon's philosophy, or of the reviewer's meaning, may be gathered from the fact that he thought Bacon had more claims than Epicurus to the eulogy.

O! tenebris tantis tam clarum ex tollere lumen
Qui primus potuisti, illustrans commoda vitæ.

Which may be Englished somewhat freely thus:

Thou, first to scatter darkness from the art
Of living worthy of our sensual part.

Epicurus professed to introduce a philosophy which secured pleasure. But in the reviewer's opinion, he failed in the attempt, and what he failed to do, Bacon accomplished. He illustrated the real conveniences of life, and made provision for man's physical enjoyment; he attended to "vulgar wants;" he disdained the impracticable idea of making man a God; he contented himself with rendering him comfortable as an animal, and his glory is that he succeeded.

Here we think is the real point where the two systems are to be compared. Bacon's philosophy was for the animal in man: Plato's for the divine in man. Bacon's progress is marked by sensible gratification: Plato's by mental elevation. Plato's aim is character: Bacon's enjoyment. Plato designed by his philosophy the highest possible development of the human spirit: Bacon the utmost possible convenience of the human body.

Plato had always in his eye the spiritual, the abiding, the eternal wants of man: Bacon had in view his animal, temporary, vanishing necessities. The true question is, which of these two systems, if we must choose between them, lays the strongest claim to our admiration? or, in other words, must we abandon Plato and his object, even if we admire Bacon in his wide sphere?

Our controversy with the reviewer, is not that he praises Bacon; but that he despises Plato. We object entirely to the test he has adopted. If *fruit* in his sense, be the proper test, then we confess the philosophy of Plato, which "aims to form the soul," and to produce the elevation, expansion, and refinement of man's spiritual nature, is wrong in aim and absurd in means. This philosophy, which boasts no such results, as can be the object of sight and touch, because its domain is spiritual, must shrink from competition amidst the clatter of spinning-jennies, the roar of steam engines, and the lightning of rail-road cars, the legitimate and lauded fruits of the mechanical philosophy. But is this the only kind of fruit which philosophy ought to produce? We say no. But the reviewer seems to say yes, and then gives the weight of his talents, and the fascinations of his style, to this fallacy—a fallacy, which, when it takes full possession of any human soul, must degrade it—and a fallacy which presents the strongest obstacle in the way of the real elevation of our race. I mean the fallacy—that enjoyment in the physical sense of the word is the real "*summum bonum*." This we take to be the *proton pseudo*s of the whole system. It is Epicureanism revived and amended; it attaches supreme importance to the sensible; it allows no value to what cannot somehow be touched, tasted or handled; it makes an apotheosis of the animal in man; it measures human glory by conquests over matter—human wisdom by its inventions, and human wealth by material sources of gratification; it makes the great proofs of the progress of man—for which as a race we ought to be singing hallelujahs—to consist in our machinery for locomotion, or our engines for using gunpowder; its glory is, that it "furnishes new arms for the warrior," and that by its means we "can traverse the earth in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which sail against the wind." It is a material philosophy, whose triumphs are material, whose tendencies are materialising: all good enough in its proper place and degree, but not good to the exclusion of everything else. Here is our controversy with this essay; it gives a tremendous impetus to the materialising tendencies of the times; it stamps the ugly spirit of utilitarianism with the graces of style, and endorses it with the sanction of a master in literature. This essay will give this spirit an entrance into many minds, and a supposititious influence over many hearts. It

will help to make this jejune philosophy—jejune, I mean, as to any fruit but what is merely physical or calculable, the popular philosophy, and popular too, in a region of our land where hitherto the old feelings and habits have been all the other way: it will provoke the south to a bad ambition, and to an unhappy rivalry. When generally welcomed, and when it has performed its perfect work along with other influences now in operation, it will convert the fields of the south into vast repositories of machinery—make a profusion of rail-roads, the synonyme and proof of internal improvement, and money-making the great desideratum.

This philosophy and its fruit does not suit my taste. I know "*De gustibus non disputandum est*;" but in the words of the reviewer, "from the cant of this philosophy," this everlasting reiteration of steam engines, spinning jennies and railroad cars, "sick chairs, guns, cutlery, spy-glasses and clocks," and all the other paraphernalia that "minister to our vulgar wants," and all good enough in their place, it is delightful to turn to the pages where Plato breathes the lessons of his own divine philosophy. It is like escaping from the murky streets of a city, where a thousand chimneys are volleying forth the coal smoke, and its collateral quantum of dirt, and breathing the fresh air of the country. Even as Platonism is given by the reviewer himself—though given for the purpose of invidious contrast with the substantial benefits of Baconism—almost any unsophisticated mind would say, "the old wine is better." Does not every one feel disposed to say, "we must attend necessarily to the body and its wants, and their supply; but we want still something nobler, higher, more elevating;" there are irrepressible aspirations of the spirit often buried up amidst the turmoil of vulgar cares and material distractions, but which it is luscious to indulge?" These Bacon never takes for granted, or believes in, but Plato tries at least to provide for. Surely man was made for something more spiritualizing than to enjoy the "*commoda vite*." I may live in the wrong age. My tendencies, sympathies and habits, may have been guilty of an awful and unpardonable anachronism. The progress of the Baconian philosophy may place me where Posidonius of old was placed by Seneca, still "*naturam expellas*," &c. I must plead guilty to the sin against utilitarianism, of preferring the reputation of working into the human spirit one idea, like the divine "*know thyself*," to that of having made the first arch, invented the steam engine, the cotton gin, or what the reviewer seems to think of immense moment, even gunpowder. As a matter of taste, I must plead guilty of loving Plato and his philosophy, much as it is despised by the reviewer. Sentiments, the growth of years, most worthy of confidence in moments of highest self-consciousness,

held in common too with spirits of the noblest character, through the long tract of human history, cannot be easily relinquished, notwithstanding the beautiful antithesis of contempt, delivered *ex cathedra*, from Edinburgh, and endorsed in the Old Dominion! Nor do I deem myself by any means unique in this taste. Many, I am persuaded, if they would pause long enough amidst the objects of material admiration and of bodily enjoyment, which the Baconian philosophy of fruit has brought to our age, to drink of the well of Plato's philosophy, would say, as I have felt disposed to say, many times while reading this contrast, "Were I doomed only to be dashed a little while in this sea of life, and then to be conscious no more, (and this let it be remembered is the real issue made by the reviewer, not entering at all on the educational or disciplinary influences of the two systems for eternity,) methinks I would rather float—the sea all around me—the sky above me, and have a thinking soul, that holds communion with a spiritual world, for a little while at least, within me, on this plank from Paradise, as some one calls Plato, than to be whirled along without time to think, or leisure to look at the beautiful world, I should leave so soon and forever, as a part of one of your modern modes of locomotion, called railroad cars, or even through the sea, without sail, and against the wind, in company with the highest conquest of mind over matter, in the shape of a steamship." It is an old fashioned sentiment, but still I must confess I would rather breathe after all the air of heaven than of "Solomon's house."

But the review is not objectionable merely as a matter of taste, but of principle. A far more serious fault is its direct tendency to throw into the shade those feelings of the human soul, which produce disgust at the racket and rattle of material existence, so far as not absolutely necessary in the discharge of duty. It is guilty, and we take it to be no small guilt, of casting a distorted eye and a sneering glance at these noble desires for communion with the beautiful and the good in our universe, which we are all too prone to disregard; and with the holy and abstracted in our own characters, which we are all too willing to forego. We do not object to his praising the inventive genius of the age; we do not blame him for narrating the results of the inductive philosophy, nor do we wish at all to detract from the credit and the utility of these things—we must have them and use them as we wear our clothes and eat our dinners. But we do object, and seriously too, to his warring under the name of Platonism, against whatever in man is holiest and most spiritualized. We enter our solemn protest against his implicitly calling that mysticism and puerility, which though cherished and valued, by the loveliest and best that ever belonged to our race, yet cannot be weighed, mea-

ured, or made productive of material fruits. Let him praise Bacon, but let him not point the finger of scorn against Plato. Here we would desire to be explicit in our condemnation, not as a matter of taste, but on the higher ground of its moral tendency. We dread the kind of character which this philosophy will produce, and the direction it will give to the object of pursuit; we feel disgusted at the low aims it encourages, and the gorgous baptism it gives to ignoble and degrading enterprises. And it is because the real nature and tendency of this philosophy is so well shielded from detection by happy illustrations, admirable touches upon human prejudices, fine compliments to the common classes of mankind, and an appearance of remarkable candor, that we consider the essay in question the more dangerous.

It is our sober and growing conviction, that we have too little Platonism in our day, not too much—that our tendencies are downward, not upward—that our danger is of excessive animalism, not spiritualism. The American character, generally, is antipodal to that of the Platonist philosopher. Now we fear, that many who have indulged in Platonism, without knowing its name, and have felt its refining power over their characters, will, after reading this review, shrink from an indulgence which may be so effectually ridiculed. Many a youth, whose original tendencies towards Platonism, have not been altogether chilled—for fallen as man is, he still instinctively pants after the beautiful and the perfect and the spiritual—will, after reading this authoritative condemnation of all such stuff, hasten the process of exterminating such fruitless, and consequently improper susceptibilities. Such persons will soon, under such influences, cease to love and practice the philosophy that aims to form the soul, and turn to the more popular system that promises fruits. Character is an idea, they will soon learn to say, but cash is a reality. Discipline of mind and cultivation of heart is Platonism, and must be eschewed. Increase of purse, and increase of muscular energy is Baconism, and must be assiduously cultivated. Will not such a philosophy, producing such fruit, be ultimately injurious? Will it not sap the very foundation on which true nobility of character is to be reared? Soberly and seriously we ask, is there not reason for apprehension from such eloquent eulogies on fruit, and such disparagement even of the end aimed at by the Platonic philosophy? Ought we not to be alarmed at this sober and settled effort to make us altogether material; especially when all the tendencies of an age of enterprise—of feverish speculation—of mad cupidity, are in the same direction? Do we need stimulants and arguments to make us more earthly in all our pursuits and plans? Does the age, and does our country need more of Bacon or of Plato to mitigate our excesses, and modify our

character? Whatever the reviewer, or his admirer who furnished it for the Messenger, may think, there are those who do honestly believe, and every day more firmly, that unless something arrest our downward, earthly, materializing tendency, all that is noble in character is gone, and that we shall become like the divinities of Egypt, calves of gold amidst pyramids of power. This is what alarms us. What, let it be asked, is the spirit which this philosophy would cultivate and render universal? Is it not just the spirit which asked at the end of *Paradise Lost*, "Will it raise the price of corn," or that would more appropriately ask, in the region where the Messenger circulates, "Will it raise the price of cotton or tobacco?" This is precisely the test to which the reviewer would have everything subjected. What if it does soften, refine, elevate our souls, this Platonism breathed into an immortal poem or a thrilling essay, or manifested in acts of magnanimity and self-consecration, by those whose souls have been formed by its influences—what of all this, if it does not contribute to the well-being of man, in "the sense in which the mass generally understand the word, good?" "*Where is its fruit?*" asks the Baconian: "It is fruit a true philosopher looks for, and what brings forth no fruit, though it may charm the eye, and soften the heart, and calm the soul, and tranquillize the temper, and raise the soul above the sense of 'vulgar wants,' is of no practical value." We ask again, is this the spirit we want to have fostered? Is this the highest man can aspire to? Must everything which brings no per cent. of present or palpable gain, be exorcised from human feeling and affection, by this relentless philosophy which values nothing but fruit? If so, for one, I am almost tempted to say—away with such philosophy, with all its fruits.

Let us try this philosophy by a test, which very probably may sometimes occur. A rail-road is proposed to be taken through an ancient and time-honored graveyard! The question is, shall we disturb the dead for the gain of the living? Shall we remove or permit to repose the remains of those, who, when they laid them down in that spot of earth, hoped to rest there till the morning of the resurrection? What does the philosophy of Bacon say? It says, the feeling that attaches sacredness to place—the luxury of weeping over a consecrated spot of earth—the desire to have a quantity of powdered dust, once the form of a dear friend, to rest undisturbed—these are all ideal. The benefits of a rail-road are substantial. You will gain one hundred per cent. on invested capital, and this, according to the strict inductive philosophy, is demonstration that the cypress and the yew should bow, and the dead be huddled out of the way, and the lightning speed of conveyance for passengers, and of transportation for goods, be

made to roll remorselessly over their once consecrated resting places. Or, let us put this subject in another light from an actual case. After the revolutionary struggle was over, a farmer, whose cattle had been unceremoniously used by the soldiers, sought to recover the amount by due process of law. And he was right, a Baconian would say. What was liberty and patriotism, and all "the cant of this philosophy" to him—he wanted *fruit*? It happened that Patrick Henry, the orator of Virginia, was the advocate of the country against the countryman—of Platonism against Baconism. And he carried the day against the Baconian by the following concentrated view of the philosophy that seeks for fruit: "Amidst the rejoicings of patriots—the songs and shouts of exulting freemen—the roar of grateful artillery, for an emancipated country—here comes the hoarse voice of this man, brawling, beef! beef!!" Pity, the advocate of Baconism in the Edinburgh Review, or his admirer in the ancient dominion, had not been the antagonist of the immortal Henry. "He would have gone for the shoemaker." A man can eat beef—it is one of the largest of the "*commoda vitæ*;" but on patriotism he might starve. A man can count and weigh money, but the spirit of sacrifice for a country's independence is an impalpable idealism.

We do not wish to be uncourteous, yet we are strongly tempted, by some things we have noticed, to judge very degradingly of the fruit which the reviewer demands as the result of genuine philosophy. Look, for example, at the significant quotation out of Persius, "*Cur quis non prandeat hoc est?*" and the reference to the ox of Prometheus; "goodly to look at, but containing nothing to eat." Is it libellous upon the reviewer to say, that his *fruit* seems to come under the category of gastronomy—a science pertaining to the "*commoda vitæ*" in a very significant sense? Is it an unjust inference, that a Baconian would consider this more practically useful than another science, not very different in name, which appertains to the heavenly bodies, especially if cultivated, merely as an exercise of mind and a means of mental development, without any reference to its utilitarian bearings on the mode of setting our kitchen-time-pieces, or ascertaining the precise moment when a soup may be spoiled, or a pudding overdone? Read what the reviewer says of Plato's recommendation of astronomy and mathematics, as a means of mental improvement, and his genuine abhorrence of all such fruitless pursuits, and then say whether we have gone too far! Plato, forsooth, loved and recommended the study of an astronomy, which would dilate the soul, and make it wander through the universe of being on buoyant wings, and realize its immeasurable superiority to all forms of matter, and its elevation beyond all limits of space. But this is idealism, the reviewer

would say, and scrupulously attentive to "vulgar wants;" and fearing that men, when immersed in such transcendental pursuits, may forget their stomachs, would recommend as far more practically useful, a *viva gastronomia*—"a setting forth of the nature, motions and influences," of various delicious viands, by which men who are prone to become too etherealized, and thus evaporate into mere angels or gods, might be rendered sufficiently material to transact competently the business of the present life. If any one feels disposed to object that ridicule is no test of truth or falsehood, we have only to say, that the reviewer has justly elicited such a mode of reply, by holding up the ancient Platonist philosopher to scorn, for his useless speculations. It is well to see that the ridicule is not all on one side. But seriously we object to the test of excellence in philosophy which the reviewer has given; and, therefore, even if he has succeeded in proving that Baconism produced such fruit, and Platonism did not, the question is still appropriately "*sub judice*" as to their respective merits. The end aimed at by Platonism was in itself noble. He failed, and his successors, whom the reviewer so severely satirizes, failed also; especially those who voluntarily relinquished the aid of christianity. But this does not prove the end itself wrong, or that its attainment is hopeless. Grant that Plato failed to "form the soul"—to perfect his ideal wiseman—to realize his republic in actual existence—ought we thence, despondingly, to infer that man should never aim as high again, or may never aim hereafter more successfully, to reach this point of mental and moral elevation? Plato's was a splendid failure. His defeat had more glory than Bacon's triumph—*excedet moti-mis ausis*. Because Plato failed in this noble end to lift man above the empire of the senses—to fill his soul with the beautiful and the good—to expand and refine him and make him on earth a spectacle grateful to the gods—must it be forever abandoned? So it would seem. The reviewer—by well directed contempt upon the whole sphere of effort, cultivated and commended by Plato, and by high eulogium on the substantial fruits of a mechanical philosophy—would turn us off entirely from the high pursuits of spiritual elevation and mental perfection, and make us fall down to the poor ambition of attaining the best kind of eating, drinking, wearing, sleeping, riding, and the rest of our physical necessities, while we are men. Here is the choice he gives us. This is the boasted philosophy whose triumphs we are called on to admire, and whose speedy universalism we are invoked to promote. We are called on to rejoice in this light, and call all else darkness. Who does not say, as Lanctantius said, of one he passionately admired—"If I must err, let me err with Plato, rather than be right with Bacon." If it be an illusion, I would not wish to be robbed of it for

all the substantial blessings of Baconism; that man was made for something higher than supplying his vulgar wants, and the proper function of philosophy, is to educe and develop those undefined but irrepressible presentiments that link us with a higher economy of being, and adapt us for a nobler sphere of action. I am well aware that in saying this, I utter a sentiment which the taste of the times does not receive very graciously, and will possibly call *cant*. In the eyes of the reviewer, and of all who have learned to swear, in the words of this master, all this is utopian and ridiculous. "An acre of Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia." A shoemaker who mends soles well, is better than a philosopher who "forms souls" imperfectly. "The wise man is a grander object than a steam engine, but there are steam engines." Then we are sinners against the laws of this reigning philosophy, and wilful sinners too. It says, because Plato failed to make us gods, and "filled the world with long beards and long words," we must be content to be noble brutes. It goes for *available* things. We may build ourselves fine houses, and invent many luxuries, and transport ourselves rapidly from one part of the country to the other, or from one continent to another, but that is all. It is a sin against Bacon to aspire higher. His advice is, as we cannot be divine, as the formation of the soul is utopian nonsense, let us be so dazzled by flashes of power, and so whirled by engines of motion, and so pampered by appliances of sensuality, that we may afford to forget the loss. "It is amusing to think with what horror" Plato would have imagined, that any man more than three thousand years after he wrote his "Critius," would seriously urge such a course. And are we quite ready for this ignoble surrender? Shall we, by endorsing this philosophy, as the "*ultima thule*" of human aspiration, retreat even beneath the dignity of an unenlightened heathen's ambition, when struggling to find man's noblest destiny by the lone star of unaided reason? Is this giant of learning and prodigy of power, who has invested Baconism with such attractions, sporting with our credulity, or seriously recommending us to be satisfied if we are "comfortable," as are our pigs and horses, if they have the wherewithal to satisfy their vulgar wants? There are some in this land of characteristic utilitarianism; there are some it is to be hoped in the ancient dominion, who are not quite ready for this result, though "the Edinburgh Review," which with many is "an end of all strife," has "come out" to patronize "the philosophy of fruit," and to pounce on every one who dares to rebel against its dicta. Would that the distant voice of one of the sons of Virginia, might lead many to ponder, before this siren of a sensual philosophy has fully effected their transformation from the hope of being partakers of the Divine nature,

into the condition of well fed and nicely clothed animals!

"Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
To shine awhile, then to that sea return."

Passing by the aspect of this subject, which might be called religious, the utter repugnancy between the whole spirit of this material philosophy, and the genius of christianity, which is emphatically a plan of efficiently forming the soul to glory and honor and immortality, by working into it the lineaments of the Divine character, as not exactly appropriate to the pages of a *Literary Messenger*, though it is, at the same time, its most serious aspect to every evangelical christian, these protracted remarks will be concluded by a reference to the great failure of Bacon's character, as the most conclusive argument against his system. This, we acknowledge, is a mournful part of the subject, but it must be touched on. We cannot agree that we must look at a system irrespective of the character of its author. These things are connected in the reality of things, and ought to be in our sentiments; and if our remarks have any truth or foundation, what other character would we expect than what Bacon really exhibited? A system which placed the highest estimate on the "*commoda vitæ*," belongs legitimately to a father, who, with all the immensity of his learning, and the sublimity of his genius, deserted the friend of his youth, to secure the favor of the great, and permitted himself to be bribed to maintain the splendor and glory of his establishment! Bacon's life ought to be studied along with his philosophy, by every one who is disposed to flout at Platonism as utopian, and character as ideal. If Bacon was bribed—if the "*commoda vitæ*" bent his moral principle by their magnetic power—oh! how coldly do his eulogies on them come to the heart; and though "painfully," yet profitably "we may turn from contemplating his philosophy to contemplate his life." His life may cool the ardor his philosophy has enkindled. Was this its *fruit* after all? Was he "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind?" Then can we feel safe in adopting his system? Would the Redeemer of men be the object of confidence in his system of truth and doctrine, if he was not the object of unmingled admiration in his character? Do we not instinctively judge the tree by its fruits? And thus judged, can we feel otherwise than a settled feeling of distrust of the philosophy of Bacon, when, after perusing his life, "we turn from it as a checkered spectacle of so much glory, and so much shame?" My sincere wonder has been, that the reviewer who so ingeniously acknowledges the failings of Bacon's character, had not been led by them to suspect his system; and that he had not anticipated, as the writer has done, that the effect of the universal reign of Baconian philosophy would be, to make giants in intellects and pigmies in morality.

TO THE JAMES.

STREAM OF THE HILLS! (those frowning peaks,
Whose base thy limpid current laves,
As, lightly bounding on, it seeks
A broader tide, and prouder waves :)
So brightly clear's thy crystal flow,
The loveliest Naiad's eye of blue,
If mirrored in the wave below,
Would still retain its heavenly hue !

STREAM OF THE VALE! thy rolling tide
No longer leaps in careless play ;
A hundred showers have swelled thy pride ;
A thousand streams have own'd thy sway.
But shower and stream have stained thy face,
As human hearts are stained by time,
When childhood's bright and playful grace
Gives way to manhood's loftier prime.

STREAM OF THE PLAIN! a mightier force
Is urging on thy ceaseless tide ;
A mightier spirit rules thy course ;
Thy waters more majestic glide.
The mountain brook, where scarce could rest
The sportive elfin's tiny boat,
Is now that stream, on whose wide breast
A thousand barques securely float.

Old stream ! I love thee—for thy shores
Are thronged with visions of romance ;
And memory there unfolds her stores ;
While fancy's dreamy spells entrance.
I love thee, for thy waters flow
Through fair Virginia's classic ground,
Where erst the red man drew his bow,
Where still we see his funeral mound.

Flow on, flow on, thou noble JAMES,
Till sun and stars shall cease to shine ;
Thy storied history now is fame's—
The homage of our hearts' is thine.
But higher feelings stir the soul
To stand near thee as at a shrine ;
For, while thy princely waters roll,
VIRGINIA'S name is linked with thine.

THERE'S A FLOWER.

FROM A LADY'S PORT-FOLIO.

There's a flower that grows,
By the side of a rill—
Tho' the mower oft mows
There, it flourishes still.
As oft as 'tis broken
From off its green stem,
It springs up, (sad token !)
And blossoms again.

All drooping its posture,
Deep purple its hue,
E'er bent down with moisture,
And dropping with dew.

When morning is beaming
From orient skies,
It glows, like tears streaming
From beauty's bright eyes.

At every breath trembles
Each delicate leaf ;
So much it resembles
Young beauty in grief.
A fond blossom bleeds
Beneath its dark shade,
And its root deeply feeds
On a warm heart betrayed.

So the flower still weeps
Where the pale maid lies,
And the west wind creeps
To contribute its sighs.
And the murmuring rill,
As it ripples along,
In strains mournful, still
Chants her funeral song

L. P.



LUCILE:

A NOVELETTE.

By the Author of "The Curse."

CHAPTER IV.

I will do
What heaven approves—my duty ! *Karel.*
The hope is crushed
That lit my life ; the voice within me hushed
That spoke sweet oracles. *Helen.*

The sun was setting, and the lengthened shadows caused two travellers, who were journeying together, to urge their horses to greater speed. The young moon was riding high in the heavens, though her light was dimmed by the retiring glories of the monarch of day. An air of reckless gaiety distinguished the younger of the two gentlemen, and at intervals he carolled a gay song, in a voice of deep, rich tone. He was small and delicately formed, with a face of almost feminine beauty, yet the eyes, of a clear bright grey, had more of the eagle than the dove in their expression. A Spanish hat was placed on one side of his head, and the drooping plume mingled with the short curls of dark hair, which escaped from its confinement. His companion was much more advanced in life: he was a tall gaunt figure, arrayed in the garb of a monk. His cowl was thrown back, displaying a face that might once have been handsome, but the austerities of his religion, or severe physical suffering, had reduced him to a mere shadow, and his complexion was of such deathlike paleness, that, but for the quick flashing of the keen black eye, one might have fancied that they gazed on the dead. He looked worn and restless; like one who had struggled

with the passions of life in the vain endeavor to overcome them, and become, what he professed to be, a devotee to heaven.

"Father," said the youth, "we are nearly at the end of our journey. We must surely reach my uncle's house before the moon drops behind the trees."

"Yes, my son, before the hour of seven arrives we shall be in his presence. Even now our road winds through his vast domains: look, Victor, and see what you may inherit if you are not wayward and foolishly proud."

"Proud! father;" said the young man, earnestly; "do you call it pride to shrink from forcing my cousin into an union with me? I have her letter now next to my heart, and when mercenary, selfish thoughts intrude, I will read it as a talisman to preserve me from the meanness of desiring a connexion which is so repugnant to her feelings. That letter has made me her friend for life. My uncle will not find in me an instrument to further his cruel intention of separating two hearts that are united."

"Pooh! you are unacquainted with the character of your uncle: where he has once determined he is inflexible, and you will find yourself as wax in his hands. The girl, too, is surpassingly beautiful; you are at that age when love has the most powerful sway, and spite of your determination to the contrary, you will love her;—what will then become of your quixotic determination to resign her, when all things are in your favor?"

"I shall only love her as a brother, and as such counsel and assist her."

"We shall see—we shall see," said the monk, shaking his head. "At your age such sentiments are natural, but wait until the heart speaks in favor of your own interests, and *then* decide on the course you will pursue."

"That course, under any circumstances, must still be the same. If I thought it would not, my prayer to heaven should be that the rod might press upon my breast ere a chill and blighting hand be laid on it, withering the noble aspirations which give us assurance that we claim some affinity with beings of a higher order. Father," continued he, earnestly, "I would not lose the consciousness of having acted as a man of honor and feeling should do, for this whole island and all the wealth that it contains. I prize my own self-respect beyond my uncle's riches:—the love of his daughter is not hers to give; and I should deem myself a spiritless wretch, could I ask Lucile to bestow on me the hand which should only accompany her heart. No! all my efforts shall be used to induce my uncle to receive Sidney Grey as his son."

"And all your influence be unavailing. I tell you, were all the pride of all the Howards condensed in one single form, that form were your

uncle's: his daughter is as dear to him as life itself, but he will sacrifice even her on that ruthless altar, sooner than see her wed one so obscurely born as Grey. Why, every drop of his proud blood boils at the bare suggestion of the son of his former overseer daring to raise his eyes to his lovely child. But 'tis idle to speak of the future, for you must be guided by events, and above all things, endeavor to obtain the good will of your uncle. He is all you have to depend on; and if he casts you off, you are undone. But here is the house before us, and I hear the voice of Gen. Montessor on the gallery calling a servant to take our horses."

The road wound through a long avenue of limes, with their white blossoms glittering in the bright moonlight. In a few moments they entered an extensive yard, shaded by groups of magnificent trees, through the branches of which glanced the columns and galleries of a splendid mansion. Two black servants took the horses of our travellers, and they were ushered into the house with a hearty welcome from its hospitable owner. He folded his nephew to his heart with much emotion, as he said,

"You are right welcome to my home, my dear boy. I have looked for you long and earnestly; and there is one other face, fairer and younger than mine, that has brightened at the news of your expected arrival, I promise you."

"I should feel too much flattered, my dear sir, could I think for a moment that my cousin would feel pleased to hear that I am here."

"Pleased! the deuce! what—what do you mean, sir? She were no daughter of mine, if she were not delighted to welcome her own near relation to her father's roof. She expects you with pleasure; so go to her at once—no ceremony—you will find her a little pale and weak, as this hot weather has retarded her recovery from a spell of illness; but she knew you were to be here this evening, and requested to see you if you came before her hour of retiring. Here, Agnes," he continued, calling to a girl who was crossing the door at the moment, "show Mr. Montessor where to find your young lady."

Victor followed the girl across a wide hall, into a spacious room decorated with busts, pictures, and flowers: the furniture was of the lightest and most elegant description, and as he glanced around, he thought it a fitting sanctuary for the young and lovely occupant. The windows all opened to the floor, and near one of them, on a low couch, reclined his cousin. Victor started as his eye fell on the wan, yet still beautiful features of Lucile. A loose dress of embroidered muslin enfolded her slight figure, and it was scarcely whiter than the cheek of its wearer: her hair was put back from her brow, and spread over the pillows, as if the weight of it was more than the throbbing temples

could sustain. A faint flush tinged her cheek, as Victor knelt beside the couch, and taking her pale, thin hand in his, said—

“I dreamed not, dearest cousin, that you had been so ill as your appearance denotes. I am here to fulfil your behests. The humblest slave your father claims, is not more ready to do your pleasure. Can the dread of me have reduced you to the state I find you in?”

“Ah, no! not altogether that,” murmured Lucile, “yet I knew you not—you might require the fulfilment of the bond; and my father relents not. Forgive me, dear cousin—you have taken a weight from my heart which was crushing me to the grave. I have been very ill—and very, very unhappy. You have my letter?”

“Yes—and my heart thanked you for your confidence. I will prove myself worthy of it: I will endeavor to win the esteem and affection of your father, and then use my influence to gain his consent to your—”

“That were a hopeless task,” interrupted Lucile. “You will only embitter him against yourself, by making the attempt. No—all I ask is the liberty of remaining as I am, with the sad privilege of thinking on the past, and consecrating in my heart the image which has so long reigned there. I know that without my father’s sanction I cannot marry Sidney, for he is poor, and I am too helpless to share the lot of one destitute of the gifts of fortune. I could not bear to entail on him the curse of genius struggling not only with poverty, but the misery, the privations to which I should be exposed, would cause him. No, Victor, I cannot be his wife, but I can still glory in his genius; and when the meed of fame is awarded to his talents, I can say in the deepest recesses of my heart, ‘he was worthy of the love I bestowed on him,’ and no other shall possess the right to reproach me for the thought.”

“What would I not give for such love!” thought the youth, as he gazed on the pale cheek lit up by the passing glow of excited feeling. “Ah, sweet Lucile, why did you give the priceless gem of your affections to one who can never call you his? I must keep strict watch over my heart, or it will prompt me to act the traitor to my principles. Tell me, sweet cousin,” he continued, aloud, “where Mr. Grey is to be found? I have a great desire to cultivate his acquaintance.”

“He is in Havana, I believe,” said Lucile, in a low voice. “I have not seen him since that dreadful night when my father learned that we were attached to each other. During my long illness his name was never mentioned, though my ear thirsted for the sound, and my heart grew sick as each day closed and no token of remembrance came from him. I did hear at last: he wrote me such a letter as soothed my wounded feelings and reconciled me to our lot. He spoke of my fa-

ther’s prohibition—dwelt on his obligations to him, and ended by the assurance of unwavering affection for myself. He has left us—refused all further assistance from my father, and is seeking his subsistence in Havana as a portrait painter. He fondly hopes to acquire a competence within a few years, and then win me to be his. For myself I cherish no such delusion. In the years that must intervene before such a result can rationally be hoped for, the remembrance of his early dream of romance will have been effaced by the stirring realities of life, and the springing up of that ambition which ever accompanies a high order of genius: while my woman’s heart will exult in his fame, and feel that it casts a reflected lustre on myself, he will scarcely revert to the being who gave to him the life, the freshness, the energy of undisciplined feeling. Yet why should I grieve? It is the destiny of my sex—neglect—forgetfulness, is too often the meed of woman’s lavished affections, and mine will be no uncommon lot.”

She spoke calmly, but the tears forced themselves from her closed eyelids, and rolled in large drops on the hand that still clasped her own. Deeply, too deeply for his own peace, did Victor sympathize with the suffering those tears denoted.

After a few moments, she slowly murmured a quotation from a writer she admired much—“‘What is the love of restless, roving man?—a vagrant stream that dallies for a time with each flower on its banks, then passes on and leaves them all in tears.’ Ah! how true! Leave me now, dear Victor; I am weary and over excited—tomorrow I will see you again.”

CHAPTER. V

The clouds from off thy pinions flinging
As though they bore to-morrow’s light.

Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
Because I loved, what not to love and see,
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

Byron.

Alone, in a lofty and spacious apartment, sat the young painter. His cheek was thin and pale, but his eye flashed with the brightness of undimmed hope. He was at work on a picture, which he fondly anticipated would give him such a reputation as would insure him the competence he so ardently desired to acquire.

A few weeks before, a stranger had called on him and described a scene which he wished him to paint—the principal actors in it were sketched with such minuteness, that Grey had little difficulty in transferring the likeness to his canvas, and the scene which the stranger desired to see represented, was rapidly growing beneath his hand.

It was a night scene: an old castle partially in

ruins, embowered in venerable oaks. Before the entrance of the castle was a group of figures looking up with an expression of terror, at a bright luminous light on the opposite side of the heavens, from where the full round moon was slowly rising. It was not a meteor, but rather a fixed-glowing radiance, like the red glare which the light from a large fire throws on the sky at night; and in the centre were several glittering orbs like balls of fire. The unnatural light fell on the figures, and illumined each countenance with its unearthly splendor. There was a woman, past the prime of life, with features of a haughty and regal beauty, which time had lightly touched: her stately figure was drawn up to its fullest height, and her head proudly raised, to gaze on the supernatural light; her countenance expressed terror, but it was not the terror of a weak and yielding mind—it rather seemed as if her spirit scorned itself that fear should fall on it, and dim its proud confidence.

Beside her stood a gentleman, whose hair was silvered o'er with years; his venerable countenance expressed awe, reverence and fear, and his hands were clasped, as if invoking the protection of heaven. In front was a woman kneeling, and weeping, as she clung to the drapery of the principal figure.

This was a girl of a beauty as rare as it was exquisite; yet deep and agonizing was the expression of suffering on that young face. As one looked on it, they involuntarily bent the ear to hear the low wail of anguish which seemed to burst from the half-parted lips. The face was pale and appeared worn with suffering, yet nothing could destroy the beauty of the regular Grecian features, and the drooping grace of that charming figure. Her arms were crossed on her bosom, in an attitude of hopeless dejection, and her long hair, falling around her person, half-veiled its exquisite symmetry. Her head was partly turned from the light, as if it were a sight she could not command sufficient firmness to look on; and there was a breathing terror in the expression of the whole countenance, which at once enlisted the sympathies of the beholder, and created a desire to fathom its source.

The artist stood off and looked on his work, and the triumph of successful genius shone in his eye, and flushed his dark cheek.

"Ah, if this should win me a name," he muttered, "I should then see my way before me, and would no longer feel myself presumptuous in asking her to share my humble lot. Ah, Lucile, had I a hope of future fortune, I would not thus tamely submit to the harsh mandate of your unrelenting parent."

"This is beautiful," he continued, gazing with enthusiasm on the picture. "'Tis an effort worthy of me: never before did I feel the full power of that glorious talent with which heaven has gift-

ed me. I only now begin to feel my own capacity to emulate the masters of my noble art. And this will bring gold to me—gold! sordid ore, dug from the dark caverns of the earth; and yet without it, my genius may become a self-consuming lamp—my spirit rust in neglect and forgetfulness, and I sink, in an unknown, unhonored grave, one of the many victims to the early struggles of genius."

The stranger entered the room. He was a middle aged man, with an expression of the deepest melancholy in his countenance. He gazed on the picture some moments in silence—then turning to the artist, he said—

"Ah, my young friend, you have succeeded to admiration. That picture commemorates the fate of one as gentle, as lovely as your own love, and one doomed to the same fate by an ambitious and overbearing mother. Nay—start not—your history is not unknown to me; the many tongues of gossip have already informed me of all worth knowing in your past life. Complete the picture, and then find means to let the father of your betrothed see it, and hear the story which it is designed to illustrate. The outline of that story you shall have. It will be a warning to him to shield the drooping flower, and bind up the bruised heart. Tell him, should he doubt the truth of that supernatural warning, that there are those now living who can bear witness to it. Ah! would—that it were not true, beloved Beatrice," he continued, passionately gazing on the fair face of the principal figure in the group—"would that thou wert now beside me, as in days of yore, my eyes gazing on thy breathing loveliness, and not on that shadow, which but mocks me with a resemblance, that is, and yet is not her I once loved so wildly."

There was a pause of some moments, when, turning to Grey, he said, "Adieu, young man—you have my thanks for your endeavors to please me: here is the stipulated price of your labor, and may it be but the commencement of that prosperity which should reward the exertions of such talent as you possess. The stranger and the wanderer leaves with you his thanks, and his earnest prayers for your future welfare. I go hence in a few days, but shall return within the month, and claim the picture. In the meantime use it, together with this manuscript, for the furtherance of your own views as you may think proper."

He placed a few leaves of paper, much discolored by time, into the hand of the painter, together with a well-filled purse, and immediately departed.

Grey placed himself beside the window, and read the wild story the manuscript contained: and as the waning light of day fell on the picture, the figures seemed to start into life before him.

It thus commenced:

"The prediction is fulfilled! For years it has hung over that devoted house, and now has fallen to crush the loveliest of its daughters!—There is an old castle in a remote part of Ireland, which descended from generation to generation of bold and hardy barons, till at length the only scion of that noble race was a feeble girl. Her mother was a woman of imperious temper, who mourned that the name of a high race should become extinct, and determined, in her own mind, that exalted rank should compensate her daughter for the sacrifice of her paternal name: but in vain did she seek to fill the mind of her gentle yielding child with her aspiring views. Beatrice loved one of humble birth—the son of one of her father's tenants. They had been reared together, and she had loved him ere yet she knew love's name; but her hand was sought by one who thought he honored her by his choice. The father was passive—the mother forced her to become the bride of him her heart loathed.

"It was the evening after her inauspicious marriage, that her nurse was standing beside her young lady, placing the bridal wreath on her head for a feast which was that night to be held in her father's halls. Suddenly a bright light fell on the person of the bride, and the old woman shrieked—

"The prediction—the prediction: this night shall the glories of this ancient house pass away!"

"Then that group gathered before the castle, and the father repeated the words of an ancient seer, who had foretold the downfall of his house. The prediction ran thus—

"When the proud eagle shall rend the breast of its young, then shall the red light warn the house of its fall, and the lovely and beloved shall find peace where alone it may be found?"

"I cannot—no I cannot look on it," said Beatrice, as she turned shuddering away; that red light seems to scorch my heart and sear my eyeballs. Mother—oh, mother! let me hide myself from my doom—throw your arms around me, that I may feel myself in safety, as, when a little child, I clung to you for protection. Hold me to your heart, mother, and do not let the red demon take me from you—your love can be a shield for your child—a mother's love is too pure and hallowed a circle, for his demon hate to step within its influence, to drag me from your arms."

"My child—my daughter—this is folly, madness—come within and take something to compose yourself."

"Yes, mother, I will come in, but mark my words: as I cross the threshold it is the last time I shall cross it *alone*. When next the shadows of the oaks of my fathers fall on me, I shall be borne out—struck—maddened—blasted by the curse of ambition. Oh, mother! mother! was it well of thee

to crush my heart, because the blood that gave life to it was said to be of a nobler stream than his? Nobler! man's nobility! and he—he was God's!"

"My daughter, hush those frantic words—your husband waits." "Call him not my husband!" said the poor girl, passionately. "What care I for husband now? He knew I loved him not—I told him so—that my whole soul was devoted to another: what cared he for my passionate appealing? The heiress with her broad lands and full coffers was all he sought;—he has them; but my heart he never had—he never shall have—a few more hours and it will be chilled, and cold, and at rest."

"One week from that night she was borne to her grave, and the wail of anguish rose loudly to heaven for the fate of the broken-hearted. Her father sank at once beneath the blow. Her lord sought a new bride; him she had loved became a wanderer; and the mother, whose haughty spirit had wrought the fulfilment of the prophecy, died of that searing, lasting grief, which stern hearts sometimes feel."

Grey arose, and walked several times across the floor, stopping each time to gaze on the picture, which possessed a new interest in his eyes.

"'Tis a strange story," he muttered, "and may be useful. It may remind him, when he looks on the pale cheek of Lucile, that such a doom may fall on her. I will try it at all events."

CHAPTER VI.

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

Byron.

Let her keep her pride.
Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn.
Heaven and Earth.

There was a pavilion in the garden of Gen. Montessor, which had been fitted up under the superintendence of his daughter. It was a light and elegant structure, situated in a grove of orange and citron trees: the interior was decorated with the earlier efforts of Grey's pencil. It contained an organ of fine tone, and at the hour of vespers its solemn melody had been wont to fill the air, accompanied by the sweet voice of Lucile singing the hymn to the virgin; for, though not a Catholic, there was to her romantic mind a charm in some of the observances of that imposing faith; and never did the pure soul of that young girl more deeply feel its immortality, than when breathing in that solemn hour the thrilling words of appeal to the mother of him who wept over a lost world.

It was that still and dreamy hour, and once

more Lucile was in her favorite retreat. It was the first time since her illness that she had ventured thither. She had feared that the associations of the hour and the spot might overcome her newly acquired tranquillity; but she had a letter from Grey, which had reached her that morning, and she felt that the sweet and tender memories linked with the pavilion, would no longer oppress her heart with a sense of its present desolation, by contrasting it with the happy past. A faint rosette was once more on her cheek, and hope again threw her magic halo over the future—the hope of a young and loving heart, which could not believe that time would fail to soften her father in favor of her noble Sidney; yet had she been of a suspicious temper, a new cause of uneasiness might have been found in the conduct of her cousin.

During the weeks of her convalescence, Victor had watched over her as a brother. It was his hand which gathered the freshest flowers—his voice which read the poem or the story, that wiled away the tedious hours of languor and weariness, and Lucile was deeply grateful; but it was not thus with Victor. He had yielded almost unconsciously to a passion for the gentle and uncomplaining being thus thrown on his sympathy. A passion which was destined to become fatal to his peace and her own. He reproached himself with bitterness, but each day found him more deeply enthralled, and all his thoughts were given to the possibility of winning the love of his fair cousin from the poor and insignificant Grey. A change had indeed “come o’er the spirit of his dream” since the evening of his arrival. He came full of high and honorable intentions; the generosity of a youthful spirit; but spite of his own resolves he loved, and what love is not selfish? We may lavish wealth with a prodigal hand, or, in a moment of thoughtless folly, waste the wages hardly won, but who is willing to yield to another the affections of those they love? The heart acknowledges no prior right. Where so much love is given we fancy that we have a right to claim some portion in return. Thus it was with Victor: all things were in his favor, save that little rebellious heart which still clung with woman’s faith to its early love. Yet he did not despair. Time—her father’s wishes—would eventually triumph over her ill-placed affection; and in the interim he might linger by her side, and offer his homage at the shrine of her beauty, without molestation from his rival. Selfish thought! yet true to a lover’s nature.

And Lucile was again in that sanctuary, sacred to the recollections of the past, but no sound of music floated on the hushed and breathless eve. Her head was bent forward—her lips apart—her ear listening for that step which had so often brushed the dew from the pathway that led to her retreat.

The orange boughs were parted—a shower of snowy leaves fell at her feet, and starting forward, Lucile was clasped to the bosom of her early playmate.

“Once more, dear, adored Lucile, do we meet;” murmured a low, deep voice; “and you have suffered much, beloved one—you are pale, and tears are on your cheek.”

“But they are not tears of sorrow,” said Lucile, raising her soft dark eyes, whose long lashes were heavy with the dews of excited feeling. “Ah, Sidney, how I have wished for this hour, and grew heart-sick when I thought it would never come. During these long, long weeks, when I lay on a restless and feverish couch, I in vain looked for some token from you—some assurance that I was still fondly remembered. Ah, thoughtless one! did such an assurance come?”

“And did it not, Lucile?” asked Sidney, earnestly. “Heaven and your own heart are my witnesses that I am incapable of such neglect: I, who hovered around you night after night, watching the light that gleamed from your sick chamber, and when day dawned feared to ask your attendants how you had passed those still and lonely hours, lest the answer should extinguish all hope. I could not enter those walls from which I had been once expelled, with little show of courtesy or affection; but I could send my soul to your sick couch, and in the anguish of my spirit raise my heart to heaven in prayers for your recovery. This I have done—and not this alone. When assured by your physician that the delirium of fever was past, I daily found means to send a line by your waiting maid; and after the arrival of your cousin he kindly offered to become the medium of communication between us.”

“What! Victor?” exclaimed Lucile. “He brought me one letter—only one; and he it was who commented on your neglect, and contrasted it with the fond affection with which I lingered over each line from you. Surely Victor could not thus have acted without a motive.”

“No—he could not—he did not,” said Sidney, in a deep, stern tone, “and ’tis as I feared: the integrity of your cousin is not proof against the combined charms of your person and fortune. He sees me poor, unfriended, struggling for an existence even—and he feels that it were far better for you to forget your unworldly dream of love, and, wedding him, live in the splendor in which you have been reared, than mar your fortunes by linking them with mine. I see, I feel it all—I have felt it long pressing on my heart with the weight of despair. What, you! the spoiled and flattered beauty, whose wishes are laws to those around you—whose looks are watched by a train of menials prompt to execute each bidding, before it has scarcely time to shape itself in words,—you wed a nameless, houseless, pennyless man!—one

too, cursed with a genius—proverbially the most luckless, reckless race on earth—why there is folly, madness in the thought—presumptuous that I am to dream of such a misalliance. No, Miss Montresor, if you would be happy, drug your memory into forgetfulness of the past: in the airy castles that imagination loves to build, place some other image—that of your cousin, if you will, for he is handsome as a god—and though he has been treacherous to his trust in one instance, he may not prove so again. He may become worthy of you—at least he is your father's choice, and there will be no sacrifice in accepting him, save of a heart that adores you: a heart which has suffered your image to come between me and my bright dream of future fame; yet that heart can bid you forget me, if 'tis necessary to your happiness to do so."

"Cruel, cruel Sidney!" said the weeping girl. "Have I merited reproof? The effort for forgetfulness shall not be wanting, at least on my part, if such is the language you can use toward me."

In an instant Sidney was beside her, with her hand clasped in his, imploring forgiveness.

"Pardon me, Lucile—pardon me. My haughty and irritated spirit should not pour its bitterness on you, I know full well; but my lot is a hard one to bear. Condemned to loneliness—misery—wasting my heart in vain regrets, and vainer aspirations for that future which may not be for me—happiness, affection within my reach, yet I dare not grasp them, lest in so doing I make the wretchedness of her I love beyond my own existence. Oh, Lucile! is it not a fate worse than that of Tantalus of old? Yet, dearest one, withdraw not your affection from me; for without it life has no object. Without your smile, even fame, the flattering breath of thousands, would be valueless. Look on me, dearest girl, and say that my hasty words are forgiven."

"Ah, you know full well that your voice never petitions in vain. Yet I am distressed at the conduct of my cousin. He knew of the arrival of your splendid picture, and the strange story connected with it. He volunteered to show it to my father, and I can now fathom the cause of his relentless mood when he came to me, and reproached me for clinging with such tenacity to my predilection for you. He said that such foolery was beneath you and himself—he, fortunately, was not a moonstruck lover, or a wandering maniac; and the servants already had his orders to convey it to your abode forthwith. But hark! there is a footstep—leave me, leave me now—for worlds I would not have our interview discovered."

"Meet me at the same hour to-morrow evening. I have much to say to you."

"I will—I will—but now leave me."

A hasty adieu was murmured, and the parted

boughs had scarcely closed over his retreating figure, when Victor stood before her.

"You are out late, *ma petite cousin*," said he, gaily. "I have sought you in many places which are wont to be gladdened by your presence, but they knew you not, and I have wandered around your spirit's shrine like the ghosts of departed pleasures around the heart they once made joyous, but you came not, and I fortunately remembered the pavilion. It has hitherto been as a sealed book to me—may I enter and survey the wonders it contains?"

"If it will give you pleasure to do so," said the lady, coldly. Victor felt the change in her tone, and knew not to what to ascribe it, but he entered, and looked around.

"These—books, drawings, flowers, music—a very pretty assortment; and—let me see—this dim twilight scarcely allows one to judge, but you have also some pretty specimens of painting: the productions of your own pencil I presume."

"No—I seldom draw, and very imperfectly. They are those of"—

"Ah, I understand—of Grey. And you rise from your sick bed, Lucile, to come to this spot, which is consecrated to his image, to draw the past closer to your breast. That past which you are bound by every duty to endeavor to forget. Even your womanly pride is bowed before this neglectful lover, who in your hours of suffering was forgetful of what caused your cheek to pale, and the pulses of life to grow faint. Is this well?"

"Victor," said Lucile, "why speak to me thus? I have seen Sidney within the hour—learned your treachery—for what softer name can I give it?—and now I ask you how you could so recklessly increase the anguish which was consuming my spirit? You who vowed to further my wishes as far as lay in your power—why, why have you done this?"

"Because," said Victor, throwing himself before her, "because I adore you! I came to you with high and honorable intent, yet in the first hour I saw you I learned to love: yet was I not a traitor to my vow. I used all my influence with your father, until I found that 'twas worse than useless. Then, then I yielded to my passion. I saw you separated from Grey, with no rational hope of a reunion. I felt that to win you from the contemplation of the past, might not be an impossible task. I suppressed his letters—taught you to think him forgetful—heartless—and my apology is the deepest, wildest passion, that ever man felt for woman."

Lucile arose, but he caught her dress.

"Leave me not, Lucile! Say but one word—turn on me but one look from that averted face, to assure me that I have not forever cursed myself in your opinion. Speak, I conjure you, but one word."

"That word will not be one of hope, Mr. Montessor," said she, in a low, struggling voice. "I cannot forget that where I have confided, my confidence has been betrayed. Let this be the last time such language is addressed to me: with or without the consent of my father, I am in soul and spirit the betrothed of another: and the turf must lie on a broken heart before that heart can give to him a rival. Adieu!" And in another moment she was gone.

Victor threw himself on the seat she had left, and covered his face with his hands.

"Lost—ruined—undone! Madman that I have been, to hope for success through such black treachery."

A low, scornful laugh reached his ears: he started up and beheld the priest.

"Did I not tell you so?" said he. "You were fairly warned, and might have guarded your heart from the contagion of worldliness—but no! you braved the danger; and the fair lands, and yon fairer girl, have proved temptations too strong for you—ha! ha!"

"Fiend!" muttered the excited youth, "how dare you, at such a moment, speak to me thus?"

"Dare!" repeated the other, scornfully. "Pooh, I am no child, to be frightened by an angry brow or a fierce tone. Smooth your ruffled feelings, good Victor—persevere in the pursuit of your cousin, and all her wealth shall be thine."

"Her wealth! I wish it not; I ask it not! Think you, sir priest, that the sordid love of lucre bows me before the shrine of my cousin? No—I am not yet so despicable—her love were worth it all."

"So you may think now, good Victor; but so you will not long think. What is the love of the fairest of womankind to the many gratifications that gold can buy? Without it, we are nothing—with it, every thing is at our command. It can purchase all things save *forgetfulness*: the want of it makes Grey an outcast, and made me, what you see me, a blighted ruin."

There was a momentary wildness in the eyes of the speaker, but it soon passed away; and drawing himself up with much dignity, he continued—

"I taunt you often, because bitterness has become my most familiar mood, even with those I love; but I now only tell you the truth which my experience has taught me. Seek to rise above the multitude, and they will bow before you—ask wealth of the gods, and you need wish for no other gift with which you are not already endowed: it is the 'open sesame' to all hearts. Ponder my advice well, young man, for it is not lightly given."

He turned away, and before Victor could reply, the outline of his dark robes only was visible, as he threaded his way through the serpentine avenue of limes.

JOURNAL

OF A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS, CAVES AND SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.

By a New-Englander.

(CONCLUDED.)

To CHARLES E. SHERMAN, Esq. of Mobile, Ala.

These fragments of a Diary, kept during a tour made in his society, are respectfully and affectionately inscribed, by his friend and fellow-traveller,
THE AUTHOR.

Virginia! Yet I own
I love thee still, although no son of thine!
For I have climbed thy mountains, not alone,
And made the wonders of thy vallies mine;
Finding, from morning's dawn till day's decline,
Some marvel yet unmarked, some peak, whose throne
Was loftier,—girt with mist, and crowned with pine:
Some deep and rugged glen, with copse o'ergrown,
The birth of some sweet valley, or the line
Traced by some silver stream that murmurs lone:
Or the dark cave, where hidden crystals shine,
Or the wild arch, across the blue sky thrown.

Wilde.

CHAPTER VII.

Departure from White Sulphur. Shoemates and Bedmates. Arrival at Hot Springs. Dr. Goode. The Spout Bath. The Boiler. Peregrine Prolix. A touch at description. Ben Garnet, the original "Wormwood." "Old familiar faces." Col. Fry. Sunday at Hot Springs. Woodland pleasures.

Hot Springs, (Bath Co.) July 13, 1835.

Left White Sulphur and all its gaieties, pleasures and attractions, after dinner yesterday, in the midst of a grateful shower of rain, the first we had experienced for many days. This did not prevent the assembling of a numerous concourse to exchange the usual salutations with us, at parting. The going away of a visiter is an event in the routine of life here,—and excites much more interest and greater manifestation of feeling than similar occurrences are apt to do in the more varied and busier walks of life. This was observable as long as our coach was in sight of the springs, and the waving of kerchiefs was the last glimpse we could catch of White Sulphur.

We reached a tavern kept by a man yeleft Shoemate, at nine o'clock in the evening, and found a supper of venison steaks, hot coffee, corn cakes, and sweet butter, a delightful *terminus* to our ride. Here we found about twenty people, awaiting accommodations for the night, and our quarters were somewhat crowded, as you may suppose; but I should have done very well, but that the occupation of my bed was vigorously disputed with me by sundry pertinacious fleas—and the contest waxed so warm towards midnight, that rather than be turned out of my own quarters, I wrapped myself in a cloak and took the outside, leaving Messieurs, the combatants on the other part, full possession of the interior. This arrangement being made, I enjoyed the appointments of Master Shoemate for my accommodation, as well as could have been anticipated, until about 3, A. M., when the blast of a stageman's horn broke my slumbers, and transferred them, (after some *fuss*,) to the stage coach. Towards sunrise we came within sight of this place, and as we passed through a gap in the mountains, where the same turnpike so often mentioned is smooth and straight, the white cottage that forms the centre of the Hot Springs buildings, struck

the eye very agreeably, relieved as it is against the deep masses of foliage that rise one over the other to the summit of the noble range of mountains that overhang it on the south and east. The approach from below, as you come from Warm Springs, is not so fine: but that from the west is indeed very picturesque, equaling any landscape I have met among these mountains. The buildings here are roughly built, and when nearly viewed, present no very attractive appearance, being scattered here and there without much method or order, and inviting the visiter less by any exterior attractions of their own than by the positive and intrinsic virtues which they possess.

Dismounting here with my companion, we engaged a comfortable cabin, (a palace to any thing we had enjoyed at White Sulphur,) ate a breakfast, which by the same standard of comparison or contrast, might well be called a feast, and then sat down to read the welcome letters which we here found awaiting us from home.

As we approach the Hot Springs from the west, by the mountain road, we come suddenly upon it as we pass through a narrow gorge between the hills; and viewed hence, it presents a beautiful landscape to the eye of the traveller. The road descends from this gorge into a valley, the middle of which is low and somewhat marshy, and here the springs are situated. The buildings erected over them, for the accommodation of visitors, are unsightly in construction and in their relative location, and of course add nothing to the beauty of the situation, as a whole. The hotel, too, on nearing it, is converted from the lovely little cottage which your fancy has led you to imagine it, into a white-washed and inconveniently constructed old fashioned house, of no very attractive exterior or interior. Here we found several of the recent residents at White Sulphur, who had, like ourselves, come to this region, to put the finishing stroke to their experiments upon the waters of the Virginia Springs.

We are now comfortably bestowed in a neat, new, unfinished little box, that is nevertheless a stately mansion compared with any thing in Fly Row,—and we breakfasted as princes would be glad to breakfast after a fortnight at White Sulphur. After this operation, we called to see Dr. Goode, the intelligent proprietor of these springs, who advised us to commence with the trial of the "Spout Bath." At the proper hour, therefore, we entered a low wood building, where disencumbering ourselves of our apparel, we stepped into a round basin of water that seemed scalding at first, and from which the first impulse is to draw back with something of a start. But being thereto encouraged, we persevered until we stood up to our ears in water of the temperature of about 170 degrees of Fahrenheit. It was a very pleasant bath, and almost equally so with that at Warm Springs, already described, though I must confess I should prefer the latter as a matter of mere pleasure. In this basin a hollow log has been constructed, which conducts water of the same temperature so as to fall on any part of the person the patient pleases,—and this is what gives the bath its name. I found the *Spout* quite agreeable. There is a constant rising of gas in this spring, which renders it a most delicious bath; it seems to buoy the body up towards the surface, and by sensibly diminishing the weight of the water, as you walk or swim in it, almost giving the effect of entire non-resistance to your motions.

Upon leaving this bath, the doctor prescribes that the subject go directly to his room, and not expose himself to the action of the air upon his person, until the profuse perspiration, which is the effect of bathing, has left the surface. We did so, and found the most agreeable effects resulting from the precaution: and our first experiment with the *Spout*, warrants us in the confident anticipation of the best results from its further use.

There are at present many invalids here, the place forming quite a hospital, and presenting a strong and striking contrast with the White Sulphur Springs, where there is such a constant flow of gaiety, and so constant a bustle is humming from morning till night. Many invalids have come down from Calwell's, and are now *Boiling, Spouting* and *Sweating* under Dr. Goode; and the Warm Spa being near, we have enough company to make the time pass away tolerably.

Dr. Goode is an experienced physician, (I believe from Scotland originally,) and became possessed of this valuable property by purchase from the former owner, *Peyton*, who received it as a part of his wife's portion, without a very adequate notion of its true value. Many improvements are going on, new springs being discovered, and much promise being held out of future comforts and conveniences that are now *desiderata*.

August 15.

A lovely place is this stage of my wanderings among the Springs of Virginia. It did not look to me as if I could linger among its vallies and mountains with much satisfaction after leaving the White Sulphur, but it has grown wonderfully upon my good will within these few days. I have already given some idea of its situation, its arrangements for invalids, and the qualities of its waters. I have continued to enjoy its delicious baths, and with no little advantage, and find them now as necessary to my daily enjoyment as I had previously done the White Sulphur waters.

Well does the facetious Peregrine Prolix remark, that the scenery at Hot Springs "grows into your affections the deeper, the longer you remain." We came here for three days, and are regretting already that we may not extend our stay beyond a week. Since I came into Virginia, I have seen nothing in nature more lovely than the twilight of last evening, as I viewed it from the piazza of the old tavern here. It had been one of the finest days of the season. From morning till midnight the horizon, resting all around upon the ridge of the mountains that hem us in and form our little secluded world, spanned but one glorious arch of beauty. The sun, lifting up the thin cloud of silver and azure mist, that rested upon the mountain brow at its rising, came forth in splendor on his march across the trackless firmament, while the old trees that raised their proud heads by thousands over each other upon the hill sides, stood solemnly and silently still, not a breeze stirring their leafy tops amidst the quiet of the Sabbath noon; and gloriously too did he sink, the King of Day, to his rest beyond the distant verge of the western horizon. There is a spot here whence you may view the loveliest sunset and twilight landscape that it ever entered into the imagination of a Milton to describe, or a Claude to depict. Standing at sunset, a little north-westerly of the hotel on the hill, you look westward through a gap in the ridge of mountains I have so often alluded to as forming a beautiful feature of the scenery here, and following the direction of the road, the eye strikes at the remotest point of vision, the edge

of another range of hills, behind which the sun has just set in undimmed glory. Above the lowest point of the horizon, a long line of glowing light extends the whole width of the space between the near mountains, that form your foreground, and thence mellowing upward in fainter and fainter degrees of intensity, it loses itself at length in the deep dun of the heavens above, amid which the stars are one by one shining forth, to make a night worthy of such a day. That one view is enough, for its present enjoyment, and for the recollections with which it has stored my memory, to repay me for my journey over the blue Alleghany.

One learns to like his landlord, too, at Hot Springs, in an incredibly short time. Dr. Goode is a fine looking, intelligent, middle aged gentleman, who received his medical education at Edinburgh, and conceived the project of turning these springs to account from the experience that he himself had enjoyed of their efficacy. He has been their proprietor somewhat less than two years, and is in the midst of building and other grand improvements, the result of all which, it is a reasonable hope of his, will be to render these springs a very general resort for those who are suffering under hepatic and rheumatic affections. He is of mild manners, easy and winning address, gentlemanly and affable as an acquaintance, and instructive in his conversation upon general topics as well as upon those connected with his profession.

Mr. Edmondson is the "Mr. Anderson" of Hot Springs, and meekly (in comparison) does he bear his honors. His right hand man is Mr. Smith,—a common name, it is true, but "what's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,"—though "Smith," never knew I one, who for the concoction of a mint-julep, that pride of the Old Dominion, could come within hailing distance of him of the Hot Springs.

As queer an appendage of this place as any connected with it, is our barber. He rejoices in the euphonious name of Ben Garnet, and styles himself, Barber, Clothes Cleaner and Renovator. By courtesy, our coterie have dubbed him "Wormwood," from the resemblance he bears to the worthy of that name who figures in the "Lottery Ticket" so facetiously: particularly in his gait, that is most singularly limping, as he hops about to shave beards and renovate unmentionables. *Wormwood* owes his limp (so gossip tells) to a wound received *en cuerpo*, as he was retreating from an unsuccessful attempt to raise a subject for the dissecting table of the medical students at Charlottesville, where he resided, lang syne: but whether this be a true or gossiping story, I know not: he says he came by his lameness by means of a downright honest rheumatic fever. Any how, (as Virginians say,) *Wormwood* is an oddity in his way, and it is worth a day's stay at Hot Springs to develope the fellow.

We are within five miles of the Warm Springs, and on Saturday, I rode over and found the good Colonel as happy as a king, in the midst of a house full of visitors. Some of these were "old familiar faces," and recalled White Sulphur associations most delightfully. We were to have engaged rooms there, but the Colonel told us that "he never does them things;" giving all a fair chance, and no monopolizing! What a lesson for Master Anderson, thought I.

Yesterday was a *dies non* to all the intents and purposes of a spring life, and so entirely out of reckoning was a neighbor of mine, as to the days of the week,

that he was actually caught in asking a black who frequents the piazza of his cabin, with his violin, every noon, to play "Zip Coon," and was much mortified to hear the conscientious Orpheus reply, "it is Sunday, Massa!"

I have just returned from a ride on horseback to visit a spring, about three miles north of this place. The road was delightful, the day fine, my companions choice, and the horses good;—and to crown the pleasures of the morning, I tasted once more the real sulphur water, bubbling up from the earth, in all its undoubted purity. I did not drink it, it is true, from the octagonal basin, beneath the pillared pavilion, presided over by Hygeia, that graced the verdant square of my good friend Calwell's domain,—but it was *the real thing*, and tasted as deliciously beneath the green trees of the primeval forest as it could have done in the costliest fabric of man's hands. The owner appears to possess no adequate notion of the value of the spring, leaving it open to all comers. Who knows, but that in time to come, a new "White Sulphur" will arise, and divide the palm with the present "lion of the mountains?"

We passed a cave or two of inauspicious aspect, but hating every thing Cimmerian, I did not turn my horse's head to explore them: a wagon load of negroes, old and young, male and female, some chained hand to hand, being on their way with their owners, for sale, probably to the south, and a whole family of whites, moving from Rockbridge to Ohio. We conversed with the latter in its various picturesque groups, and learned the story of their plans, and as we came back, we saw them halting to dine on the banks of a mountain stream, forming a picture worthy the pencil of a Salvator.

CHAPTER VIII.

Warm Springs again. The Colonel. The Baths. General hints. My last day at the Springs. Advantages of the tour. Advice to our critics. The Virginian. Ride over the mountains. The Blowing Cave. A hoax. Millborough. Alum Spring. The Hunter's bivouac. Lexington. Natural Bridge. Staunton. Weyer's cave.

Warm Springs, August 20, 1835.

Here I am back again at the comfortable quarters of my good old friend, Colonel Fry,—who received me with his accustomed cordiality and hospitable welcome. I find his cabins and chambers almost completely pre-occupied—for the travellers in Virginia from the north, generally take his springs in their homeward route,—but still by a little manœuvring, I was enabled to bestow myself quite easily in a suit of cabin apartments, much to my satisfaction.

I believe I was clear enough, for all useful purposes, as to the topographicalities of Warm Springs, upon my first visit, and can add but little to the useful or amusing accounts already attempted, of this part of my tour. I meet many of my White Sulphur acquaintance here, and have every prospect of a delightful sojourn for a few days. The baths, the luxury of which I have already endeavored to describe, are still attracting hosts of visitors, and they tell me that they find it difficult to break away from the fascinations of the place.

Gaiety, too, is as rife here as at White Sulphur Springs, proportionally speaking. The dancing hall is nightly opened, and one fancies himself at Calwell's, under the management of Colonel P. more. Such a contrast as the whole affords to

pled condition of things at Hot Springs, (which an old inmate calls the "Hospital of Incurables,") makes it additionally attractive, just now, and thus you see my leave-taking of this region is likely to take place under most favorable circumstances.

My ride from the Hot Springs hither was unincidental, and was taken upon a gloomy, lowering afternoon, and of course, the sight of the well-filled colonnaded piazza was cheering indeed. Some people had just come from the upper springs, who represented the falling off there to be rapid and constant. This of course increased my self-felicitation upon having come away so opportunely. Who does not hate leave-takings, among pleasant acquaintances?

Yes! the season is over, or nearly so. The invalids are wrapping up and turning their faces homeward,—the votary of Fashion is sighing a last farewell to the scenes that have been so delightful to him,—and every thing appears to be verging towards the end of the ball. I saw to-day the withered foliage of a maple, solitary and alone, in the midst of the forest, and its brilliant hue, like the hectic of the consumptive, warned me that it was time to depart also. I shall linger but one day yet, and then cross into another county of delightful Virginia, enjoying new sights and curiosities,—hunting over yet unassayed ground.

August 22.

This is my last day among the Springs of Virginia. My visit to them, with its varied incidents, has been described to my patient and long suffering readers in a series of letters that I hope have had the effect to render these springs an object of interest in their eyes, and to induce some of them to turn their faces hitherward, whenever a journey of health or pleasure is to be projected. Should such an effect result from the publication of my notes, I certainly shall not have written in vain.

From what has been so rapidly sketched, it may be deduced that the better route for a northern traveller to take to the Virginia Springs, would be to start about the middle of July on the tour, taking the Richmond steamboat at Baltimore, and the stage-coach at Richmond, and so direct to the Warm, Hot, and White Sulphur Springs. If he be dyspeptic, he will content himself with a few baths at Warm, look in upon Dr. Goode at Hot, and tarry a fortnight at White Sulphur. Should the vice-like grasp of that "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," as the rheumatism has been aptly described, clinch him in its rude embrace, his place of sojourn must be in the Thermal valley, alternating between Hot and Warm, as Drs. Goode and Strother shall advise: doubtless the greater portion of his time should be devoted to the baths of the spout and the boiler. The consumptive must avoid all these springs,—the Red and Gray Sulphur offering the only inducements to such patients to visit this region. If, however, none of these disorders and diseases shall drive the visiter hitherward, but his malady be enervated, or the propulsive power that moves him towards Spa be only the behest of fashion and a love of pleasure, he will find the White Sulphur his place the season round, Salt Sulphur occasionally, and this hospitable abode of Colonel Fry, towards the close of July. Returning, he has "the world before him, where to choose." He may return the way he came,—or may go back to Staunton, and thence diverge to Fredericksburg, and so go to Baltimore or Washington by

stage, and take the rail-road. If so disposed, he may go twice each week to Lexington, by the way of Callaghan's, (above Hot Springs,) and thence may go to the Natural Bridge, (being thirty-five miles hence,) and taking Staunton in his way, may return as before directed. This will furnish a very agreeable, varied, instructive and health-giving season; and if the traveller be not the better for it, it will be more his own fault than that of the roads, the inns, the people, the fare, or the face of nature, on the entire route.

One thing has been very remarkable during my whole tour to the springs. The weather has been uninterruptedly fine throughout. Every one remarks that the present season has been marked no less for its unusually bright, clear and delightful skies, than for its wonderful increase of travellers in this region since the last. It is very certain that of late much more notice has been publicly taken of the tour, than has ever before been done in the country, and there is every reason to believe, that the result will be a prodigious increase of travel here during another season.

The opportunity that a journey to the springs of Virginia affords the traveller from the north to form an acquaintance with the people of the various parts of the country south of 'Mason and Dixon's line,' is to be superadded to the advantages already enumerated as attending such a tour. It is incredible to the inexperienced in this matter, how great a deduction of that prejudice which is based upon no other ground than a few merely sectional differences of opinion on local and peculiar points, is effected by the contact and collision that such a journey produces. And it is doubly advantageous, inasmuch as this action upon prejudice is reciprocal; the southerner meets his brother of the north, and forms an intimacy with and an attachment to him, that results necessarily in the production of the best feelings on both sides.

The character of the Virginian is peculiar, and at first view less pleasing than upon a cultivated acquaintance. He is proud, and high toned in his feelings; and in nothing does this characteristic show itself more plainly than in the exercise of his most distinguishing trait,—I mean his hospitality. Of nothing is he more proud than that he is most hospitable. There is a gentlemanly manner pervading the people I have met in this state that is entirely irrespective of rank, class or condition; and indeed I have seen it more strikingly developed, oftentimes, in those from whose appearance I was led to expect it least, than from others, to whom I looked for it as a matter of course. In no place I have ever been, have I seen so much occasion for a constant attention to the duty of acknowledging and reciprocating politeness, kindness, and attention, as in the mountain region of Western Virginia, during a month's 'Trip to the Springs.'

* * * * *

August 23.

At Warm Springs, I very gladly accepted a proposition from a friend to join him and one other companion in chartering a coach to Staunton, by the way of Lexington and the Natural Bridge. Having packed up, we took leave of the lingerers at the Colonel's, jumped into our two-horse vehicle, (denominated by courtesy a coach,) and were soon on our way over the Rock Mountain that overhangs the valley of the springs. It was early in the day, and we were to stop after the first thirteen miles from our starting place. A most delicious air rendered the heat of the sun,

shining down upon us unclouded and bright, quite tolerable, exposed as we were to his rays, determined to enjoy the splendid scenery that surrounded us on every hand. We soon diverged from the main road, and struck off south-westerly towards Millboro', where is a sulphur spring, and where we were to breakfast. On our way we got out to see the wonderful "Blowing Cave," mentioned by Jefferson, in his "Notes," as prostrating the grass for rods before it, and celebrated in all the guide books and travellers' long yarns from Dan to Beersheba. *But it had done blowing!* So much for cave hunting!

Arrived at Millboro', a little village where there is a mill, a hatter's shop, (there located "because furs are so cheap," as the master of the ten foot establishment told me,) a tavern, and a real White Sulphur Spring. The mill has done grinding, the tavern is beautifully situated, and afforded a capital breakfast, the hatter was a yankee, (*of course,*) and the spring was quite respectable. After these discoveries, we pushed south-erly into Rockbridge county, went up hill and down hill, along vallies, over rocky roads, and crossed the same creek six and twenty times, all counted. There was no tavern on the route from Millboro' to Lexington, which we were to reach that night, and our dinner was to be merged in supper. The boys, the women, and the men on the road were too busy to give us a cup of cold water to drink, and we were obliged to subsist on the apples we could knock from the trees by the way-side. In the course of the afternoon, having ridden through a succession of fine scenery, of the same character as that already described to you in my letters, we came to the foot of a hill, to the abrupt and densely wooded summit of which we ascended, to behold a most striking and singular sight. On the other side of this hill, which descended precipitously into a deep and rocky ravine, an hundred feet below where we stood, was a little settlement or encampment of deer-hunters, who come annually to this secluded and wild spot, to follow their game, bringing with them their families, and remaining during the whole season. The place selected is famous as the site of an alum spring of great power, to which people resort to accomplish cures for those diseases that are benefitted by an application of that mineral. It was a rude, rough, and novel scene, a parallel to which I do not think can be found in our country. I am told that this place is not renowned for its strict exemplariness in matters of morals and civil good order; these hunters being a kind of outlawed race, with few or no sympathies in common with the rest of the world around them. We reached Lexington, a place of eight or nine hundred inhabitants, that night, thirty-five miles from Warm Springs, after a fatiguing ride. There are an arsenal, with thirty or forty thousand stands of arms, and a garrison of forty soldiers; Washington College, which was closed, it being vacation time; a good court-house and gaol, churches, and many fine dwelling houses. It stands in the midst of a delightfully cultivated valley among the mountains, and is a place of no little consideration. We made a very comfortable inn our head-quarters,—and having passed a good night, we were bright and early on our way to the crowning curiosity of our tour,—the Natural Bridge of Virginia. We reached it at noon, after a ride of about sixteen miles. A public house stands near it, where we left our carriage, and proceeded to view this stupendous wonder at our leisure.

Words are inadequate to convey the emotions with which one approaches, gazes upon, and admires this most magnificent display of that omnipotent power that called the earth and all it contains into being. One must go and stand upon the rock on the north of the ravine, and look down upon the bed of the stream three hundred feet below, and gaze with awe-struck admiration upon the immense sweep of the single arch thrown over this wide and growing gulf, below which and over and upon which trees are growing in masses, and which sustains a solid block of everlasting rock, *fifty feet thick*, upon which a common travelled road is run,—and then by a circuitous path he must descend below the stupendous arch, and gaze upward, and thus form an idea of its vastness, and the many wonders that its existence, its formation, and its regular mathematical proportions excite in the mind of the contemplative observer, ere he can conceive of what I should in vain attempt adequately to describe.

On the rocks and trees forming this magnificent curiosity, some visitors, desirous of fame, have recorded their names, many modestly, and some ostentatiously. For our parts, we contented ourselves with bearing away a hawthorn stick and a cypress bough as our memorials of a visit so full of impressive associations.

The bridge is private property; it did belong to the estate of Jefferson, and has been sold to its present owner, within three years, for fifteen hundred dollars, with about sixty acres of land. No doubt the purchaser is now reaping a rich harvest for his bargain.

Leaving Lexington and Rockbridge county, we came, on the route of our return, to the little town of Staunton, on the main post-road to Richmond, where accident threw in our way an opportunity, (which, upon reflection, I think I should much regret to have lost,) to visit "Weyer's Cave," the most celebrated of all the limestone excavations which have been discovered in Western Virginia. "Madison's Cave," so celebrated in Jefferson's "Notes," is very near it, but since its discovery, has ceased wholly to attract the popular curiosity: and Weyer's is admitted by all visitors to be the grand wonder of this interesting tour. Being detained a day at Staunton, by some disappointment as to seats, our little party of three, determined to spend it at the Cave. Our curiosity to do so was excited by the landlord's exhibiting to us some beautiful specimens of spar, crystal, and stalactite, that had been brought thence, and forgetting our horror of being taken in by another "Cave," so naturally produced by our disappointment at "Windy Cave," *so called*, we took a convenient conveyance and rode out seventeen miles, to the abode of Mr. Morley, who has the care and the exhibition of this prodigious cavern.

Having provided us with lights, arranged so as to throw the glare forward without dazzling the eye, we went about a quarter of a mile from the landlord's house, and ascending a hill, soon came to a wooden entrance upon the rocky side of a precipice, and stood in the *ante-room* of the cave. While standing there, our guide informed us that the place had been discovered twenty-nine years, and that its discovery was the result of accident, a hunter being on a search after some lost game, which he tracked to the mouth of this cave. His name was Weyer, and hence the name. We went through a succession of rudely divided apartments, formed by heavy and massive convulsions of the rocks on which the everlasting hill, hundreds of feet over our heads, was resting, each distinguished by some appel-

lation that had been given it by the inquiring and intelligent visiter, from some resemblance which its entire form, or the concretions within it bore to some particular object. These apartments are in number no less than thirty-six, and I believe a few more, each containing stalactitic and stalagmitic formations, produced by the constant dropping of the limestone in a soluble state from the roof of the cave. The stalactite is formed by the drops from the ceiling or sides, in a hanging position, like icicles from a wall, or sheets of ice upon a water course. The stalagmite is the formation of a concretion upward from the ground, upon which, drop by drop, the solvent falls from above.

The wildest vagaries of romantic and poetical fancy, the most visionary conceptions of the freest rover in the realms of imagination, can never match the beauties and glories of this most wondrous of all the works of nature. There is not one feature of this fairy palace, be it ever so minute, or ever so grand in its proportions, that art can imitate with any thing like a shadow of the reality. The eye wanders amid a boundless variety of charming objects, and as it roves around these massive halls, the architecture of nature during the lapse of ages, the heart of the gazer is struck with awe at the stupendous manifestations of God's omnipotence the scene discloses at every step. Where all is so beautiful, grand, magnificent, sublime, to particularize within the compass of a single letter were presumption. All parts of the great whole were full of interest, and to the admiration of each alike did we devote ourselves as we passed them. Here, a splendid ceiling, over-arching an apartment of great extent, was hanging thick with stalactites of every shape and size and tint, the single drop of lime water pendent upon the point of each, and with the crystals that had here and there formed upon them, glistening in the torch-light like masses of diamonds. Next, the attention is directed to enormous hangings of the same formations, but in broad folds resembling the richest drapery; every sheet or volume of which, a light being placed behind it, would seem to be hung with a broad border, and a regular hem. Again, stalagmites would here and there arise like statues or pedestals, imitations of antique marbles, requiring but little aid of the fancy to assimilate them to the well known *chefs-d'œuvre* of the art. Then, a magnificent hall, level, regular, lofty and extensive, would stretch out before the wondering gaze, and in its centre a statue would appear, the guardian genius of the place. The hall would be adorned with hangings of the broad and beautiful formations already described, and its ceiling sparkling with innumerable stalactites, spar and crystals. Anon, what seemed a mighty waterfall, stayed by the hand of Omnipotence in its descent, would stand, in motionless magnificence, fall after fall, volume after volume, lying still, clear, pure, cold and bright, one over the other, upon a perpendicular descent of an hundred and fifty feet,—some of the stalactitical concretions were so massive as to separate apartments from each other, and in one of these, the walls thus formed were beautifully transparent. A thin partition of this kind upon being struck gave out a deep tone, like the Chinese gong, and another had all the resonance of a fine bass drum,—while, in the same room, a succession of irregularly shaped columns of the stone, upon being hit rapidly with a small cane, produced a series of notes, not unlike those of the Pandean pipes, or of the musical glasses.

But I have not the time now, which it would require even to recapitulate, much less to describe the various attractions and fascinating wonders of this most interesting cave. I shall only add, therefore, that the traveller in Virginia should never consider his plans for a tour through that most wonderful state complete, within many a degree, until he has placed prominently among them, "*two whole days to be spent in exploring Weyer's Cave.*"

EXPOSTULATION.

It is not, dearest, that thy words
Come with a harsher tone—
I have no lute-string like the chords
Around thy spirit's throne.
The wind that makes all earth a harp,
The streamlets that rejoice,
Have not a note to win me from
The music of thy voice.

But, dearest, when 'neath yonder arch
The winds come trooping by,
I feel them on their gentlest march,
And when the storm is high;
And so, when gladness fans thy breast,
Her zephyrs o'er me blow—
But ah! when storms assail thy rest,
I may not share thy wo.

The streamlets flashing to the sun,
And dancing down the hill,
But to each other faster run,
When floods their channels fill.
So, when life's current gleams with bliss,
Our thoughts together flow;
Alas! 'tis but in happiness—
I may not share thy wo.

Oh! let my love divide thy cup!
My joy shall meet thy smile,
As fountains leap in sparkles up,
The sunbeams to beguile!
But keener, keener far, the zest
Of joy, might I but know
Whatever sorrows fill thy breast,
Might I but share thy wo.

Life's brightest is a glimmering ray,
And clouds will intervene;
Yet every shower but damps the way,
To make our graces green.
Oh! how can faith and patience, here,
In me abound and grow,
If never water'd by the tear
That channels for thy wo?

Yet I can weep—and patience take
A most abiding root,
Water'd by tears that do not wake
An answer to my suit.
Still shall I find a charm to bless,
When joys within thee glow;
And life may lose some bitterness,
Though I share not thy wo.

Camden, S. C.

B. W. H.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL COOPER.

BY A CITIZEN OF FREDERICK COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Terrible was the gleam of his steel: 'twas like the green meteor of death setting in the heath of Malmor when the traveller is asleep, and the broad moon is darkened in the Heavens.
Ossian.

On the evening of the 28th of June last, I visited Captain SAMUEL COOPER, of Georgetown, D. C., that I might ascertain the events of his military life. The venerable man was seated in his portico, from which we saw old Potomac rolling his waters far as the eye could reach, insensibly leading the imagination to the tomb of Washington, and in quick succession reviving all the prominent events of his day. The capitol of our country, too, and the proud monuments of national glory, were immediately before us, which we could not behold without recurring with sorrow and indignation to the disastrous events of 1814, when a vandal foe laid them in ruins. The rays of the setting sun gilded the horizon with a beautiful lustre—the lofty oaks, which surrounded his house, were covered with the richest foliage—the feathered songsters poured forth their sweetest music—and when I was told, that this was alike the birthday of the aged patriot, and the anniversary of the battle of Monmouth, where he had fought for our country, my curiosity was much excited to learn his history. He seemed at first rather to shrink from the narration of the stirring scenes of his adventurous career: his modesty recoiled from the task. At length I saw his eye kindling, his mental powers were quickly excited; and he thus began. “Often like the evening sun comes the memory of former days on my soul. I was born June 28th, 1755, in Boston, and was enrolled in Col. Knox’s regiment of artillery, May 2d, 1775. I saw the blood of my neighbors flow at Lexington, on the 19th of the preceding month, and had frequently heard the great orator, Dr. Warren, thunder in the ‘Old South,’ against the oppressions of England, even when the British soldiers menaced him with instant death in the holy place. Sir, (said he, rising from his seat, in a sort of ecstasy,) I yet hear his unrivalled eloquence—his pathetic tones—I see the people electrified and borne off to the aid of their country, despising the horrors of war—by the all-powerful oratory of this second Demosthenes. I had previously, in 1774, borne a very prominent part in the destruction of three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, in Boston harbor. And although this expedition was fraught with the best effects to the whole country, yet was it as nothing when compared with the battle of Bunker Hill, which was not surpassed in bravery or good fortune, either in ancient or modern times.

“Our army had blockaded Boston: we labored incessantly through the night of the 16th June, ’75, to fortify our position on the summit which completely commanded the city; and it was not until four next morning that one of the enemy’s ships first perceived our operations, and played on us with their artillery. The three English generals saw that all their efforts to dislodge us from our strong position would be vain, unless by a general assault. Our lines were manned with yeomanry, many of whom had never been in battle. Putnam commanded in chief, assisted by Starke and other brave spirits. A few minutes before the contest began, Warren appeared in all the pride of youth and courage. I remember distinctly his countenance, (which strikingly resembled that of the late Mr. Wirt,) glowing with patriotism and ardor—his hair fell in curls down his shoulders—his presence inspired the troops wherever he was seen. The sun had risen resplendently, indicative of our fortunes on that remarkable day. We saw from the top of the hill the British shipping and barges in the harbor—thousands of anxious spectators filling the windows, balconies, and roofs of houses of my native city—the enemy preparing for the conflict—all was big with the fate of the two nations. About one o’clock, P. M., they landed at Moreton’s Point, without meeting resistance, ten companies of grenadiers, ten of light infantry, and a quantity of artillery, commanded by Generals Howe and Pigot. On surveying our intrenchment, the British General halted, and sent for a reinforcement. They advanced in two columns. At this moment Charlestown was in one sheet of flame. The enemy gradually advanced up the hill now covered with their troops—their colors flying—music mingling with the roar of their artillery—soldiers well dressed—officers distinguished by their splendid costume—whilst we waited in profound silence for their near approach: our starspangled banner spread out to the unclouded sun—no signs of fear in any countenance—all, cool and determined, were awaiting the signal. On our first fire, hundreds of the enemy lay dead before us; their ranks were broken, and they retired in disorder to their place of landing: their officers were seen running in every direction, inspiring their soldiers for another attack. The second charge was to them more disastrous than the first. Again the survivors fled to their old position. An universal shout of joy along our line, enlivened with the favorite air of Yankee Doodle, apprized the enemy that our arms were nerved by a superior power in our country’s cause. But for Sir Henry Clinton, who beheld the scene from Coppe’s Hill, the British army had never rallied. He fled to its succor. That enterprising officer cheered the drooping spirits of his troops, and himself led the third and last charge. He attacked our redoubt at three several points. We now

suffered from the artillery of the ships, which not only kept off our reinforcements by the isthmus of Charlestown, but even uncovered and swept the interior of our trench, which was assaulted in front at the same instant: our ammunition was exhausted—no hopes of succor—no bayonets to our guns—the redoubt filled with the enemy—a retreat was now ordered. We were forced to pass along the isthmus of Charlestown, and here we suffered considerably from a British ship of war and two floating batteries. Here Warren fell, close by my side. I saw him standing alone in advance of his troops, rallying them by his own glorious example. His voice was heard above the storm of battle. He reminded them of the mottoes inscribed on their ensigns, on one side of which were written these words; ‘An appeal to heaven;’ and on the other ‘*Qui transtulit sustinet*,’ meaning that the same Providence which had brought their ancestors through innumerable perils to a place of safety, would also support their descendants. Imagine my feelings when I beheld his noble form covered with blood—what indignation swelled my bosom as I beheld Charlestown a heap of smoking ruins—whole families destroyed—more than a thousand corpses exposed to the sun—the groans of the dying mingled with the shout of victory—give but a faint view of the horrors of war!” “True,” replied I, “but the contest was a holy one. You were fighting for liberty.” “Yes,” he rejoined, with enthusiasm; “the battle of Bunker Hill in some degree resembled the thunders and lightnings of the mount where the law was delivered to Moses. The way was opened for the national glory of the Jewish and the American people, and the fire of liberty glowed in our bosoms, like the flaming bush which burnt, but was not consumed.” The patriarch now resumed his seat. “Did you retire from the camp after this memorable conflict?” “By no means. Washington, on the day after this battle, had been appointed by Congress general-in-chief of all our armies; he arrived at head-quarters at Cambridge on the 3d July, and it was determined on the 9th, in a council of war, that Boston should be closely besieged. I remained here during the whole time, and on the morning of the 17th March, 1776, saw their fleet filled with troops under sail for some other position. I was actively engaged at White Plains, New York, in October, 1776, where Washington gave proof of that intrepidity of character and military science, which he had displayed on the banks of the Monongahela on the 9th of July, 1755. Subsequently to this period, during the fall and winter of 1776, fortune seemed to have deserted our standard; but I never once despaired. On the 25th of December, we passed the Delaware to surprise the enemy in Trenton: the weather was excessively cold—the river filled with ice—wind high—a powerful foe to be attacked by a dispirit-

ed army—but, sir, it was a splendid affair: twenty-three officers and eight hundred and eighty-six soldiers were made prisoners of war! Not a man of our troops was killed; and but two wounded. We retreated from Trenton only to engage the British near Princeton, on the 3d of January, 1777, where our loss was inconsiderable when compared to that of the enemy, although we all lamented the fall of Gen. Mercer, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, who had seen good service at Culloden, and also in the French war in this country, where his intimacy with our beloved chief began. It was not until September 11th of this year, I had the pleasure of again encountering the foe at Chad’s Ford, on the Brandywine. The day was enlivened by the martial appearance of the chivalric Lafayette, who rode along our line with Washington just before the action commenced. True we were compelled to quit the field, but be assured the battle was warm and sanguinary. Philadelphia passed into the hands of the enemy—Congress removed hastily to Lancaster—the whole country was dismayed—but the general-in-chief on the morning of the 4th of October, at Germantown, again taught the British a lesson which they never forgot. My own commander, Knox, displayed on this occasion the most entire coolness and intrepidity, combined with the most profound skill and science. Nothing but the lightness of our artillery prevented our demolishing Chew’s house, from whence our brave comrades were mowed down with a most destructive fire. Notwithstanding the thick fog of the morning, and the derangement of the plan of battle from unforeseen causes, the English army would have been captured, had not Cornwallis, at the crisis of the contest hearing the noise of our artillery and small arms, arrived with fresh troops from Philadelphia. So changeable is the fortune of war, that the affairs of nations often hang on the events of a moment! The campaign closed, and we withdrew into winter-quarters at Valley Forge, on the 22d December; and with your permission, (bowing politely,) I will retire for the evening.”

Early on the ensuing morning the good old man renewed his narration:—“The winter of 1777-78, at Valley Forge, was the most dreary I ever saw. Washington’s head-quarters were very near the Schuylkill, while the several divisions of our army were stationed at proper positions: ours was in the centre. The enemy occupied Philadelphia. While they were enjoying at their ease the luxuries of life, we were exposed to cold, nakedness and famine. Deep snows, bleak winds, combined with the almost entire want of clothing, brought on us a train of evils and of trials which I cannot describe. Beyond all this, a deep laid and abominable plot was devised by Conway, Gates, and other disaffected generals, to deprive the commander-in-chief of his hard-earned fame. The fate of our

country now hung suspended on a single hair. Never shall I forget the awful scene! Washington, conscious of his own integrity, stood like a rock, firm and immovable. I could see that his countenance was occasionally lighted up with a glow of deep-toned indignation, and that he struggled hard in his own virtuous bosom, to repress his injured spirit. The conspiracy was not entirely crushed until the last of March, 1778. Suddenly the cloud vanished—the sun shone forth with the most gorgeous splendor—and he stood like Mount Atlas,

‘ While storms and tempests thunder on his brow,
And oceans break their billows at his feet.’

“We remained at this position until the 18th of June, when our army was put in motion, in order to pursue Sir Henry Clinton, who had evacuated Philadelphia on the preceding day, and was now making his way through Jersey to New York. All was now life and joy: our officers and soldiers greeted each other with the kindest salutations, at the prospect of again entering the field of glory. I saw our chief mounted on his war horse, elegantly caparisoned, surrounded by his staff—his eye lighted with fire—his countenance full of animation—the army catching from his bosom the spirit of liberty. Never; no, never, sir, did I behold so joyous a day as when we were in pursuit of the enemy on this occasion. Great skill was displayed by the respective commanders of both armies on the memorable 28th of June, 1778, when the battle of Monmouth was fought. The unfortunate mismanagement of Gen. Lee deranged in some degree our plan of battle—but the result was clearly favorable to the Americans. Three hundred of the British were slain, a like number wounded, and one hundred prisoners were taken. We slept on our arms with the hope of renewing the conflict at the dawn of day, but Sir Henry Clinton had eluded our vigilance at midnight, and was now in full retreat. From this time I had not the good fortune to encounter the enemy in the open field, but was actively engaged in the partizan warfare, in which detached portions of our army so often participated.”

It happened that at this part of his narrative, I inquired if he knew any thing of the history of the unfortunate Major Andre.

“I am intimately acquainted with all its details, and witnessed the last thrilling scene of his earthly career. He arrived at Tappan on Thursday, September 28th, 1780, under the care of the late Col. Talmadge, for many years a representative in Congress from Connecticut, to whose especial superintendence he had been entrusted by Washington at West Point, whither he had been taken after his capture, on the preceding Saturday, near Tarrytown, on the opposite bank of the Hudson. Here I first saw

this brave and chivalric officer, then in the twenty-ninth year of his age. His person was of the middle size, well proportioned—his bearing noble—his manners polished in the highest degree—his countenance indicating deep thought and extensive literary acquirements. Occasionally a cloud of melancholy obscured for a season the sunshine of his soul. His parents were natives of Geneva, who emigrated to London, where their highly gifted son was born. He was bred to the mercantile business, and when about twenty years of age became deeply smitten with the charms of a young lady residing in the same street with himself, to whom he often addressed the sweetest effusions of his muse. His affection was reciprocated, but their union was prevented by her parents. Chagrined beyond measure he joined the royal army, then coming to this country—occupied a high place in the esteem of Sir Henry Clinton—was a commissioner with Col. Hyde at Amboy, on the 12th of April, 1779, to effect an exchange of prisoners with the American commissioners, Davies and Harrison—and signed the articles of capitulation as aid-de-camp of the British commander, when Fort Lafayette capitulated on the 1st of June of the same year. He had formerly fallen into our hands as a prisoner of war, and with Capt. Gordon and other officers, was detained for some time in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where he was almost incessantly occupied in the perusal of books. Here, as everywhere else, he won the affections of the citizens of that borough, who heard with undissembled grief of his subsequent deplorable end. I now regretted his present misfortune the more, because he was the victim of Arnold, the most perfidious of all traitors, who had now left him to expire on that gibbet where he himself should have died a thousand deaths. Every heart bled for the forlorn stranger, and Washington was melted into tears. On Friday the court convened, and I saw Andre escorted from the guard house, dressed in full regimentals, and heard him candidly and fearlessly acknowledge before that tribunal all the circumstances necessary to establish his guilt. On his return from the court, on this day, he wrote to Sir Henry Clinton, at New York, a most touching letter, in which he reminds his late chief of his perilous situation, and recommends to his especial care a widowed mother and three orphan sisters. Home, with all its enjoyments, was now unspeakably dear to his affections. He beheld, in his mind's eye, over the broad Atlantic, the forms of those who were dear to him by every tie of humanity, and anticipated their unspeakable sorrow when the intelligence of his ignominious death should be announced. Sir Henry Clinton was almost frantic when he found that all his efforts to obtain the release of Andre were unavailing. On Saturday, General Greene, president of the court, held a

long conference with General Robinson of the English army, at Dobb's Ferry, in which this interesting case was canvassed at large. No effort was left untried on the part of the British commissioner to maintain the position that the laws of war did not condemn the prisoner. Greene argued that he had been convicted, by a court properly constituted, as a spy, aiding Arnold in the perpetration of an act of treason of the deepest dye, and that however much his untimely fate was to be deplored, still it was irrevocable. Washington so instructed him prior to this interview. During this day I visited him, in company with other officers. Our sympathies increased, as the fatal hour was hastening on when his earthly career was to end forever. He was, however, tranquil, and occasionally cheerful. He seemed at first to be buoyed up with the hope that he would be exchanged for Arnold, and such also was the ardent desire of every officer and soldier in our army. It being ascertained, however, that Sir Henry Clinton had rejected every proposition which could lead to the surrender of Arnold, the order for his execution, at five, P. M., on Sunday, October 1st, 1780, was issued in the morning orders of that day, but the protracted discussion between Generals Greene and Robinson, prevented its consummation until twelve o'clock, M., of Monday. During the Sabbath he dictated and sent to Washington the most touching letter ever written by man, imploring him merely to soften his last moments by assuring him that he should "not die on a gibbet." Never before was the illustrious chief of our army placed in a more trying situation. It was universally reported and believed in camp at the time, that he shed tears, on signing the death-warrant of the brave but unfortunate captive. The stern, unbending laws of war, pointed to an ignominious death only, and he possessed no power to change those laws. Monday morning the sun rose clear; all were busy in preparing for the tragic scene before us; large detachments of troops under arms; nearly all the general and field officers, except the commander-in-chief and his suite, were mounted on horseback, in their appropriate costume; an immense concourse of citizens thronged every avenue; melancholy sat on each countenance;—the scene was awful! Sometime before he left his quarters, I went in company with Captain Lecraft, of New-York, to bid him farewell. He was in the act of shaving himself, standing before a glass as we entered the door. Seeing that we paused, he turned round and pleasantly observed, 'Come in, gentlemen; you perceive I am now in the *suds*—but I shall soon be relieved from this predicament.' Soon after he bade adieu to all immediately around him, in the most affecting manner. He was escorted from the door to the place of execution, (about three quarters of a mile distant,)

by two of our officers; one was a Mr. Samuel Hughes of Baltimore, if my memory does not deceive me; the name of the other I have forgotten. Andre walked between them, dressed in full uniform. How wonderful and mysterious are the dispensations of Providence! A few years before, and these very officers were prisoners of war in Quebec, where Andre was town major; and they had been treated by him with kindness and humanity—now they were compelled, by the inflexible code of military law, to aid in taking away the life of their amiable and hapless friend! I kept very near his person until the scene was finally closed. He seemed elevated above his misfortunes. Not a feature of his countenance changed. He smiled as he bowed gracefully to many of our officers, with whom he was acquainted. His step, firm and soldierlike; his bearing, lofty and firm;—and while the assembled throng was dissolved in grief, no tear coursed down his cheek. When he ascended the cart, Maj. Jos. Pattingall read the death warrant. The executioner appeared to do his office, but Andre ordered him to retire. When the rope was adjusted about his neck, with his own hand, without any assistance, I distinctly heard him say, 'In a few minutes I shall know more than any of you.' After he had bandaged his eyes with a white handkerchief, Col. Scammel said, 'You can now speak, if you wish.' Raising the handkerchief, he replied, with a firm voice, 'I pray you to bear me witness that I die like a brave man.' After the body was interred, and his clothes delivered to his servant, to carry to New York, the dead march was played, and we retired to quarters, overwhelmed with the sad scenes of this memorable day. I have been told that a monument was long ago erected to his memory, in Westminster Abbey, and that his ashes were disinterred in 1821, by Mr. Buchanan, British consul at New York, and removed to England, at the suggestion of the late Duke of York."

"Is it true, sir, as related by Lee, in his incomparable narrative of the enterprise of John Champe of Loudoun county, Virginia, that he deserted prior to the execution, in order to seize Arnold and bring him alive to camp?"

"No, sir," he replied. "On the contrary, Champe did not leave us until the night of the 20th of October, and was then sent to discover how far the suspicions of Washington were well founded, as to some of his chief officers, whom he had been induced to believe were concerned in the treason of Arnold. The agent mentioned by Lee, to whom Champe was introduced in the city of New York, and whose information was conveyed by him in cypher to the American general, was Sam Francis, a negro man, who kept a tavern in that city for some time prior to the battle of Long Island, and who remained there during the whole period of seven years, while the city was held by

the enemy. Washington's head quarters were at one time at Sam's house, prior to the evacuation of New York by the Americans, in August, 1776. He formed for his colored host an inviolable friendship. The house abounded in good cheer. Francis was uniformly polite and prompt—very observant of passing events—thoughtful and taciturn as Champe himself—kept his day book and ledger with his own hand—was a genuine patriot, as well as an admirer of the American chief. There is no doubt in my mind that Washington himself gave Sam the key to the cyphered letter, and that he had received advices through this channel, of the movements of the enemy, long before Champe's adventure. Sir Henry Clinton and his principal officers lodged at his tavern during all their residence in New York, occupying the very rooms where Washington and his staff had often slept. Sam became as intimate with them as he had previously been with our chief. They little supposed that Sam was in correspondence with the head of the American army, nor did he give them the opportunity of suspecting that he was noting their conversations at his table, or searching with inquisitive eye the workings of their minds, frequently displayed in their thoughtful visage. Never did he once betray the confidence reposed in him, or mislead his friend during this eventful and interesting period of our history. I was present in New York at Francis' tavern, on the 4th of December, 1783, and saw Washington once more greet his faithful confidante. An affecting scene now occurred. The warrior was about to separate from his companions in arms. His chief officers advanced to receive his last embrace and final blessing. My own faithful commander, Knox, under whose banner I had often met the enemy, first grasped his hand: both were overwhelmed with strong emotion: these stern chieftains, unmoved amidst the shock of battle and the groans of the dying, were now subdued by the tide of grief rushing on their souls. No word was uttered to break the profound silence of this majestic scene. Walking to White Hall, attended by a numerous concourse of admiring and weeping spectators, he entered a barge, which was to transport him to Paulus Hook. It was manned by twelve seamen dressed in white. I yet see the noble form of that immortal man, as he stood erect in the barge and waved his hat in bidding adieu to the multitude thronging the shore. Surely no man ever served under such a commander!"

"Pray, sir, what became of Sam Francis?"

"Congress, on the recommendation of Washington, presented him with a farm on the Raritan, where he lived many years, and died universally esteemed for his virtues and patriotism."

"Have you detailed all the events of your military life?"

"No, sir," he replied; "I omitted to mention,

in its proper place, that I witnessed the convention of officers at Newburgh, on the fifteenth of March, 1783, when Washington delivered his address, in order to counteract the effects of the celebrated anonymous letter of John Armstrong, a composition not surpassed in splendor of style or bitterness of spirit, by the best efforts of Junius himself. The object was to prevent the army from sheathing their swords, until Congress had settled all arrearages of pay and compensation: and this bold and reckless measure, which aimed to undo all the work of our revolution and establish a military despotism, unless the demand was gratified, was crushed by the superior energy and decision of the commander-in-chief.

"I was also engaged in defence of Mud Island, where our privations and exposures were truly great and hazardous.

"Such, sir, is an outline of my services to America, for almost nine years; and if I have contributed to establish the liberties of my country, and the constitution under which we enjoy our invaluable rights and privileges, it shall solace me in the decline of life; and when the God of battles shall summon me from earth, I shall bow submissively to his sovereign will, and say, 'Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

LAMENT OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

Indulgent Muse! I woo thee still;
Thy breathings nerve my fragile ear;
They, soft as sound from murm'ring rill,
Dissolve each frozen tear.

I woo thee for thyself alone;
No dreams of earthly fame I know;
Yet sing, oh! sing, in mellow tone,
My tale of earthly wo.

Alas! by fancy's flick'ring light,
In youth I've soared on wings of fame,
But shuddered, each returning night,
To find myself the same.

And now, the dreams of fancy gone,
By friend and foe, and love forgot,
I'm left to weep my fate alone,
In this poor shattered cot.

No cherub lips a father's name;
No fair one smiles to find me near;
No anguished heart is here to claim
The tribute of a tear.

The friends my early childhood knew,
As leaves returned to parent sod,
Have paid the debt to nature due,
And gone unto their God.

When lowly down my body lies,
And fell disease my frame commands,
I drink the draughts which lucre buys
From cold and heartless hands.

No "ladye-love" is there to soothe
The anguish nature's laws impose,
Nor make the bed of sickness smooth,
Nor sympathy disclose.

A mote upon the stream of life,
I've floated down its ebbing tide,
Unheeded in the raging strife
Of passion and of pride.

My "head is silvered o'er with age;"
My veins are filled with sluggish gore;
I totter now upon the stage,
To fall! and rise no more.

Sad relic of departed days,
Still left awhile to linger here,
And watch the hour that seeming stays
To keep me from my bier.

LYRICUS.

August, 1838.

BENEFITS OF THE REFORMATION ON THE HAPPINESS OF MAN.

By a Native of Godchland, Va.

There are some epochs in the history of our race, to which we look back with admiration and gratitude. They are associated with the remembrance of every blessing. Their records form bright pages in the dreary annals of the world, upon which the eye of the philanthropist lingers with delight. Amidst changes, they will stand as landmarks to guide the patriot of all future time; as a rock in the tumultuous ocean of human passions, remaining unmoved and uninjured by the floods of licentiousness; upon whose top, like Ararat of old, the ark of human hope can rest. The sons of old England will hold in proudest recollection the 19th day of June, 1215, as long as the principles of Magna Charta, the foundation and bulwark of English liberty, are known and appreciated. And the pious Israelite never remembered, with more devotion, the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, which led his kindred from a land of bondage to one of promise, than have the friends of civil and religious freedom been accustomed to recollect the reformation of the sixteenth century. The voice of this day and generation has pronounced that event to have been the greatest and noblest triumph ever achieved by virtue and knowledge over ignorance and vice.

A writer in the March, and in a subsequent number of the Messenger, in ably and eloquently discussing "the influence of morals on the hap-

piness of man," has controverted this position; and contended, that all the blessings which have been attributed to this occurrence, would have been enjoyed by the operation of other causes less objectionable in their character and results. In his ardor to establish his theory, he depicts the licentiousness and the corruption of public morals as the legitimate fruits of an unrestrained press—of unbridled thought, and freedom of opinion—and of a mere intellectual improvement.

An impartial tribunal will always acknowledge, that many evils flowed from the operation of the principles which were established by the reformation, and which were also interwoven with its very destiny. We have never imagined that the revolution of the sixteenth century would ever be compared to that great reformation of the religious institutions of the world, which, for ages before it occurred, had been the song of the prophet and the hope of man. That reformation was entirely in the hands of him who called all things out of nothing. At his command, the raging ocean and the stormy winds are still. The other reformation was in the hands of poor, feeble, frail man. But, because it is not within the compass of human power to bring heavenly beauty and order out of moral chaos, and to control the boisterous passions of mankind, like him, who, in opening the sacred fountain of happiness from which all the springs and joys of life were to flow forevermore, when he was smitten, smote not again; are we, therefore, never to struggle in the cause of virtue and knowledge? Man's works will ever be imperfect. This imperfection is the great destroyer of his institutions. It is a volcano continually breaking out beneath the monuments of his most splendid achievements. But it is not for the philanthropist, on this account, to despair of the great cause of human improvement and happiness. On the contrary, he ought to buckle on his whole armor, and rush onward to the hottest of the fight.

No one can doubt of the necessity there was for a correction of the abuses which existed at the beginning of the revolution of the sixteenth century. The Catholic church had usurped temporal and spiritual power. The sound of freedom, once echoed amidst the classic hills of Italy and Greece, had died away. The bright beams of knowledge, which had been reflected from Greece to Rome, had been lost amidst the clouds which enveloped the dark ages, save here and there a few scattering rays were collected by some cloistered monk, less ambitious of temporal power than his brethren. The delightful strains which had been harped upon the banks of the Nile and Ilissus were forgotten, and the lyre was unstrung. The pure fountain of morals was corrupted; and every stream that issued from it, carried disease and death through the world. The religion of Rome

had become the prolific source of licentiousness ; of that foul frailty of man, which has marred the beauty and symmetry of his nature ; stamped the indelible mark of vice upon his character ; and which not only invoked the fire from heaven that burned up the cities of the plain, but has left everywhere impressed upon the face of the world, lasting memorials of its desolation. The streams of intellectual and moral corruption gushed through the land, poisoning all the fountains of life. Leo X, by his worse than infidel mockery, the selling of indulgences, wounded the moral sensibility of the world to the very quick. Superstition had everywhere overwhelmed the people with the most enormous load of absurdity. And the very champions of popery, with Henry VIII of England at their head, disgusted the people with their open and avowed contempt of the most sacred obligations of virtue and morality. Nor would the Catholics yield in the most insignificant trifle, or acknowledge a single fault ; but they persecuted, with the utmost cruelty, all whose opinions were not agreeable to their own standard of faith.

Amidst such circumstances, originated this great moral and intellectual revolution. It was an expiring effort of knowledge, responding to the call of virtue. Printing had given an impetus to the human intellect. Events had occurred, which aroused into action all the energies of humanity. The long and the distant past called loudly on the future. The voice of patriotism, long ago hushed, and silent as the mouldering relics of gratitude, which marked the tombs of the patriots, was again heard, calling to the rescue. The wave was in motion, and its course must have been onward or backward. There was no hope in retreat. Virtue, with her thousand smiles, chanting the song of joy, beckoned onward, whilst the wild and frightful revelry of licentiousness was the only inducement to remain. Before was heard the organ choir of nature, tuned to the song of rational and free devotion ; and the spacious temple of the world, erected for the children of men, whose architect is God, echoed the delightful strains : behind was seen the bloody trophies of desolation, and the cries of persecution and the howlings of fanaticism drowned every note of grateful praise. Man, ruined by the perversity of his own will, was still more injured and debased by oppression. He has ever been prone to wander ; prone to forget the high destiny to which he has been called. Still he might have retraced his steps ; he might have been warned by the light of experience, which was continually flickering up around him, that truth and virtue were the only pillars, in the path of his pilgrimage, which pointed to happiness ; he might have returned from his wanderings in the arid and sandy deserts of ignorance, and tasted of living waters ; had not the sceptre of unbridled power reduced him to unqualified sub-

mission and dependence, trammelled the energies of his intellect, and forced a union between the brightest aspirations of his soul and the greatest immoralities.

Was it not time for the friends of humanity to strike a blow for the liberties of the world ? Or was there any plan by which the objects of the reformers could have been obtained other than that which they adopted ? Revolutions are alarming events. They often sweep, even from remembrance, the fairest and best monuments of human greatness and goodness. But where, in the dreadful and bloody rolls of revolutions, can be found anything so injurious to the social institutions of man, as that deadly apathy which leads whole nations to forget that virtue and knowledge have any charms, or that vice and ignorance have any frightful horrors. Better ride upon the mountain wave than perish in a breathless calm. It is better to brave the whirlwind than to breathe the still and putrid air. Yet the reformation was not the result of a momentary excitement, or of a sudden explosion of the passions. Prior to the invention of the art of printing, and in the latter end of Edward III, John Wickliffe began to spread the doctrines of reformation. And though strong symptoms appeared, of a desire to shake off the bondage of the Roman hierarchy, its power was too strong to be resisted. The world was not yet prepared for such an event. The art of printing was yet to be discovered, to prepare a more appropriate period for the finishing blow to ecclesiastical power. Numberless causes were in active operation, to rekindle into a flame those sparks of virtue and morality which remained unsmothered amidst the ruins of their own temples, and unquenched amidst the thousand muddy streams of corruption and vice which flowed from the Pontifical See, and swept from existence all the vestiges of moral greatness or of intellectual worth. And the fitful flame of knowledge which the more benevolent and virtuous of the clerical order watched with all the devotion of the early vestals, cast its flickering light into the deep labyrinths of error and superstition, where nations had been wandering for centuries ; and in its last struggles to overcome a total extinguishment, it blazed up in a splendor that expelled the darkness which surrounded those paths which led down to that grand cemetery of nations, where the hopes of millions had been buried forever. Then truth commenced its conflicts with error, and knowledge its struggles with ignorance. The resilient energy of the mind threw off the shackles that had so long and so fatally bound up its powers. Religion, which, in the hands of fallen man, had become the scourge of the world, displayed its powers in breaking the sceptre of despotism, the wand of ignorance, the fascination of licentiousness, and in elevating the moral and intellectual

condition of man, and in mouldering into the dust all the splendid monuments of oppression. The reformation progressed, dispensing blessings everywhere to social man; triumphing, not over kings and priests, but over the worst enemies of humanity—fanaticism, superstition and tyranny—and, contending for no ambitious chieftain, its supporters rallied under the banners of knowledge and virtue.

The imagination cannot conceive any other causes which could have possibly produced the benefits which flowed from this great revolution in the moral and intellectual conditions of our species. The voice of religion, of virtue, of humanity, of literature, had remonstrated in vain, against the establishment of institutions, the sole objects of which were to degrade their characters and conditions. Remonstrances, long and often repeated, had been entirely disregarded. The faggot and the stake of persecution, were the only responses to the cries and the sufferings of the generous and the brave. There then was no relief, except opposition to the power which authorized and sanctioned these abuses. This was the sentiment of the age, and must be the decision of posterity.

The Augustine friar acted in obedience to the spirit of the age in which he lived. Man had become restless under his multiplied sufferings. And all of his energies were prepared to be directed against the very fountain of his evils. In the conflict, ancient institutions might perish, social and political establishments might be blotted out of existence. But why should there have been any longing after their immortality? Did they elevate one human feeling, or soothe one human sorrow? The philanthropist must rejoice that they are gone, now that we have such blessed and excellent ones, established upon the sacred principles of the reformation. May these be immortal, and safely float upon the stormy billows of the human passions, down to the last moment of time, when the funeral knell of all earthly things shall be sounded!

It was fortunate for mankind that the reformers directed their first attacks against the religious establishment of their oppressors. The chains of political slavery had been rivetted by the perverted religious principle. Civil abuses had been sanctioned by ecclesiastical ones. The expediency of a political measure addresses itself to the reason. Religion appeals to the warmest emotions of the heart. And when the heart is prejudiced, and biased and warped, the reason must succumb. Thus the only mode of effecting any purpose which the judgment approves, and the affections censure, is to free the heart from all improper influences. Light and knowledge cannot control the feelings when our eyes are shut against them, notwithstanding their power of refining the heart,

when prejudice does not prevent. Thus so long as the hierarchy corrupted the principles of morality and virtue, the patriot could entertain no hope of correcting political abuses. What was the object of the contest? It was the establishment of freedom of thought and opinion, and to gain exemption from the tyrannical abuses of the hierarchy. And this was necessary to the organization of the institutions of political freedom. All free and liberal institutions have their foundations in an enlightened and unprejudiced public sentiment. Without this, nations, which blossom as the gardens of Jericho once did, will become as desolate as the ruins of Babylon.

But this question is not left to the decision of our poor, feeble reasonings. Happy for mankind, it has been decided by a tribunal whose judgment can never be reversed, though the besom of destruction should now sweep away every institution of man, and the fragments of the mouldering columns of his greatness should overshadow the tomb of his last hope. History, with her instructive pen, has recorded the proof. Go back in remembrance to those intellectual and moral giants, who succeeded the outbreaks of the spirit of reformation, and who were its creatures. Forget not their struggles for freedom. Recollect the development and progress of free principles, until finally the great work of the reformation was accomplished, by the patriots of the American Revolution. Then was a political system organized upon the great principles of human right:—a system, too, of political liberty, as free from impurities as anything human can be. It stands as a mighty memorial of the blessings of the reformation. The pillars of Hercules stood as the boundaries of his labors. The pyramids of Egypt are lasting monuments of the power and tyranny of her king. Triumphal arches arose in honor of the mighty conqueror. But the gratitude of the human heart for the reformers, throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity, only shall limit their praise.

The benefits which were achieved for social man, during the progress of the religious revolution, were felt at every step of our revolution for political independence. The American patriot, did not have to contend with the dominion of the priesthood, or with perverted religious feelings. The heart responded with a tide of emotions to the conclusions of the mind. Had there not been freedom of religious opinion, no green laurel would now be waving over the tombs of Washington, and Henry, Hancock and Lee. The dark spirit of *intolerance* would have crushed liberty in its germ, and torn from the brow of the hero the never fading wreath of imperishable fame.

In the freedom of religious opinions, the "Native of Petersburg" thinks he beholds not only the shadowy monster infidelity, but the decay of every

valuable blessing. His imagination pictures it as the deadly upas, which is to wither up every thing valuable in our social condition. To us it has no such horrors. It is the anchor of our hope. And if the blessing of our social fabric can survive the ruins of others, we shall be wholly indebted to this principle.

History does not show that liberty of thought and action have been the parent of all the woes which have afflicted the human family; nor that it is the most prolific source of licentiousness, and of all the dreadful consequences which have resulted from it. Man, under all forms of government, and in every condition of society, has been liable to excesses of profligacy. And the annals of the world, as a faithful monitor, points to those periods when the intellect was harnessed, and the conscience inured to slavery, as the springtime of infidelity and licentiousness. Despotism can and does conceal acts of atrocity. There is no mirror in which we can behold a true picture of her deeds. Men are restrained by the strong arm of power from publishing to the world a history of their lewdness. But this is all that government can do. Its power cannot extend to the motives of the heart. It cannot reform the evil disposition. And that single declaration of our Saviour, "My kingdom is not of this world," was of itself, and alone sufficient to attest his claims to infinite wisdom. Every state that ever attempted to control the thoughts and opinions of its subjects, chained virtue to the car of bigotry, and blotted out from its national institutions whatever was calculated to elevate the condition of society. What was the history of many of the centuries which preceded the reformation? The powers of the human mind were fettered—and man seemed to be in a wild and frightful delirium. He was tossed upon a boisterous sea, without compass or rudder, and finally shipwrecked. Virtue and morality were forgotten as national honors and badges of national worth. And if an heroic achievement now and then immortalized the actor, it resulted from the spontaneous emotions of the heart, in spite of the demoralizing tendency of the government. The fairest temples of intellectual greatness and splendor mouldered in the dust, covering in their ruins the unmourned and unhonored champions of virtue. There could be but few incentives to intellectual excellence, whilst the only standard of morals which the government would allow was corrupt. It is not to be denied, that licentiousness has ruined kingdoms that were once free and enlightened. But the philosophical inquirer will trace the licentiousness to other causes than to intellectual freedom. The monuments of the power of the lust of the passions are to be seen thickly scattered over those parts of the world where the empire of the goddess of liberty has never extended. Where free inquiry has never

been permitted, is now to be seen the thralldom of vice. The people are depraved and corrupt; without morals; without literature; without any thing that can interest them in the perpetuity of the institutions of their country. And where do you find the greatest happiness and prosperity? In no community but where emancipated mind has extended its dominion and carried its blessings. No where do you find morals so pure as in free communities: and no where else is there such great exemption from the evil effects of licentious principles. In such a society there is always a public opinion, which has an inconceivably greater effect upon the conduct and character of its members, than government restraints upon the conscience ever can have. It is confessed, that when the principles we are advocating were first considered as being established, many ran into the opposite extreme of infidelity. Men who had been forced to acknowledge the authority of a false religion, very naturally, when the restraint was thrown off, denied all religion. They only judged by the demoralizing influence which had brutalized them. As soon as the human intellect had collected its energies, their error was exposed; and no work, advocating infidel principles, has appeared within the last fifty years, that did not fall dead from the press. At the most turbulent period of intellectual freedom, infidelity never exerted half the power which it did when clothed in the garb of popery.

Improvement of the moral feelings is the first duty of every people. When this is not directly done, the improvement of the mental powers will exert a salutary influence over the moral faculty. We believe that every intellectual research will call the mind off from the pursuit of animal gratifications, in a measure, and tend to call the attention of man to his own origin and destiny. No one can explore with the chemist the mysteries of nature, or soar with the philosopher from star to star, and return with a presumptuous understanding. We see the image and goodness of God impressed everywhere upon his handy works. In this age of the world, men, generally, if freedom of inquiry is permitted, will direct the exercise of their intellectual powers to the investigation of their moral duties and obligations. But where this freedom is not allowed, the officers of the state take upon themselves the guardianship of the public morals. And those who contend for this state of things, seem to take it for granted, that a proper direction will be given to public sentiments and morals. Is not this a delusion? Has not every system of morals or religion, which has been forced upon a deluded and enslaved people, proven to be degrading and corrupting?

Wherever the powers and privileges of the people have been abridged, and their mental energies paralyzed, rulers have succeeded in perpetu-

ating their institutions for a long time. But stability is not the first thing needful. The cause of humanity is but little aided by any system of principles, which, in their tendency, are not calculated to give a right direction to a single human thought, no matter if they possess the durability of the eternal hills.

We agree, with the "Native of Petersburg," that corrupt morals are destructive of the tranquillity and happiness of any nation. And it is the duty of every citizen to oppose whatever will promote licentiousness. This is one of the grounds on which we rest our opposition to the abuses of popery, and our support of the reformers. We had entertained the hope that the old popish doctrine, of the immoral and licentious tendency of knowledge, had been exploded. Alas! how mistaken. Because man has, Prometheus like, stolen the living fire from heaven, the advocates of the church of Rome would tie him, as the father of the gods did the son of Japetus, to a rock upon Mount Caucasus, where a vulture was to feed upon his liver, which was never diminished, though continually devoured. They represent the fruit of the tree of knowledge as containing the poison which brought crime and death into the garden of Eden, and warn us of the danger of eating thereof. This is a libel upon the goodness of God. "Man's first disobedience brought death into the world, and all our wo." The evil resulted from a violation of the command of the Creator. In that morning of time when the stars sang together, and all nature shouted with joy, if the Creator had said "Worship me not with your face turned towards the rising of the sun," disobedience would have been attended with the same dreadful consequences. Why was the fruit of the tree which stood in the midst of the garden the forbidden fruit? Because if man erred, if he did go astray, he might then have some light to cheer his tiresome and hopeless way; and in his wanderings through an evil world he might have his eyes opened to choose between good and evil. Knowledge was not the cause of the fall, but was given to bless man's fallen condition. Blessed provision for man's lost estate! Without it he never would have tasted of "Siloa's brook, that flowed fast by the oracle of God."

What else we have to say in defence of the stability of free political institutions, and of their tendency to promote correct morals, we must reserve for some future time, when we shall answer the attack made upon the political revolution of the eighteenth century.

It seems to us to be strange how any man, in this happy country, can question the benefits of the reformation. Its trophies are scattered thick around us. The human intellect has reared lasting monuments of its blessings everywhere. Its proud triumphs are to be seen in the social estab-

lishments of the age. The traces of its progress are to be seen on every page of recorded thought. And the literature of the past, and of the present generation, has woven a green and never fading garland, to hang over the tombs of the reformers forever. It had been injured and degraded; but when the power of the pontiff was broken, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, it raised up its head amongst its ruined beauties, and twined a green laurel around the brow of its preserver. He must remember coldly, indeed, the delightful and pathetic strains of Milton, Cowper, Campbell, Burns and of a host of other bards, who can see nothing exalted in the triumph of free and enlightened principles. The harp that was tuned to their immortal songs, would have forever hung upon the willow if the wand of popery had not lost its enchantment. Our own delightful land would be a barren and waste wilderness. No flower of literature would bud and blossom here. For those rapturous notes of joy which are wafted from our seashore to the mountains, and echoed back again, we should have nothing but the mournful hoot of the bird of desolation. And this glorious union of free and independent states would become a dark and dreadful despotism, withering up the sources of happiness, and tattering the star spangled banner.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF LIVING AMERICAN POETS AND NOVELISTS.

No. IV.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.

The land of the pilgrims not only is the cradle of American liberty, but also of American literature. Boston, styling herself "The Literary Emporium," has, for more than a century, boasted, not only her Fanueil Hall and her stern patriots, but her halls of science and men of learning. Among the band of refugees, who landed on the rock of Plymouth, were men of profound erudition, as well as unaffected piety; divines, not only deeply read in the fathers, but scholars, whose minds were stored and enriched with classic lore. Side by side, with their first humble temple of worship, rose the walls of the still humbler school-house; and, nourished by intelligence and piety, religion and science, like twin sisters, grew up together in the land. Upon the foundation laid by the wisdom and foresight of the early settlers of the Plymouth colony, through the industry and taste of succeeding generations, a strong and beautiful temple has been erected, which, like the temple of the Ephesian Diana in its influence, has, until recently, claimed and received the homage

of all the devotees of learning throughout the American Union. Yale and Harvard first shed around it their classic light, like *pharoi* on the shores of science, guiding the sons of learning through the reigning gloom.

Although precedence is justly due to New England in literature, we must not withhold the truth, that to southern mind, as it developed itself in the general relations of the American people to each other, throughout one of the most interesting periods of human events, is due the palm of supremacy; the one state of Massachusetts, perhaps, alone excepted. New England maintained her ascendancy in literature, by the superiority of her *home* education over that of the other colonies. But to balance this, the Carolinians and Virginians were generally educated in old England, the tutors, instructors and libraries of which country, it will not be denied, were far superior to any in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. After America cast off her allegiance to Great Britain, New England became almost exclusively the nursery of men of learning in the south.

At length Virginia and the Carolinas, beginning to feel the force and truth of the proposition that foreign education (here used in its most limited sense) is dangerous to patriotism, resolved to become independent of the north, and laid foundations for literary institutions at home. They were, however, still dependant on New England for instructors; for those southern gentlemen, who could meet the expense of an education abroad, were such, always, as could live independently of labor, especially scientific toil. All, or nearly all of the educated southerners, were men of easy fortunes, and therefore, indisposed to literary exertion; or professional men, too much occupied to turn aside from their daily duties. The north, therefore, supplied professors for their infant colleges. That independence in their fortunes, which rendered it unnecessary for southern gentlemen to superintend their colleges, was also a bar to their engaging in literary pursuits; for, it is the spur, oftener than the laurel, that urges genius toward the goal of fame. Therefore, although the south has produced many of the most polished scholars, eloquent orators, and profound statesmen, who, during the last half century, have distinguished our country, her sons have, until a recent period, kept aloof from participating (we except Marshall, Wirt, and a few others, whom our limits will not permit us to mention more particularly) in the current literature of the day. Philadelphia first began to enter the lists against New England, and has already equalled the renown of the once literary emporium. New York and Baltimore followed in the race for literary distinction, and Charleston, more recently, has advanced her claims to rank, as the Athens of the south.

The colleges and universities of Virginia and

the Carolinas now rank among the first in the United States, wanting alone, that age, which always commands a certain veneration, respect and confidence, to rival the parent institutions in New England, around which is thrown the venerable charm of antiquity.

The steps by which a people, whose elements are of such a kind as compose the constantly forming states of this Union, advance to literary distinction, after the want of literature is discovered, are few and easily traced. A weekly periodical, and the district, or village school, rise up nearly together; the academy grows out of the latter, and the weekly literary paper out of the former: this, in its turn is followed by the monthly magazine, the cotemporary of which is the university. At this crisis, the foundation of permanent literature and science is established, and the progress of the state toward literary eminence will then rest solely upon the energies and genius of its population. Like the target in a school of archery, magazines may then test the skill of the literary gladiators of the universities, whose genius prompts them to enter the arena of literature, and encourage them eventually to a higher trial of their aim, in a wider and more responsible field. Leaving, however, this brief digression, if on so discursive a theme as literature, we can be said materially to digress, we will endeavor to adhere more closely to our subject, which is one branch of southern literature alone, and this branch is Fiction.

The most prominent novelist in the south, its most eminent author, and one whose name stands among the foremost of American imaginative writers, is W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. of South Carolina.

This gentleman is a native of South Carolina. His first appearance as an author, with that prematurity which governs both mind and matter in a southern clime, was made at the early age of nineteen. "Lyrical and other Poems," is the title of this boyish production, which extended to two hundred pages, and bears the ambitious motto "Mihi cura futuri," a desire felt doubtless by all authors, but seldom so audaciously avowed in front of their works. In this production, which appeared in 1827, are a few gems of poetry, here and there, discoverable amid a mine of juvenile crudities. Of its reception we know but little, but from the fact that the book was shortly after suppressed by the author, its popularity was, no doubt, sufficiently limited. In his twenty-first year, Mr. Simms again ventured into the literary lists, throwing down his gauntlet, in the shape of a neat little 18 mo. printed in Charleston in 1829, and entitled "The Vision of Cortes, Cain, and other Poems." To this work he fixed his name, the former work having been published anonymously. This book was better received, inasmuch as it was more deserving of merit than the lyrics. It possesses numerous excellencies, and contains

lines, and even stanzas that breathe the true spirit of song. His verse is animated, and often sparkles with the fire of genius. With many beauties, there exist more defects, but throughout them all is visible the proof of poetical power of no common order. The articles are chiefly fragmentary, appear to have been thrown off, as the painters say, at a sitting, and, without being honored by the supervision of the author, placed in the printer's hands; for this is the way young authors, impatient to arrive at the dignity of type, do these things. "The Vision of Cortes," the leading poem, is thirty-three cantos in length, in the "Lady of the Lake" verse. Its imagery is often exceedingly incorrect, and it is written without the slightest regard to geographical history. Young authors can seldom dismount from their high horse to look along the ground after landmarks. Genius never consults volumes. Poets, forsooth, have nothing to do with other books than the book of nature.

This volume of Poems, though not deficient in genuine merit, and plainly bearing blossoms promising that fruit which has since ripened, would not deserve a notice in this article, aside from their relation to the early literary history of the subject of it. He, himself, will not thank us for alluding to them here, having long since made his atonement to the public in the suppression of the work. So, the proud young eagle scorns the shaggy and unsightly pinions of the eaglet, albeit from them grow the broad shapely wings on which he balances himself in mid air, or darts flashing in the sunlight.

Within a year after the publication of the "Vision of Cortes," appeared another volume of boyish miscellaneous verse. This was followed by a fourth, entitled "The Tri-color, or the Three Days of Blood in Paris," a poem of 600 lines, in the form of the lyrical ode, intended to illustrate the revolution of the *trois jours*, in 1830. The volume is eked out with other poems on kindred topics. This poem, like all the early productions of the poet, bears the evidences of hasty composition, yet it appears to better advantage than all that preceded it, though perhaps without possessing the same amount of poetry; but the art or machinery is more perfect, and fewer crudities are discoverable of immature judgment, to offend the taste of the reader. This work was published anonymously, and was shortly afterwards suppressed by the author. None of these four early productions were encouragingly saleable; they were limited in their circulation, and won for the author but faint reputation. But Mr. Simms did not devote his attention exclusively to poetry. During the whole of the period embraced by the above-mentioned works, he was the able and industrious editor either of a literary or daily political journal, and all his poetical pieces were written in the intervals of his engrossing occupation. As the

conductor of a party journal, he was fearless, just and honest, immovable and self-sacrificing, where political truths were at stake; and so firm an adherent to the unadulterated principles of civil liberty, that he was regarded in his station as conductor of the City Gazette (the first journal, we believe, that ever took side against nullification,) as particularly harsh and uncompromising. This newspaper eventually involved the editor in losses, and burdened him with pecuniary responsibilities. He therefore disposed of it, and with the independence of a self-sustaining mind, and of a man confident in his own powers, resolved to retrieve his fortunes by his pen, enlisting it in a species of composition in some degree foreign to what he had hitherto attempted. From this hour, the career of Mr. Simms as an author may be said to have commenced; for up to this time, he had accomplished nothing fairly to entitle him to any considerable rank among American poets. The work to which we allude, and which laid the foundation of poetic fame, destined, we doubt not, to survive, is "Atlantis, a Story of the Sea," a dramatic poem, in three parts, bearing the impress on every page of a highly imaginative and poetic mind. The story is simple, and beautifully told. The argument is as follows: Onesimarchus, a sea-god, enamored with the charms of the fairy queen, Atlantis, seizes and imprisons her, and deprives her of her wand, by the aid of which alone she could hope to escape. A ship at length appears in sight, and the monster leaves her, to lure the distant stranger to his island. A benevolent spirit of the air, in seeking to render abortive the malignant plans of Onesimarchus, in vain warns the crew of their danger. The barque is wrecked, and a beautiful youth who is the mortal hero of the drama, is cast on the enchanted island. The lovely fairy, on beholding him weeping for a sister lost in the waves, loves him. Her love is requited. By bringing natural and moral powers to bear against supernatural and diabolical ones, he overcomes the monster, and extricates the fairy from her situation, effecting at the same time his own release.

Though the machinery of the story is so exceedingly simple, it is managed with great effect, and made the medium of much beautiful imagery, touching description, and great purity and melody of versification. The poem is purely imaginative, appeals to the intellect alone, leaving the bosom untouched; hence its moral, which is beautiful and appropriate, is, in a measure, lost. There is a manly and concise vigor in this poem, and a clearness of expression, found only in the best poets of the language. Its general character is wildly imaginative, yet it is not wanting in play of fancy, and touches of delicate pleasantry. A few extracts will best illustrate the style of which we speak. The vessel is gliding over a summer sea, when Leon, the mortal hero, and his sister

Isabel, hear the voice of the good spirit warning,
them of the designs of Onesimarchus.

Leon. Didst hear the strain it utter'd, Isabel?

Isa. All, all! It spoke, methought, of peril near
From rocks and wiles of the ocean; did it not?

Leon. It did, but idly! Here can lurk no rocks;
For, by the chart, which now before me lies,
Thy own unpractised eye may well discern
The wide extent of the ocean—shoreless all.
The land, for many a league, to th' eastward hangs,
And not a point beside it.

Isa. Wherefore then,
Should come this voice of warning?

Leon. From the deep—
It hath its demons as the earth and air,
All tributaries to the master-fiend
That sets their springs in motion. This is one,
That, doubting to mislead us, plants this wile,
So to divert our course, that we may strike
The very rocks he fain would warn us from.

Isa. A subtle sprite—and, now I think of it,
Dost thou remember the old story told
By Diaz Ortiz, the lame mariner;
Of an adventure in the Indian seas,
Where he made one with John of Portugal—
Touching a woman of the ocean wave,
That swam beside the barque, and sang strange songs
Of riches in the waters; with a speech
So winning on the senses, that the crew
Grew all infected with the melody;
And, but for a good father of the church,
Who made the sign of the cross, and offer'd up
Befitting pray'rs, which drove the fiend away,
They had been tempted by her cunning voice
To leap into the ocean?

Mendez, the captain of the fated ship, also hears
the warning voice, but makes light of it.

Mendez. It is a standing tale
With the old seamen, that a woman comes—
Her lower parts being fishlike—in the wave;
Singing strange songs of love, that so inflame
The blinded seamen, that they steal away
And join her in the waters; and, that then,
Having her victim, she is seen no more.

Leon. And is it deemed, the idly vent'rous thus,
Become a prey and forfeit life at once?

Mendez. So must it be; and yet, there is a tale
That they do wed these creatures; which have power
So to convert their nature, as to make,
As to themselves, the waves their element;
And have a life renewed, though at the risk
And grievous peril of their christian souls,
Doom'd thence unto perdition.

Leon. And you then
Think nothing of this music?

Mendez. By'r grace,
Surely I hold it the wild, lustful song
Of this same woman; who has lost, perchance,
Since death must come at last who comes to all,
Her late companion. Would you take his place?
If not, wax up your ears and take your rest,
There's nought to fear, and sea-room quite enough.

After the shipwreck, the fairy, Atalantis,
chances to ramble with her attendant Nea, along
the sand, when she discovers the inanimate form
of the youth Leon, clinging to a spar.

But what is here,
Grasping a shaft, and lifelessly stretched out?

Nea. One of the creatures of that goodly barque—
Perchance the only one of many men,
That, from their distant homes, went forth in her,
And here have perished.

Atal. There is life in him—

And his heart swells beneath my hand, with pulse,
Fitful and faint, returning now, now gone,
That much I fear it may not come again.
How very young he is—how beautiful!
Made, with a matchless sense of what is true,
In manly grace and chiselled elegance;
And features, rounded in as nice a mould
As our own, Nea. There, his eye unfolds—
Stand away, girl, and let me look on him!
It cannot be, that such a form as this,
So lovely and compelling, ranks below
The creatures of our kingdom. He is one,
That 'mongst them all, might well defy compare—
Outshining all that shine!

Nea. He looks as well,
In outward seeming, as our own, methinks—
And yet, he may be but a shaped thing,
Wanting in every show of that high sense
Which makes the standard of true excellence.

Atal. Oh, I am sure there is no want in him—
The spirit must be true, the sense be high,
The soul as far ascending, strong and bright,
As is the form he wears, and they should be
Pleased to inhabit—'twere a fitting home!
Breathe on him, Nea. Fan him with thy wing,
And so arouse him. I would have him speak,
And satisfy my doubt. Stay, yet awhile—
Now, while his senses sleep, I'll place my lip
Upon his own—it is so beautiful!
Such lips should give forth music—such a sweet
Should have been got in heaven—the produce there,
Of never blighted gardens. [Kisses him]

Leon. [starts.] Cling to me—
Am I not with thee now, my Isabel? [Swoons again]

Atal. Oh, gentle sounds—how sweetly did they fall
In broken murmurs, like a melody,
From lips, that waiting long on loving hearts,
And learn'd to murmur like them. Wake again,
Sweet stranger! If my lips have wrought this spell,
And won thee back to life, though but to sigh,
And sleep again in death, they shall, once more,
Wake and restore thee.

Leon, at length, proposes to challenge Onesimarchus to single combat. Atalantis replies:

Atal. Could I get my wand,
In which a power of mightiest strength abides,
I'd battle him myself, and drive him back,
And whelm the barren isle on which we rest.
Nay, more than this, if that thy sister sleeps,
Beneath the waters, though I may not win
Her spirit back to life, with that same wand
We both may penetrate the tumbling waves,
Without or hurt or harm, with vision free,
To find her gentle beauties, where they rest
On quiet beds of flow'rs beneath the deep—
And with such dexterous skill, we may enwrap,
With a choice wreath of shells, her fragile form,
That still her eyes should shine as when in life,
Her cheeks still glow with purest red—her lips—
Though they no more, with many a tone of love
Made sweet by beauty, whisper in your ears—
Still look the sweetness they have ever look'd,
Wearing the wonted freshness that was theirs—
And nothing that thy sense may seek, shall lack,
To her preserved bloom.

The above passages, aside from some negligence of melody in the structure of two or three of the lines, are remarkably beautiful. They breathe the spirit of the high and beautiful in poetry. As an entire production, though still wanting in finish, Atalantis claims distinction as the best, as it is the earliest, American dramatic poem. Some passages in it are not unworthy of our modern

Shakspeare, James Sheridan Knowles:—(this we consider high, but deserved praise:) while in some of the more touching scenes, we are reminded of the exquisite fancy of Maturin. Compared with the most distinguished cotemporary poets, Mr. Simms combines with the sparkling wit and graceful vigor of Halleck, the elegance and gentleness of Bryant, resembling him closely in his truthful delineations of rustic scenes, and in the melancholy philosophy, characteristic of the great American poet. *Atalantis* belongs to the class of the "Tempest," and "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Comus" of Milton, and Byron's "Manfred," partaking largely of the tone and character of all of them, without forfeiting its claim to originality. As an American work, it is a novelty, and its appearance created many commendatory notices from the press, on both sides of the Atlantic. The main fault of the poem is a tedium and prolixity of dialogue, the necessary consequence of inattention to epic arrangement. We have, at some length, dwelt on *Atalantis*, as it is the poem on which Mr. Simms takes rank as a poet, aside from certain beautiful lyrics, since published.

In 1832, the same year *Atalantis* appeared, Mr. Simms published in the *American Quarterly*, a review of Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners." It acquired immense popularity, the papers were filled with copious extracts from it, and on all sides it met with the highest encomiums. It was republished in London, and sold enormously as a shilling pamphlet. We next hear of our author in a new character, that of a novelist, in which he is best known to the American public. In 1833, he published his first romance, entitled *Martin Faber*, or the "Story of a Criminal," which established the fame of the author as a writer of prose fictions. It rapidly acquired popularity. It is written in a free, forcible style, which is a prominent feature in the writings of Mr. Simms; and while it contains many uncommon beauties of thought and expression, and some fine touches, as if with a master's pencil, it is overlaid with too much of the "Southern florescence," as some one has termed the warm, fluent, and figurative language of the south; a term sufficiently strong to apply to that effulgence and glitter of language, which is a characteristic, but not an unfavorable one, of southern orators and writers.

The fame of Mr. Simms, as a novelist, is, however, to be dated from the publication of "*Guy Rivers*, a Tale of Georgia," a fiction which appeared a short time after *Martin Faber*. This production obtained for the author extensive popularity, and widely extended his name as a writer. Historical events, and historical facts, so difficult to amalgamize with romantic incidents, are interwoven in this tale, with much effect. It contains some stirring scenes, and several touching pictures of still life. In the delineations of

some of his characters in this novel, Mr. Simms has been eminently successful. His descriptions of southern scenery, are bold and natural, and evince the close observer and admirer of nature, in her quiet beauty as well as in her majesty. The popularity of *Martin Faber*, although it passed through two editions, was, in some degree, limited to the south; that of *Guy Rivers* was more extensive, and after its appearance, the Union claimed the novelist as one of her national writers, whose genius and talents promised to confer honor upon its native literature.

Guy Rivers, which passed through a third edition, was followed, in 1835, (about five years, we believe, after the publication of *Atalantis*) by "*The Yemassee*," a romance of Carolina. This novel at once obtained extensive popularity, and soon passed into a second, and then into a third edition. This production placed Mr. Simms among the foremost of American novelists.

After Mr. Cooper, by placing the scenes of his later fictions in Europe, and by residing there himself, had virtually deserted the field of American fiction, several competitors for his laurels appeared before the public. The most successful of these, perhaps, was Mr. Paulding, who has not, however, confined his talents exclusively to novel writing, and whose fame as a romancer, rests principally upon his "*Dutchman's Fire-Side*," and his "*Westward Ho!*" both novels evincing great talent, and which obtained for their author deserved reputation. Another of these novelists is Dr. Bird, of Philadelphia, the author of "*The Gladiator*," "*Calavar*," "*The Infidel*," and "*The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow*;" productions of distinguished merit and deserved popularity. Mr. Kennedy of Baltimore, the author of "*Swallow Barn*," "*Horse Shoe Robinson*," and that original and amusing *jeu d'esprit*, "*Sheppard Lee*," is also one of them. These three distinguished writers, with Mr. Simms, were, in 1835, at the time of the *Yemassee*, the most prominent novelists, occupying the ground so successfully held by Mr. Cooper. John Neal, Esq. who had gained fame as a novelist, and whose writings will be particularly noticed hereafter, and two or three others, had retired from active authorship before the period we have just named, and do not rank as co-aspirants with these gentlemen. Some writers have appeared also, within the last two or three years, who have not yet won the *toga virilis* of the mature writer. The field was in 1835, and, in a degree, still is in the possession of these four novelists, who, possessed of different degrees of talent and popularity, and writers of nearly an equal number of fictions, now share between them the fame which Cooper once possessed alone. One of these, or some other one, must eventually outstrip his co-aspirants, and fix on himself the public eye. There is but *one* wreath, and but *one* can win it. Al-

though the general term for literature, is, "the republic of letters," experience proves that it is an absolute monarchy. No age has exhibited more than one monarch of literature, in each of its branches. There has appeared in a generation, but one Shakspeare, but one Milton, but one Bacon, and but one Sir Walter Scott. Nor has any branch of science remained for a length of time under (if it may so be expressed) an interregnum. From among the candidates for the seat of eminence, Genius selects her favorite, and with the universal consent of mankind, places him on the vacant throne. Who will be elevated to the seats vacated by Scott, in Great Britain, and, perhaps by Cooper, in America, a few years will determine.

The Yemassee is the most interesting of Mr. Simms' novels, although the Partisan and Mellichampe are more labored and finished productions. In his descriptions of southern forest scenery, Mr. Simms is very happy, and paints with the eye of a student of nature. The portraits of Indian character which he has drawn, are remarkably graphic. In his draughts of the aboriginal warrior, he is only second to Cooper, and in one or two instances he has excelled that great master of American fiction.

In all that goes to make a romance suited to the taste of the present age, the Yemassee is eminently rich. The romance of the narrative is admirably sustained, while the curiosity and excitement of the reader are preserved unabated; it abounds in scenes of intense tragic interest, and with passages of deep feeling. As a tale, it is sufficiently mysterious, and is well told. The style is graver and more direct than that of Martin Faber; polished without being stiff, or parting with any of its characteristic ease or vivacity. Nevertheless it is open to criticism, and perhaps received a severer share of caustic *excathedra* than any previous production of the same author. This, however, may have been owing, in part, to the crisis at which Mr. Simms had now arrived. There is a certain point in an author's career, which, if successfully passed, becomes to him the gate to future eminence. The first, second, and perhaps third books of a new aspirant to literary fame, may be gently handled; but when by a succession of works, the new candidate evinces his determination to climb to the topmost peak of the literary Pisgah, those custom-house officers of literature, the critics, with equal resolution determine to examine rigidly into his claims to this distinction. *Bella horrida bella!* Then comes the tug of war indeed! On every side, he is assailed: dangers thicken around him, clouds hang over his head, thunder and lightning alarm and bewilder him, and the poor author who before thought himself gliding on swimmingly to the haven of immortality, finds himself at once, like Bunyan's Chris-

tian, "in the valley of the shadow of death; in a wilderness; a land of deserts and pits; a land of drought and of the shadow of death; a land that no man (save an author) passeth through." If he gets safely through this ordeal, he has only to walk forward to the city of Fame beyond, and enrol his name among the names of those who have gone before him. But most authors,—to continue the parallel we have adopted,—affrighted by the noise of the dragons and hobgoblins, the hisses of serpents, and the roar of hydras, turn back in despair, and never venture again on a journey beset by so many dangers.

When the Yemassee appeared, the critics newly nibbed, or, if perchance, they used steel, filed their pens, and adopting for their motto, "*cano arma virumque*," prepared to dispute the passage of this traveller up Parnassus. Though sorely beset and desperately wounded, our author passed this formidable ordeal of public opinion in safety.

In the following year, 1836, Mr. Simms, instead of being disheartened by his reception, and retiring from the contest, like others who had preceded him, sought further literary reputation through the pages of the "Partisan, a Tale of the Revolution," the scenes of which are laid in South Carolina. The Partisan professes to be the first of a series of novels, the series to be completed in three romances, of two volumes each, and each romance to embrace a prominent historical incident of the war of American independence. The same revolution in the public taste, which has cut down the novel from six and eight volumes, to two in America, and in England three, will present obstacles to the success of several consecutive novels, the characters of which are the same; such a series is in reality but one novel, divided into several books, the stories of which but slightly vary, while the characters, though in different stations and circumstances, continue the same. No series of romances can succeed, which has but one set of characters, unless the stories are wholly separate, each presenting an entire and disconnected plot. The reader, especially the reader of novels, is attracted by novelty, and few have the patience to follow one cast of characters throughout several volumes, however alluring may be the style, however thrilling the story. If an author should have the temerity to publish a novel extending to four hundred pages in each volume, his popularity would be buried beneath it, like a fair fabric crushed by the weight of its own towers. The talents, experience, and high literary rank of Mr. Simms, will enable him, however, fairly to test the success of such a series as he has contemplated, and already commenced.

The Partisan is dedicated to Richard Yeadon, Jr. Esq. of South Carolina, in a brief note of four or five lines. The custom of dedicating books is as ancient as the earliest era of book publishing,

and originated in that state of things, when authors, themselves unknown to fame, in conformity with public sentiment, were under the necessity of ushering their volumes into the world under the auspices of some eminent personage. For a century or two ago, literature had to be endorsed by some great name (not necessarily learned) to be received by the public. The endorser, or benign person, who condescended to stand god-father to the bantling, was denominated the "Patron of Literature" in general, and the obliged author's patron in especial. As in duty bound, the author, in well turned periods, and polished phrases, in which "gratitude," "honor," "condescension," "obligation," "patronage," "graciously pleased," *et cetera*, are placed skilfully, and at proper intervals thanks his lordship, his grace, or even his majesty, as the case may be, for the honor conferred upon him, the expression of his gratitude frequently extending over many pages; for out of the abundance of their hearts, their pens spake. In process of time, these dedicatory letters, which so often degraded the dignity of science, became curtailed in their dimensions, and books were often dedicated to private individuals, in testimony of the author's friendship. At the present time, the sort of patronage which gave rise to dedications, except perhaps, in some cases in England, is entirely done away in English literature, and elaborate dedicatory epistles have become obsolete. Dedications, however, still obtain, but are now used in their legitimate character, as graceful expressions of an author's private friendship, or his respect for public worth; and the most simple style of expressing the dedicatory compliment, is considered the most beautiful. In some instances, like the dedication to the *Partisan*, which gave rise to these digressive remarks, an author, at the risk of a rap over the knuckles, from the defenders of public taste, adopts the old epistolary mode. Some attempts have been made by distinguished critics, to cry down, altogether, dedications, even in the chastest form, pleading their abuse. Considerable delicacy is certainly called for, in choosing a dedicatory subject, and it is the want of this *savoir faire* in authors, which has armed this opposition. If an author places on his dedicatory page, the name of a private individual, otherwise unknown to fame, and who has but his private virtues to recommend him to fill this station in the public eye, he awakens jealousy among those who think they have stronger claims to this kind of distinction, and moreover, the individual himself must have a large share of philosophy, to wear gracefully an honor to which he has no literary or individual pretensions. If an author seeks out a name already distinguished, and dignifies his page therewith, merely because it is a name of eminence, without ties of kindred, friendship, or gratitude to influence him, he at once lays himself open to the

shafts of censure, and "adulation," "fawning," "office," salute his ears. Managed with judgment and delicacy, the dedicatory page becomes an altar devoted to friendship and honor, and as such, it should be suffered to remain. Abused, it degrades literature to the mere vehicle of personal interest, or makes it alone, the channel of individual vanity.

The dedication of the *Partisan* is open only to the application of those objections which relate to the epistolary form. The story of this novel opens in the year 1780, in South Carolina, and embracing the prominent events of the war of independence, from the surrender of Charleston, terminates about the commencement of the following year. It is therefore like the two preceding works, by the same author, historical. It abounds in stirring incidents, romantic adventure, fine descriptive touches, and is, throughout, marked by the author's best manner; it nevertheless has some blemishes which were found in his earlier writings—blemishes, principally of style; it also bears evidence of being written with less care than the *Yemassee*. The historical characters introduced into this romance are Generals Gates and Marion, De Kalb, Tarleton, Procter, Lord Cornwallis, and one or two others. The hero of the novel is Major Robert Singleton, the *Partisan*, who gives a name to it. The *Southern Literary Messenger*, after dissecting the *Partisan*, with a broad-axe in one hand and a handsaw in the other, after a fashion of its own, thus closes its review: "The *Partisan* is no ordinary work. The concluding scenes are well drawn. Some passages, descriptive of swamp scenery, are exquisite. Mr. Simms has evidently the eye of a painter. Perhaps, in sober truth, he would succeed better in sketching a landscape than in writing a novel."—The popularity of the *Partisan* was great, and justly so. Few novels, recently published, have been more extensively read and admired, and it will successfully sustain its claim to rank among the standard American fictions.

In the fall of 1836, he published the second novel of his historical series, under the title of "*Mellichampe*." Mr. Simms at this time held so prominent an attitude as a novelist, that his works, however obnoxious to criticism, in the eyes of those who read only to criticise, were, by the public, who read to be pleased, looked for with the expectation of a renewed pleasure. The popularity of *Mellichampe*, but recently from the press, is greater than its predecessors, and deservedly so. The style is chaste, easy and more finished than that of the *Partisan*, and in the delineations of character, Mr. Simms has manifested a closer acquaintance with the heart and the springs of human action, than he has hitherto displayed. It is a continuation of the *Partisan*, the hero of which, with also some of its distinguished

characters, are, in this novel, again introduced. The hero is Mellichampe, the son of a violent whig of South Carolina, and a partisan associated with General Marion. There is apparent, some resemblance between this novel and its predecessor, but not sufficient materially to diminish its interest or novelty. Mellichampe is undoubtedly the best of Mr. Simms' works. It is by this ascending continually, that the author will ultimately take a high place in American literature. It is the object of the writer of these hasty sketches, to avoid as much as possible, entering critically into the merits or demerits of a work—choosing rather to point to the landscape, and, without designating its deformities, leave the reader to admire its beauties.

Mr. Simms, besides his novels, has published several minor tales in the annuals, of great beauty and interest, and characterised for a more finished diction than is found in his more extensive productions. "Logoochie, or the Branch of Sweet Water, a Legend of Georgia," published in the *Magnolia* of 1836, is in the happiest vein of the author.

As a poet, he has obtained considerable reputation. Many of his lyrics are characterised by great sweetness and chastened feeling. A vein of pensiveness runs through nearly all of his poetical compositions. Their moral tendency is pure and elevated, the versification smooth, and the images introduced, natural and pleasing.

At present he has in press a Spanish romance, founded, we believe, on the leading incidents of the career of Pelayo, whose name is associated with the most romantic period of early Spanish history; it will probably appear during the present year. He is now engaged on a new romance, a sequel to Pelayo, called "The Fall of the Goth." We are sorry to see Mr. Simms, like Mr. Cooper, in his later works, go out of his native land for subjects of story. The American novelist, if he would be deserving of the name, should weave his tales alone out of the fertile legends of the New World.

Mr. Simms is still a resident of South Carolina, and is a married man. He is not more than twenty-eight or nine years of age. The expression of his face is open, manly and somewhat stern: his forehead is full, broad and intellectual, and his eyes a lively blue. In conversation, he is earnest, easily animated, and seeks to convince rather than persuade. His colloquial powers are of a high order, his language is select and fluent, his ideas flowing, as it were in periods and with the ease of one who is reading rather than conversing. His address is pleasing, and invites confidence. His manners are reserved, and his habits rather those of the student than the man of the world; and retirement would appear to be more congenial to his spirit, than the bustle and gaiety of a crowded metropolis.

PELAYO:

A ROMANCE OF THE GOTH.

By the author of "The Yemassee," "Mellichampe," "Guy Rivers," "The Partisan," &c.

[We have been favored by the publishers, with the following passages, extracted from a new romance by the author of "Guy Rivers," which will soon be published. We learn from them that it has been long printed, and has only been delayed from publication by the late gloomy uncertainties of business. The scene of the story is in Gothic-Spain, the time immediately preceding the defection of Count Julian, the Royal Espartorio, the dethronement of Roderigo, and the subsequent possession of his empire by the Mauritanians. The passage which we furnish, is one of the domestic scenes of the work; intended to convey a lively picture of that depravation of morals in the land, which, perhaps, more than anything beside, precipitated the Gothic dominion to the dust.]—*Editor S. L. Mess.*

VIII.

When, on the ensuing morning, the attendant Zitta sought the chamber of her mistress, she was already risen and dressed. At the first glance the slave was sure that she had not slept throughout the night; but this conjecture was immediately dismissed from her mind, as she beheld the unruffled composure of her countenance. It was indeed grave and sad, but there was no visible emotion—no proof of unschooled, unsubdued, or irrepressible feeling, such as she had looked to see; and no single trace of that feverish grief which cannot have exercise without leaving its visible impress upon the haggard cheek and the drooping and desponding eye. She little knew how to judge of that sorrow which passeth show—which disdains and dreads all ostentation. Yet was the slave right in the first conjecture, which she had so suddenly dismissed. Urraca had not slept—the whole night had been passed in thought—in that intense, self-searching, but not self-satisfying thought, which produces humiliation if it does not prompt to prayer. That humiliation had brought her strength—strength enough for resignation, if not for right. The crisis of her fate was passed, and she was now calm! Her resolve was taken, and she had deliberately prepared to die! She had nothing now to live for. She was not sufficiently the christian to live for repentance, and she had been too narrowly selfish in her devotion to a single object to live for hope. She lacked the necessary resources of life—and having too fondly trusted her fortunes to one pilot, in his falsehood she had lost every thing—she was herself lost.

The nature of Zitta was too humble, and her own sensibilities too coarse, to enable her to conjecture the mental self-abandonment of her mistress. She saw nothing but composure in the seeming calm of her countenance. Alas! it was the composure which comes from despair, like that which follows the storm, and which, though it speaks only of its own exhaustion, is not less significant of its former violence. But under that treacherous surface, with all its treasures and its precious freight, lie the wrecks and ruins of the goodly vessel. It was thus in the mind, as upon the face of Urraca. The delusive calm was there—the treacherous quiet of

composure, which, when the hurricane has gone by, overspreads the face and extends even to the bosom of the insidious sea. The tempest of her soul was overblown, but the hope with which she had been crowned and chartered, like some rich jewel, had been swept from sight while it lasted, leaving her destitute of all—too destitute and too despairing even for complaint.

She had no complaint—she uttered no sigh—no word of sorrow in the ear of her attendant. All was calmness and self-reliance. All her accents were those of gentleness, and all her looks seemed to be peace. Yet she gave herself no time for repose—indeed, she dared not—she seemed resolute to hurry through her crowding toils at once, in order that she might secure the long alumber which she desired undisturbed. After a slight refreshment, even more slight than usual, she commanded the attendants hastily to perform their several duties, while she despatched Zitta for the proper officer through whom the emancipation of the slave was to be effected. This duty was soon performed, but as yet she held the parchment.

“Until to-morrow, Zitta, it must content thee to remain with me. Thou wilt serve me until then? I shall not need thee much longer.”

Zitta professed her willingness to abide the commands of her mistress, with all the warmth and alacrity of one who has just received so considerable a boon.

“I have much meanwhile for you to do,” said Urraca. “These lustres—you will instantly send them to the Lord Edacer. I promised him last night that they should be his.”

“And greatly did it delight his mean soul, my lady, that you did so,” exclaimed Zitta.

“Perhaps!” said Urraca, “perhaps! I am glad that I may so easily delight him. He is fortunate indeed, if his soul can very highly esteem a thing of such slight worth and poor attraction.”

“Oh, my lady, I wonder that you can think so meanly of that which is so beautiful. Sure I am there’s nothing like it in all Cordova, and the cost—”

Urraca gently interrupted her:

“Alas! my poor girl, thy error is a sad, but a much too common one for note. Thou wilt find, when thou hast more experience of thy freedom, that few things possess a real value, in the estimation of the heart, which wealth may purchase or flattery procure. Nothing is of real worth but the true, unyielding affections—nothing is lastingly secure but truth—nothing always beautiful but that which is always good. Send the lustres to the Lord Edacer; and let it be said to him that they come to him from Urraca, with the single wish that he may soon learn to esteem them as I do who give them.”

“And thou regardest them as worth nothing,” said Zitta.

“True,” replied Urraca, “but that need not be said to him. Despatch them straight, for I have other offices for thee to execute.”

The lustres were soon sent to the greedy Goth, who received them with a loud delight; and the slave, bringing back his thankful acknowledgments, again stood in the presence of her mistress awaiting her commands. These were few and soon and willingly performed.

“Here is money, and there are some jewels in this casket, Zitta, for thyself. The money will serve thy own and the wants of thy mother for a season. The

jewels—thou wilt wear them for thy mistress, and think of her when thou dost so. In thy want—shouldst thou suffer want at any time to come—which I pray thou mayst not—they will provide thee, for their value is great among men. Take them—they are now thine. I will not need them again.”

“Oh, my lady—I deserve them not at thy hands. Thou hast already given me but too much—thou hast been lavish upon me against reason.”

“Not so!” said Urraca; “I give thee a great trust and a heavy burden, when I bestow thy freedom upon thee, and I should not fix upon thee this burden, unless I provide thee with the ability to bear it. Thou wilt find that with thy freedom will come new wants and wishes, which did not belong to the condition of the slave—new responsibilities will press upon thee, and in thy sickness or destitution thou wilt know that some difference lies between the slave whom a watchful interest beyond his own must provide for, and him who can only compel attention to his need in proportion to his wealth and substance. Thou wilt need all the money which I give thee, and more that I may not give thee—the wisdom from heaven to guide and direct thee aright in a new state and progress to which thou hast not been accustomed, and for which thy education has not prepared thee. Pray that thou mayst soon learn to shape thy feelings and thy thoughts to thy new condition, else wo will fall upon thee and upon those around thee. To have thoughts and desires which are unbecoming thy place is wrong; he whose mind is below his condition must be a tyrant, and he whose mind is above it—he only, is the slave.”

With such good counsel as this, bestowed without authority, and with a simple and persuasive grace, which was as strange in the sight of the slave as it was new-born in the bosom of the mistress, Urraca continued to direct, and counsel, and employ her. In this manner she despatched her to bestow sundry presents of money and of goods upon the various attendants of the household, all of whom she instructed her to dismiss on the ensuing morning. This done, she gave special directions to Zitta for the preparation of a chamber in an upper story which had long been disused. The order awakened some surprise and suspicion in the mind of the hearer.

“Wherefore, my lady,” was the demand of Zitta—“it is so cold and damp, that chamber—and so gloomy too—with but a single window that lies free to the street, and all the rest choked from light by the high houses around. Why wouldst thou employ that chamber?”

“Is it thy new freedom, Zitta, that thus provokes thee to question my desire?” responded Urraca, firmly, but still mildly and with softness.

“Oh, no, my lady—I question not,—but”—She paused, and the words and manner of her mistress, silenced all farther opposition, if they did not overcome her reluctance.

“Let the chamber be got in readiness, Zitta, as I bid thee. It is because it is cold and lonesome that I would employ it. But let it be so prepared, that it shall not seem cold or lonesome to the eye. Transfer to the walls and to the couch the rich hangings of this chamber; close all its windows, and see that many lights are there to supply what else it might seem to lack of

cheering and gay character. When thou hast done this, let a table be spread with fruits within it—and the wine—fill me a rich vase of silver with wine, and place it in readiness amid the fruits—but one vase, Zitta—one will suffice,” she murmured, as the slave disappeared—“one will suffice for Amri and—for me!”

IX.

Let us return for a brief moment to Amri. That day he condescended to visit his father, whom he still maintained within the dungeon to which he had consigned him. He carried him a sufficient supply of food, but spoke nothing of his release. The old man simply looked up to the opening above the door, through which the youth let down the provisions in a small basket by the aid of a string, but he said nothing to him either in the way of solicitation or complaint. This taciturnity irritated the youth, who addressed him somewhat tauntingly with certain inquiries touching his captivity—demanding to know upon what terms he would be willing to procure his release. To all of which the old man deigned him nothing in answer; but, with clasped hands, he murmured his repeated prayer to heaven, imploring protection from the Most High, and preferring once more the terrible imprecation which the ears of Amri had already heard, but which now, unhappily, went by them unheeded. Secure, as the latter esteemed himself, in his triumphant position, he permitted himself to speak harsh words to his father in return. His heart had become hardened within him, and he had no fears of overthrow. God was ripening him for destruction! Confident of Edacer's success with Melchior, and of his own with the lovely daughter of the outlaw, he was too buoyant in hope at this moment either to fear the wrath of Heaven, or to heed the curse which his father had invoked upon his head. He bade the old man a scornful defiance, and departed ungraciously from his presence. To Mahlon, however, he gave directions for his release on the ensuing morning, when he imagined that his projects would be fully executed, and the events happily over, from which he hoped to derive so much.

“On the morrow, Mahlon,” said he, “thou shalt release Adoniakin—not before. And, hear me, thou shalt not give entrance through the day to any who may seek him. Say that he is gone forth, to those who ask for him—he is gone forth on pressing occasion, and will not return till the night. To-morrow we shall neither of us care whether his mood be pleasant or angry. For thyself, Mahlon, here is the money thou hast demanded—there is more for thee to-morrow when I return, if thou hast truly done as I bid thee.”

That day the plans of Amri were perfected with Edacer—the latter had portioned out his men for the investment of the cave of Wamba, while the former had received from his hands the desired authority in writing, by which, in the name of the king, he should obtain access into the dwelling of the Hebrew Samuel, or any other dwelling in the Hebrew Quarter where the maiden Thyrsa might be concealed. Nor was he altogether content to await the hour of midnight, which he had himself set aside for the proposed search, when the probabilities were so much the greater of finding her in the dwelling; but, attended by one of the officers who had been allotted to him by Edacer, he

prowled in a partial disguise around the neighborhood in which the Hebrew Samuel had his abode, and cautiously pointed out to the soldier the place where they should enter. His disguise, however, was not equal to his perfect security from detection, and quick eyes were as watchful to save the maiden and her sire, as those which strove for their undoing. Elate and satisfied that the hour of his triumph was at hand, he retired to the palace of Edacer, with whom he had a farther conference on the subject of their common pursuits; and towards nightfall, with beating heart and impatient spirit, Amri proceeded to the dwelling of Urraca, anxious to gain the intelligence which he so much wished for, that she could no longer be to him an object of fear, as she was no longer an object of desire. In this hope, however, he was destined to be disappointed. The deadly work had not yet been done; and, cunningly advised, Zitta framed a story which satisfied him to await patiently for the events of the following day. A brief time only was allowed him for interview with the slave, ere he found it necessary to ascend to the upper apartment in search of her devoted mistress.

X.

A severer trial was at hand for the Hebrew than any through which he had ever passed before. He was conscious that Urraca expected from him a speedy resolve to fly with her to Guadarrama, as he had already promised, and he was only solicitous how best to frame his promises so as to satisfy and meet her present exactions. Relying on the fulfilment by Zitta of the crime to which she had pledged herself, he had no hesitation in this matter; and he had resolved to promise freely to his mistress for the future, assured that ere he could be called upon for the fulfilment of his pledges, the lips which had exacted them would have lost all power of reproach. His misfortune was, as it is the misfortune too commonly of the young and partially endowed, to be too readily satisfied with his own powers of persuasion. His vanity misled him into a self-confidence, which the circumstances did not justify. But we shall see in the sequel. That same day, and towards evening, when the coming of Amri was hourly looked for, the resolve of Urraca began to assume a more distinct and unequivocal aspect. The chamber had been prepared by Zitta agreeably to the directions of her mistress. To this chamber, which was above and remote from the other apartments, the drapery and decorations belonging to that which she had formerly occupied had been carefully transferred. The table had been spread sumptuously with fruits, cakes, and many delicacies brought freshly from the east, and in the centre, as she had specially directed, a beautiful fountain-urn of the purest silver was elevated, containing a full measure of the choicest wine. Having the room brilliantly lighted, and in every respect ready and complete, the slave called upon her mistress to survey and to approve her work. She did approve of it, and a smile of bitter pleasure overspread her countenance as she spoke.

“It is well done, Zitta—thou hast omitted nothing—it is fitly designed for those who shall enjoy it. Leave me now, my girl—leave me, and give fit reception when

Amri cometh. Deny me to all other persons, and seek me no more thyself to-night."

"Should the Lord Edacer come, my lady, he may seek you to thank you for the lustre?"

"I can spare his thanks—I can understand them unspoken. He may not see me—I am sick to all but Amri; and, Zitta—"

The slave returned. There was a pause before her mistress again spoke. Zitta advanced a pace inquiringly, and Urraca bent down and addressed her, in whisper, thus:—

"It may be thou wilt hear a noise to-night from my chamber—heed it not!"

"Oh, my lady—what mean you?" cried the slave, beseechingly. A sudden suspicion of the meditated crime of her mistress, flashed for the first time upon her mind.

"What matters it to thee, Zitta—thou art free now."

"But not happy, my lady, to see you thus," replied the slave.

"Hear me, and be assured. What I do I do for my happiness, under the guidance of the only thought which can promise me the peace I seek. I am not wild, Zitta, but what I do and contemplate, is done and considered with a deliberate mind, ungoverned by any passionate mood, such as, but too frequently, has misled me into error. Obey me—leave me now; and—hear me—whatever cry thou hearest coming from my chamber, whether of my voice or Amri, give it no heed—stir not to inquire—suffer no one, not even thyself, to approach. Think only, and rejoice as thou thinkest, at such moments, that thou art now free! It may be that even with thy thought I too shall be free, though after a different fashion. Leave me now—thy toils for me are all ended with this night!"

"But may I not come to thee, my lady—must I not, if thou shouldst call or cry out?" demanded the slave.

"No—not even if I cry out shalt thou come," was the stern reply. "Nay,—if I should implore thee, in my moment of weakness, with my own voice—heed me not—suffer me not to move thee—hearken not to my prayer. Away—good night!"

The slave, immersed in tears, would have lingered; but, gently leading her to the door of the chamber, Urraca pushed her from the entrance and carefully fastened it behind her. When she had gone, and her steps were no longer heard, Urraca carefully inspected all the windows, and saw that, in compliance with commands previously given, they were secured beyond the strength of any one man, without fitting instruments, to unfasten. This done, she approached the table, and drawing the packet of poison from her vest, emptied its contents into the vase teeming with wine, and then carefully destroyed the parchment which contained it. She had now little more to do than to await the arrival of Amri—or, we may rather say—her fate. Her resolve was taken, and her nature was of that impetuous and decisive character, that we may regard her determination as unalterable. This was evident in the coolness which had marked all her proceedings—her careful consideration of every subject in her household, however minute or unimportant, which might seem to challenge her attention—and the temperate and subdued demeanor with which she had dismissed and favored her domestics. Lifting the curtain of her privacy but a single moment

before the appearance of Amri, her traitorous lover and the destined victim of her denied fondness and defeated confidence, we behold her in an attitude—to her, one of the most unwonted, but, at the same time, of the most essential humiliation. Upon her knees she strives earnestly, but oh! how hopelessly, to pray for that mercy which she must forfeit for the crime which even then she meditates. The unspoken supplication dies away in murmurs, and the murmurs—a vain and broken breathing—are lost in the unheeding air.

FRANCIS ARMINE. A ROMANCE.

BY A NOVICE.

CHAPTER III.

—Young, and of an age
When youth is most attractive—with a look
He wins thy favor.

Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

George Withers.

Pale Memory sits lone brooding o'er the past,
That makes her misery.

Letitia E. London.

An artist sat alone in his studio. Around him lay colors, and pencils, and port-folios, in admirable confusion. Here you would behold the dark face of a brigand scowling upon you, and there you would gaze at a half finished psyche—a blooming child just emerging into loveliness—or some bright and beautiful creature, scarce ever heard of, save in the poet's dreamy rhyme—and never seen, save on the artist's brilliant canvass. On the high walls of the room could be seen something for every taste. To the antiquary, there was the fine expansive head, in imitation of the old masters; to the lover of adventure, there was an old castle, in which it is presumed was immured some lovely creature; and to the observer of nature, there was the gorgeous landscape, now rich with light, and now dim with the misty and indistinct hues of twilight. But your attention would have been rivetted (as was his own) to a painting, which was placed immediately before him, in such a manner that the soft light of twilight streamed upon it, and gave it the appearance of some fairy vision stealing upon the sleeper from the land of dreams. In the perspective arose a small white cottage, around which clustered many shrubs and vines; from the far and dim mountains a bright sparkling stream came rushing down, and passed around the cot; at one side a fountain gushed up, and threw its waters, like a shower of diamonds, on the grass. Near that fountain sat, what seemed to the spectator, the spirits of the place. One of them was a fair young girl, upon whose sweet and innocent countenance a lover—his look told it—fondly gazed, as his arm was twined around her waist, and her head was nestled in his bosom. The girl was passing lovely. What a voluptuous

uous form!—what grace!—what dignity!—what beauty!—what gentleness! And the lover that hung over her, and the artist that glanced at his own penciling, were the same. That young artist! His face was intelligent and expressive, the cheeks were somewhat pale, but not so much so as the broad, snow-like forehead; the nose was slightly aquiline; the lips wore a constant smile, and the eyes were large and black, twinkling over his whole face like bright stars, and at once betraying the deep fervor of the mind, and the immortal and undying longings of the soul. It was a rare study, was the face of that young artist! Love and Ambition were never so nicely imbodyed.

Love and Ambition!—the one the sultana of the heart—the other the monarch of the soul! Who has not felt their power? The warrior, in his tent, marshals them to watch upon his dreamy couch. The poet, in his garret, awakens them to glide in meditation's sparkling stream. The artist, too, feels their influence, as he portrays the fresh and beautiful colorings of his rainbow-tinted pencil. What charms, what spells, do they not steal from his passionate heart! The warrior courts them; but his sword is forgotten, when the hand that wielded it is cold. The poet woos them; but his lyre is still, when the hand that touched its chords is powerless. But the artist feels their promptings, and is deathless. His productions are seen and adored, when his body mingles with the dust, and the willow of centuries glooms above its voiceless grave. They are the golden chains that connect the present with the by-gone—and Love and Ambition are their wizard inspirers.

Lucien Andeli—for that was the artist's name—had arisen, and was striding to and fro in his studio. A gentle rap was heard at the outer door, which awoke the servant dozing there.

"Is Lucien Andeli at home?" inquired a soft voice. The servant stepped into the room, and informed his master that a flower girl, who had called twice during his absence, wished to see him.

The flower girl entered. By the dim light of a lamp, she seemed about the middle height, fair and graceful. Her dress was slight and loose—thrown carelessly over a most enchanting form. Her skin was white and transparent, and her eyes blue and languishing.

"Well, my pretty girl, what do you want?" inquired the artist.

She held up a bunch of flowers.

"Ah, you wish to sell me flowers. There is a bunch in which is a rose scarce budded—so like my Meta. I will take that."

The girl shuddered at the mention of that name, and replied—

"But do you love none other than Meta? Rumor speaks of others—Lady Julia Rivers—"

"Oh, my patroness—an artful coquet—a beautiful creature—but without soul."

The man entered here with lights, and again disappeared.

"Lucien," whispered the girl, in a low and tremulous voice.

"Julia, by the mass!" exclaimed Andeli, as he started to his feet.

"Lucien, do you now deem me a coquet?" said she, as she arose, and twining her arms around him, smiled

sweetly in his face. That smile! it was almost irresistible.

"Julia Rivers, why have you taken this imprudent step?" asked Andeli, in unconcealed anger.

"For your love, Lucien."

"Pshaw! for my love!" echoed he, not at all calmed by the confession.

"Ah! you little know the struggles I have undergone in restraining such feelings," exclaimed she, as the tears stole down her cheeks—that surest weapon of woman—"I have striven to banish you from my heart, but the impression is indelible. In my very dreams your name has been upon my lips, and your goodness always before me. Lucien, I love you!"

"Angelic creature, I prefer making love to you!" said he; "go home, and when I visit you, receive me with your brightest smiles."

"But, Meta—"

"Mention not that name, Lady Rivers," interrupted Andeli, indignantly—"she is too pure to be thought of by you—and her very name, hallowed as it is by sweetest remembrances, must not—shall not be spoken by you."

"You terrify me. What is Meta to you, more than—"

"Charles, get my carriage, and see Lady Rivers home," again interrupted her words, as the speaker hurried from her into an adjoining room. Presently he heard the carriage drive to the house—the door opened—a foot was on the step—the door closed—and away it flew.

Lucien Andeli was one of those characters very seldom to be met with in the present times. He was a dreamer, and it is perhaps better that but few such now exist. With him every thing was bright, and fresh, and joyous. Earth, with its chilling and blighting cares, was to him an unweeded paradise; for he had passed through the flowery portals, and dwelt in the land of dreams. A shadow had not dimmed the sunshine—a falsehood had not plucked the rose-plume. The heart—the spirit—

"Ever in motion—that plays

Like the lightning in autumn's shadowy days,"

he possessed, and with them moved calmly and sweetly along, extracting from every object that met his attention a new freshness and gaiety. He lived in the golden—we in the iron age. He had not left, as it were, the bright and glowing heavens for the obscure and shadowy earth. No! He lived in the enchanting moonlight of the by-gone—when poetry was a wanderer from the heart—when music was sweeter than the song of stars. No wonder that, in the glaring daylight of the present, such as him have no abiding place. I would as soon think of beholding the bright-plumed bird of paradise wandering along the dreary desert, or the rosy star of twilight shedding its beams at mid-day upon the blessed earth!

Yet with all those qualities, which had rendered him unfit to mingle with men—with all of his high and ennobling aspirations—Andeli was linked with a band of low and sordid adventurers. Revenge is not choice in its means; so that the goal is achieved, we scan not the way through which we passed to gain it. Love itself, with all of its strong and high-toned impulses,

is not stronger than the deep, unchanging, irresistible current of revenge.

That fair young artist had suffered feelings to enter his breast, that would taint the heart, as does poison, the most sparkling stream. And now that I think of it, were I a blood-thirsty monarch upon his throne, instead of a pale, sickly student, with tintless cheeks and streaming eyes, I would just as quickly unfurl the "star-spangled banner of the free," or let the shout of freemen drown the groans of abject slaves, as permit an artist to mingle with my courtiers. It may be a queer notion, but I have always thought there's something in the profession, in the impulses that it draws forth, in the dreams that it weaves around the mind, in the revelations that it throws about the heart, that renders it averse to slavery. Is it but a dream that haunts my couch?—is it but a shadow that has risen in the silence of my chamber? No! The tyrant may forge the chain, but the artist wears it not, until the high imaginings have departed from the mind's sanctuary, or the stamp of thought and soul is stolen from its inward altar.

It was Andeli who rescued Francis Armine. Not, as may be supposed by accident; but to screen the conspirators, whose proceedings hereafter, as far as concerns this narrative, shall be developed. In the popular tumult, he had turned the tide to suit their purposes, without themselves being known or suspected, as schemers against the state. The seeds of a mighty revolution had been scattered abroad by invisible hands, and Paris had witnessed, without knowing it, the rise of the curtain, which, ere it fell, might usher in one of the most fearful tragedies ever enacted upon the arena of scathed and bloody Europe—and that too, in a country where the footsteps of war had scarcely been erased, and where the tracery of blood had scarcely been dried—in France—gloomy, crushed, yet illustrious France!

Andeli had left his studio—had wended through the streets of Paris, and from where he walked, they could scarce be seen in the perspective. All around him was becoming more and more silent and dull, and as he moved along, the clocks of the city struck twelve, which could scarce be heard through the heavy air. The stars were still standing on high, like sentinels of Time, and the moon was still pouring its light upon the earth. Andeli gazed upon the heavens, and these were his thoughts—these were the memories that the hour and the place drew forth:

"Blessings on his memory. Never did the moon smile so brightly as on that remembered night. Three summers have passed since then, yet how well I remember that deed. At my father's door we sat—a shriek called our attention, and even as I turned, a minion of the tyrant plunged his poniard to my brother's heart, and disappearing, left that brother's form almost nailed to the green turf on which he lay—the blood oozing out like so much water, and the young and beautiful countenance locked in the stern pang of death. Wildly, madly, did I cry for justice—but I was scoffed and derided; and the voice of revenge that I then vowed, ascended through the silence of nature, and was recorded on the leger book of heaven. My lost but unforgotten brother, have I not kept the vow—for ere that moon smiles its last rays again, you will

have been fearfully avenged. I may die—the same mystic and unwavering light may whiten upon my stiffened bones—but, thank heaven, they will not know of the grief that gnawed at my heart, and bid me concentrate all my thoughts of love, and hope, and ambition—in revenge."

He paused in the train of his reflections. It was a fit hour for man's communion with his own heart, and long and calmly did that young artist do so. He scanned the past and the present, and as he did so, sternly, but without a pang, did he look forward to that one dread but fixed aim. If he faltered a moment, the bloody form of his brother would appear before him and urge him on to a deed which would sweep the murderers from the ground which they cumbered, and reinstate France in her former glories—though it would bathe her vineyards with blood, and stamp his name as a butcher of war.

CHAPTER IV.

Hempekirke. It was the fellow, sure.

Wolfort. What are you, sirrah?

Beggar's Book.

I call upon thee, and compel
Thyself to be thy proper hell!

Byron.

She came!

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded—
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

Idid.

Paris rested in the distance, as silent as when, centuries before that time, the wanderer had passed through the wilderness from which it had sprung. The Seine was calm and serene, as the stars glittered along its motionless waters; and with outstretched arms, in its unbroken sleep, seemed sheltering the vessels that lay on its bosom. Along the shores could not even be seen the torch of the fisherman, that was wont to flash upon the tideless stream, through the dun obscurity and gloom of night's solemn noon. No sound came through the immoving air from the city. Its very heart seemed to have ceased its vibrations. But a short time had passed since it beat with care, and toil, and crime; it was now still—but the dark thoughts, the low appetites, the brutal lusts, the fierce passions, yet dwelt there, to awaken again, refreshed and invigorated. Paris lay, like a mighty giant, whose iron limbs, and strong hands, and hardened nerves, no force could tame and no power withstand; but who, at the voice of nature, sank quietly down to rest, and arose again to curb, or crush, or overthrow.

The young artist whom we have thus far followed, had paused, and with feelings

"Heavy as frost and deep almost as life,"

he gazed upon the distant city, so lately the scene of strife, and now so silent; thoughts of the past and the future were flitting by him; and, strange to say, that with his future, even then he linked the fortunes of him, the mysteries of whose life form the principal feature of this narrative. Stranger still, that unknown as was Francis Armine to him, the very thought of him should be accompanied with a dread and a warning. Are we not the ministers of our own fate? Is it then strange, that although the vista of the future is untrod, its shadows should rest upon the present? No, it is not.

That same power which permits us not to throw back the veil, sends to us dreams and omens to warn us of the mysteries which it conceals. We are prophets, yet of what avail is our knowledge. We approach the precipice, yet shun it not; or shunning it, still work out the destiny written for us, in unalterable characters on the book of fate.

We seek not to penetrate into secret thoughts; suffice it that actions show their import. We seek not to trace the lightning from its cloud-built home, but to show its dread effects. In its blasting and devastating path, we can behold enough of its power, without seeking the unattainable, or grasping higher than the limited faculties of earth-chained mind will permit. Sacred be the secrets of the soul! We pass from them to the thoughts which find words to speak their meaning, as passes a traveller, who has lingered a moment in the dark valley, to the unshadowed earth.

"It was a well timed blow," said Andeli, as with an effort he again adverted to the events of that evening. "It was a well timed blow, and it must be quickly followed—for ere the conspiracy is known, my revenge must be consummated. The hurricane has yet to come; a few drops have fallen from the overcharged cloud, heralds alone of the coming storm—and when it comes in its wrath, wo—wo, to them on whom it falls!"

Forgetful of all but the feelings which had for years mastered every hope and aspiration of his younger days, he was recommencing his walk, without observing that to his incoherent exclamations he had a listener. On looking up, he beheld a dark form towering above him. The intruder is known to our readers, and a few of the neighboring peasantry, as the hermit of the cave, and had been standing near his retreat when he heard the words of Andeli. He had scarcely caught his attention, before he leaped from the rock on which he stood, and stood before the artist. His dark featured face, his long and matted beard, his gray and uncombed hair, and his dirty and ragged dress, together with his bold swaggering manner, rendered him an object of disgust.

"Who dares intrude thus upon my walk?" inquired Andeli, in a menacing tone, as he drew back at the approach of the hermit, who, leaning over the artist, whispered in his ear—

"Andeli, hast thou forgotten Montanvers?"

The young man started. The blood left his cheek, and the cold perspiration stood on his forehead. It could not be. He looked again, and almost shuddered beneath the ardent gaze that met his own. Those few words had rolled back the veil of past years, and brought to his memory one whom he had met but once since his boyhood. Again stood before him the once gifted and brilliant Montanvers—now, as his appearance indicated, the shunned and pitied, if not abhorred outcast.

"Ha! I see you remember me," exclaimed he, not withdrawing his fixed gaze.

"I do, although you have altered much," replied Andeli.

"Yes, time has passed over me rather roughly since we met last. The world and myself, Andeli, have wrangled much. But I am wearied now, and would ask a favor at your hands," said he, as he scanned, with an inquiring look, the features of his companion. He could read nothing there, for they were cold and stern,

though not pitiless. With a firm composure, Andeli motioned to him to proceed.

"Lucien Andeli, I wish to go and shake hands with the world again. Nay, start not, nor deem it strange. They who have stepped between me and happiness—who have changed the current of my being—who would have trampled upon me, when I fell to their own level—must again receive me. I have shrank from their intercourse for years, and now I wish again to mingle with them. The name of Montanvers must not be forgotten—it must again be on the lips of men, who feel and dread its influence. It must again be sighed by the soft voices of your women. I have a fit resting place in yon cave—the earth my bed—the rock my pillow; yet neither so pleasant as the downy couch. My clothes are worn and ragged, and food I have not tasted for two days. I see you understand my wishes, and will meet them?"

"Montanvers, do you remember how and why we last parted?" asked Andeli, after listening with a feeling of contempt to his remarks.

"Let that be forgotten with the past. You have money and friends, and must reinstate me in the world."

"Must!" echoed Andeli.

"Ay, must!" returned he. "If our former friendship will not influence you, know that I have that which will. You are in my power. Your schemes are open to me. Have I in vain attended your secret meetings, and heard your pleading and your advice? Have I in vain listened but now to your words, spoken, as you thought, to the winds? No! not in vain. One word, if I but speak, it consigns you and your friends to a disgraced and miserable grave. Andeli, are we or are we not friends?" Sternly did he rivet his eye upon the face of the young artist, to inquire, before words could speak it, the reception of his inquiry. They were calm and open, and now his gaze was returned as boldly and sternly as it was given.

"We are not," replied he, in a clear and fearless voice.

"Beware of my enmity."

"Beware rather of mine," returned Andeli, "and know that for the cause in which I am pledged, I fear not the interruption of one so foul as the murderer of Maria Serle."

Andeli thought rightly, that the memory of that deed would move his enemy from his purpose. It touched a chord long dormant, and thrilled upon every fibre of his frame. He attempted to smother the feeling, which only rendered it more intense. Conscience could not be stilled. It was like a stream whose waters have been stopped in their course, and which, on finding an outlet, rush impetuously forth, with a loud voice and a mighty leap. The cheek was pale—the hands were clenched, until the blood almost started from the thin, bony fingers—large, heavy drops of sweat hung about his forehead; and his eyes, now brightened and now darkened, as with partial insanity. The earth seemed to move from beneath him; he was one moment kneeling, as if at confession, and in the next he seemed to tread on air.

"Spirit of the lost! you yet hover around me," raved he. "From the early grave you rise to crush me. Your curse is yet with me. You wander forever on the wings of the air. Your flight is in the calm and in the whirlwind, and the trees bend swiftly to your foot—

steps, and the winds echo to the music of your voice. Beautiful one! you are with me, through the gloomy night, and amid the sunshine of mid-day. You are there—there—there. Hush! lest I fright you. I see you as once I saw you—but even now you change, and your own blood streams over that beautiful face, and around those exquisite limbs. Ha! who did that deed? You smile. It was these hands. Ha! ha! ha!” and with that strange and unearthly laugh he stretched forth his hands, as if grasping at something in the air, and fell to the earth.

Andeli saw him fall into that deathlike swoon, and turning, swiftly moved along. He had not walked far, ere he approached a small and neat white cottage, around whose door and windows clustered the vine and the honeysuckle, flinging at once a shade and a fragrance about the spot. A fit haunt was this for love and beauty! An angel, as it wheeled its course above the earth, might well start at meeting a place so beautiful in this dark world, and watch and protect its gentle inmates ere it again departs to the far off heavens. Before the cottage lay wide and boundless plains, that stretched to the shores of the Seine, and in its rear was the dark and still forest, and the tall mountains, whose peaks were lost in the blue of the sky—whilst closely around it, swept a bright and sparkling stream, now prattling with the pebbles, now playing with the reeds, and now dancing over its green margin, like a wild school-girl, singing gaily, as she romps along with a light heart and bright smile.

The young artist stopped, and gazed at the window; but it was not the beauteous flowers that clustered there, that caught his eye—it was not the slender twig or the green vine, bathed as they were in the moon's mystic light, that arrested and rivetted that eye to the spot. It was something fairer and brighter. It was a face lovely in charms—a form rounded into beauty by the goddess of love. Another moment, and his form no longer threw its shadow upon the grass—it was at her feet.

“Meta! my love, my life, I am with thee!” he whispered, as he arose, and twining his arm around her small waist, pressed her beating heart, that swelled beneath its snowy bosom, to his own.

She was very beautiful—that gentle young girl. Her cherubic features, her slight form, seemed too lovely for earth. Her face was delicate and fair—of a beauty, rather the promise of what will be, than that which is. Her features were gentle, and regular, and open. Her forehead was like a sheet of pure snow, drifted with dark and wavy locks of hair—and her cheek like a calm water, with here and there a flushed rose peeping forth; but in repose, the faintest dye betwixt the lily and the rose could not equal it. Her lips were of the clearest and softest vermilion; and when parted, displayed two rows of teeth whiter than virgin pearl—and then her eyes, so soft, and yet so bright. Her dress was rich, but plain; showing that exquisite form in its natural and most beautiful shape. She gazed upon her lover—for such was he to her; but her heart was too full for words. She gazed in silent and speechless eloquence. Not the eloquence of the lip, for that can coin itself to honied words in times of darkest doubt—but the eloquence of the soul, when every look and action imbody truth.

And he drew her closer to him—their lips clung into a long and passionate kiss; her transparent cheek rested on his shoulder—and her bosom glowed in movements with his own. Softly to their ears was borne the voice of the prattling stream—the low musical tone of the gushing fountain—the sweet hum of myriads of insects—the bland whisper of the wandering wind, and the clear cry of the night-bird, as it wheeled its course in the perfumed air, over streams, and cots, and vineyards. It was as though nature welcomed the meeting, and sent up her voice from the silent forests and tideless streams for her young and delicate children.

Thus, on the shores of the golden Seine, sat the lovers—alas! they were not wedded! She sought not, desired not the rank from which she had fallen—the name which she had forfeited. Around him clustered the brightening dream—alas! that it was but a dream!—of a fresh, first love. Poor child! she knew not the sin—heard not of the shame of such a passion. And he—by the world's law deemed the guiltier—in the opening of manhood, in his wanderings, had met her, and forgotten home, and kindred, and ambition, in the breath of a passionate and a guilty love.

The moon beamed brightly upon the earth, and the eternal stars looked down from their deep blue chambers; and they were clasped in quietness and sleep, and tranquil was the slumber, and profound was that sleep. They were alone upon the earth, and from its distant home, love, like an angel, descended upon the wings of night to their quiet couch.

SONNET.

TO THE MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA.

Majestic flower! how purely beautiful

Thou art, as rising from thy bower of green,
Those dark and glossy leaves, so rich and full,

Thou standest like a high-born forest queen,
Among her maidens, clustering round so fair!

I love to watch thy sculptured form unfolding,
And look into thy depths to image there

A fairy cavern; and while thus beholding,
And while the breeze sweeps o'er thee, matchless flower,

I breathe the perfume, delicate and strong,
That comes like incense from thy petal'd bower,

My fancy roams the southern woods along,
Beneath that glorious tree, where deep among
The unsunn'd leaves thy large white flower-cups
sprung.

Washington City, July, 1888.

C. P. G.

ON DREAMING THAT I HEARD A LADY ENGAGED IN PRAYER.

Methinks I hear her breathe in prayer

A heaven-taught, pure, and holy strain:

I would my name were mentioned there—

So pure a heart asks not in vain.

L. L.

TO A BEAUTIFUL CREEK BOY,

THE EVENING BEFORE HIS EMIGRATION.

BY HENRY THOMPSON.

Lone child of the forest, thou art now on the sward,
Where silently sleepeth its legitimate lord;
Thou art roaming thy last, o'er the tumulose earth;
O'er the graves of thy people—in the land of thy birth.
But alas! little Creek, o'er the turf of thy dead,
The foot of the stranger will intrusively tread,
When thou art an exile, far away from the foes,
Who have pilfered the earth where thy people repose.
Yet in majesty roam, for 'tis here thou wast born,
Although *Es-ta-hat-ke*^a looks on thee with scorn;
And gaze, Indian boy, on the blossoming rose,
For thine eyes look their last where thy people repose.

The eagle screams o'er thee, for her eaglets have flown;
Her dark eye is on thee—bright, bright as thine own—
But the bow, little Creek, is unbent in thy hand,
Never more to be strung in this paradise land.
Thy arrows are wasted, shot away to the night—
The proud bird above thee, thou can'st not affright;
And thine eye cannot weep! 'tis a stranger to tears;
Revenge is not of thee—for few are thy years;
Yet the blood of the Creek, flowing warmly and wild,
Gushes still in thy veins, aboriginal child!
And gaze while thou may'st on the blossoming rose,
For thine eyes look their last where thy people repose.

WASHINGTON,

AND THE PATRIOT ARMY.

The pleasure I took in the perusal of the sketch of the life of the late eminent judge and patriot, Jeremiah T. Chase, contained in the June No. of the Messenger, has been mingled with pain, at finding therein an incidental assertion, which, if true, is alike to be regarded as a stain upon the character of our great progenitors, and a reproach to the high and holy cause in which they so devotedly engaged.

To represent, in the most enviable light, the characters of the great and good, is a feeling spontaneous in every noble mind; but it is no unfrequent error, in striving to exalt the most worthy, to disparage subordinate merit, without whose aid even the highest individual powers and faculties had availed but little.

The halo of glory which surrounded the head of the father of his country, when he resigned the warrant of his command into the hands of that august assembly from whom he had received it, is surely not increased in splendor or extent, by the announcement that "*the army, which he had just left at Newburgh,*" was "*ready to clothe him with the imperial purple,*" and that "*disdaining the proudest trophies of ambition, he comes before Congress, and begs them to receive the insignia of his authority.*" And as one who, in common with every American, has a share in the heritage of glory which has descended from the patriots of the revolution, I deny that that army

were ready to clothe any man with the imperial purple. I repudiate the idea that such was for a moment their intention; or that their power, had such been their design, was equal to accomplish it; and I hold both to be derogatory to the high character of a patriotic ancestry, and a reflection upon the cause their valor won. It is a misconceived attempt to heap honor upon the illustrious Washington, by an undesigned detraction from the well-earned glory of his associates. The measure of his fame is already full. He needs no accumulated honor at the expense of his companions in arms. In "*the deeds of high emprise,*" which by him directed they achieved, in the defence of the liberties and support of the rights of a common country, there is glory enough for all. Whatever may be our idea of the well deserved honor and confidence in which Washington was held by the army he had so often led to successful battle, we must not forget the cause for which they fought,—that all else was secondary to the one great object,—the protection of their country from invasion, and the establishment of liberty. Let us remember that that army were no mercenary soldiery—but a patriot band who warred for freedom and independence. And is it to be supposed that these men, at the very moment when the object of all their hopes and all their labors was accomplished, were ready to become the willing subjects of an imperial sway—to surrender the very liberty they had achieved as the price of its acquisition?

But let the documents of the day evidence the objects sought to be accomplished in the grand enterprise of the revolution, the light in which it was regarded, the spirit in which it was undertaken. Look at the commission which Washington held. "*We, reposing especial confidence in your patriotism, conduct and fidelity, do, by these presents, constitute and appoint you to be General and Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United Colonies, &c. for the defence of American liberty, and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof.*" This was the power, these the purposes of its grant, held under the regulations and directions of Congress, and revocable at its will. And the instructions which accompanied its bestowal, like the injunction to the Roman consul, made it his "*especial care, in discharge of the great trust committed*" to him, "*that the liberties of America receive no detriment.*"

Look at the great charter of our liberties; read the detail of enormities perpetrated upon an unoffending people by Britain's king. "*He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to the civil power.*" Here was one grievance sought to be gotten rid of—one outrage which was no longer calmly to be endured. But did the army indeed forget the causes for which they took up arms, or were those alleged but pretence? Can it be, that at the very moment they had wrested their country from an arbitrary rule, and saved harmless from military subjugation *the civil power*, they, of themselves, had it in contemplation to be recreant to all their plighted vows, and place the man of their choice far above the hold or influence of the proper authority—to create an imperial dynasty upon the ruins of a regal crown?

The revolution was accomplished. For eight long years our forefathers had nobly defended "*American Liberty,*" and had successfully "*repelled every hostile*

^a The Creek term for "white man."

invasion thereof." The cessation of hostilities is announced to the army by the Commander-in-Chief: "The glorious task for which we flew to arms being accomplished—the liberties of our country being fully acknowledged, and firmly secured, by the smiles of heaven on the purity of our cause, and the honest exertions of a feeble people determined to be free, against a powerful nation disposed to oppress them; and the character of those, who, having persevered through every extremity of hardship, suffering and danger, being immortalized by the illustrious appellation of the *patriot army*, nothing now remains but for the actors of this mighty scene to preserve a perfect, unvarying consistency of character, through the very last act, to close the drama with applause, and to retire from the military theatre with the same approbation of angels and men which has crowned all their former victories."

And was indeed the acknowledgment and security of our country's liberties the true purpose for which resort was had to arms; or was this but a sham, to plant upon their ruins the sceptre of imperial power? Did the actors in that mighty scene indeed deserve the countenance and support of heaven for honest exertions in a cause of purity, or was the lust of power and dominion their actual motive of action? Are they to be immortalized for their fidelity and patriotism; or should they be execrated and condemned as ready violators of their word and honor—as men prepared, in face of all engagements to the contrary, to make an unwarranted attempt at the exercise of arbitrary power?

Observe the terms in which the resignation itself is couched—weigh the expressions which Washington there makes of his sense of the assistance he received from his countrymen throughout the contest, and the spirit which he considered to animate the army. "The great events upon which my resignation depended, having at length taken place," &c.—"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty," &c. "The assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest." Does he insinuate, here or elsewhere, that that army regarded him in any other light than as their commander, or for any other purpose than the establishment of liberty and the defence of right? No, no—and could he now respond to us from his hallowed tomb, he would indignantly repel such a suggestion, as an imputation upon the fair fame of his fellow patriots. And the feeling which filled the breast of his great ally, the immortal La Fayette, when a similar assertion to that which I here condemn was made in his presence, in an address delivered in honor of his visit to the place where the last great act of the revolution was performed, and upon the very spot where it was consummated, affords full and conclusive proof in what view he himself would regard it. In reply to that address, he took occasion to assert his belief that such an idea was never indulged for a single moment; while he denied the possibility, if it had been, of its successful execution. He regarded the assertion as an undeserved disparagement of his companions in arms, incapable of reflecting the intended honor upon Washington, while it in fact sullied the fame of the whole army of the revolution.

THE OLD MARYLAND LINE.

Annapolis, July, 1838.

SHE WAS NOT THERE.

I sat, where often I had known,
In other days, her kindly care;
Her smiles no longer on me shone:
She was not there!

Her heart is still, her cheek is cold;
That heart so warm, that cheek so fair!
Unseen that form of fairest mould:
She was not there!

No more her silver voice I heard
Breathe sounds of sweetness to the air,
In every soft and gentle word:
She was not there!

I missed those eyes that once could shed
The light of joy on hearts that wear
Her image yet. That light hath fled:
She was not there!

I heard the songs she loved. To me
This seemed too much for grief to bear:
They made me *feel*, those sounds of glee,
She was not there!

No more her step, the free, the light,
Nor hers the laugh, that met my ear;
On that whole scene had fallen a blight:
She was not there!

How dark are scenes, when those are not
Who hallowed them—the good the fair!
How shadowed seem'd that well-known spot:
She was not there!

But few remember long the dead;
No sorrow can the worldly share;
Yet some can ne'er forget, tho' fled,
She once was there!

August, 1838.

E. A. S.


SONNET.


TO THE HONEYSUCKLE.

Sweet household flower! whose clambering vines festoon
The little porch before my cottage door;
How dear to me when daylight's toils are o'er,
By the broad shining of the summer moon,
To feel thy fragrance on the breath of June
Afloat—or when the rosy twilight falls,
Ere the first night-bird to his fellow calls,
Ere the first star is out, and the low tune
Of nature pauses, and the humming-birds
Come wooing thee with swift and silent kisses,
Ere hovering through the garden's wildernesses,
Emblem of that calm love that needs no words;
Let me, like thee, sweet, silent clinging vine,
Clasp my own home awhile, ere stranger homes be
mine.

Washington City, June, 1838.

C. P. C.

 A review of "BURTON, or the Sieges; a Romance—by J. H. Ingraham, Esq., author of 'South West,' 'Lafitte,' &c." received too late for this No. of the Messenger, will appear in the next.

 CORRECTION.—On page 435, July No. of the Messenger, in the article "Memory, Fancy and Love," twenty-fourth line from the bottom, for "So prudent their nursery," &c. read "so prudent their nurseries."

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T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

POLITICAL RELIGIONISM.

BY A SOUTHRON.

1. *A Letter to the Hon. Henry Clay, on the Annexation of Texas; by William E. Channing, D.D. Boston. 1837.*
2. "TEXAS." *Quarterly Review*, June, 1838.

It is unfortunate for mankind, that the literary character is not associated in glory with other professional classes of society. The latter pressing more immediately upon the attention of men, are stimulated by personal interests and remunerated by early honors; while the former, habituated to seclusion, produces its rich fruits in concealment, which are neither appreciated nor gathered until a late period of life. Indeed the utility of their labors is not always capable of immediate application, and is not unfrequently undervalued by the passing generation. Thus Milton and Shakspeare felt springing within them the germs of immortality, and overlooking the opinions of the age in which they lived, wrote for posterity. It was when the mind of Kepler, awake to celestial harmony, was filled with the enthusiasm of genius, and when he felt that the age in which he lived would not appreciate the value of his discoveries, that he exclaimed: "I have stolen the golden vessels of the Egyptians, and I will build of them a tabernacle to my God. If you pardon me I rejoice, if you reproach me I can endure it; the die is thrown. I can wait one century for a reader, if God himself waited six thousand years for an observer of his works." Genius is immortal, and not unlike the actors in the Grecian games, the torch of science has been passed from hand to hand, in all ages, by the "great lights of the world." Genius creates an intellectual nobility which is conferred on literary characters by the involuntary feelings of the public; and it is the noble prerogative of genius to elevate obscure men to the higher classes of society. But this fame is not unfrequently posthumous, and the Grecian virgins scattered garlands throughout the seven islands of Greece, upon the turf beneath which were supposed to lie the remains of the blind old bard, who wandered in penury and obscurity through life, or only sung passages of his divine poem, at the festive board of his contemporaries.

The small cities of Athens and of Florence attest the influence of the literary character over nations; for, the one received the tribute of the mistress of the world, when the Roman youth crowded the walks of her philosophy, and the other, after the revival of letters, dispensed all the treasures of literature to the admiring nations of Europe. Those who govern mankind cannot at the same time enlighten them; they merely regulate their manners and their morals: but the literary class, standing between the governors and the governed, light up with the divine ray of intellect, and give shape, and character, and beauty and utility to the whole framework of society. And to descend from classes to individuals, how often do we behold gifted men, master spirits, springing up, and with pregnant inspiration, from the depths of their solitude, impress-

ing their own upon the character of a whole people? Intelligence is progressive and cumulative, however nations may relapse into barbarism; and each departing age pours its increasing treasures into the lap of its successor. The link of mind is never broken. In every age and clime, however stormy and tempestuous, the divine intellect, like the electric flame springing into life from the dark bosom of the clouds, rolls its voice over the chasms of darkened ages, and lights up every summit which lifts its head from amid the surrounding gloom.

Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

Every father spirit in the intellectual world has his gifted sons; and it is wonderful with what rapidity the germs of intellect expand in fruitful soils. How often is the creative spark struck forth in a moment, and after the lapse of ages caught and kindled into a living blaze. There is a singleness and unity in the pursuits of genius through all time, which produce a species of consanguinity in the characters of authors. Men of genius, flourishing in distant periods or in remote and inhospitable countries, seem to be the same persons with another name, whose minds have in the intervening time been constantly improving, and thus the literary character long since departed, appears only to have transmigrated. In the great march of the human intellect, each still occupies the same place, and is still carrying on with the same powers his great work through a line of centuries. Sometimes indeed it happens that some useful labor is lost for a season, some one of the greater lights is apparently struck from the system; but another Kepler arises to point out the discord in the celestial harmony, and some future observer discovers in the vast fields of space, the fragments of the lost planet, and restores the broken chord. In the history of genius there is no chronology; the whole book is open before us; every thing is present, and the earliest discovery is connected by a thousand links with the most recent. Many men of genius must arise before a particular man of genius can appear. Aristophanes, in his comic scenes, ridiculed the Grecian mythology, and Epicurus, following in his footsteps, shook the pillars of Olympus. The skeptic mind of Wickliffe overshadowed the genius of John Huss—and Luther, girding himself with their armor, caused the institutions of Europe to tremble to their foundations. Cicero, in his sublime morality, startled the warriors of Rome with a lesson of unwonted mercy. He wished them to spare their enemies even "after the battering ram had smitten the walls." And Beccaria, catching this amiable spirit, opposed the voice of humanity to the rooted prejudices of ages. We might extend our illustrations of this sublime truth indefinitely, and we could with equal facility trace the immense, we had almost said the frightful influence of men of genius over the destinies of mankind, since the invention of printing and the revival and cultivation of polite letters. We might in-

dicata trivial and remote causes, sleeping for ages, and suddenly springing, by a happy combination, into stupendous results. The same law obtains in the intellectual and in the animal kingdoms. The submarine labors of the coral animalculæ, and the seeds floating on the bosom of the deep, have planted in the depths of the ocean large and fertile islands. How extensive then, and how incalculable are the consequences of human action, and how resistlessly and absolutely is it swayed by men of genius?

Although not a genius of the first order, nor one of those great lights which seem destined to shed perpetual lustre over the history of man, the author of the letter to Mr. Clay, on the subject of the annexation of Texas, William E. Channing, fills no little space in the public view, and is not without distinction in the republic of letters. His enlarged intellect has borrowed easy and graceful proportions from his moral virtues. He is a consecrated vessel, set apart for the service of the Deity, and for the propagation of wholesome truths to erring man. His is a ministry of peace and good will. And he has brought to the service of his master a talent, which has not been unimproved, neither has it been buried; he is a shining light, and in ready obedience to the heavenly prohibition, he has not hid it under a bushel. In the prominent power of his intellect, he strikingly though distantly resembles that characteristic of Milton's mind, which he has so beautifully illustrated, and that is the faculty of impregnation. His excursive and active genius travels over the whole field of literature; he gathers every choice plant in the gardens of wisdom, and they flourish with unusual vigor in the fertile soil into which they are translated. A graceful purity of style adorns the solid structure of his reasoning; and he has richly earned the distinguished title of the American Atticus.

It is to be lamented, that powers such as this instructive writer possesses, should, from the general neglect of literary merit in this age of utilitarianism, be forced from their appropriate and legitimate sphere, and directed to questionable, perhaps unhappy results. Few minds in this age, and more particularly in this country, where the labors of intellect are so little appreciated, and so slowly rewarded, possess the moral firmness and the persevering steadiness which lead to a solid, but slow and distant, reputation through a life of toil. Few such can resist the seducements of those instant but fleeting and precarious honors, which are snatched amid the hazards, and struggles, and excitements of political discussion. In a government like ours, in which each individual is constantly reminded of the deep stake he has in its welfare, and of his immediate agency and influence in its administration, the tendency to descend from loftier stations to mingle in the conflicts of the arena, is irresistible to the many, and seldom checked by those who have the sagacity to perceive the moment when their interposition may decide the controversy. Such is the resistless operation of this spirit of interposition, such is the longing of the impatient mind for early distinction, that all classes yield to this petty ambition. It invades the holy precincts of the sanctuary, and the priest not unfrequently becomes the agitator.

A sound and healthy state of public opinion is of slow and cautious growth, and we should accurately distinguish between this salutary agent and that feverish and artificial excitement which is produced by associations and combinations. "Public opinion," says an able

writer,* in his review of Miss Martineau on slavery, in the November number of the Messenger, "public opinion is of very slow, very temperate, and very judicious formation. It is the aggregate of small truths, and the experience of successive days and years, which, heaped together, form a general principle, which is of instant conviction in every bosom. It only requires to receive a name in order to become a law; and a law, which is precipitately imposed upon a people, in advance of the formation of this sort of public opinion, will soon be openly abolished, or become obsolete in the progress of events. For my own part, I am satisfied with the existing laws, until the convictions of the majority and the progress of experience shall call for their improvement. I have no respect for those who set themselves up for makers of public opinion; and as for the 'hell broth,' so compounded, I know not any draught which would not be more wholesome, than that which makes the body politic a body plethoric, and leaves no remedy to the physician but the cautery and the knife."

It is a subject of deep regret, that we so frequently find schemes and associations, calculated to create this spurious kind of public opinion, promoted by some of the distinguished members of the clerical order. Overzealous in the service of their master, they prepare for the fanatic and enthusiast perilous employment; and unrestrained by the stern rebuke of the Redeemer, they seem prone to imitate the chief of the apostles in their readiness to smite with the sword those who, in their excited imaginings, are the enemies of religion. The great evil of the present day, and that which threatens the existence of the Union, as well as the peace and security of the southern states, is "POLITICAL RELIGIOUSISM." And it is on account of the infusion of this fanatical and destructive spirit into the strictures of the American divine, upon the character and morals of our people, and upon the domestic institutions of the south; it is because the British reviewer, misled by these invectives, has assailed the character of our government, and proclaimed the licentious tendency of republican establishments, that we feel impelled to notice the publications placed at the head of this article.

The "Letter of Dr. Channing to Mr. Clay" contains grave charges, upon which the British reviewer, in the article "TEXAS," frames a specious argument to prove the perishable nature of our free institutions. But we can neither admit the truth of the charges made by the divine, nor the solidity of the argument labored by the monarchist. The letter states in substance:

1. That the revolt in Texas was sustained by the southern states, and the admission of Texas into the Union was demanded in order to create a new market for slaves, a new field for slave labor, and the accession of political power in those states, which subsist by slave-breeding and slave-selling, and furthermore to perpetuate in the old and to spread over the new states the horrors of slavery.

2. He appeals in behalf of the slave to the interposition of the British government; declares that England has a moral as well as a political interest in this question, and pronounces "an English minister unworthy of his office who would not strive by all just means to avert the danger."

* Not a few of our reflections upon the nature and condition of the Indian on our frontier, and upon slavery in general, will show that we have read and remembered the "Review of Miss Martineau on Slavery." We could not receive light from a poorer source, for that publication is universally regarded as one of the ablest productions of the American press.

3. He charges his countrymen with a lawlessness and corruption of public morals, which is well calculated to disgrace them in the estimation of mankind; and paints with so gloomy a pencil, that his British reviewer, the avowed enemy of all republican institutions, exposes the picture in triumph to the friends of legitimacy in Europe, as the impartial testimony of a ripe scholar, a native citizen, and an appointed priest.

The discussion of these subjects, in the articles under consideration, is so intimately interwoven with the whole subject of slavery in the south, of southern crime and southern policy, that we will confine our attention principally to that theme. With the Texian controversy we have no concern. But before proceeding to discuss this agitating topic, we will make a few remarks upon the loose morality and lawlessness of those hardy pioneers of the wilderness, for whose excesses the nation is held responsible, and by the standard of whose morals the whole American people is judged. Under the imposing title of a citizen possessing high talents and still higher moral character, the British reviewer introduces Dr. Channing to the world holding the following extravagant language:

"We are corrupt enough already. In one respect our institutions have disappointed us all. They have not wrought for us that elevation of character which is the only substantial blessing of liberty. Government is regarded more as a means of enriching the country, than of securing private rights. We have become wedded to gain as our chief good. That under the predominance of this degrading passion, the higher virtues, the moral independence, the simplicity of manners, the stern uprightness, the self reverence, the respect for man as man, which are the ornaments and safeguards of a republic, should wither, and give place to selfish calculation and indulgence, to show and extravagance, to anxious, envious, discontented strivings, to wild adventure, and to the gambling spirit of speculation, will surprise no one who has studied human nature. *A spirit of lawlessness pervades the community, which, if not repressed, threatens the dissolution of our present forms of society. Even in the old states mobs are taking the government into their hands, and a profligate newspaper finds little difficulty in stirring up multitudes to violence.* When we look at the parts of the country nearest Texas, we see the arm of the law paralyzed by the passions of the individual. The substitution of self-constituted tribunals, for the regular course of justice, and the infliction of immediate punishment in the moment of popular phrenzy, are symptoms of a people half reclaimed from barbarism. I know not that any civilized country on earth has exhibited, during the last year, a spectacle so atrocious as the burning of a colored man by a slow fire in the neighborhood of St. Louis! And this infernal sacrifice was offered, not by a few fiends selected from the whole country, but by a crowd gathered from a single spot. Add to all this, the invasions of the rights of speech and of the press by lawless force, the extent and toleration of which oblige us to believe that *a considerable portion of our citizens have no comprehension of the first principles of liberty.* It is an undeniable fact, that in consequence of these and other symptoms, *the confidence of many reflecting men in our free institutions is very much impaired.* Some despair. *That we must seek security for property and life in a 'STRONG-ARM GOVERNMENT,' is a spreading conviction.*"

The reader shrinks with abhorrence from this loath-

some picture, and is startled to learn that it has been sketched by the hand of a countryman. From the tenor of the whole letter of Dr. Channing, it is manifest that he designs to attribute this national depravity in a great measure to the slaveholder and the frontier-man. We will confine our remarks therefore to these two points, and endeavor to prove that the border-men of the south-western states are no worse than those of other nations, and that the other evils of which he so loudly complains, have been produced mainly by the northern fanatics, and are the first fruits of political religionism.

Man is a frail and rebellious creature, and the sternest sanctions of the law have in all ages been required for the maintenance of peace and order. But all the force of the laws has, under every frame of government, been found insufficient to repress the spirit of insubordination. The stormy impulse of the passions, and the hope of impunity, still impel daring and wicked men to violate the law of the land, and to commit the most detestable and atrocious crimes. But, that either in our cities or upon our frontier, there is a greater degree of crime or more profligacy than is to be found in similar classes in other countries, or that our people are more demoralized than those of other nations, has no foundation in fact. We are the descendants of the European, we are the children of sin, and we have brought with us into this country the frailties and the passions of our nature and of our forefathers. But our great cause of complaint is, that we are falsely charged with surpassing profligacy by the friends of a stronger and more artificial frame of government, upon the testimony of our own writers, who libel their kindred; and this unusual depravity is attributed to the licentiousness promoted and inculcated by free institutions. And it is to be deeply regretted that there are to be found among us those, who in their fanatic zeal to extirpate slavery in the south, exaggerate the failings and the vices of their countrymen, and thus furnish with perpetual argument the enemies of republican institutions. The heart has been made sick with details of crime and violence on our southern and western borders; and they have been diligently dressed and served up, as precious morsels, as a rich feast for our European friends. The outrages of the pioneers, the border morals, lynching, and frontier regulations, are the same in all new countries. And the classic and well stored mind of Dr. Channing treasures many a salutary lesson drawn from the flight of the Roman eagle, sweeping onward in his resistless flight from point to point in a constantly advancing frontier, to the uttermost boundaries of the haunts of men, until he had looked down upon a submissive world, and folded his unwearied wing beneath the shadow of universal dominion.

The fields of Northumberland, and the cruel inroads of the Percies, live in Scottish minstrelsy, and the observant eye of so ripe a scholar has traced the destructive progress of the freebooters of the border, by the light of the torch, and the red stain of the brand, that have marked the progress of rapine on the frontier of civilization. We can readily appreciate the sympathies of a good man, we can excuse the complaints of an apostle of peace, when the melancholy lessons of history are repeated in his own age and in his own clime; but we must be cautious to consult the lessons of experience, and take counsel of the ripe understanding, before we proclaim to the world, in the fervor of a heated imagination, the enormities of border license. Let us la-

ment the stern necessity, but restrain the current of indignant feeling, lest we exaggerate the extent of evils which loom up in deceptive magnitude through the mists of prejudice, and seem the more formidable because of their propinquity.

The annals of England and Scotland will furnish to the learned divine, as well as to his British reviewer, a tale of blood and license far surpassing the sad but unfrequent excesses on our frontier. When civilization sends forth her pioneers to open and tame the wilderness, the quiet, peaceable and orderly, remain at home; the frontier-man is the bold, and hardy, and reckless adventurer, who alone is fit to contend with the stubborn forests and the savage tribes who tread them in solitude. Is it to be a matter of wonder or of regret, that society purges off and throws among them the dissolute outcast or the exile of crime? The pilgrim fathers were a different race, not thrown upon the frontiers of an ancient or established people, to push the march of civilization, but stern men, whom the profligate tyranny of the Stuarts, and the intolerant ravings of fanaticism, sent forth to people the inhospitable shores of the new world with the sturdy and unbending spirits of the old. With no love but for freedom—with no hope but in God! their lonely barque was freighted with the consecrated emblems of liberty, and turning to the setting sun, they sped onward, to throw the illimitable waste of the ocean a barrier between themselves and their oppressors. Stern and indomitable spirits—pious and practical professors of the doctrines of the meek and merciful Redeemer—incapable of submission to oppression, and too few to shake the foundations of a throne laid deep in the recesses of time; they gathered up the fragments of their broken fortunes, and “wandered from their fathers’ houses into these ends of the earth, and laid their labors and estates therein.”

Such were the Pilgrim Fathers; and but that their graves are voiceless, they would teach to their descendants salutary lessons of patience and forbearance; they would point to their own protracted sufferings in the old world for melancholy examples of intolerance and fanaticism. They planted in this country the germ of civilization, which in our day has burst forth in wild luxuriance, and stretched its branches to the four winds of heaven. There have gone forth from among their descendants a host of turbulent spirits. These pioneers are the links which bind civilization with barbarism, the city with the wilderness. They are a rude and unpolished generation, carrying with them the elements of order, disarranged by their contiguity to savage and lawless multitudes. Crimes peculiar to the situation and character of a people are committed everywhere; and if these unsettled classes perpetrate enormities which curdle the blood of a more refined people, these latter indulge in excesses appropriate to themselves, which, although less shocking, are no less destructive to the morals and happiness of mankind. And if the “negro perish by a slow fire” on the plains of Missouri, the flames of a sacked convent, in the midst of the cities of Massachusetts, attract attention to the cries of unprotected woman and helpless infancy. If Texas be the field of blood, Boston has sent forth and protected the midnight incendiary. If the laurels of San Jacinto be stained with purple, the monument of Bunker Hill has disclosed its pallid form by the lurid glare of the torch in a night of

ruthless rapine and sacrilege, which would have disgraced the darkest age of feudal barbarism. If an enthusiast and agitator pluck down ruin on his press, and perish by a bloody death, himself red with the blood of his brother, in the town of Alton, fanaticism burns and plunders the living, desecrates the altar, and violates the dead on the heights of Charlestown. And if it were the populace which projected the crime and hoodwinked justice, it was the legislature of Massachusetts which sanctioned, aye, and still sanctions the act by withholding retribution. Crime prevails wherever man is a dweller. It is by no means extraordinary, that as man recedes from the centre of civilization, and reaches the uttermost limit of the social circle, the salutary restraints of the law should be more feebly felt, and deeds of violence and disorder should more frequently occur than in the bosom of society. We are not of the number of those who form our estimate of the morals or character of a people, by the conduct of those who scarcely feel the bonds of society. Such as they are, were those, two generations ago, who now dwell in peace and concord, revelling in all the luxurious refinements of polished and humane association.

To the west, to the successors of these border-men, who carry with them the germ of civilization, do we confidently look for the security of the republic. They throw open the wilderness; the fastnesses of the forest retreat before them, and the valleys which now ring with the yell of the savage, will soon teem with abundance. The landed proprietors have always been, and still are, the bulwark of established institutions. Upon them, in the hour of danger, falls the burden of defence. Their staid habits and steady virtue tend to check the march of corruption and commercial wealth, that mortal foe to the only sentiment which sustains republics. We look to the wilderness for protection from the cities. In our happy country, and under those excellent institutions which breathe a spirit of equality, this commercial spirit may be counteracted; for, the main pillars which sustain it in other countries have been thrown down by our sagacious forefathers. Entail and primogeniture have ceased to create and to perpetuate a privileged class. In every age, from the palmy days of Rome and Athens to the stormy revolutions of Paris, centralism has been fatal to the best interests of a people. As our empire expands over the great western frontier, the large commercial cities of the Union will cease to overshadow, to corrupt, and to control the Union. Our north-eastern brethren, hardy and intelligent, are consumed with this commercial cancer. If, like Franklin, they have diligently investigated the practical truths of material philosophy, they recognise him as the founder of a trading people, they adhere with the religious observance of the Spartan to his mercenary precepts, and have superadded to them parsimonious habits and wary cunning. A prying curiosity into the concerns of their neighbors, is another leading trait in their character, sketched by the same hand; and to this bias in their nature, we may attribute, in a great degree, their blindness to their own Vandalism, in the sacking of a convent, and their deep solicitude to deliver their southern brethren from the horrors of slavery, even with the aid of foreign interposition. Let us not be understood to undervalue the enterprising activity, the love of freedom, the moral

rectitude, the intellectual acumen of the New Englanders. We would willingly do them no injustice. But when in their intemperate zeal, they proclaim freedom to the slave, and denounce the slaveholder, even from the sanctuary; when they exhibit their southern brethren to the eyes of the world as the most profligate and unfeeling of mankind, surely it may not be amiss to invite their attention to those defects in their own character, which should be amended, before they become apostles of reformation.

By what right do so many of our northern and eastern brethren demand and attempt, by all the powers of combination and association, the abolition of slavery in the southern states? They have permitted themselves to become the agents of foreign agitators; for this fanaticism is of foreign birth, and originated in England, with the very people who introduced and planted slavery in our soil. Her example is no precedent for us; for, the structure of our government, the fundamental law of the land, and our peculiar position, present insuperable obstacles to the march of this foreign enemy. An immense empire, belting the globe with territory, may indeed abolish slavery, indemnify the owner, and preserve public tranquillity in a few small and distant islands of the ocean. In our country there is no such power vested in the government, even if the scheme were practicable, or its consummation desirable. To supply the absence of such authority, the powerful engine of public opinion is used. All the elements of society are disturbed, public and private right is invaded, and the integrity of the Union is threatened by this destructive agency. Ministers of the gospel, messengers of peace and good will to man, have abandoned their appropriate functions, and like another Peter the Hermit, preach a crusade of blood and folly.

Whether we direct our attention to the desperate struggles of the different sects for ascendancy, among a new and unsettled people in the great valley of the west; or whether we observe the jealous zeal with which some professors of various denominations, instead of rebuking the evil passions of mankind, abase themselves to court or color public opinion, with an assiduity which would shame the obsequious courtiers of Dionysius or Canute; we are brought to the melancholy conviction, that there are churchmen still animated by worldly ambition, and that religion, in many of its teachers, has degenerated into a wild spirit of proselytism. How often have we heard the voice of the priest, anointed only to bless mankind, swelling the fanatic outcry, and diligently employed in the manufacture of a spurious public opinion, which like the pestilent simoon, is to overwhelm with indiscriminate ruin domestic tranquillity, private right, public faith, and federal compact? Upon what principle do the clergy claim this right of interference with the domestic polity of the land? Is it under the exploded claim "*jure divino*?" Or do they take their stand with Dr. Channing upon "God's moral and eternal law?" From the high ground taken by some of the clergy in relation to slavery, one might suppose that they deem themselves special messengers—"one would infer that they had just descended from a forty days' communion in the mount with the Deity, beaming with celestial radiance," and empowered to revise and correct the

domestic and political establishments of man, "blasting their opponents with interdicts, and opening sluices and removing mounds for the sweep of devastation." Verrily, they know not what they do. And it infuses not a little vexation into the southern feeling on this subject, that it is impossible to make these northmen comprehend the true character of southern slavery, the frightful mischief they promote, or the imminent danger of prompting the undisciplined passions of the dark man.

Slavery was already existing in most of the states at the time of the first confederation, and was distinctly recognised and protected under the federal compact, at the time of the adoption of the present constitution. In fact, two-fifths of the slaves became an integral portion of the basis of federal representation. This being the case, by what authority or under what pretence is it, that other people, incapable of comprehending the true character of the domestic relations of the south, and who are parties to this fundamental compact, presume to interfere? It is a crime. Is it committed, because a limited jurisdiction enables them to assail the south in this most vulnerable point with impunity? Our sagacious forefathers, well knowing the oppressions which spring from the union of religion with civil authority, have in most of the states declared the clergy unfit to represent the people. They were anxious to erect every possible barrier between the church and state; the union of which had always been fatal to the purity of each. When was this clerical body, thus disfranchised, made the expounders of constitutional law, or authorised to declare how much of the federal compact is opposed to and abrogated by the law of the gospel? Indeed the civil disabilities of the clergy were intended by our pious ancestry, not so much for the security of republican institutions, as for the preservation of the purity and simplicity of religion itself. Whenever the high priest descends from the altar to bedraggle his robes in the vile mire of an electioneering progress, from that moment religion falls into contempt with the mass of the people, and its ministers become the most profligate and the most contemptible of mankind. Already many of the northern clergy have shaken, if they have not entirely lost, the confidence of the southern people; and we are shocked from day to day with startling evidences of abatement in that respect, which a pious people always extend to a worthy ministry who command and merit their esteem.

And if the question of slavery fell peculiarly within the province of the clergy, and might be safely agitated, why should many of them labor so constantly and so disingenuously to mingle this question, in all its local incidents, with national politics, ecclesiastical agitations, and treaties of war and peace with foreign states? Why does Dr. Channing invoke the interposition of European powers, and recommend a dissolution of the Union rather than slave states should be created in Texas? In this land we have few time-honored associations, little reverence for ancient establishments, and with a clear vision, we are accustomed to judge everything by its merits. Our government secures to us freedom of religious opinion, and under this generous rule, the different sects are left to repose in security, or to contend with each other for the ascendancy;

but the moment their ministers mingle in the discussion of political and social questions, and from priests become agitators, their doom is sealed; and unless we greatly mistake the signs of the times, the horns of the altar have already been severely shaken by the intemperance of some of the priesthood.

If a pure motive impelled the northern and eastern agitators, they would sometimes hearken to the remonstrances of the southern people who seem to be objects of their benevolence, and pause to observe the result of their past efforts. After years of agitation, slavery still exists. But the machinations of agitators have already redoubled the rigor of the criminal law and domestic police in the slave states, against the unhappy objects of their mischievous philanthropy; their super-serviceable efforts in the cause of humanity, have been sealed with the blood of the red and of the black man, to whom they have preached discontent, insubordination and resistance. Yet are they deaf to the voice of their suffering victims, and blind to the consequences of their own action. Is the white man massacred amid the horrors of insurrection? these enthusiasts proclaim the butchery to be the inevitable result of oppression, and they vindicate to themselves the merit of a prophecy which they have aided to fulfil. Are the rebellious slaves subdued and executed under the law which they have been stimulated to violate? the cruelty of the white man who punishes, lends fury to the enthusiasm of these agitators.

We feel no disposition to retort upon our adversaries, by instituting inquiries into the time and manner of abolition in the northern and eastern states—into the time allowed to sell the few slaves that remained among them into southern bondage, before their law of emancipation took effect, or into the trifling cost of this movement. But we undertake to assert, without fear of contradiction, that whenever the generous south can be satisfied that it can be done with safety to themselves, and that the objects of their benevolence would be benefitted, and not accursed by the change, one hundred planters in any one of the slaveholding states can be readily found, who will contribute most cheerfully to effect the abolition of slavery, double the sum it cost any state north of Mason's and Dixon's line to carry out the same design. Some of those states whose citizens are the most active friends of abolition, permitted slavery until the period arrived, which in their own cool judgment, enabled them with perfect safety and trifling loss to abolish it. We are yet to learn that New England surpasses the south in generosity. And if our eastern brethren will permit us to enjoy the privilege which they have exercised, we will most assuredly imitate their good example, and abolish slavery whenever the poverty of our soil and our true interests shall demand it. Although the plans of these agitators had not then been reduced to that system and perfect organization which have since characterised them; yet, by the aid of letters, pamphlets, papers, and tracts, they produced the insurrection in Southampton, in the state of Virginia. Indeed, the character of the tracts secretly distributed among the negroes, threw suspicion upon many of the ministers of religion, and reflecting men have long since been convinced, that the religious instruction imparted to slaves is so defective in its character, as to corrupt their fidelity, to increase

their discontent, and to abase their morals. Wherever their religious culture, under this imperfect system, has been most assiduous, there was less merriment, less singing, less dancing, but not less lying, drinking, stealing, and disobedience. The calm philosopher, the sedate and orderly christian, has long and anxiously watched the progress of gloomy bigotry throughout the land. The gloomy and ascetic doctrines inculcated among these unreflective beings, resulted in their greater depravation. For religion can never be blended with any system of worldly policy, without becoming utterly corrupt. She is the daughter of the skies, and refuses to intermarry with the sons of the children of men. In this regard all religions are alike. They have all, in their turns, scourged mankind, whenever they became the instruments of worldly men, or were connected with political schemes or establishments. And whether a crusade be led by Peter the Hermit, or the northmen, whether its object be to expel the Saracen or to redeem the captive—to extirpate Islamism, or abolish slavery—it is equally offensive to God and destructive to man.

The gospel duties are permanent, uniform, and universal, in their character; the duties of the clergy of all denominations are pointed out by this invariable law; yet the clergy of the north and of the south, even of the same churches, derive opposite lessons and duties upon the subject of slavery from the same divine law. Thus, the Reverend Dr. Channing is the indignant champion of the Indian and the negro, while the Reverend Dr. Schermerhorn reaps golden fruits from the treaty which robs the aborigines of their dearest rights. The catholic missionary teaches the Indian the observance of the ten commandments, and the slave obedience and subordination; but he does not interfere with their innocent amusements; nor does he harrow up the angry feelings or stimulate the truculent and revengeful temper of the red or the dark man, by teaching the white man's oppression. Hence the popularity of that mission in the south-western states, although its ministers profess a creed exposed to the prejudices of three centuries of obloquy. The Methodist and Baptist churches, also, if we have been correctly informed, have acquired no little share of public confidence by an official declaration of their opposition to this fanatical and destructive crusade. We have already observed, that the exclusion of the clergy from political preferment, and their civil disabilities, are not only a safeguard to the public, against the abuse of a wholesome but powerful influence, but is the surest protection of the clergy themselves, and of the purity of morals and religion. Remove these civil disabilities, and let these reverend gentlemen imitate the example of Dr. Channing in the discussion of agitating political topics; let them unite with foreign reviewers in decrying our morals and proclaiming the lawlessness which only exists in their heated imaginations, and if they do not themselves become the victims of a just indignation, they may at least rest well assured that when the day of tribulation comes, the ruins of the altar will crumble amid the ruins of the republic.

Abolition of slavery in the southern states, and the admission of slaves to the rights of freemen, constitute the wildest scheme that ever entered the brain of visionary enthusiasts. The color, the character, the capacity of the negro, the condition and morals of the free

negro in the free as well as in the slave states, bear melancholy testimony to the truth, that if the colored population are to remain among us, the safety of the white man, and the happiness of the black, as the weaker party, require that the blacks should be retained in slavery. We will not presume to fathom the designs of Providence, we will not attempt to indicate the peculiar destiny, or the similarity of the children of Ham to the descendants of Abraham; but it is manifest that the distinctive character of the Israelite, does not so effectually cut him off from a full communion with the human family, as does the prejudice arising from color separate the Anglo-Saxon from the African. No matter whether this prejudice be implanted for wise and holy purposes, or whether it be the curse of the age, it exists, its roots are deeply planted, it is a part of ourselves, and he is but a shallow observer of man, a blind and bigoted philosopher, who will overlook or despise this pervading and resistless feeling, originate whence it may.

The only hope for the African slave is in his removal from the house of bondage to the land of his forefathers. The unqualified advocates of slavery and the abolitionists occupy the two extremes of this much vexed question. But the scheme of colonization is the juste milieu. This is the broad platform upon which the friends of this unhappy race may meet in soberness and safety. The morals and misery of the free negroes in the northern states, the perpetual and bloody conflicts between them and the white man in New York, New England, and Philadelphia, show that to them freedom carries no healing on its wings, and liberty, that blesses all, has no blessing for them.*

*As an evidence of the beneficial results of the friendship of the abolitionist for the slave, we submit to intelligent readers the subjoined extract from a Boston paper:

POLICE COURT. *Degraded condition of a colored female, abducted by the Abolitionists.*—A case came off yesterday which may be fairly used to advantage by the opponents of the Northern Abolitionists. A well dressed, intelligent and high spirited mulatto woman, named Lucilla Tucker, was brought up by officer Glover of the West Watch, and charged with being a common night-walker, and the evidence was absolute that, for the last ten days at least, she had openly led a lewd and dissolute life. She was originally a slave, and two years ago came on here, in the family of her owner, a gentleman belonging to Natchez, who put up at the Tremont House. As soon as it was known to the Abolitionists that she was here, a plan was laid to get her away and secure her; and, under some friendly pretence, she was enticed to visit, and was not permitted to return to her master's family. The abduction made some stir at the time of it, and the master had to leave the city without her. In speaking of it, yesterday, she said, "I always had a good home in Natchez, and I did all I could to get back to my master, but they would not let me go any where till it was too late. Then I was left to shift for myself, and I would have done any thing to have got the means to return to Natchez."

Court. It is apparent that these people have been the means of bringing you to shame and degradation, although they probably supposed that they were doing God's service and saving you at the same time. They have unfortunately done you a great wrong.

Lucilla. I am fully aware of it; and do not expect to be better off, unless I can get back to my good old home, where I had every thing comfortable that is required.

Court. I hope you will find means to do so; but your late conduct has been a public and gross offence against our laws, and the least that I think of is to sentence you to two months labor, in the House of Correction.

Lucilla. Me in the House of Correction! What have I done, that I should go to such a degraded place as that? I should never

Denied the protecting care which the interest, if not the feeling of the owner, extends to the slave; subjected to all the prejudice of color; with some of the rights of a freeman, and all the sentiments of a slave; they constitute an intermediate class, having no bonds of common interest, no ties of sympathy to sustain them; too indolent to labor, and too insolent to serve, they are the most depraved and unhappy race under this government. It has been the constant practice of northern writers to dwell upon the oppression and cruelty of the task-master of the south, and the ill usage and sufferings of the slave; but those who are familiar with their domestic institutions well know, that where the agitator is unknown, there is not upon the face of the globe a people doomed literally to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, who are more cheerful, contented and happy. Examples of fidelity and devotion to their masters not unfrequently break forth upon an admiring world, and but that the agitator is wilfully blind to all such cheering views upon the broad waste of slavery, his restless eye might dwell for a season upon them. In that dark hour of danger, when the pride and the chivalry and the beauty of the south were smitten on the waters by the angel of death, a slave was found coolly and diligently laboring to construct a raft of the fragments of the ill-fated Pulaski, to "try and save his master." Such owners are no tyrants, and such a slave has no taskmaster. Cast him loose from his bondage, and this estimable but humble being becomes that most wretched of the human family—a free negro.

Redeemed from slavery by the mild influence of the laws, by the generosity of their owners, or by the persuasive force of a wholesome public opinion, and translated to the shores of Africa, these men will be as superior to the native races, as the whites are to them. And the prejudice of color being thus removed, the natives may be civilized and enlightened through their agency. They can there blend by intermarriage, without the aid of Mr. Tappan. They may plant the cross amid the sterile sands of the desert, and be the heralds of salvation to a benighted people. We feel little inclination to offend the moral reader by any attempt to expose the ridiculous and revolting scheme of amalgamation; let its projectors be classed with those fanatical advocates of temperance, who would substitute buttermilk for wine in the Lord's supper. It is by colonization alone that the descendants of Ham can be redeemed. There are at present but few spots on the African continent settled for this purpose, and their growth is feeble and sickly, as were the colonies of Jamestown and Plymouth on our own shores. But the little fountains that now well up in the desert may multiply and blend, and roll on until they sweep onward, not unlike their own Nile, in one resistless and

be able to hold my head up again after being there; and I will never go there. I would rather cut my throat from ear to ear, first. Yes, I'll die—I'll murder myself, sooner. Keep me here in Boston, away from my own home, and send me to the House of Correction! I'll never, never submit to such a disgrace. I defy all the officers in court to attempt it; and if they want to see a dead woman, they will start with me for that place.

The officers now removed her in a most violent paroxysm of indignation, and uttering imprecations loud and deep on the heads of those who had ensnared her away from her own home.

{*Best. Post.*

fertilizing stream. How long was it before the early colonists of America toiled up the summit of the Alleghany, and from another Pisgah looked down upon the land of promise? Yet as they descended, in little more than one generation of the children of men, empires have arisen and cities have peopled the wilderness.

The first fruits of abolition we have already gathered, and the branch which bore them is of the tree of death. In its destructive progress abolition would more speedily effect a revolution, but when its wild fury shall have been exhausted, its stormy depths will settle down into a sullen and stagnant pool, not unlike the sluggish waters which sleep upon ruins in the valley of Siddim, containing no living thing within their bosom. Colonization, with its mild and wholesome influence, operating slowly but effectually, will lead the children of captivity forth from the house of bondage to the homes of their fathers, in a clime peculiarly fitted for their habitation. The strong arm of the Deity is no longer stretched forth visibly to chastise and subdue with famine, and pestilence, and fiery plague; but the inconveniences and evils of slavery press with a constantly accelerative force, and may ultimately compel the white man to strike away the fetters of the captive. Although the bars of the prison door may not be again thrown back, and the bonds of servitude forcibly torn asunder, yet, under the blessing of heaven, and with prudent counsels, the good jailer may himself relent, and invite the captive to come forth. But should the abolitionists succeed in their turbulent efforts, in the hour of departure which they prepare, every "lintel and door-cheek will be sprinkled with blood, but not as a token to the red right arm of the archangel that the inmates are to be consumed."

It is not the discussion of this exciting and alarming topic to which the south objects; but they do object to making their slaves a party to the controversy. They object to the artificial formation of a spurious public opinion through the agency of associations acting directly upon the slave and stimulating him to rebellion. For they think with Milton: "Who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings, to make her victorious." She disdains all combinations, clerical or political. Like the mighty eagle, Truth soars with steady flight and unblenching gaze into the higher heavens, while those timorous companions of her early flight, dismayed and paralyzed by apprehension, can never penetrate those abysses of light in which she floats in solitude, undazzled and unalarmed.

Have these misguided enthusiasts been taught no salutary lessons by the calamities which their interference has heaped upon the red man? Whithersoever they turn, their embrace is death. They have taught these denizens of the forest to resist the settled policy and pledged faith of the federal government in their removal, without which they die. Even in the sanctuary we have heard exhausted all the powers of rabid eloquence—we have seen priests, with all the fanatic raving, but without the inspiration of the Pythoness, depicting in glowing colors to the savage the loss of his home, of his hunting grounds, of the graves of his forefathers, the fields of his bloody trophies, and the bones of his warriors; but they overlook the sufferings of this weak and uncultivated people in contact with the re-

sistless white man on his frontier march, their poverty, their starvation, their necessities, their pillage and murders, and the retributive vengeance, which the strong never fail to visit mercilessly on the weak. How much of these eloquent complaints of politicians and religionists only exist in the fervid imaginations of the declaimers, and how little is there which the understanding approves? We can readily comprehend the reluctance with which the civilized man abandons the comforts of home; but to the roving tribes it is but a change of hunting grounds. With little exception, they have never known a fixed abode. The awful truth constantly presses upon us, that the Indian on the borders of civilization must either be *subdued to inferiority* among a people with whom he can never blend, or he must be *removed or exterminated*. To sympathize with the sufferings of this unhappy race, to feel a chill of horror upon observing the closing scene in the destinies of this doomed people, this decayed branch of the tree of civilization lopped off in the depths of hidden ages, and perishing in the wilderness,—these are feelings which a christian may safely indulge, while, with a heart filled with gratitude for the blessings heaped upon himself, he may beseech the great Arbiter of human fortunes, that he will so guide this free and favored people, that they may avert the degradation and debasement which have overtaken the red man. To teach resistance to the Indian by dwelling upon the oppression of the white man, is to exterminate the lingering remnants of these vagabond tribes, until there will be none left to lift up his voice on the margin of the king of waters, to bewail the untimely fate of his people. The genius that has so beautifully told the melancholy tale of the "Last of the Mohicans," may yet be employed to sketch the instructive history of the last of the red men. It is impossible that these tribes can live in contact with civilization, and retain their independence; neither can they be incorporated among us any more than the negro. Indeed they are one degree further removed than the black man from the pale of civilization. They have to encounter the same invincible prejudice of color, which is unhappily stronger on the point of contact than elsewhere. In the sweat of his brow has man been doomed to eat his bread. The necessity of labor, that first law of humanity, that everlasting canon, the destiny of man since his fall, these people stubbornly resist. No persuasion, no force can subdue them to this stern law, which is the porch of civilization. They will perish in the vestibule rather than enter the temple of civilization through the narrow gateway of labor. From the early settlement of these colonies they have been hovering on the borders of civilization; and notwithstanding all the efforts of missionaries, and the attractive order and beauty of civil institutions, they still remain the same uncultivated barbarians.

But there are considerations connected with the decrees of a superintending Providence, in the government of man, from which the reflecting mind may borrow many salutary lessons in relation to the fallen races of the human family. Sacred and profane history unite in teaching us the awful truth, that national debasement invariably follows national crime. It is a fixed canon in the institution of the world, that no creature can depart from its appropriate function, from the law

of its foundation with impunity. In moral agents, endowed with understanding and free will, Justice the Avenger, punishes every departure from the prescribed rule of action. Individuals, it is true, sometimes appear to escape the punishment due to crime; but let us not forget, that divine justice may be disarmed by prayer and repentance, and that for the wicked there is retribution beyond the grave. But national degradation is the inevitable consequence of national crime. During the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the powers of darkness seemed for a season to have prevailed upon the earth, there arose indeed unbelieving men, who found it necessary in their attacks upon the social institutions of man to proclaim the savage state as a state of nature. But the christian philosopher well knows, that the sublimest of the works of the supreme architect did not come thus rude and unfinished from his hands, and the traditions of all ages, as well as revelation itself, assure us that civilization and science are the primitive and natural condition of man. Thus all the traditions of the east, from which we derive every ray of light, characterize the first ages of man as a state of perfection and light; and even fabulous Greece confirms this truth by commencing the golden age with the origin of things. It is no less remarkable, that this people has not connected the savage state of man with any one of their ages, not even with the age of iron; so that all that is related in her annals of primitive men, who frequented forests and fed upon acorns, and thence advanced gradually to a state of civilization, contravenes the current of her own tradition, or else refers to particular tribes or colonies of degenerated men, returning tardily to that civilization which is the true state of nature. Has not Voltaire himself declared, (and his authority on this subject is everything,) that the "motto of all nations has constantly been that the age of gold first appeared on earth?" Now as all nations have unanimously protested against a state of primitive or original barbarism, that protestation is entitled to much weight.

It is impossible for us to look back into the abyss of time, and discover at what period the aborigines of this country were debased beneath their primitive condition. And indeed it matters not at what time any branch was lopped off from the parent trunk. Concede to us a fall of the human family from an original and more elevated condition, and there will be no doubt of the cause of that degradation, which can be nothing but crime. The moral principle of a people thus degraded has been corrupted, and the consequent anathema has been entailed upon their generations. This depressing force is cumulative in its action, and by perpetually pressing upon the descendants, reduces them at last to what we term the savage state. And this is the degraded condition of fallen man, that Rousseau and his companions call the state of nature.

It has been the common error of the clergy in all ages, to transcend the limits of moderation and truth in the fervor of their zeal. Upon the first discovery of this continent the same exaggerated statements of the character and virtues of the Indian were published by these pious men that we now hear; and in the excess of their philanthropy, similar appeals were made to the interposition of foreign power. In South America, from the bosom of deserts bedewed with their blood,

and fruitful of their labors, the clergy flew to the courts of Rome and Madrid, invoking the interposition of both the secular and spiritual authorities to check the merciless avarice which labored to reduce the Indian to hopeless slavery. Animated with a charity transcending the precepts of the gospel, the enthusiastic priest exalted in order to preserve him; he extenuated every vicious propensity, he exaggerated every virtuous quality in the Indian character to such an extent, that Robertson, in his History of America, cautions his readers not to confide too fully in the narrations of the clergy, on account of their partiality to the aborigines. Another source of inaccuracy as to the character and condition of this people may be found in the philosophy of the last age, which misrepresents the savage state, to underprop its frivolous and malignant assaults upon the social state. Thus the clerical enthusiast and the infidel philosophist unite to deceive us. But it will require little investigation to expose the errors as well of the religionists as of the irreligious. We have only to contemplate the savage to perceive that he has none of those high qualities in behalf of which our sympathies have been so enthusiastically exerted, and that in his present debased condition he can never blend with the white man, or prosper in his vicinage. Look upon him but for an instant, and behold the anathema graven not only upon his heart, but upon his frame of body. He is an ill favored mortal, lusty and ferocious, over whose countenance the light of intelligence casts but a feeble and glimmering ray. Smitten by a terrible power, the two great characteristics of human grandeur, forethought and perfectibility, have been obliterated in the savage. To gather the fruit he fells the tree; he slaughters the oxen bestowed upon him by the Missionary to till his lands, and with the fragments of his plough he builds the fire to roast his food. For three centuries he has dwelt within sight of civilized man, and has obtained from him nothing but powder to destroy his brethren, and intoxicating spirits to destroy himself. And still relying upon the undying avarice of the white man to supply him with these destructive agents, he has never dreamed of manufacturing them for himself. As substances abject and repulsive in themselves are susceptible of still further debasement, so the inherent vices of humanity acquire a darker character in the savage. He is a robber, he is cruel and lascivious, but he is so in a different manner from us. To commit crime we violate our nature, the savage follows his: with the appetite for crime he feels no remorse. While the son murders the father to relieve him from the ennui of old age, his wife will destroy in her womb the fruit of his brutal passion to escape the duties of a nurse. He snatches the bleeding scalp from his living foe, he tears the flesh from his body, he roasts it, and devours it amid songs of triumph; if he can procure ardent spirits, he drinks to intoxication, to madness, to death, insensible alike to the reason which restrains man by his fears, and to the instinct which repels the animal by distaste. He is manifestly a doomed being; smitten for his crimes by an avenging hand in the innermost recesses of his moral conformation, so that he who regards him with an observant eye, trembles as he views.

But if we wish to tremble for ourselves with a salutary fear, if we desire to find objects for our overween-

ing charity in the beings who surround us and who are connected to us by the most endearing ties, let us reflect, above all let the compassionate clergy reflect, that with all our morals, our sciences, and our arts, we are degraded as far below the primitive condition of man as the savage is debased beneath ourselves. Let us not rend the mantle of our charity by fruitless and destructive efforts to stretch it over the obdurate and distant savage, while there are so many among us requiring the aid of the Samaritan. Let us be moderate even in our virtues—the over-zealous priest degenerates into the intolerant bigot and brawling politico-religionist. Let him imitate his Master in the meekness and retiring simplicity of his character. Let us have no fiery tracts thrown abroad like brands; let us have no associations, no combinations, no letters, no pamphlets reviling our southern brethren, no interference with their domestic relations. It is time that the clerical order should be excluded from the political arena—let them visit the sick, and the prisoner—let them console the afflicted, bind up the broken-hearted, bury the dead, and teach the living by example rather than by precept to observe the law, to respect established institutions, and above all to abstain from bearing false testimony against their neighbor. Let the church stand apart from the state.

Such being the melancholy debasement of the Indian people, with whose rise and progress we are wholly unacquainted, but whose awful degradation alone indicates the extent of the crimes they have committed in their generations; it is the first duty of philanthropists who wish to restore them to their former dignity to adopt such measures as the condition and character of these tribes seem to require. If it be true, as we have supposed, that the cause of all the evils which afflict both the Indian and the white man on the borders, is their juxta-position; if it be impracticable for these opposite races to blend harmoniously either from some unknown invincible difficulty, or from some unconquerable repugnance or prejudice; if in the march of civilization the inferior people must give way or perish before the advance of the more powerful; then there is no other mitigation of the sufferings of the Indian than his removal from the vicinage of the white man, and the interposition of such space or such barriers as will abstract from the Indian the opportunity of plunder and rapine, which he never fails to seize, and for which the white man as surely retaliates. From these reflections, it is manifest that the government has adopted and steadily pursues that policy towards the aborigines, which is wisely adapted to the character and condition of that people, and which is well calculated to restore and maintain peace on the frontier. And there is as little doubt, that much of the sufferings of that unhappy people during the last five years has been occasioned by the interference of their northern friends, whose incessant clamor about the rights of the Indian, and the wrongs inflicted by the white man, has incited the former to rebellion, and has stained the hammocks of Florida with the mingled blood of these hostile races. The march of civilization is onward in self-defence. Like the ocean she can never repose, action is essentially necessary for her preservation; to pause is to fall a prey to those savages who prowl around her borders. When Rome was in advance of

the nations of the earth, they fell back before her eagles to the fastnesses of impenetrable forests; but when reposing upon her laurels she became corrupted and debased beneath the martial virtue of the barbarian, the tide of civilization rolled back before the overwhelming torrent of Gothic barbarism, until Alaric pressed forward amid the ruins of the western empire to inscribe his name on the trophies of the Cæsars. Such is the melancholy history of social man, such is the fate of nations. Civilization gradually refines and enlightens, and no sooner is man thus improved, than a corrupt will leads him to abuse his transcendent gifts, and Justice the Avenger of crime, degrades him to a level with the savage. The day perhaps is not far distant, when we shall be enabled to trace the primitive purity and perfection of man in a state of nature—and the gradual debasement of the corrupt nations of the children of men, as well as the merciful dispensations of Providence in raising them from time to time from this state of degradation, and in preparing them slowly for admission once again into the pale of civilization. We ourselves are debased very far below the primitive condition of man, and it is impossible for us to fathom the designs of Providence in relation to us. But as national crime invariably induces national debasement, our rapid advances in the paths of licentiousness proclaim that we can arrogate to ourselves no exemption from the decrees of avenging and retributive justice. The day may be, probably is, distant, although it seems to be a law of nature that whatever is destined to be durable is slow of growth. But our growth has startled the nations of the earth. Yet the destinies of mighty empires are not speedily wrought out; the designs of providence are surely but slowly and steadily matured.

There is in the increasing depravity of our people much cause to apprehend, that Providence will cease to bestow upon us those signal benefactions which have marked our early progress; but the calm observer is neither startled by the unfaithful picture and boding augury of the American divine, nor alarmed by the prophetic aspirations of his British reviewer. We flatly deny the justice of imputing the excesses of city mobs, or the depravity of border men, to the great body of the people. And we confidently assert that notwithstanding the military despotism and rigorous laws of other nations, and the comparative impunity of rioters in this country, there is scarcely a nation of Europe in which there is not more bloodshed and outrage by irregular action of the populace in one year, than there has been in the United States since the declaration of American Independence. We advance a step farther, and question whether in the whole current of history from the institution of governments, to the present day, there has been a people of equal extent of territory and of equal population, whose annals, with the exception of the burning and sacking of the convent in Massachusetts, have been stained with as little popular outrage. It would seem then, that Dr. Channing is mistaken in the apprehension or the desire for a "stronger government;" and that his tory reviewer should have attributed, not our supposed unparalleled depravity, but our unexampled purity of national character, our unprecedented growth and prosperity, to the ennobling influence of republican institutions.

The language of Miss Martineau was thought sufficiently unjust and extravagant, when she charged the south with having purchased Florida, because it was a refuge for their slaves: but the native divine, as if to show the extent of the privilege of speech in a free country, has accused the same vilified people of seeking the admission of Texas into the Union as a market for slaves which they breed for the purpose, and as a means of unjustly extinguishing the claim of Mexico, to lands for which they have purchased scrip from the Texan government. We have already said that we had no concern with the Texan controversy. But supposing the accusations of Dr. Channing to be strictly true, have we no cause to complain of his exclusive kindness and sympathy for the Indian, the negro, the Mexican and the Spaniard, and his deep and solemn denunciations of his Anglo-Saxon countrymen? His benevolent heart overflows with tenderness for the stranger and the savage, and seems to be sealed against the white man. His charity appears to water abundantly the sandy desert and the remote wilderness, but it stagnates into a pool of bitterness at the approach of his fellow-citizens. Are the waters of refreshment still reserved for Ishmael, the son of Hagar, the dweller in tents and the robber of the desert, whose hand is against other men to the end of time? Why not imitate the pervading love of his Master, and when his affections are thrown abroad upon the ocean of life, let the circle which they form, continue to extend its waving ripple until it is swallowed up in its immensity? He is so wholly engrossed with the real and imaginary wrongs of the dark and the red man, that he is insensible to the virtues of the whites. Did not the slaughter of the Alamo, exact retributive justice? Was there no gallantry displayed in the action of San Jacinto? Were no laurels purchased in the defeat—no magnanimity displayed in the treatment of the ruthless Santa Anna? The Mexican hordes led on by this bad man waged a war of extermination; their hands were red with the sign of death with which the compatriots in arms of the Texans, had been sealed; yet they were treated with kindness and mercy.

We have the greater reason to complain of Dr. Channing, because he speaks *ex-cathedra*,—the sanctity of his lawn is invoked to give weight to his testimony. He is an American citizen, supposed to be elevated by the character of his function above the influence of party or local feeling; he professes to be consumed with love of country, and to be steadfast in his faith as to the stability of our institutions; and yet he mingles freely in the discussion of the most agitating political questions; he advocates schemes which have already shaken and which still endanger the Union; to check the growth of slavery in the south, he invokes the interposition of a foreign government, and he supplies the friends of "stronger governments," and the enemies of republics, with endless arguments to inveigh against the demoralizing tendency and frail texture of republican institutions. The reveries and libels of foreigners we might safely despise, though we well knew that the trumpet of Miss Martineau had been filled with the voice of the northmen, for they spoke in a tone to awaken the sleeper and to startle the deaf. Let us not conceal the humiliating truth. These men, in their mistaken zeal, become the most dangerous

enemies of the cause of freedom, of the peace and prosperity of our common country, and labor in that most destructive of all earthly missions to shake the faith of our people in the strength and stability of their institutions. And these boding dreams, these hallucinations of minds heated with intemperate zeal, furnish a goodly and perpetual repast over which the enemies of republican establishments gloat with rancorous rapture.

The policy of the government in relation to the removal of the Indians, being definitively settled, let us reflect a moment upon the fatuity of those agitators who seek to resist the action of the executive by inciting the Indian to rebellion, for such is the only result of their interference. The accumulation of Indian tribes on our southern and western frontier, where the slave population is most dense, both of which classes the northern fanatics constantly feed with discontent, concentrate a force hostile and formidable to the white man; and in the event of foreign interposition, which these enthusiasts openly invoke, the Mexican, the Indian, and the Negro, fortified with all the sympathies of their northern brethren, are prepared to assail the Anglo-Saxon of the south. Are these fit allies for the northmen? The British power is invoked. Is this allegiance to the Union, or fidelity to confederates? The great family of European nations has already been shaken to its centre, thrones subverted, and the superstitious observances of centuries dissipated by the first-breathings of free principles which our French allies of the revolution introduced among them. To weaken our institutions at home by domestic strife, to arm the cold, calculating fanatic north, against the impatient and fiery south, to repel the working of our principles abroad, is the policy of those nations; and they are not a little indebted to those churchmen who delight in evil auguries, and who exaggerate the licentiousness of our people as if it were the greatest of public virtues.* And when one so distinguished as Dr. Channing volunteers his testimony, it is seized upon with avidity, and published to the world, not as the revilings of a prejudiced foreigner, but as the impartial declaration of a native citizen, a vessel of election, an oracle of truth, one anointed of heaven.

The language of European writers in relation to our civil and political establishments, betrays that degree of ignorance which is the mother of fear. The true character of the colonists and the nature of their institutions have never been properly understood by the people of England. Negligent to observe the progress of the human mind in the new world, the inquisitive speculations of its inhabitants upon the natural rights of man, and their extraordinary enterprise in the de-

* But for the unusual length to which it would have extended our article, we would have invited the attention of the public to other consequences of a serious character, which flow from these exaggerated statements of the lawlessness of our people and the weakness of our government. They have already occasioned difficulties, by many deemed insuperable, in the settlement of the outrage at Schlosser on the Canada frontier. Our own writers have so frequently published to the world the unbridled licentiousness of our people, and the inability of the civil authorities to restrain them, that foreign nations justify an invasion of our territory, and the capture and cuing out of a boat, upon the grounds assumed by Mrs. Trollope, Dr. Channing, and Miss Martineau. But a full exposure of all the consequences of these imputations upon our moral and national character would require a volume.

velopment of the plenteous resources of the country ; when the long suppressed energies of this youthful but adventurous people burst forth into successful action, the disciplined European, trammelled by hereditary prejudices and observances, regarded it as a transient ebullition of feeling worthy only of derision. They mistook it for the mountain torrent that would pass away with the storm that gave it birth : they knew not that it was the stream of human opinion, which the accession of every day would swell, and which was destined to sweep into the same oblivion the resistance of conservative bigotry and powerful oppression. The uncompromising love of freedom which induced the early colonists to abandon the homes and the graves of their fathers, and to subdue a wilderness in order to escape oppression ; the dangers to which in their infancy they were exposed from the vicinage of a murderous foe, and the hardships incident to their new situation, naturally inspired them with an energy of character and a loftiness of soul, unknown to their European kindred. The restraints of the feudal tenures had been left behind them, and they were warmly attached to the soil upon which they trod ; they were the "freeholders of the land, and the rent day had no terrors for them." The equality introduced by the abolition of the law of entail and primogeniture, the general diffusion of useful and practical knowledge, the deep stake each individual had in the government, could not fail to infuse into their bosoms that love of liberty, that independence and elasticity of character, that jealousy of power, which has led to the establishment of a frame of government which is at once a blessing to mankind, and the hope of the nations. If we revert to the continent of Europe, we will discover that the principles upon which our government is framed, had long been recognized, although no people had carried them into practical operation. History is an immense collection of experiments of the nature and effects of the various forms of government. Some institutions are experimentally ascertained to be beneficial, some others to be indubitably destructive to human happiness. The philosophers of Europe had, for a century preceding our revolution, listened intently to the testimony of ages, and of nations, and collected from them the salutary principles which regulate the mechanism of society, and recognise the unalienable rights of the citizen. The nature and excellence of free institutions had been reduced to demonstration, yet these convincing arguments influenced the councils of no government, and awakened to resistance no oppressed people. It was at this propitious period when all Europe presented the repulsive spectacle of a liberal theory opposed to a barbarous practice, when the germs of free institutions had taken root in the understanding and were entwined with the affections of man, that our forefathers escaping from the oppressive and time-honored establishments which pressed them to the earth, sought at the extremity of the ocean, a clime, in which they might substitute for established formulas the pure and voluntary worship of the Deity, and where they might erect political institutions originating in compact, springing immediately from the will of the people, and reposing upon the rights of man. Deeply impressed with the injustice and the absurdity of the various constitutions which chance had scattered over the world, the com-

prehensive intellect of our revolutionary fathers was exerted in erecting a stupendous and imperishable fabric, which reposing on the immutable basis of popular right and general happiness, should exclude the defects and combine the excellences of the multiplied political establishments known to man. Antiquity could consecrate to them no rule which reason did not respect ; and they shrunk from no innovation to which reason conducted. Guided by the polarity of reason, they stood out from the shore, and leaving the ancient landmarks far behind them, they sought by a bolder navigation to discover in unexplored regions the treasure of public felicity. And they found it. Notwithstanding the vaticinations of men of evil augury and timorous apprehensions ; notwithstanding the eagerness with which these sickly dreams of a distempered fancy are repeated, by those who can neither appreciate nor admire our government, as if they were the breathings of holy prophecy ; we, the American people, unseduced from our allegiance, unshaken in our confidence in the excellence and permanency of our institutions, feel, and are thankful that the Ark of the Covenant is among us. If not more favored, at least more thankful than the chosen people of Jehovah, we will not proudly exult, but meekly bow down in gratefulness for blessings, such as heaven in its mercy has seldom vouchsafed to man. "Ask of the days of old," exclaimed the indignant prophet when he rebuked the repining Israelite, "ask of the days of old, that have been before thy time, from the day that God created man upon the face of the earth, from one end of heaven to the other end thereof, if ever there was done the like thing, or it hath been known at any time"

Let us assure Dr. Channing that we are not the depraved people he has imagined us, and that in the whole book of recorded time, he will scarcely find a people equally numerous who are less depraved. And as the British reviewer bases all his prophetic aspirations of our speedy ruin upon the unfounded charges of the learned divine, the framework of his argument falls, because the foundations are hollow and unsound.

There is in France a school of philosophers and politicians, who have been appropriately denominated *raz mistics* ; they are not unfrequently led by clergymen, and constitute, in that crater of political convulsions, the *MOVEMENT* party. At the very head of this band of agitators is the celebrated politico-religious demagogue, the Abbé de la Mennais. Reformation of abuses by the calm and peaceful agency of wholesome public opinion, has no attraction for them. The whirlwind of revolution is the only agent fitted to their rash designs and heated imaginations. And this morbid desire for revolution does not seem to be entirely prompted by that love of change or excitement, or by that ambition which usually impels men to subvert existing establishments ; no, they are *FANATICS*. They anticipate stupendous results from the action of enthusiastic associations forcing public opinion into rapid and straitened currents, and overthrowing in its resistless progress every barrier. By an agency independent of, and transcending all law, they expect through a long chain of revolutionary convulsions to effect a certain social revolution, which is to consummate the happiness of the human race, by abolishing every vestige of slavery, and introducing a happy millennium

of universal equality. Let us not incline to ridicule this fanaticism as too wild and destructive in its character to engage the attention of reflecting men. It has its attractive as well as its dark aspects; it is to all appearance a mingling of heaven and earth. There is widely disseminated among us, particularly in the northern and eastern states, a peculiarity of mental character, in which a strong native sentiment of religion is blended with a powerful tendency to skepticism and infidelity. In the delirium of hope, these men divert all those aspirations which properly belong to a future state, towards speculations upon the perfectibility of mankind on earth. Unbelievers of ardent and imaginative temperaments are very prone to fall into this fanatic trance; for, when incredulity draws an impenetrable veil over the future, it is perfectly natural that men should become the dupes of these gross delusions. And why should this astonish reflecting men, when the distinguished divine, who has become the apologist of Kneeland, the blasphemer, boldly sustains Tappan, the agitator?

We will invite public attention to a few more extracts from Dr. Channing's libel upon our character and government, and hasten to conclude. "We are a restless people," says Dr. Channing, "prone to encroachment, impatient of the ordinary laws of progress, less anxious to consolidate and to perfect than to extend our institutions, more ambitious of spreading ourselves over a wide space, than of diffusing beauty and fruitfulness over a narrower field. Henceforth we must cease to cry peace, peace. Our eagle will whet, not gorge its appetite on its first victim; and will snuff a more tempting quarry, more alluring blood in every new region which opens southward. To me it seems not only the right, but the duty of the free states, in case of the annexation of Texas, to say to the slaveholding states, '*we regard this act as the dissolution of the Union.*' We will not become partners in your schemes of spreading and perpetuating slavery, in your hopes of conquest, in your unrighteous spoils. A PACIFIC DIVISION in the first instance seems to me to threaten less contention, than a lingering, feverish dissolution of the Union, such as must be expected under this fatal innovation. We shall expose our freedom to great peril by entering a new career of crime. We are corrupt enough already," &c. "Still I am compelled to acknowledge an extent of corruption among us, which menaces freedom, and our dearest interests. That the cause of republicanism is suffering abroad, through the defects and crimes of our countrymen, is as true as that it is regarded with increased skepticism among ourselves. Abroad, republicanism is identified with the United States, and it is certain that the *American name has not risen of late in the world.*" Deeply as we revere the function of the priesthood in its appropriate exercise, a love for truth and justice to our common country, compels us to pronounce these extracts a gross libel on the American character and government. In the just indignation which every man who respects the national character must feel for this unwarrantable and unfounded abuse by a christian divine and native citizen, there is little inclination to complain of the *Io triumphes!* which the British reviewer pours forth abundantly over the moral degradation of a people, who, before the publication of Dr. Channing, had persuaded themselves that they were the purest,

and happiest, and most intelligent of the sons of the children of men. It is from publications of this kind, that the enemies of republican institutions in the old world derive those atrocious calumnies, which represent us to the nations of the earth as the most turbulent and demoralized of people. The article of Dr. Channing had probably reached Europe when M. Lackanal read to the French Academy of Moral and Political Science, the following extract from his work on the United States, to which we append a few observations by a Paris correspondent:

"According to M. Lackanal, in the United States, 'nothing is easier, than divorce—nothing more secure from judicial process and social disgrace than insolvency.' His account of our negro slavery, and the condition of the free colored people, rivals at least that of Miss Martineau. 'The Central or Federal Executive power is without means of enforcing the laws of Congress with the States, who resist whenever they please. With every American, individualism or personal independence is at its height. No American entertains the least veneration for the law, or respect for the magistrate; he creates both one day; he can unmake them the day after; he never forgets that they are his work. The people literally regard the President, the members of Congress, the judges, as their servants, and give them no other appellation. They slap them in the face,—so great is their irreverence: witness the slap dealt to President Jackson, and with impunity. If a member of Congress ventures to call for laws to repress popular excesses, he only provokes new storms,—this is what happened after the conflagration of the Ursuline convent near Boston.' Lackanal then read details of General Jackson's treatment of legislators and judges at New Orleans, of the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister and similar measures—adding—'*tout cela pouvait avoir son utilité; mais ces faits sont peu d'accord avec le respect qu'on professe en France pour les garanties de la loi.*' M. Lackanal thinks that General Jackson, while President, let loose the reins of Democracy, in order to become at length a necessary dictator. 'In fine, the futurity of the United States is a curious and pregnant problem. Will these wild democracies ultimately fall into the track, shape and polity of the old communities of the world, or will the elements now fermenting in America, engender a new régime and a new aspect for human society?' I leave these questions to the soothsayers. With regard to the superior respect manifested in France for the guaranties of the law, let the point be examined with a little reference to the domestic history of France under the old Bourbons, during the revolution, or even since the revival or vindication of the charter in 1830. France is still under the government of state necessity; and the popular excesses are far more numerous and grave, than those which occur in the United States. The riots at Tours, Amiens, Angouleme, Bordeaux, Macon, of recent date, cost more blood than all the disorders of the kind which have occurred in the United States since the date of their constitution. Last week we had information of a female commotion on the banks of the Rhone. The women assembled in great numbers, broke down some dykes just constructed, and fought a hard battle with the soldiery called in by a sub-prefect to disperse or capture the ladies. Were it not for the military force always at hand, what would be the ostensible respect for law?—Unfortunately, throughout Europe, the influence of law seems to be owing principally to the idea of an overwhelming military coercion. Law is received as the work of selfish power, not of executives and legislatures instituted and acting for the national weal. However, the comparatively few disorders, and the instances of *Lynch* justice, of which so much is made in the London and Paris papers, together with the historical character of European democracy, have produced an almost universal impression that the American citizen is and must be

anarchical; and it is upon this supposed *lawlessness* that the writers on the Canada rebellion count as a sure and all-sufficient auxiliary for that rebellion, whatever may be the dispositions and proclamations of our General and State authorities."

That we shall ultimately attain our destiny—that our decline and fall will at some future day add another to the many lessons of experience, to instruct future generations—will only furnish another proof of the perishable nature of all human institutions. But that we shall demonstrate the great problem of the capability of man for self-government, and of the capacity of republican institutions to secure the greatest share of happiness and freedom to the greatest number, we can never doubt, so long as the past is admitted to be an index to the future. Indeed it is by no means improbable that the Union may be dissolved, and that we may be forced into new associations by the agitators of the northern states. And the blow which severs the bond will come from the south, and the northmen will be startled in the midst of their agitations, by the decisive action of a people who have long since been convinced that upon the delicate subject of slavery there is no longer any union or sympathy between the free and the slave states. That blow already impends. Indeed we have twice seen the union of these states endangered. Once by New England in the dark hour of adversity, and once by South Carolina in the floodtide of prosperity. And during the session of the present Congress, when the southern members were driven from the hall of representatives by the abolitionists of the north, the Union for the time being was virtually dissolved.

But there are better days, there are brighter auspices before us. Even the reverend gentleman himself, prophetic of evil as he is, is constrained to admit that among dark omens he sees favorable influences, remedial processes, counteracting agencies. And we will venture to predict, that another lustre will not have passed away before the whole band of agitators, with their clerical leaders at their head, bowing down before the indignation of a long suffering people, will be made to confess and to feel that fanaticism is not religion, that intemperate zeal is not charity, and that political religionism is only calculated for the meridian of Spain. It is a melancholy but growing conviction, that a considerable portion of our clergy is falling away from the sound morality and staid sobriety of the fathers of the American church. Ambition seems still to be a weed of quick and early vegetation in the vineyard of Christ; and surpliced priests, forgetful of the sanctity of their function, and swollen beyond the girth of the canon, plunge headlong into the turbid waters of political controversy, and instead of being ministrants of peace and good will, are constantly obtruding themselves upon the public, and mingling in the most exciting and exasperating discussions. Sterne was a lewd hypocrite, and has, we believe, had no imitators in this country; but the politico-religious demagogue, Swift, has many competitors for the vile crown which he preeminently merited. It is because of our reverence for the clerical order, that we regret at all times to hear the voice of one consecrated to christian meekness and charity, lifted up amid the political clamor, where nothing pure can live and retain its purity. The forum is no place for the priest; and if he be earnestly devoted to the service of his Master, the widow and the orphan, the sick and the prisoner, the sorrowful and the dying, all the ministrations of charity will so engage his feelings and occupy his attention, that he will have little inclination

or time to abandon his appropriate functions to fan the flame of political excitement, or to seek distinction by mingling in the heady current of religious or political fanaticism. When not employed in the functions of their ministry, prayer in the solitude of their chambers would suit them far better than the publication of letters to eminent statesmen, derogatory to the national character and morals. They were consecrated to minister to the spiritual necessities, not to pander to the intolerant feelings of men; they were set apart to bless, and not to curse mankind.

Whether we look to the extent of our territory, embracing every temperate clime, and teeming with every variety of production, or to the character and promise of our free institutions, evidences of the munificence of a bountiful Creator crowd around us, and impel us to maintain that union upon which much of our happiness and security depends, and which none but ourselves can put asunder. Licentiousness and insubordination, the impatience which frets under a system of established order, and the fanaticism which would hurry man by unnatural stimulants towards unattainable perfection, these are the restless and natural enemies of republican establishments; and the agitator and politico-religionist are the high priests of *intemperance* and *misrule*. We have opened a new volume in the book of man, more precious than the last of the Sybil's. We have collected from the wisdom and experience of departed ages a new theory of government. It is an experiment ripe with promise to unborn generations. We have no past history of our own to guide us; we stand forth before the nations of the earth bearing through a wilderness the consecrated emblems of freedom, and if, after a weary pilgrimage, we shall attain the promised land, and infuse the spirit which animates us into stable and permanent institutions; if we shall kindle the divine flame of liberty upon altars surrounded and protected by a nation of invincible freemen; if we shall substitute, in the structure of governmental machinery, the controlling power of mind for absolute will, and rational equality for artificial checks and privileges; then may the governments of the old world tremble for their time-honored and crippled observances, for the ancient despotisms will be crushed beneath the vast and magnificent structure of democracy, which is already pushing its foundations far and wide, into the confidence and affections of mankind. It is this principle of democracy, now in the full sweep of successful experiment, that alarms the despotism of the old world, and induces its votaries, with thoughts that are fathers to their wishes, to found, upon such unmerited libels as those of Dr. Channing and Mrs. Trollope, prophetic arguments of our speedy dissolution. These are men whose thoughts, feelings, habits, associations and prejudices, are closely interwoven with things of the olden time, and have embraced with a thousand delicate tendrils which may be sundered but never disengaged, the crumbling ruins of the ancient fabric, whose mouldering condition is concealed from themselves by the luxuriance of their affections. They look upon all change as ruin, and all decay as the fruitful source of life and beauty. Although they seem to walk with eyes wilfully darkened, yet in their hearts have they trembled; for they have felt the agitations beneath and around them, and they "grope tremblingly among the bristling energies of popular feeling as if they were on the crater of a volcano." They live with the past—they have no hope for the future; and the spirit which ani-

mates our institutions, by a single breathing would shiver the enchanted talisman which guards all their treasured wealth. But for us, we are a new people, springing at once into the full vigor of life, unafflicted with the weaknesses of infancy or the palsy of age; we have no records of the past—no traditions of glory; we have commenced our sublime career; our associations, our hopes, our honors, are all with the future; in the past we behold nothing but the sufferings of the many and the crimes and oppressions of the few—and shrinking from the contemplation of the dark ages of man, we have opened a sealed book, a new volume, filled with the promise of happiness and moral excellence and dignity to the human family, under the influence of the equality breathed forth in every lesson of that other book, which is called the book of life. We are in the bud and promise of blossom and fruit; and like the rod of the prophet in the tabernacle, the staff upon which we lean blooms and fructifies. Let not the monarchists of Europe, misled by the intemperate language of enthusiasts or agitators, hug themselves in the forlorn hope that we shall find it necessary to borrow their artificial checks upon the will of the people, and let not Dr. Channing persuade himself that we shall require a "stronger government;" our forefathers have impressed upon their descendants too lively an image of their sufferings under the oppressions of kings and nobles, to permit them to abandon their own pure faith to bow down before such idols in their western asylum. We are now the only nation in whom the vital principle is active and progressive. Other nations have been—their onward career is closed—their history is written in the fate of other empires which have preceded them in the march of ruin. But in the structure of our own beautiful edifice, it would appear that all the salutary lessons of history had been gathered and studied, and that the temple destined to flourish forevermore, had sprung up into fair and beauteous proportions, not unlike the foam-born Cytherea from amid the wrecks of ages on the stormy shores of time. Our institutions are based upon a sound morality; and the genius of christianity has imparted a portion of its immortality to the institutions which embalm it. What a sublime destiny is ours, and how immeasurably beneath contempt do those sink, who affect to see in casual excesses that ruin which they rather desire than anticipate. What a sublime destiny is ours? Of that Anglo-Saxon race peculiarly constituted for freedom, with political institutions admired by the world, and only feared by its oppressors, with a prosperity like that of the Samian prince, so startlingly stupendous as to be its only evil omen; carrying civilization into the fastnesses of the forests; erecting empires and cities in the wilderness, in one short generation of the children of men; with one arm stretched forth towards the abode of winter, and with the other reaching towards the tropics, with opposite oceans for boundaries; to whom is it given to calculate the future elevation and moral grandeur of this people? And even while men of limited views discuss the excesses of the border, the frontier line has moved, and the theatre of semi-barbaric strife has already been subdued by all the refinements of society. Before another century shall have elapsed, empires will have sprung into being which will render feeble the voice of those who demand the abolition of slavery. When this unhappy race shall have been fitly prepared for freedom, when their emancipation can be effected with safety to the white man,

and when the slave states themselves in their own good time, shall deem it wise and proper, then, and not before, will the sons of Ham go forth from the house of bondage. The single enemy, the natural foe of our institutions, is licentiousness; for as all free institutions repose on the broad basis of morality, whatever tends to introduce insubordination is eminently destructive. And whenever the fanatic, the abolitionist, the politico-religious demagogue, in a spirit of wanton mischief or misguided zeal, throw their fire-brands among any portion of the people, and stimulate them to rebellion, let us reflect upon the wisdom of the Romans in the purer days of the republic, when they represented LICENTIOUSNESS AS THUNDERSTRUCK BY HEAVEN AT THE MOMENT SHE STRIVES TO BREAK A TABLE OF THE LAW AND THE BALANCE OF JUSTICE.

Yet we entertain no serious apprehensions of the consequences of clerical interposition in secular and political affairs; for, however deeply enthusiasts may deplore it, the age of crusades, like the age of chivalry, is past. Although our peace may be fearfully disturbed for a season, and the Union seriously threatened, the influence of the clergy in this country will ultimately be restrained within its appropriate sphere; and the moment its members mingle with excited crowds of citizens, making broad their phylacteries with strange and unholy characters graven thereon, they cease to compel or to merit the reverence of reflecting men. They may bring religion into contempt with the mass of the people; but they can never shake those establishments or dissolve that Union, which were founded in a deep jealousy of their controlling influence and frightful corruption in other lands. But if, instead of inciting the angry and vengeful feelings of the weaker portion of our people, the clergy would interpose to inculcate patience, forbearance, and brotherly love; if, instead of inflaming the passions which alienate the northern and southern states, and coolly recommending disunion rather than the erection or admission of slave states into the confederacy, ministers of the gospel would teach us how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; if, instead of pandering to the coarse appetite of monarchists, by collecting from every filthy deposit straggling instances of the profligacy of border morals or city license, and proclaiming them to the world as conclusive evidences of prevailing immorality and republican licentiousness, they would (if indeed they must transcend their sacred function,) vindicate the character of our free institutions and the morals of our people, notwithstanding occasional outrages; if they would discard from their alliance in behalf of the Indian, the slave and the Mexican, the "friends of stronger governments" in Europe, and uphold and sustain instead of disuniting and traducing our people and government; then, would our march to eminence be peaceful and prosperous, and before the curtain of time shall have fallen upon another century, unborn millions throughout the vast and untrodden regions of our productive soil, gathered together, the children of oppression, from the four winds of heaven, men of every tongue and clime, will exhibit to the world the sublime spectacle of a republic of boundless extent of territory and unprecedented populousness, flourishing in stable security upon the broad basis of popular will. The capability of man for self-government will have ceased to be a problem.

We may be mistaken in our judgment, but we are fully persuaded that if members of the clergy had

never promoted or sanctioned the efforts of the abolitionists in a spirit of misguided philanthropy, the present unhappy state of feeling between different sections of the Union would never have existed. This interference of the ministry with political discussions, this prompting of popular and sectional delusion, is eminently wrong and intolerably disgusting. But though we are indignant, let us be strictly just. In the American church there are meek, unpretending, and godly men, who stand aloof from these vexatious movements, and confine themselves exclusively to the work of their divine Master. And it is proper to state, that in the appeal we have now made to the clergy in behalf of religion and humanity, we have addressed ourselves to that portion of the ministry alone, which, feeling the justice and truth of our remarks, will stand rebuked, and therefore indignant. Entertaining for the former class esteem and reverence, we have no apology to offer to these latter for the boldness, it may be the presumption, with which we have spoken unwelcome but salutary truths. Engaged in a good cause we have no false delicacy, no priestly apprehensions. But while we respect a well-ordered priesthood, we love our common country; while we revere religion, we detest fanaticism; and while we are pleased to behold under benign auspices, clouds of incense ascending in peaceful union from altars of every denomination to the throne of grace, we abhor **POLITICAL RELIGIONISM.**

Let clerical agitators beware. In rending the tree with Prospero to liberate the imprisoned spirit to do their bidding, let them take warning from the impressive lessons of antiquity, lest its reaction be destructive to themselves. But we will not despond; for, these assaults, however continuous and violent, can never overthrow the muniments which surround us; and there is a detergent energy in our system, which, however tardily excited, will effectually repel them. And when the "deluge of fanaticism shall have fallen back from the Ark of Freedom, the dove will go forth with his olive branch," the harbinger of peace and tranquillity, and the beautiful bow will be hung out in the heavens, the emblem of reconciliation.

In our progress to eminence, we have not, like other nations, to pass through a tedious pilgrimage; separated from the nations of the earth by the ocean, we have no enemies to subdue; no sudden reverses of fortune to apprehend; springing at once into the vigor of early manhood, we have no early history to compose; we have only to fill up the measure of our dominion and glory. We shall sooner than other people enter upon the mature age of nations, and behold mind asserting its supremacy; animated by those patriotic emotions which glowed in the bosoms of our forefathers, we will speedily seek the enduring glories of peace, and by devoting all our energies to mental improvement, will adorn with all the triumphs of genius the land of our nativity. And when our power shall have attained its height, and our government its magnificence, who shall prescribe limits to its science or refinement? Wherefore shall we not attain to those heights of knowledge, which, restoring us to the primitive range of intellectual vigor, will assimilate us to those men of the olden time who were deemed worthy to hold friendly converse with angelic spirits? Yet the star of our destiny must ultimately set forever, for the only star that gives promise of immortality is the one which conducted the eastern sages to the feet of the infant Redeemer. Other nations have perished, and left behind them a moral and a memory of desolation, and

the scattered vestiges of their magnificence are at once the evidences of the pride which goeth before ruin, and the prompters of mournful and chastening feelings. The successor of the fisherman sits upon the throne of the Cæsars; the descendants of Ishmael, whose empire extended from the Atlantic to Bagdad, the seat of the Caliphs, from the gardens of Cairo to the shades of the Alhambra, have been driven back to the sandy deserts of Arabia; and the dynasties, which now seem to be firmly established, must yield to the empire of fate and furnish new lessons for the future. And although speculation on this subject may seem to be profitless, inasmuch as it is given to no man to lift a corner of the veil which overshadows the future; yet when we reflect upon the moral culture of our people, the nature of our institutions originating in the consent of the governed, and founded upon the purifying and salutary principles of christianity and freedom, we may justly anticipate a longer duration, a more sublime destiny, than has marked the career of other governments, whose foundations have been less stable and permanent. When by the slow and peaceful operation of wholesome public opinion, we shall have emancipated the slave; when through the agency of a sober and pious ministry, we shall have civilized the savage on our frontier, we shall have no Goth to fear like the Roman, no Moor like the Spaniard, no Arab like the descendants of Constantine; but we shall attend singly to the preservation of our Union, to the intellectual and moral culture of our people, to the development of our vast resources, and to the perfection of our beautiful system. And after having attained this elevation, when the whole fabric shall slide from its foundations and crumble into ruins, we shall not, like the cities of the desert, like Babec and Palmyra, like the ancient seats of empire and the arts, like Rome and Athens, leave only vestiges of our former grandeur to attract the regard of future generations; but we shall bequeath to man those indestructible principles of free government, which though they cannot impart their immortality to perishable institutions, will yet secure to the children of men, to the consummation of ages, the greatest possible moral elevation, the greatest political equality, and the purest social happiness. But to attain this sublime elevation, beyond which on this side of the grave, man has no hope and heaven has no boon, let us bear constantly in mind that we must realize the type of Roman virtue, and smother the thunders of the Olympian Jupiter to "**SMITE LICETIOUSNESS WHENEVER SHE STRIVES TO BREAK A TABLE OF THE LAW OR THE BALANCE OF JUSTICE.**"

MR. MAURY AND MISS MARY.

Mr. Maury and Miss Mary,
Of graver talk grown weary,
Essay'd to task their cunning,
In the pleasant sport of punning.
Said the former to the latter,
"Far be't from me to flatter,
But certainly 'tis true,
That if 'twere not for U
Most gladly I'd be Mary."
The ready witted fairy,
Prompt not to be outdone
In compliment or pun,
Replied, "If I had U
I would be Maury too."

Washington City.

BURTON; OR THE SIEGES.*

A Romance, by J. H. Ingraham, Esq., Author of "South West," "Lafitte," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Harper & Brothers: New York. 1838.

The author of this excellent novel is gaining for himself a distinguished name as an American novelist. We first hear of Professor Ingraham as a writer, through the pages of a book entitled "The South West, by a Yankee," published in January, 1836. This is a book of travels in Louisiana and Mississippi, containing valuable statistical information, fine descriptions of scenery, and graphic and racy sketches of manners and customs in that interesting, and hitherto little known portion of our country. The work originated from a private correspondence with a friend, who placed the letters, without the knowledge of their writer, in the hands of the editor of a Natchez paper, who published several of them. The truth of their descriptions, and their admirable style, (for which the writings of this author are distinguished,) attracted the attention of the press—and the letters were widely copied and praised. At the suggestion of his friends, the author was at length induced to write a book on the country, with which his letters showed him to be so familiar. The two volumes called the "South West," is the work he produced, and it at once won for him enviable reputation. Encouraged by the success of this work, in July of the same year, he wrote a novel called "Lafitte," which, though hastily written, (composed in less than six weeks, we believe,) and never copied, from its admirable style, and wildly thrilling story, became one of the most popular fictions ever issued from the American press. We reviewed it at the time, and although we did justice to the talents and genius of the author, we objected to the tone of the work—the moral of novels having bold, bad men for their heroes, however skilfully managed, being always of questionable utility. Within the last month, the author has put forth a third book which gives title to this notice.

We sat down to the perusal of this work, with the feeling that the reputation of the author as a novelist would be made or lost by it. It appears to us that it is not a very difficult matter for a young man of brilliant imagination, active fancy, and some invention, to sit down and write a novel for the first time. In the heads of such persons there are a thousand wild thoughts, romantic fancies and crude conceptions; a myriad of dazzling images, and a confused chaos of brilliant material, floating hither and thither without compass or aim. In a first novel, these will find vent. Every thing he has ever thought or dreamed of, heard or read, digested or undigested, will here find "habitation and a name." It will be the receptacle of every thing he knows or guesses at, and when it is completed, his brain will be like an exhausted receiver. His book will create a sensation—**emphatically TALK**, and great things be prophesied of the successful debutant; but the author is never heard of again—or if so, it is to

thoroughly damn himself in a second book. This is the secret of the existence of so many men who have "written a book," and only a book. With something like misgivings of this kind, with regard to the author of that glittering production, "Lafitte," we opened "Burton." As we progressed, each page reassured us, and we had not read half through the first volume before we gave ourself up to its perusal without fear of shipwreck, and permitted ourselves to be carried along with that delightful abandonment with which we have hurried through the pages of Scott. We do not here compare Burton with any of the Waverly novels. It is too American to admit of this. But in the style we are reminded of Sir Walter Scott, almost on every page: though without imitation, still the author shows that he has made this great model his careful study. We are glad to see this, for it promises well. In many of his finer passages he seems to have paused to study how Scott would have expressed such and such thoughts—and written accordingly. This seems to be wherein the secret of his resemblance lies. The care with which he has formed his style is most strikingly apparent, when contrasting "Burton" with "Lafitte." We see the same hand in each, but now it holds the burnisher where then it held the chisel. Now to the story of "Burton," the hero of which is Aaron Burr.

When the American colonies rose in arms against Great Britain, it will be remembered that the first step of the colonial army was to plan an expedition against Canada. The army was divided into two divisions, one of which, under Montgomery, was to penetrate into Canada by the way of Lake Champlain, and fall upon Montreal; the other under Colonel, afterwards the traitor, General Arnold, by the way of Maine. It was planned between the two leaders, that which ever arrived first in Canada should send a messenger to inform the other, so that the two armies could form an immediate junction and act in concert. When Arnold arrived on the borders of Canada, he assembled his officers and called for a volunteer to go forward and inform Montgomery of his presence. Young Burr, a volunteer in Arnold's division, immediately offered himself for the expedition. In the disguise of a monk he left the army, and hastened forward on his perilous way. It is on the second evening of his journey that the novel opens, and introduces him to the reader in the following words:

The bells of a ruined monastery in the vale of Chaudiere were chiming the hour of evening service at the close of a cold windy day in the month of November, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, when a single traveller, in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest, appeared on the skirts of a forest, that, sacred from the invading ploughshare or the axe of the woodman, stretched many leagues into the province of Maine. His steps were slow and heavy, as if he had travelled many a weary mile of the vast wilderness behind him; and, when the north wind howled at intervals through the wood, he drew his garment still closer about his person, and bore himself with a sturdier step; but, nevertheless, his slight frame and vacillating limbs did not promise to withstand for a much longer space such rude assaults.

Although faint with fasting and toilworn with long travel, yet the sound of the convent bell, as it swept past him on the wind, infused additional vigor into his limbs; and roused to renewed exertions, with an exclamation of joy he hastened forward to a slight eminence which rose in his path. From its summit he

* We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. R. D. Sanxay, of this city, for furnishing us with a copy of this admirable work; and would remind the public that it can be obtained at his book store.

beheld a prospect that fully rewarded him for all the hardships he had endured in his lonely pilgrimage through the wilderness. Beneath him lay a secluded and pleasant valley, about a league in breadth, guarded from the wintry winds that swept the highlands, by a chain of hills, wooded to their tops with forest trees, the lingering foliage of which was dyed with every hue of the rainbow. Through its bosom the Chaudiere flowed, in a thousand romantic windings, towards a scarcely visible opening in the range of hills to the north, through which to pour its tributary waters into the St. Lawrence.

* * * *

After gazing, until twilight rendered distant objects dim and uncertain, upon the scene so unexpectedly presented to his eyes, long familiar only with the gloomy grandeur of pathless forests, occasionally relieved by the hut of their savage denizen, the traveller gathered the folds of his robe beneath his belt, and grasped his staff resolutely; then for a moment fixing his eyes upon the towers of the island convent as the last chime of the bells ceased to echo among the hills, he said, as he prepared to descend a rude path, if the scarcely visible track left by the hunter or beasts of prey may thus be denominated,

"There shall I find what I most need, a night's repose; and, if all tales be true, good and substantial cheer withal; for the reverend fathers, while they have care of the souls of their flocks, are not wont to neglect their own bodily comforts."

He is entertained in the convent by a Catholic priest, who was formerly a military leader. The following extracts will show best who he is, and the state of political feeling among the Roman Catholic clergy:

The monk, having at length succeeded in disengaging the fastenings of his cowl and gown, without replying, now hastily cast them aside, and stood before the astonished father no longer the hooded and shuffling monk, but an elegant and graceful youth, in a blue military surtout, with a short sword by his side attached to a buff belt, in which was stuck a pair of serviceable pistols.

"Reverend father, I am neither monk nor priest, but a soldier of the patriot army, which, doubtless, you have learned, ere now, is preparing to invade the Canadas," said the young stranger, in a firm, manly tone. "In proof of my words and in token of my good faith," he added, fixing his eyes with a look of intelligence on those of the priest, "I will repeat the talisman that shall beget mutual confidence between us. I have the honor, then, of addressing, not simply the monk Etienne, but the Chevalier de Levi."

"Thou hast the true credentials, young sir," said the priest, assuming the air and manners of a soldier and man of the world; "in me you see that unfortunate chief who was once the leader of a gallant army, and conqueror of those proud islanders who now hold these fair lands. In this peaceful garb," he continued, with emotion, "you behold the last general who drew blade for the Canadas. Driven by a superior force from before the walls of Quebec, which I had closely besieged, I left that citadel in the hands of the enemy, and, in despair of ever retrieving our national misfortunes, buried my disgrace in the seclusion of a religious life. But," he added, with increasing energy, pacing the apartment, "the servile oath of allegiance to the British king I have never taken, nor do my religious vows interfere with my patriotism. I have ever been ready, when the time should arrive, and, please God, that time is now at hand, to aid in the removal of the invading Britons; and, if need be, by the mass! I can still wield the sword as I have done before in the same good cause."

* * * *

Despairing of any present means of expelling the conquerors of his native country, the Chevalier de Levi

retired into the monastery of St. Claude, then a thriving community, although, at the period of the disguised young officer's visit to the Father Etienne, the name assumed by the military recluse, it was only a ruined asylum for a few aged priests. Were we to weigh carefully the motives that induced the unsuccessful soldier to take this pious step, we should, perhaps, find them composed, in part, of a desire to bury his own disgrace from the world: in part of a morbid melancholy, the consequence of his defeat and disappointment, a disposition of the mind which often drives men both to the church and the cloister; but we should also find that he was governed by a deeper feeling than either of these. Aware that the priesthood were generally disaffected with the existing government, his main object was to attach himself to this body, that, by the aid of so vast an engine of political power, and under the cover of a monastic life, he might combine a conspiracy against the new government, and, when it should become fully matured, apply the torch to the train he had, and spread a revolutionary flame like wildfire throughout the territory.

Such were the motives which converted the Chevalier de Levi into Father Etienne. His schemes, however, never ripened into maturity; and though always planning and plotting with a perseverance and secrecy not unworthy of Lucius Catiline, and constantly corresponding with the disaffected in every quarter of Canada, and even with ambitious individuals in the British colonies, among whom, as has already been intimated, was the leader of the eastern division of the invading army, yet, on the day we intruded into his retirement, he was as remote from his object, so far as the restoration of the French dominion was concerned, as on the first day he assumed the religious habit. By long devotion to one sole object, from which nothing could make him swerve, aided by an active imagination and a sanguine temperament, the chevalier had become transformed from a calm and dispassionate patriot, devoting himself to his country, into a settled monomaniac. To such a mind, therefore, the threatened invasion, although it did not embrace its long-cherished and favorite project, was, nevertheless, welcome intelligence, inasmuch as it would be, at least, the instrument of overthrowing the government of his conquerors. This object effected, the restoration of the old Canadian régime, he was willing to confide to the course of events.

Inspired, therefore, with renewed ardor in the cause to which he had devoted his life, by these tidings of invasion, with his eyes sparkling and his hands trembling with excitement, he seated himself at the table as the young soldier threw himself upon the floor to sleep, and soon became involved in a manifold correspondence. His arguments were skilfully adapted to the circumstances and the prejudices of those to whom his letters were addressed. To the disaffected priest, and there were many such throughout the Canadas, he held out the restoration of the Roman Catholic ascendancy and the return of the golden days of papal regality. Before the imaginations of those Canadian gentlemen who desired a change of government, he displayed gorgeous pictures of titles and dignities, and predicted the restitution of their alienated privileges and honors; while the eyes of one individual, of high birth and once in power, were dazzled with the glitter of a vice-regal crown. No scheme, however wild, seemed impracticable to the mind of this visionary enthusiast. Finally, in addressing a distinguished primate, whose good sense, he was sufficiently aware, would not be blinded either by his sophistry or arguments, however plausible, and who, he was convinced, would withhold his name and influence until there remained no doubt of the re-establishment of the Catholic, or, which was virtually the same thing, the Canadian ascendancy, he hinted that the American army was but a few thousand strong; that they should be supported by an active co-operation on the part of the Canadians until they had captured Quebec; "Then, if the partisan leaders are alive to their

own interests, which," he continued, "I myself will undertake to be the active instrument in awakening, in the unguarded moment of victory, and by the aid of superior numbers, we can snatch the citadel from their grasp, and, please God, the flag of France will once more float above its towers." The crafty politician facetiously closed his diplomatic letter by relating the fable of the "Monkey and Cat's-paw."

After various adventures, graphically detailed, Burton arrives at the tent of Montgomery with a nun, whom, from one of the convents at which he was entertained on his way, he has eloped with. The story now goes forward with intense interest, and is most beautifully told. The delineations of character are bold and life-like, and show a profound knowledge of the human heart with its subtler and deeper workings. Motives are analysed with a chemical nicety; emotions and feelings traced to their source with singular clearness and felicity. With a few touches of the author's pen, an individual starts boldly into life, in whom we at once become interested, and whose adventures we follow with unflagging excitement.

We did think of entering into an analysis of the work, and of giving a skeleton of the story; but a fair lady at our elbow says we must do it by no manner of means, as it would destroy the whole mystery of the tale, and "who," she asks with a pretty pout, "would read never so fine a novel when it's known how it's a going to end?" As in the course of our terrestrial pilgrimage, experience has taught us that women are always right, in matters of taste, we shall be silent about the mystery involved in this tale.

In graphic and truthful sketches of character, in richness of description of natural scenery, in dramatic vigor of dialogue, and in bold and trying scenes, where the highest moral and intellectual attributes are called into action, the author of "Burton" is peculiarly distinguished. The writings of this author must be admired for their elegance and purity of style. A fine imagination is characterized by a just taste throughout; a delicate humor prevades his pages, but it is never coarse—never far-fetched, but always natural. Some of his low characters, particularly Zacharie and Jacques, have no superior in any American novel. His pages are varied by bold tragedy, touches of gentle pathos, excellent wit, and irresistible humor, while the whole, unlike "Lafitte," wears an air of probability; and there is scarcely a worthy emotion or passion that the reader will not find awakened by the perusal of these volumes. If Professor Ingraham continues to write, he must reach a proud elevation in the literature of his country, as an American novelist.

EPIGRAM

On a hen-pecked husband, who opposed his wife's devotion to Literature.

Oh, why on Madam's musings frown,
Or send her to her stitches?
In pity let her wear "the gown,"
'Twill help to hide—the breeches.

ANOTHER TREE ARTICLE.

I am of the mind of old Drummond, who, two centuries ago, sang thus:

"Thrice happy he, who, by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, *doth live his own*:
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.

Oh! how more sweet is birds' harmonious moane,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!

Oh! how more sweet is zephyres wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honor doth bequeath!

How sweet are streams, to poyson drank in gold!

The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights—

Woods, harmlesse shades, have only true delights!"

And being in this mind, I have turned my back upon the city, and am here at Oakwood, upon a high hill in Fairfax, "far from the clamorous world, living my own." Embowered in oak-shades, with here and there glimpses of the blue sky over head, I am in the fruition of my favorite trees. To quote old Chaucer,—

"Here up I rise, thre houris after twelfe,
About the springing of the gladsome day,
And on I put my gear, and mine aray,
And to a pleasaunt grove I 'gin to pas,
Long or the bright sonne uprisin was,

In which are okis grete, streight as a line,
Under the which the grass, so freshe of hew,

Was newly sprunge; and, an eight fote or nine,
Every tree well fro' his fellow grew,

With branchis brode, ladin with levis new,
That sprongin out agen, the sonne shene,—

Some very rede, and some a glad light grene;

Which, as methinks, is a right pleasaunt sight."

Oakwood contains some scores of the species *Quercus*. I find a new one every day. With old Michaux, his admirable Sylva in my hand, I go among these shades, and sitting on the back of sorrel Mab, pull down the branches and compare them according to class with the book. Among the most curious of my specimens are boughs, which you would take your corporal davy are chesnuts, and willows, 'till you see the acorns putting forth under the leaves, and then you admit them oaks, and do not forswear yourself.

I said something but now of sorrel Mab. She is the "most charming of her sex" and species: a mare of all mares the paragon: perhaps transcending the best of the sex, of any species, in that she does every thing but talk. I mean audibly: for Mab is right eloquent at times. She has a quiet way of asking for drink at noontide, which it would do your heart good to witness. The front door of Oakwood opens into the park which gives the place its name; and in the dim distance of the leafy vista, when suns are hot and breezes are asleep, may be seen, leisurely approaching you, as you sit, book in hand, upon the piazza, the gazelle-eyed Mab. Coming quite up to your feet, she looks in your face, drops her head as if, modestly and ladylike, to avoid your answering gaze, plucks a tuft of clover, and

proceeds with dainty pace around the corner of the house, casting one sidelong glance at you as she goes. You follow her, and find her footsteps are tending springward. But Mab is dainty and particular: she must drink out of her own proper bucket:

"The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well;"

and, if you would have her amble well on your next ride, you must draw for her now.

Mab will not go ride, whenever you like, unless she like to do so too. Catch her afield, at such time, if you can! Yet when this fit of playfulness is over, she will come up to your hand, and winking knowingly at you, will ask you, (more plainly than the ass asked Balaam, if he was not ashamed of himself to whip her so cruelly,) if you have a mind to ride to-day? She is as full of tricks as Puck, and has a delightful one, which she uses upon occasion, especially with humans, of her own sex,—that of sitting quietly down in the centre of a bubbling runlet, while the bridle is loosened to permit her to refresh herself with a drink from the shady stream. The slyness with which she regards, aslant, the unfortunate lady, whose

"Clothes (like Ophelia's,) spread wide,
And mermaid-like, awhile do bear her up,"

is one of the most laughable things in nature. Even the victim of the joke enjoys it highly, and is like to drown, less from the depth of the water than the height of her hysterics. But enough of Mab; I was to talk of trees.

Old Wotton, in the time of James the First, had pleasant associations, with sylvan retreats. Hear him!

"Welcome pure thoughts! Welcome ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves!
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
Most cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring!
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares;
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears.
Here, if Contentment be a stranger—then
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven, again!"

The nights, when moons shine clear, are the times for country enjoyment after all. Such a time is this at which I write. The days, even among woods, are too hot, in August, to ramble wide from home. Spring water, with brook ice—thorough draughts through open passages—the sun-beams, which escape the leafy canopy, shut out of house by Venetian blinds—Mary Howitt's "Wood Leighton," or Isaac Walton, or White of Selbourne, or Gardiner's "Musie of Nature," in hand, upon the trelliced portico, will make the days pass serenely enough, while town thermometers stand at ninety-five; but

"In the starry light
Of the summer night,"

that is the time to enjoy the country: and at no hour is Oakwood so lovely. What says "Rare Ben Jonson" in his "Cynthia?" See how these verses make themselves vocal:

"Queene and huntresse, chaste and faire,
Now the sunne is laid to sleepe,

*Seated in thy silver chaire,
State in wonted manner keepe!
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddesse, excellently bright!*

"Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose!
*Cynthia's shining orbe was made
Heaven to cleave, when day did close.*

"Lay thy bow of pearle apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver,
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever!
*Thou, that mak'st a day of night—
Goddesse excellently bright!"*

There is a little nook in the tree tops here, which the garish light of day prevents the gazer from distinguishing, but which is brought out most beautifully, when "the sunne is laid to sleepe." The trees of unequal heights and varying distances, present a dark undulating line against the sky, and the array of stars, which gild that part of the firmament, passes like a brilliant panorama before the open spaces thus formed before the eye of the beholder. This is our night-dial, here at Oakwood. As Orlando says,

"There's no clock in the forest."

When the sun goes down, Venus has passed over the disk of our dial, and Jupiter is shedding his slant-wise rays over the tree tops into its depth: but you do not see Jupiter on the plate; he is near the zenith of our wood-bounded firmament. Yet as he goes down, there is a bright constellation shining in the very midst of the vista, on which we gaze and watch the lapse of the hours. We trace the brilliant succession as they appear, pass over the blue path, and each in turn fade from our view behind the western boundary of the wood, and have come to learn them all, each in its proper moment, as we know the figures on the clock. As Libra finishes its slow and well-balanced journey from the eastern to the western verge of our fanciful dial, the close of its career is taken as the signal for our retiring; and then we welcome "sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve" of each day's cares and pleasures. Thus do we sylvans find out the meaning of the quaint cognomen that Shakspeare gives the "bald old sexton," when he calls him "old Time, the clock-setter."

Unhappy, yet nobly courageous Richard of England, in his dungeon at Pomfret, thus moralizes from the similitudes of a clock. He says,

"I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live; unto the world,
For now hath Time made me his numbering clock.
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches [that is, *tick the time*,] on mine eyes, the
outward watch [or dial,]

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell. So sighs, and tears and groans.
Show minutes, times, and hours," &c.

But this is another digression. Our present business is with the woods.

I sent you, months since, some notice of Phineas Fletcher, his "Purple Island," with extracts, but the following was not among them. How beautiful! The poet is writing of the shepherd:

"His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content,
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him,
With coolest shades, till noontide's rage is spent.
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas,
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease;
Pleased and full blest he lives," &c. &c.

The spring flowers had all passed away before the heats of summer, before I came to Oakwood, and ever since that time I have had to watch the decay of many succeeding buds and blossoms of beautiful variety. The wood flowers just now in bloom are but few, but there is yet to come a brilliant array of autumn ones. Among the most beautiful of those now visible is the large *Convolvulus*, which peeps out from the hedge rows at the foot of the oaks, under fences, and sometimes straggling up with the wild vine, over the trunks of trees, and among the underwood of the forest. But they wither almost the moment they are plucked, and you must admire their beauty, (short-lived at best,) upon the spot which gives them birth. Oh, gentle Herrick!

"Faire flowers! we weep to see
You haste away so soone;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noone!
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day,
Has run
But to the even song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will goe with you along!

"We have short time to stay, as you—
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.
We die
As do you; and drie
Away,
Like to the summer's raine,
Or as the pearles of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again!"

Is not that a gem?

The season has been remarkable for the frequency and severity of the thunder-gusts. Hardly a day since I have been at Oakwood, has passed, without lightning and thunder; and some of my favorites of the forest have suffered greatly in consequence. There is one noble oak in the centre of a neighboring wood, beneath which I threw myself along, but a fortnight ago, and sang

"The song of the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath stood in this land so long!
Long health and renown, to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong!"

I fancied the age he had attained to be more than a century and a half, and longed to see his heart, to count the circles around it, to ascertain how nearly I had guessed the truth. Then I thought of the sin, the crime, the sacrilege, of cutting down such a magnificent tree, to gratify a curiosity so trifling: nay, for any purpose! and my song involuntarily changed:

"Spare, oh spare that tree;
Touch not a single bough;
In peace it shelters me,
And I'll protect it now."

A few days after this, a cloud of terrible blackness rose from the south, directly over that broad woodland. The lightning was fearfully vivid, and the thunder was one continuous crash for more than half an hour. Each flash and each report seemed more and more directly over head, till at length there came a dazzling glare, and on the instant a terrific peal, which startled our household from their seats. The bolt fell into the very midst of the forest, and when, on the next day, I wandered thither, and sought my noble old oak, behold! there it lay, rent asunder in two equal parts by the fatal bolt, its "broad green crown" dragged in the underwood, and its wealth of foliage torn and scattered by the awful crash! I thought, as I went melancholy home, of that fine simile of old Waller—

"Thus the tall oak which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and designed for nobler use,
Not to make warm but build the house;
Though from our meaner fires secure,
Must that which falls from heaven endure!"

But, perhaps, this is enough woodland gossiping for one month. Come and see me here, and we'll go on with it at leisure. And, by the bye, why did you not do so, a fortnight since, when only within two miles of this very table, and, as I hear, in search of me? It is a delightful spot, and reminds one, by its location, of the opening of Denham's "Cooper's Hill"—

"Mine eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays."

Write Potomac for Thames, and the following lines, from the same refreshing poem, will describe Oakwood to you, like a guide-book:

"The wood-topped hill his forest summits hides
Among the clouds. His shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes: his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill receives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives:
And, in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears!"

I will endeavor to give you some autumn foliage for October. Till then, adieu!

Oakwood, Va., Aug. 1, 1838.

J. F. O

EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

Thoughts suggested by its approaching departure.

Three periods characterize the history of the progress of navigation:—

In the first, Columbus discovers a new world. At a later period, hardy adventurers launch into the immense sea lying between the continents of America and Asia, discovering continents and islands, the inhabitants of which, it seemed to have condemned to remain forever unknown. By their hazardous voyages, the domain of geography is enriched with those numberless islands and fertile archipelagos, scattered throughout the great ocean, and all the numerous lands whose extent, position, formation, as well as the origin of their inhabitants, offer so vast a field to political enterprise, to the researches of the man of science, and the meditation of the philosopher.

These brilliant discoveries, dissipating the last shadows of the middle age, roused the spirit of conquest and of commercial speculation: ambition incited sovereigns, cupidity animated their subjects, and gold, the charms of which all men are capable of knowing and appreciating, was the sole object of every enterprise. And so passed the second period, of more than two centuries, during which the vessels of every maritime nation in Europe traversed the seas in every direction, adding to the discoveries of their predecessors such islands only as the fortune of their route might throw in their way. But no elevated sentiment governing this general and simultaneous movement, little advantage resulted from it to the acquisition of positive geographical knowledge. Nautical science was still in its infancy; it possessed only arbitrary and uncertain methods for the determination of longitudes at sea; and the men under whose command the vessels were placed, were, from their habits and education, more inclined to an adventurous pursuit of fortune, than to the advancement of the art on which depended the success of their profession. The positions of the accumulating discoveries, not being determined with even approximate accuracy upon the charts, and the most important of these discoveries being often kept secret, through the jealousy of certain nations, it sometimes happened that the same place was supposed to be discovered several times, and the science of geography was then at its epoch of disorder and confusion, during which, the navigator knew not on what to depend for his government, nor the historian from what document he could draw for authentic information.

Forty years of inaction succeeded this eager thirst of gold, war and conquest, upon these remote shores. During this time, the intelligence of Europe became emancipated; a revolution in feeling took place, the sciences shed a bright light over the theory of the celestial world, and over every branch of natural philosophy; the arts, enlightened by them, exerted a reciprocal influence, by extending their application, and civilization commenced an empire, henceforth never to be disputed. With better times came better principles—principles now more moral and more enlightened, more liberal and more humane, placing men in proper relation with the new state of things, and bringing back to their bosoms a sentiment of true glory.

Enlightened governments recognised at last the ne-

cessity of perfecting the knowledge of the globe—of describing the newly discovered portions, of fixing their relative positions, and of enriching science, commerce and the arts with the natural products of their different climates. England was the first to start in this glorious career, the era of which terminates the second period of the progress of navigation: she can boast a Cook, who established the geography of the oceanic seas, and founded the school from which proceeded Foster, Davis, Vancouver and others. France followed with honor: she had her Bougainville, Laperouse, Marchand, d'Entrecasteaux, &c. The public was put in possession of those interesting and instructive journals redounding so much to the credit of these illustrious men, and gaining for them universal gratitude and the admiration of navigators and geographers—journals forming of themselves complete encyclopedias; displaying the skill of the navigator and the veracity of the historian; from the rich records of which the statesman may draw his details for projects of public utility, and the philosopher and man of science the information to elucidate the phenomena of nature and of man.

The third period belongs to our own age. It is not remarkable for any great discoveries in geography, to immortalize the names of those who have made them. But a new spirit characterizes it, and a new glory is open to it:—a glory not less solid that it is more difficult to acquire, that it does not depend on fortune, and that it must be sought with trouble and danger to be merited. This period is immediately interesting to us, and will justify our entering into some details to make known the spirit which characterizes it.

The world may be said to have been known only in *mass*. The multitudes of voyages performed in every direction, had nearly demonstrated that there remained no more important lands to discover; that nothing more could be hoped than to fall upon some small islands on an unfrequented route, and perhaps some uninhabitable lands of little extent, which might be still shut up in the ices of the poles, that had as yet barred all access to them. How fatal to the advancement of human knowledge, had enlightened rulers, and learned societies, and navigators, and geographers, imagined then, that the full harvest had been reaped—that all had been done! Every thing, on the contrary, it may be asserted, with the exception of discoveries, remained to be done! The same ground was again to be gone over, but with more efficient material aid, and more precise and exact scientific means than the preceding age had been able to afford. Fortunately, Europe, recovering from its long wars, could at last enjoy the benefits of peace, and with the proof of its advance in science and intelligence, proclaim the high degree of civilization it had attained. The crowned heads of Europe perceived that the only ambition to be permitted them, was that of laboring for the prosperity and well-being of their people, in cherishing that elevated love of science, which had been developed, and which is now a characteristic of every nation. The epoch was ready. Astronomy had reached that sublime perfection as to strike with astonishment even him who is familiar with it. It taught numerous new methods of observation and calculation, applicable under all circumstances of navigation. The celestial Ephemerides, an indispensable work for the scientific traveller, and the most useful of the monuments raised

by the liberality and wisdom of France and England to the commerce of nations and in aid of humanity, were calculated with a degree of exactness till then unknown, and offered to the navigator a chart of the heavens, with which he could compare with confidence the sky of the regions which he visited, and safely deduce from this comparison all the elements of position, direction and distance that the object of his pursuit might require.

The mechanic arts had perfected the astronomical instruments, and those for measuring time; the ingenuity of the economic arts was taxed to improve the number and quality of articles of subsistence, in contriving new modes of preparation; and better means of preserving the health and comfort of the lonely adventurer, was secured by a variety and abundance of wholesome food. Finally, the improvements in naval architecture, by a better arrangement of the parts of the vessel, both as regarded the strength of the ship and the accommodation of the crew, conduced to the security and comfort of those, for whom it was so long to be the home. A vessel thus equipped for objects solely of science and humanity, may be considered the most wonderful production of the genius of man,—displaying at once his civilization and advancement in science and art, his elevated sentiments in the religion which he practises, and the desire of doing good which animates him; the polish of his manners, in the justice and moderation of discipline; and his energy and courage in the patriotism and devotion which he is called to display.

Thus, with respect to the state of navigation, science and the arts, every thing was in readiness to resume with ardor the geographic investigations, and place the knowledge of the globe in a fitting relation with the wants and with the knowledge of the age. Governments were well disposed, and men capable of carrying out the enterprises were not wanting. A state of war had been the means of founding brilliant schools of officers, of civil, military and marine engineers; it was a sound policy, to profit by the leisure of peace to obtain extended means of instruction, and keep in activity their bravery and intelligence.

UPON LAND:—Some portions of continents remain still unexplored, and others have been visited only with difficulty. Long voyages have been made, and yet only a faint light breaks through the thick darkness that still overshadows large portions of Asia and of Africa.

The nations of Europe were for a long time ignorant of their true respective limits, and the superficial extent of their possessions. Territorial property, public and private, was wanting in that *accurate determination*, which secures order and morality in society, by establishing the rights of its members. The people demanded that communications for purposes of commerce should be opened, and that outlets for the products of the agricultural and mechanic arts should be contrived. In order to accomplish these different objects of public interest, the necessity of one fundamental document is immediately recognised,—this is, a *map of the country*; but a map mathematically exact, based upon astronomical and geodesical observations, measures and calculations, on which should be delineated all the features of the country, in the minutest details. The undertaking of these extensive works has been ordered at great expense; the operations, requiring great skill and information,

have been conducted with zeal and fidelity; and within a period of about twenty years, Europe has been gradually covered with a network of triangles, embracing every corner of the land; upon this groundwork, by operations of another order, are delineated the *courses of streams, chains of mountains, outlines of coasts, &c.*; and topography furnished additional means of expressing the *relief* of all these different parts. Maps, thus constructed, afford a basis whereon to fix the extent and rights of territorial possessions, from the boundaries of a nation to those of the smallest farm. Civil engineers find there those grand inequalities of ground, a knowledge of which is necessary for their projects of roads and canals;—military engineers, those by which to determine a system of attack and defence, and the local administrations, the information required to carry on their various labors of public service.

UPON THE SEA:—The analogy existing with the land is perfect. The celebrated expeditions which had so honorably illustrated the close of the eighteenth century, had been able to execute their labors only on a scale of exactness commensurate with the state of the sciences at that period. It was known that several of their determinations required verification; that there were doubts to clear up; many discoveries to confirm or complete; that lands had only been visited, not explored; that some of the archipelagos were known only in their mass and not in detail; that every day brought with it through the commercial marine, knowledge of new islands and new isolated reefs, which were but indefinitely determined. It was perceived that everywhere navigation was deficient in good geographical positions, in places of refuge from tempests, and in ports for refitting; that everywhere it was attended with doubt and danger, and that everywhere a great want of nautical information was felt.

Navigation, which had enriched science and the world at large, had the right to expect a return; it had a right to demand the construction of nautical charts, general and particular, of every sea, founded upon the best astronomical and hydrographical observations.

It was these considerations that induced those useful expeditions which have been carried on in our own time, in which the officers appointed to conduct them have been called upon to display at once the qualities of the sailor, the officer, the diplomatist, and the man of science and literature; with whom learned men are glad to associate themselves, to have an opportunity of personally observing the phenomena of natural and physical science, which till this time they had been able to study only in their quiet homes.

England, France and Russia have entered this career, interrupted at intervals, only to await a more favorable opportunity, and to be renewed with ardor. Magnificent works containing the results of these expeditions have been published, and form a rich addition to the library of the scholar; they delight our leisure, enlarge our ideas, and extend the empire of the world. But the more brightly they merit our admiration and gratitude, for the information already to be derived from them, the more sensibly do we feel the want of what yet remains to be accomplished. Civilized nations are eager for new and positive knowledge, because it is becoming indispensable to the development of their education and of their institutions. In this respect, the

career so nobly commenced, will not be fully accomplished, till we see all those nations, whose interests and whose honor are concerned, entering frankly and heartily the lists of honorable emulation.

From the period when the United States so gloriously achieved their independence, their attention has been fully occupied with their civil and political institutions, with the material wants of a growing community and with the means of promoting the development of their population over the vast extent of their possessions. An unprejudiced observer will not consider it then at all surprising, that they have been unable to devote themselves at once to the cultivation of the arts and sciences. But though circumstances have precluded their contributing in this way to the march of civilization, has it not received powerful assistance in other respects quite as essential? It would be unjust to deny it. It was by the American people that *liberty* has been revived and cherished: it is they who have demonstrated to the world its blessings! it is they who have taught, by the force of their example, how rapidly a nation, under the shelter of its ægis, may obtain the highest degree of prosperity, and how securely it may base those institutions which will ever be the dearest to humanity. They are not yet ready for all the refinements of older and more advanced nations, but a spirit of attention is already developing, and the first essay in a new track is now about to be made.

Scarcely was American liberty assured, when the flag of the republic was to be seen waving over every coast of Europe: in the Indies, and on the shores of China; a spirit of speculation and enterprise bore it over the two oceans, and into all the internal seas, rousing a languid commerce, multiplying the exchanges of continent with continent, and nation with nation; and under the auspices of a wise neutrality, becoming the carriers of contending nations.

American commerce, disappointed for a moment in the hopes it had founded upon Asia, as a market for the produce of their soil and industry, undismayed in its weary voyage, goes to seek on its remote north-western coast, a substitute in the furs for which it would be sure to meet with a demand. These articles of exchange, though to the eye within an easy grasp of the American, were not all of them available; the most valuable, those of the wild regions of the western coast, were separated by a barrier hitherto deemed insurmountable; and while nature offered with one hand the tempting prize to the enterprise of the east, she pointed with the other to a weary and circuitous track of more than sixteen thousand miles, that must be traversed to procure it. But this difficulty could not arrest the enterprise of the American. He sets out on his long voyage, twice coasting the continent of the new world—from north to south, and from south again to north, and penetrates the high latitudes of the western coast of his country, to seek there a medium wherewith to open a lucrative commerce with the empire of China. Upon his route, he harpoons the whale upon the coasts of Brazil, pursues it into the frozen regions of the Antarctic seas, and amidst the numberless shoals and reefs of the archipelagos of the Pacific ocean up to the most remote regions of the north where his prey takes refuge.

Whilst the hardy mariner of New England is thus

opening to his country the commerce of the seas, the pioneers of Virginia and Pennsylvania traverse the Alleghanies at all points, explore the valley of the west and pitch their tents upon the borders of the Mississippi. By their efforts in settling the country, and industry in developing its resources, they lay the foundation of an interior commerce through the unknown nations inhabiting the forests beyond the mighty river of the west.

Government has also lent its aid to this energetic and extraordinary spirit of enterprise, which is displaying itself upon every point of the national territory. Lewis and Clarke accomplish their memorable journey from the Mississippi across the immense prairies watered by the Missouri, over the Rocky mountains, to the Pacific ocean. Major Pike and Major Long, in their successive expeditions, extend our knowledge of the far west, and commence its physical geography; and the adventurous trader, following now the tracks of these celebrated travellers, arrives at Santa Fe, California, or the mouth of the Columbia, and there meets the whaling captain of the eastern merchant, who has despatched them both.

From this time, the ardent commercial enterprise of the Americans has been more and more displayed upon sea and land; seconded by a spirit of association, the advantages of which are so well appreciated, every channel of abundance and prosperity has been opened; public wealth has been considerably augmented; the population has quintupled, the mercantile marine is inferior now only to one, and the United States have assumed a rank among the first nations in the world.

The people of the United States, after having strengthened their institutions and secured forever their nationality, could not fail to turn their attention to those great public improvements which characterize the civilization of the nineteenth century. And have they not acquired a right to some portion of national pride, when they contemplate what has been projected, and in part already executed, in their own country, of this character; when they see distinguished foreigners cross the ocean to examine and admire the vast system of internal communication and facilities of transport, which is extending with every day, new ramifications over new territories, where a new population is growing up?

Experience is showing every day, that the Atlantic coast is but very imperfectly known, and that this want of knowledge is becoming more and more destructive to life and to property, in proportion as the relations between the two worlds become more intimate. There is but one remedy—to make a *survey of the coast*.

The necessity of such a measure is obvious, from its importance to the security of commerce and navigation, and the influence it will exert over the choice of a good system of defence for the maritime frontier; society will also reap the benefit of the instruction that will be received from it by men of talents, when they leave the high theoretical and practical school that this great measure must of necessity create.

The survey has been ordered, and for some years has been conducted upon a plan which leaves nothing to be desired, when compared with the most perfect works of the kind that have yet been executed. The liberality of the means is commensurate with the mag-

nitude of the undertaking, and when finished, it will constitute one of the noblest monuments of public utility that science can raise to the glory of a nation.

We are now brought to an epoch, when interests not less considerable, and our national honor, make it a duty to take a direct and active part in the advancement of the geography and navigation of those remote seas hitherto so little known.

The increase of our commerce is such that not less than two to three hundred whaling vessels belonging to our countrymen, with from nine to twelve thousand men, are in the habit of frequenting the Pacific ocean, engaged in pursuits, the profits of which are so much the greater, as in most instances not dependent on a mere exchange of commodities, they are drawn by labor from the bottom of the deep. But these operations are difficult and hazardous, and the lives of the sailors are always in peril. We navigate the whole ocean—but we draw almost all our knowledge of it from the contributions of others. This state of things cannot fail to excite the solicitude of an enlightened people, who wish to fulfil their high destinies.

It has been determined, that a scientific expedition should be despatched to explore the South seas and Pacific ocean. Its primary object, is the promotion of the great interests of commerce, and the advancement of navigation and geography. Promotion of natural sciences is considered an object of great, but secondary importance.

The inquiries relative to these two objects naturally divide themselves into two distinct classes. The first class comprehends all researches referring to nautical art, to hydrography, to geography, to terrestrial magnetism, and to meteorology. These researches are the exclusive province of the officers of the navy, who sail in the expedition. The second class comprehends all the researches relative to the different branches of the natural history of the earth, to the history of the native tribes, to philology, &c. These researches are entrusted particularly to the scientific corps, which is to make part of the expedition, chosen from individuals not of the navy, each one of whom will have special charge of the department under which he is nominated.

August 7, 1833.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

SIR: At a time when the recent death of that extraordinary man Talleyrand, attracts so much attention to his character, I have thought that a translation of the discourse which he delivered at the French Academy, a few months before his decease, might not be altogether unacceptable to your readers. It is in itself a remarkable circumstance, that this veteran statesman and courtier, loaded with years, riches and honors, should at an age so advanced, present himself at the literary tribune. The purpose too was an amiable one, for it was to bear testimony, which he alone could render, to the merits of a man of humble birth, of different religion, and of position and functions, often, comparatively obscure.

But what gives the greatest interest to this production is, that it contains the diplomatic creed of perhaps the greatest negotiator of ancient or modern times. It is gratifying to observe, that he repels with something like indignation, the prevalent notion that deception and duplicity are indispensable to the diplomatist. He proclaims *good faith*, not only to be a duty but a necessary one, in negotiating, as the sole foundation in fact of confidence, but accompanied by discretion and reserve. Dr. Franklin could not have expressed a more true or republican sentiment. In hazarding the opinion that theologians make the best diplomatists, Talleyrand pays an indirect compliment to himself, as he is perhaps the most remarkable illustration of the proposition, which could be adduced. The remarks of the veteran statesman upon the obligation of duty, the religion of duty, as he expressively calls it, are philosophical, sagacious, and well worthy of deep consideration. But I did not set out with the intention of analyzing this remarkable discourse. It is distinguished by an elegant, yet severe simplicity of style, characteristic of the best age of French literature. Clear, yet forcible; pointed, yet flowing; it has none of the *faux brillant* of the present school. It was listened to with admiration, by an audience composed of all the rank, wit and intelligence of the French metropolis. I have preserved its phraseology, as much as is consistent with the English idiom.

Before I close, I cannot resist the temptation of relating an anecdote which I have never seen in print. It is strikingly illustrative of the perfect self-control of Talleyrand; his *impassibility*, as the French term it. I think it was in 1827, while attending in his capacity of Grand Chamberlain, the anniversary commemoration of the death of Louis XVI, in the cathedral of St. Denis, as he was leaving the door, he was struck to the earth by a certain *de Maubreuil*, and remained some time insensible, stunned either by the force of the blow or of the fall. This *de Maubreuil* asserted, that he had been employed by Talleyrand, after the fall of Napoleon, to attack or assassinate some of the members of the Bonaparte family, in order to recover the crown jewels. He did not succeed in his mission, and when he applied for his reward, as he asserted, Talleyrand refused to recognize him, and ever after persisted in disavowing him. Spurred to frenzy by this alleged neglect, he could find no other means of revenging himself, than by this public outrage. The story of *de Maubreuil* who was looked upon as deranged, obtained but little credence. I happened during a residence of several years in Paris, to be well acquainted with the Baroness de Bourgoing, widow of a distinguished ambassador, who wrote a very good work on Spain, and mother-in-law of Marshal Macdonald, a woman of superior intelligence and manners, who was then "*Surintendante*, of the royal establishment of the Legion of Honor at St. Denis." Her house was the resort of the best company, and I recollect, among others, to have spent a morning there with Madame Recamier, so famous in the annals of beauty and fashion. No longer young, she was still unusually attractive in face and person, and of exceedingly modest and interesting manners. She was really what the French call *de beaux restes*. This by way of episode. To return to my story; a son of Madame de Bourgoing told me, that the Prince, after the outrage, was brought into his mother's apartment, and that as soon as he re-

covered, he ordered himself to be driven to Paris, which is five or six miles from St. Denis. Young de Bourgoing and another gentleman accompanied him, but although he spoke with usual animation upon the ordinary topics, he never once alluded to the occurrence which a few minutes before, had nearly deprived him of life. This proceeded from his habitual caution. He would not trust himself to speak of the event, at such a moment. It was the reserve of the diplomatist. Speaking, in his discourse, of the qualities appropriate to a Minister of Foreign Affairs, he ends by saying "in short, he should not cease, one moment in the twenty-four hours, to be Minister of Foreign Affairs."

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. L. M.

Washington, 27th July, 1838.

COUNT REINHART.

A Discourse pronounced by M. de Talleyrand at the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of Paris, on the 3d March, 1838.

Gentlemen: I was in America when you were good enough to elect me a member of the Institute, and to attach me to the class of moral and political sciences, to which, since its origin, I have the honor to belong.

Upon my return to France, my first care was to attend its sittings, and to express to the persons who then composed it, many of whom have bequeathed us just regrets, the pleasure which I felt at being one of their colleagues. At the first sitting at which I was present, I had the honor of being appointed secretary. The minutes, which for the space of six months, it was my duty to record, with all the care of which I was capable, exhibited perhaps, in too great a degree, the indications of my diffidence; for I was called upon to describe a work with which I was by no means familiar. This work, which had doubtless cost one of our most learned colleagues, much time and labor, was entitled: "A Dissertation upon Ripary laws." About the same time, I also read, at our public meetings, several papers, which, thanks to the indulgence accorded to me, were inserted in the memoirs of the Institute. Since that period forty years have elapsed, during which time, this Tribune has been in a manner interdicted to me, first, by frequent absence; then, by occupations to which duty compelled me to devote myself entirely; I should add also, by the discretion which difficult times exact of a public man; and at last, by the infirmities which age generally brings with it, or, which it never fails, at least, to aggravate.

But to-day, I feel it a desire and a duty, to present myself here, for the last time, that the memory of a man known to all Europe, of a man whom I loved, and who, from the formation of the Institute was our colleague, might receive a public testimony of our esteem and regret. His position and mine, enable me to proclaim, at least partially, his merits. His chief, I will not say his only title to renown, consists in a correspondence, of forty years, necessarily unknown to the public, and which, probably, it will never see. "Who, I said to myself, will speak of it, within this precinct, if it be not I, who received the greater part of it, to whom it was always so entertaining, and sometimes so useful in the ministerial duties which I fulfilled under three reigns. . . . so different?"

Count Reinhart, when I saw him for the first time was thirty, and I, thirty-seven years of age. He entered public life with a large fund of acquired knowledge. He knew five or six languages, and was familiar with their various literature. He might have rendered himself celebrated, as a poet, as a historian, or as a geographer; and it was in this last capacity that he became a member of the Institute at its creation.

At this epoch, he was already a member of the Academy of Sciences of Gottingen. Born and educated in Germany, he had published in his youth, some poetical efforts, which had honored him with the notice of Gessner, of Wieland, and of Schiller. At a later period, obliged by the state of his health to have recourse to the waters of Carlsbad, he had the good fortune, to meet frequently with the celebrated Goethe, who appreciated his taste and his acquisitions, so well as to desire to be kept informed by him of every thing which produced any sensation in French literature. M. Reinhart promised to oblige him: engagements of this kind between men of a superior order, are always reciprocal, and soon become bonds of friendship; those which were formed between M. Reinhart and Goethe, gave rise to a correspondence, which is about to be printed in Germany.

It will be learned from thence, that having arrived at that time of life, when it becomes necessary to decide upon a profession, M. Reinhart reflected deeply upon himself, upon his tastes, his position and that of his family, before coming to a determination; and then, what was remarkable at such a time, to a career which might have made him independent, he preferred one in which it was not possible to be so. He gave the preference to the diplomatic career, and he did well; adapted to all the employments of this profession, he filled them all successively, and all with distinction.

I will hazard the opinion here, that he had been happily prepared for it by his early studies. That of theology, particularly, in which he had distinguished himself at the seminary of Denkendorf, and in that of the Protestant Faculty at Tubingen, had given him a force and at the same time a suppleness of logic, which is to be observed in all the productions of his pen. To escape the apprehension of yielding to an idea which might seem paradoxical, I feel myself obliged to recall here, the names of several of our great negotiators, all theologians, and all distinguished in history for having conducted the most important political affairs of their time; the cardinal chancellor Duprat, equally versed in the civil and canon law, who settled with Leo X the basis of the *Concordat*, of which several dispositions are still in force: cardinal d'Ossat, who in spite of the efforts of several great powers, succeeded in reconciling Henry IV to the court of Rome, the collection of whose letters is still prescribed to young men destined to public business: cardinal de Polignac, theologian, poet and negotiator, who, after so many disastrous wars, was enabled, by the treaty of Utrecht, to preserve to France, the conquests of Louis XIV. It was also in the midst of theological books, that his father, then bishop of Gap, commenced the education of M. de Lyonne, whose name has acquired a new lustre by a recent and important publication.

The names which I have just cited, appear to me sufficient to sustain the influence which, in my opinion,

was exerted upon M. Reinhart by the early studies to which he had been directed by paternal care.

The various and solid knowledge, which he had acquired, caused him to be called to Bordeaux, to fulfil the honorable and modest duties of preceptor in a Protestant family of that city.

There, he naturally found himself in relation with several of the men, whose talents, errors and death, threw so much *éclat* upon our first legislative assembly. M. Reinhart, was easily persuaded by them to attach himself to the service of France.

I will not constrain myself to follow him step by step, through the vicissitudes which marked his long career. In the numerous employments confided to him, of an order sometimes superior, sometimes inferior, there seems to be an incongruity, an absence of catenation, which is difficult to conceive, at present. But at that period as little prejudice was attached to places, as to persons. In other times, favor, sometimes discernment, called men to eminent stations. At the period of which I speak, every position was conquered. Such a state of things soon leads to confusion.

Thus we see M. Reinhart, first Secretary of Legation at London—occupying the same place at Naples—Minister Plenipotentiary near the Hanseatic towns, Hamburg, Bremen and Lubec—Head of the third division in the department of foreign affairs—Minister Plenipotentiary at Florence—Minister of Foreign Relations—Minister Plenipotentiary in Helvetia—Consul General at Milan—Minister Plenipotentiary near the circle of Lower Saxony—Resident in the Turkish provinces beyond the Danube, and commissary general of commercial relations in Moldavia—Minister Plenipotentiary near the king of Wirtemberg—Director of the Chancellery of the department of foreign affairs—Minister Plenipotentiary near the Germanic Diet, and of the free city of Frankfort,—and last of all, Minister Plenipotentiary at Dresden.

How many places, how many duties, how many interests, confided to one man, and that at an epoch, when talents seemed to be the less appreciated, as war appeared to take charge of every thing!

You will not expect it of me, gentlemen, to recount in detail and in order of date, all the labors of M. Reinhart in the different employments, which you have just heard enumerated. This would require a book.

I am to speak to you only of the manner in which he comprehended the functions which he had to fulfil, whether as a head of division, minister or consul.

Although M. Reinhart had not then the advantage, which he enjoyed some years later, of studying excellent models, he already knew, how many and how diverse qualities, should distinguish a head of division in the department of foreign affairs. A delicate tact had taught him that his habits should be simple, regular, retired; that, a stranger to the turmoil of the world, he should live for business alone, and vow to it an impenetrable secrecy; that, ever ready to give information on men and things, he should always have present in his memory, the whole series of treaties; know historically their dates; discern with accuracy their strong and feeble points, their antecedents and their consequences; recollect in fine the names of the principal negotiators, and even their family relations; yet that while employing this knowledge, he should take care not to alarm the pride of the

ministry, and that even while leading it to his opinion, his success must remain in the shade; for he knew, that he ought to shine with a reflected light alone; but he knew likewise, that no small share of consideration is naturally attached to so pure and modest a life.

The spirit of observation of M. Reinhart did not stop there; it had led him to discover how rare is the combination of qualities necessary to a minister of foreign affairs. A minister of foreign affairs should be endowed with a sort of instinct, which giving him prompt notice, prevents him, before discussion, from ever compromising himself. He requires the faculty of appearing open while he is impenetrable; of being reserved with an air of carelessness; of being politic even in the choice of his recreations: his conversation must be simple, various, unexpected, always natural and sometimes ingenuous; in a word, he should never cease, for one moment in the twenty-four hours, to be minister of foreign affairs.

Nevertheless, all these qualities, rare as they are, might not suffice, if good faith did not furnish them with a guarantee of which they almost always stand in need. No, I must pronounce it here, in order to destroy a prejudice which generally prevails, diplomacy is not a science of cunning and duplicity. If good faith is ever necessary, it is chiefly so in public transactions, for it is this which renders them solid and durable. Reserve has been confounded with deception. Good faith never authorises deception, but it permits reserve, and reserve has this peculiarity, that it augments confidence.

Governed by the honor and interest of his country, by the honor and interest of his prince, by the love of liberty founded upon order and upon the rights of all, a minister of foreign affairs, if he understands his position, is thus placed in the noblest situation to which an elevated mind can aspire.

After having been a skilful minister, how many things must yet be known to be a good consul! for the duties of a consul are infinitely various; they are of a character totally different from those of the other functionaries of foreign affairs. They demand much practical knowledge for which a particular education is necessary. Consuls are in a situation to be called upon to exercise towards their countrymen, to the extent of their jurisdiction, the functions of judges, arbitrators and mediators; they are often civil officers; they perform the task of notaries, often that of naval administrators; they determine questions of sanitary regulation; it is they who, by their stated communications, can give a just and complete account of the state of commerce, navigation and manufactures of the countries in which they reside. Accordingly M. Reinhart, who neglected nothing in order to assure himself of the accuracy of the information, which he was able to communicate to his government, and the justice of the decisions he was called upon to make, as a political or consular agent, or as naval administrator, had made a profound study of national and maritime law. This study had led him to the belief, that a time would come, when by contrivances skilfully prepared, a general system of commerce and navigation might be established, in which the interests of all nations should be respected, and with such a basis, that war could not alter the principle, even though it should suspend some of its consequences. He was also skilled to resolve with certainty and prompti-

tude all questions of exchange, of arbitration, of the conversion of currency, weights and measures, and all this without a single remonstrance ever having been addressed, against the information which he gave, or the decisions which he pronounced. It is true, indeed, that the personal consideration which accompanied him throughout his career, gave weight to his intervention in the transactions referred to his examination or arbitration.

But extensive as the knowledge of a man may be, however large his capacity, a perfect diplomatist is rare; yet M. Reinhart would perhaps have been one, had he possessed one more faculty: he saw and comprehended clearly; pen in hand, he described admirably what he had seen or heard. His style was copious, easy, lively and pointed; hence of all the diplomatic correspondence, there was none to which the Emperor Napoleon, who was necessarily and by right difficult to please, did not prefer that of Count Reinhart. But this same man who wrote admirably, expressed himself with difficulty. To develop itself, his mind required more time than could be obtained in conversation. In order that his internal language might readily reproduce itself, it was necessary that he should be alone and unaccompanied.

In spite of this real inconvenience, M. Reinhart succeeded always, in doing and doing well too, every thing with which he was charged. Where then did he find the means of success? Whence came his inspirations?

He derived them, gentlemen, from a true and profound sentiment which governed all his actions—from the sentiment of duty. The efficacy of this sentiment is not sufficiently understood. A life devoted entirely to duty, is very easily disengaged from ambition. The life of M. Reinhart, was one devoted entirely to the duties which he had to perform, without ever exhibiting a trace of personal calculation, or of pretension to precipitate advancement.

This religion of duty, to which M. Reinhart was faithful all his life, consisted in an exact submission to the instructions and orders of his principals; in an unceasing vigilance which, united to great perspicacity, never left them in ignorance of what it was requisite they should know; in a scrupulous veracity in all his communications, were they pleasant or disagreeable; in an impenetrable discretion; in a regularity of life which invoked confidence and esteem; in a decorous bearing; in fine, in a constant attention to give to the acts of his government that color and those explanations which were called for by the intent of the affairs in which he participated.

Although age had indicated to M. Reinhart the time for repose, he would never have asked to retire, such was his fear of exhibiting a lukewarmness to serve in a career which had been that of his whole life. It was necessary, that the royal beneficence, always so attentive, should anticipate him, by giving to this great servant of France, the most honorable station, in calling him to the Chamber of Peers.

Count Reinhart did not enjoy this honor sufficiently long; he died, almost suddenly, on the twenty-fifth of December, 1837.

M. Reinhart was twice married. He left a son by his first marriage, who has entered upon political life. The best wish that can be made for the son of such a father, is, that he may resemble him.

THE BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY ELORA.

Around a cottage-door
Bright honey-suckles twined,
And roses, of the richest bloom,
Were lavish of their sweet perfume,
To charm the evening wind.
Not yet the sun had left the sky,
Though the pale moon was rising high.

Soft fell the purple light
On flower and guardian tree;
It wandered o'er the moss-grown eaves,
And played among the dancing leaves,
Like a spirit—silently;
At last it found a resting place
Upon a pale and quiet face.

Alas, for earthly joy!
Death had been busy there;—
And yet so lightly did he pass,
He had not bent one blade of grass,
Or stirred the summer air.
But ah, too surely aimed his dart
Against one true and loving heart!

Smooth o'er the marble brow
Reposed the glossy hair,
While here and there a tress of gray,
Amid its jet, like silver ray,
Tokened of grief and care.
But on the lips there lingered yet
The seal which parting love had set!

No sound shall wake her more
Whether of joy or woe:
All vainly doth her loved one weep,
She heeds not in her dreamless sleep,
Whose tears of sorrow flow.
Ah happy, that she doth not see
Her daughter's hopeless agony.

Woe, for that weeping girl!
Hers is a mournful lot.
For though her eyes like violets bright,
Are beauteous in the starry light,
Like them, she seeth not.
Hark! while her tears of anguish flow,
She speaks in broken music low.

"Oh, God! It cannot be—
I could bear all but this!
I have not murmured that these eyes
Looked not upon the glorious skies,
Thy home of light and bliss.
I asked no more to make me blest
Than in my mother's arms to rest.

"Her voice was always soft—
I never knew it chide;
And often when I'd hear them tell
The color of some floweret's bell,
I felt a tender pride,
In thinking it was like a word
Of music, from my mother heard.

"I loved to kiss her brow—
 Her lip, her cheek, her hand ;—
 To twine my fingers in her hair,
 Far-floating o'er her shoulders bare,
 Loosed at my gay command.
 And I was happy, till there came
 The blight of sickness o'er her frame !

"Then burst the tempest forth !
 Her voice grew faint and low—
 Each day I felt she was more weak—
 Until at last she could not speak,
 Or I her wishes know.
 Vainly I bent my eager ear—
 She tried to tell—I could not hear !

"Her friends came kindly in,
 They tended her with care ;
 They answered to her asking eye
 With ever-ready sympathy
 Whilst I sat idle there.
 Yes, I, who loved her more than all,
 Sat useless by the cottage wall.

"But when at last they told
 My mother soon must die,
 When I stood breathless by the bed,
 And some one came to me, and said,
 For the last time her eye,
 Loving and as an angel mild,
 Was gazing on her darling child ;

"Maddened and sick at heart,
 I strained my sightless eyes ;
 But all was dark—no blessed ray
 To show me where my mother lay
 Fell from the pitying skies.
 I could not mark each change that came
 In warning o'er her gentle frame.

"I thought my heart would break,
 Knowing she looked on me—
 That o'er each feature of my face
 She lingered with a dying gaze—
 A gaze I might not see !
 Silent I stood—as turned to stone—
 Waiting to hear her parting groan.

"I felt her hand grow cold—
 It tightened in its grasp ;—
 My tears were frozen in my heart,
 Until at length they tried to part
 Her fingers from their clasp.
 Then with a storm of anguish vain,
 They gushing fell like summer rain.

"Who now will lead my feet
 Where whispering waters glide ?
 Or sit with me beneath the trees,
 Sweet converse holding with the breeze,
 That roams the forest wide ?
 Or rest, amid the odorous bowers,
 To hear the murmurs of the flowers ?

"Mother ! we will not part—
 Death cannot long divide.
 But in a far-off world of light,

Where God shall gift thy child with sight
 We'll wander side by side.
 Joyful I spring to thy embrace
 Seeing at last thy blessed face !"

She paused—her eager ear
 Had caught the warning sound
 Of voices and approaching feet—
 She waited not their steps to greet,
 But with a sudden bound
 Towards the bier, one cry she gave,
 And died with her she could not save !
 Philadelphia, 1838.

MISS SEDGWICK.

To Mr. T. W. WHITE,

Editor of Southern Literary Messenger.

My Dear Sir:—Being at present much occupied with domestic duties, and never in the habit of writing for more dignified periodicals than souvenirs, and having nothing better to send you than the following passages, I should have foreborne, but that I wished to express to you my desire to comply with your request, and my very grateful sense of your repeated attentions in sending your valuable Journal to me, and that during this hot season I imagine quantity may sometimes be desirable to you (as filling up) independent of quality.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Very respectfully and gratefully, yours,

C. M. SEDGWICK.

Stockbridge, Mass. July 20, 1838.

PASSAGES

FROM A JOURNAL AT ROCKAWAY.

If there is any time at which the love of nature is felt to be an universal passion—a love to which all other loves should be sacrificed—it is at the coming on of Spring, when Nature is to our senses a manifestation of the Creator—a realization of that belief of ancient philosophy, that in nature the Almighty Spirit lived and moved and had it's being. Even the poor pent-up denizen of the city, cabined, cribbed, confined as he is, at this season, when nature visibly begins her beautiful processes—makes some demonstrations that the love of her is not dead within him : the trees he has planted, (God's witnesses amidst brick walls) the birds (albeit stolen from their natural habitations in the green wood) in their cages, and the carefully tended plants at the open windows are signs of this love.

Those who have passed their childhood where Nature's choicest temples are fixed—who may be said, in some humble sort, to have served at her altars, are most impatient at the actual discomforts as well as privations of a summer city life. I do not know that I ever experienced a more delightful sensation than that produced a few days since by a change from New York to Rockaway—from frying in the city, to the life-giving breezes of this magnificent sea-shore. Perhaps neither heat nor cold should be positive evils to those in tolerable health ; but who is stoical enough to be independent of them ? No topic, not morals, politics, nor even religion, is, from the beginning to the end of life, so

often and so thoroughly discussed as the weather. It is the breath of life to old and young, to rich and poor, and when it comes, so fiercely hot as during the last week, we suffer—and suffering there are few that do not complain. Besides, is it not a positive evil during the month of June, when the summer is in the freshness and beauty of her youth, the only month that in our northern region shadows forth a poet's spring, is it not an evil to be imprisoned in a city, to have your senses deprived of the nutriment prepared by Heaven to restore them to their natural ministry to the mind; for, do not the odors and the music of June (to say nothing of the strawberries!) awaken the duldest imagination?

A week in the city, in June, is then always a loss, but a week like the last, when the mercury, in our coolest apartments, stood at 80°, and in the warmest at a point that would not have seemed enviable to the wretches in the hottest circle of Dante's *Inferno*: after such a week's experience in town, the change to Rockaway makes one feel, as Dives might have felt if the gulph had not been impassable that divided him from Lazarus. For the last seven days not a drop of rain had fallen, the air was thick and heavy with impalpable dust, the very leaves on the trees seemed to feel it too hot to move—and the poor little caged birds that had been singing themselves and us into forgetfulness of our exile from Nature, were withdrawn from their airings, and were silently languishing in darkened apartments. We had cast off every garment that could be dispensed with; our flannels were forgotten friends. I was suddenly summoned here to join a very dear invalid friend, and I set off to do the most agreeable thing in the world with the delightful self-complacency resulting from the performance of a duty. The golden cup given to the miser in Parnell's apologue is an illustration of the profuseness, with which Providence throws golden pleasures into the scale of our duties. My companion was a charming school-girl, who enjoyed with a school-girl's relish the unexpected transition from her tasks to our excursion. As we hurried down Broadway to take the four o'clock rail-car at Brooklyn, the heat was intense. In the ferry-boat we felt the life-restoring sea-breeze that came sweeping up the bay; and when the cars began their flight, we were cooled down to the temperate point. At Jamaica, where we were transferred to Mott's waggon and entered on the pretty country road that leads to the beach, the wind was so cool that we wrapped our blanket shawls close around us, and here we have found them sitting with the windows down, and we feel as if we had jumped from a hot bath into a snow-bank.

And here before my window is the "great and wide sea." What an image of eternity it is at this moment shrouded in mist! You hear its mighty voice—you know its reality, and that "therein are things innumerable;" but beyond the line where human feet tread, you see nothing—There where the breakers fall, as upon the borders of human life, is all the din and uproar. Beyond, through that immeasurable distance, all seems repose; and seems so only because it is like eternity, hidden from our vision.

Monday, P. M.—I went alone to walk on the beach. There had been a storm, and the clouds that were wildly scudding over the heavens here and there, broke away,

and the sunbeams poured from the bright world above them and kindled in the east a rainbow that dropped its column of colored light into the ocean. I would commend any one afflicted with self-exaggeration to a solitary walk on a sea-beach. All selfism is lost in an overpowering sentiment of reverence. I had an almost painful feeling of illimitable power, but as I turned from the surf which was breaking magnificently, a sweet breath from the landward clover-fields met me, and filled my eyes with tears and my heart with sensations like those that answer the voices of kindred, or are called forth by the little beam that greets us from the candle in our own home, when we return from a stranger's dwelling.

Monday evening brought me three letters. Where do letters not come except, as Johnson lamented, not to the grave? Chance could hardly throw together the productions of three more remarkable women than my correspondents—the least of them in the world's eye is the greatest, perhaps in the kingdom of heaven. — has many high faculties, some almost preternatural powers that — does not approach; clearer moral perceptions and loftier aspirations no one has. They are not unlike in that quality that, like a pure atmosphere gives vigor and effect to all others—naturalness. Neither has — the varied and enriching experience, the glowing imagination and the almost unlimited acquisitions of Mrs. —; but she has a healthier and therefore a happier spirit. She has the spontaneous richness and goodness that are God's gifts, and as superior to any acquired talents or results of virtuous efforts as sunlight to lamplight, or the gracious showers from the clouds to the pourings from a watering-pot. Her mind seems, without an effort (for you see no fluttering of the wings) to rise to the highest altitude: and, kind and patient, without any apparent stooping, to come down to the least duty. While poor — is beating her golden feathers off against every limit as if limits were prison walls, — is singing on every bough, feathering every nest as well as her own, and feeding every chance bird.

Tuesday.—The gay season for watering-places has not yet come, and beside the untiring and ever-exciting view of the sea, there is little to vary life here; there are drives on the beach, and when the tide is up, round the pretty rural lanes of the interior, past the farm-houses, where you see plenty of pig-nurseries and hen-coops, where generations are preparing for the all-devouring jaws of the New York market. Then we have those three great daily events of all watering-places, breakfast, dinner and tea, diversified by the liberality of Messrs. Blake & Mead, and the ingenuity of French cooks. And we have arrivals and departures. At this moment there is standing before the piazza a carriage built upon the model of an English mail-coach, with four grey horses, their master seated on the box with a friend; the coachman and footman in frock coats, shorts, and white top boots in the dickey, and the lady, her nurses and children, inside. The coach and harness are blazoned with stags' heads and other heraldic devices. Some impertinent whispers asking from which side of the house these anti-republican emblems are derived, are suppressed from respect to the unpretending lady, who, with her pretty children, the picture of an American matron, is courteously smiling

and bowing her adieux. The sarcasm is changed to a regret at the bad taste of appropriating unmeaning emblems.

Wednesday morning.—Would that some one who had Charles Lamb's art of putting *les petits morales* in picturesque lights, would write an essay upon the moralities of a watering-place! Essays have been written demonstrating that the most common extravagance consisted in the thoughtless expenditure of hours and shillings. Is there not a similar waste from carelessness of those lesser moralities, which make up the sum of most people's virtues? There are few (certainly few women,) born to "point a moral or adorn a tale"—few Charlotte Cordays or Elisabeth Frys; but all, by economising small but abundant opportunities of producing, not great good, but agreeable sensations, may add materially to the sum of human happiness. At a watering-place, for example, if a gentleman, instead of casting a doubtful or sarcastic glance at a newly arrived stranger, bestow some trifling courtesy—if it be but a bow or a word of kind greeting, enough to express "we are fellow-beings"—especially if the new comer happen to be not fashionable, not *comme il faut*, and the saluter be so—it will be seen that a sunbeam has fallen across the stranger's path: and who can estimate the value of a sunbeam, a moral sunbeam?

All the world are purveyors of pleasure for the fashionable and beautiful; but there are at all watering-places, unknown, unattractive and solitary beings, who are cheered by a slight courtesy expressing the courtesy of the heart. An invalid may be relieved of weary moments by a patient listener to his complaints: this is perhaps weakness, but never mind; let the weak profit by the strength of the strong, and an easy obedience will be rendered to the great precept, "Bear ye one another's burdens." An old man may be gratified (at small expense,) by the offer of precedence at table, or a privileged seat on a sofa.

I have known ladies, long disused to such courtesies, brightened for half an hour by a courteous picking up of a dropped pocket-handkerchief. There are small sins of commission, as well as of omission, thoughtlessly enacted. For instance, a wretched dyspeptic complained to me this morning that he lost his two hours' sleep (all the fiend allows him,) by reason of one of his neighbors taking a fancy to walk the gallery half the night in creaking boots. And at this moment half a dozen lawless children are shouting and screaming in the gallery adjoining the room of an invalid who is vainly trying to sleep. Are not these violations of the laws of humanity? and should creaking boots be worn by any but the confessed enemies of their race? and is it not enough to make a misanthrope of a Burchell, to have the music of children's footsteps converted into such an annoyance?

Ah when shall we see the principle of brotherhood, that informs the great operations of philanthropists, brought to bear upon the common charities of life—upon the social relations in these summer resorts, where people "most do congregate?"—How it would annihilate distances between man and man, bring down the loftiness of the lofty, and exalt the depressed!—How it would kindle up the evening horizon of the aged, and disperse the mists from the dawn of the young!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

COMMENCEMENT ANNIVERSARY. GEORGETOWN COLLEGE. THE DINNER, &c.

My dear White:—As the appropriate vehicle of such information, I beg to ask you to devote a page or two of the Southern Literary Messenger to the record of one of the most interesting, intellectual, and social treats it has ever been my good fortune to partake of. I allude to the Annual Commencement of the Georgetown College, which took place on the 24th July, 1839. You and your work were remembered both in the college, and at the festive board, upon that occasion, and in a manner, too, which would have given you much pleasure and pride to hear.

The literary exercises were, in the main, highly respectable to the students who had parts. Where all was so good, it would be invidious, perhaps, to particularise; yet I must say a few words with regard to the performances of the four graduates, and one or two of the undergraduates, who had exercises, for prizes and premiums. Of those who graduated, young Doyle of New York, and Green of Washington, had the first parts. The valedictory of Doyle was very well written, but delivered very badly, on account of the imperfectness with which it had been committed. Another part, by the same young gentleman, in defence of Natural, as compared with Moral Philosophy, as a science, was far more creditable to him, both in matter and manner, and was, as well as the oration of Green, upon Ancient and Modern Republics, a very good specimen of youthful composition and eloquence. The latter was perhaps too strongly imbued with a sectional political feeling,—a fault, which the obvious good sense and judgment of the talented young author will most surely correct, whenever he finds it obtruding upon more practical efforts, hereafter. I would here remark, that it seemed to be the general impression that Green was entitled, all things considered, and so far as those present could judge, to the first honor, instead of Doyle. Young Ford took up the defence of Moral, against the oration of Doyle in favor of Natural Philosophy, as a science, and produced a very creditable essay, in point of composition. The manner of treating it was somewhat common-place, however. Luckett of Maryland produced quite a sensation by his vigorous, spirited, and admirably delivered argument against the senseless practice of duelling, and gave promises thereby, of future distinction, if his life be spared, and his present ambition holds, in the councils of his country. As he has now stepped but a single pace upon the stage, will he pardon an admirer of his talents for suggesting to him one or two hints as to manner? His style is very fine and effective, but he speaks far too rapidly; a fault which was remarked also in the performance of Green, which, beautiful as it was, was yet greatly marred by the extreme indistinctness consequent upon the rapidity with which he spoke. Mr. Luckett must alter his present mode of pronouncing those familiar words in our language, which terminate in *ere*, before he can become a finished speaker. He invariably gave that termination the sound of simple *e* or *oe*; as *stoe* for "store," *befoe* for "before,"—and the like. I cannot forbear to add to this notice an expression of sincere and earnest hope that Mr. Luckett will carry out with him, from the University into the world, the same stern Roman sentiments with regard to the absurd custom of duelling, which he so eloquently and forcefully denounced in this oration.

While on the subject of verbal criticism, I will notice a common mispronunciation of one other of the most familiar words in the language, which struck my ear during the delivery of Green's performance. It is an error into which members of congress, in both chambers, are continually falling, but derives from that fact, no good philological sanction. I allude to the pronunciation of "inalienable" as if spelt *maleenable*, with the emphasis on the third syllable. Walker's Johnson gives the sound of this word thus: *in-ale-ye-nable*; which is certainly not only much easier to articulate, but is also a great deal more euphonical to the ear.

There were several performances from the pen of young Lewis (an undergraduate) of Tennessee, which promise very brightly for the future poetical fame of the precocious author. He seems to have adopted the heroic measure as his *forte*, and gave some very pretty paraphrases of passages in Grecian and Roman history, somewhat in the manner of Pope and Dryden.

But he has originality of genius enough to vary this style of composition; and if he would turn his attention to the lighter and more popular measures, he might make his verse the seed of greener and broader laurels than now deck the brows of many a modern poet.

Cuyler gave us a very good syllabus of American authors, with a clever running sketch of the growth and achievement of American literature. But I am at a loss to perceive the force of that criticism which concedes the palm of preference over all our writers to Mr. N. P. Willis, and places Bryant, Halleck, Percival, Irving, Cooper, and the rest, in a lower niche.

The prizes and premiums were awarded by Archbishop Eccleston of Baltimore, with much imposing ceremony, and the parts assigned to the recipients were all very creditably performed. There was very fine music by a well-conducted band interspersed among the exercises, and, at about noon, the large audience separated with great apparent satisfaction with the treat they had been enjoying.

After taking a view of the fine prospects which are to be seen from every point of view about the college, and having examined the well-ordered arrangements for the comfort, convenience, health and happiness of the students, I had the honor of sitting down, with other invited guests, at one of the most sumptuous and social banquets it was ever my happiness to partake of. The venerable Archbishop of Baltimore presided, with much dignity and urbanity, over the festive board, around which were seated citizens from every part of the District, with several from different states in the Union, without distinction of religious sect. It was truly delightful to witness the proofs of attachment and devotedness to the prosperity of their *Alma Mater* evinced by several of the Alumni, who were present,—while the invited guests, generally, with that liberality which is the sure promoter of socialness and good-feeling, were by no means backward in bearing their parts in the festivity of the occasion.

The first sentiment, after the cloth was removed, was given by the Rev. Mr. Mulledy, late principal of the college. Promising that it was a custom of the Institution to give a parting dinner to the graduates, annually, he said that he was reminded of the origin of the word "graduate,"—which came from *Gradier, gradi, gressus,—to walk*. His sentiment should be, May our graduates "walk" as they have been taught.

To which Mr. Doyle happily replied; expressing the hope, that the graduating class of that day might realize the wish of the reverend ex-president, by emulating the example, as well as remembering the teachings, of their instructors.

Mr. Lynch of Maryland was next toasted, in appropriate and flattering terms, as one of the Alumni of the Institution, who had, by his recent contributions to the Southern Literary Messenger, reflected great credit upon his *Alma Mater*. Among other happy things said in this connection was that from one of the faculty, in allusion to the article in the July number of the Messenger, upon the 'Influence of Romance upon Morals;' "*Lynch-law* to immoral writers!" This sally was received with much applause; but nothing would draw out the subject of it: his modesty was found to be indomitable, and nothing was heard from Mr. Lynch. *Sed pennâ loquitur*.

Mr. George Washington Park Custis, of Arlington, being complimented by the president of the day, as a steady friend of the Institution, and an ever-welcome guest at its festive board, entertained the company with a very interesting anecdote of General Washington and an Indian prophet, who, in the old war, had eloquently foretold the future greatness of *Pater Patriæ*. This was followed by the sentiment, "The Oratory of Nature: the only true Eloquence."

Mr. Mulledy here volunteered to bring in a proof of the correctness of this sentiment of Mr. Custis; and, having retired for a moment, soon returned with a very good "counterfeit presentment" of an Indian chieftain,

"All painted and plumed in his savage array,"—

and smoking the long pipe of peace. This character was sustained with great effect by a distinguished sculptor of the District, who has lately been making it his study for professional purposes. He [Mr. Petrich] delivered a very clever defence of the fine arts, and sculpture particularly, in the characteristic style of the red man, (a gentleman present acting as interpreter;) and maintained that the arts were the objects of admiration and delight to the sons of the forest, as well as to the

white man. This was a very pretty episode, and went off with much *acclat*.

Wm. B. Lewis, Esq., being called on for a toast, gave the health of the Archbishop of Baltimore, the President of the Day,—who happily replied,—and offered a sentiment in honor of the Order who had founded and reared the Institution, in whose halls the company were partaking of the pleasures of cordial hospitality. To this the Ex-Rector of the College responded appropriately, and gave the health of

William Joseph Walter, Esq., of England—one of the guests present, a literary friend and brother; who, in his turn, gave "The sons of St. Ignatius; the great promoters of enlightened education, and the firm upholders of truly liberal opinions, throughout the world."

Alexander Dimitry, Esq. of Washington,—late of Louisiana, and a distinguished Alumnus of the College,—being alluded to in a highly complimentary toast, proposed the health of "James F. Otis, Esq. : whose contributions to the Southern Messenger have rendered good service to the advancement of that literature, of which that periodical is the able organ." To this toast Mr. Otis briefly responded, and closed with the following sentiment:

"*Georgetown College*. In these classic shades may many an American scholar yet find his Academe, many a future poet his Castaly, and many a statesman his Egeria."

Mr. Hoban of Washington, one of the Alumni, having been complimented in a toast, by one of the graduates of the day, addressed the table with fine effect for a few moments; during which, in a strain of eloquence which reminded me of what I had heard of the style of Curran, Phillips and Shiel, he dwelt upon the variety of professions for which, in after life, the students of that Institution were fitted by the course of study there pursued. It was a beautiful tribute to his *Alma Mater*, and I regret that I was unable to jot down some notes, as he spoke, from which to present your readers with a better idea of the whole thing.

Mr. Haxton of Washington, being called on for a sentiment, indulged the company with a fine specimen of *badinage*, intended, obviously, as a humorous burlesque of the common style of addressing public assemblies. It was a piece of mock-heroic eloquence, which convulsed the audience with laughter, as well by the cleverness of the conception, as by the irresistible drollery with which it was delivered. It closed, characteristically, with a toast to "The memory of ——— *Julius Cæsar*!" This was a bit of fun worthy of "Box" himself.

The *Marine Band of Washington*, (who were in attendance during and after dinner,) were appropriately toasted by one of the Vice Presidents of the table, as "an annual source of pleasure to the residents and visitors of Georgetown College." Whereupon the band played a brilliant overture, which was rapturously applauded.

Rev. Mr. Ryder of Philadelphia, an Alumnus, was called on by a complimentary sentiment, offered to him, as an ex-president of one of the literary associations of the college, by one of the present members. His response was brief and appropriate, and closed with an allusion to Mr. Otis of New England, one of the guests: to which the latter responded, and took the occasion, as a native of Massachusetts, to pay a well-deserved tribute to the memory of the late Cardinal Cheverus; whose ministrations at Boston had won for him the universal respect and affection of the whole of that enlightened community, without any sectarian exceptions. This allusion was received with much satisfaction, and was feelingly acknowledged by the venerable president of the day, the Archbishop of the diocese.

Several other sentiments were offered, some songs were sung, and then, the hour being yet early, the table was dissolved,—the whole assembly separating with many a pleasing recollection to be called up hereafter, of a day so socially, intellectually and happily spent.

Yours, my dear White,

FLATTERY.

An elegant writer observes, "The coin that is most current among mankind is Flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed in what we ought to be."

SCIENTIÆ MISCELLANEA.

BY A. D. G.

No. III.

DEFINITIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Plato is said, on a certain occasion, to have defined man to be "a featherless biped." The next day Diogenes, having plucked a chicken, placed it upon the philosopher's desk, with this label—"Plato's man." This mistake arose, not from a want of acuteness on the part of the Grecian philosopher, but from the intrinsic difficulty of his subject. One would be led to believe, from the language of natural history, as well as from that of common society, that there existed in the world of created things well defined lines of distinction, separating between the different genera, classes, &c. But when we come to search a little more closely for these lines, they are nowhere to be found. Even the three great kingdoms of nature, animals, vegetables, and minerals, at their extremities, run so much into each other, that naturalists have puzzled themselves in vain to fix upon the exact boundary of each; some placing a species in one kingdom, which others have placed in another. In distinguishing the more perfect species of one kingdom from those of another, this difficulty does not exist; and I would by no means be understood as saying, that we could not easily point out a difference between a man and a tree, or between a tree and a rock. It is in distinguishing between the more imperfect species only, the extremities of the several kingdoms, that this difficulty is met with.

It would seem, at first thought, to be an easy matter to distinguish an animal from a vegetable. But let us examine this matter a little more minutely. Wherein does this difference consist? What characteristic feature is there which may serve to distinguish between them? One of the first which suggests itself, is the possession of a power of locomotion. Yet many testacea and all zoophytes, (which are universally classed among animals) are found fastened to the rocks near the sea-shore, and spend their whole lives in the self same place where they were born;—whilst the sea-weed moves about continually upon the surface of the ocean, deriving nourishment from its waters.

The ability to move some of their parts by a power inherent in themselves, might seem characteristic of animals. Yet there are some vegetables which possess this power to a very considerable extent; whilst in some animals, it seems to be almost entirely wanting. A good instance of the possession of this power, by a plant, is afforded in the Venus flytrap, (*Dionea muscipula*) a plant indigenous to the Carolinas. Its leaves are jointed and furnished with two rows of strong prickles. The upper surface of the leaf is covered with a sweet liquid, very tempting to flies. But no sooner does an unwary fly attempt to rob it of its treasures, than the two lobes of the leaf instantly rise up, the rows of prickles lock into each other and squeeze the poor captive to death.

The possession of some one or all of the senses, might seem characteristic of animals. Naturalists allow to the oyster only one sense, that of feeling. This

same sense appears to be possessed, to an almost equal extent, by the sensitive plant (*Mimosa sensitiva*.) If you touch the oyster, it gives evidence of the possession of feeling, by closing its shell. Touch the sensitive plant, and immediately its leaves shrink, and, together with the branches, bend down towards the earth, as if in this way to escape further molestation.

This same difficulty meets us in attempting to draw a dividing line between the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. The light flocculent substance which often appears upon the surface of decaying fruit (commonly called mould,) is classed with vegetables;—whilst the substance, precisely similar to it in appearance, which is found upon the walls of damp cellars, is certainly a mineral (nitrate of potassa, or saltpetre.) These difficulties have deterred most modern naturalists from attempting to run the boundary line between the three kingdoms of nature. Linnæus attempted it. His distinction was: "minerals grow; plants grow and live; animals grow, live and think." This distinction would seem at first thought correct enough, yet it will not bear examination; in fact, it only removes the difficulty a step further off, and the inquirer may turn upon his instructor with the questions: "what is it to live? what is it to think?" But even supposing these last mentioned inquiries answered, how many thoughts have ever entered the—I cannot say head of an oyster, for it has none; neither can I say brain, for this is also wanting;—have ever entered the body of an oyster. There is an absurdity in the very form of the question. No one, I suppose, ever attributed thought to an oyster.

This gradual passage into each other, which characterizes the three great kingdoms of nature, is observable also in their subdivisions. The leather-winged bat is a connecting link between beasts and birds; lizzards between beasts and reptiles; reptiles themselves, between beasts and fishes. So in the vegetable kingdom, ferns and mosses, whose seeds are evident, serve as a connecting link between the more perfect plants and the numerous class of fungi, the most imperfect of vegetables. So also in the mineral kingdom. The numerous specimens, which assume a regular form by cleavage, serve to connect those which appear as rude and unshapen masses, with those which are presented to us, possessed of the high polish and all the beautiful regularity of form which characterize the perfect crystal.

An observation of these facts, probably gave rise to the "progressive theory," by which some philosophers have attempted to trace back the descent of man himself, through an indefinite line of ancestry, to simple organic mud. From so humble an original, they have, in imagination, seen him

"Rise each generation one key,
To Adam, who was but a monkey."

At any rate, it is on such observations they have founded some of their most plausible arguments in support of their strange fancy.

No. IV.

DEVELOPMENT OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

There are few pages in the general history of our race, which more strikingly display the powers of the human mind, than those which are devoted to the his-

tory of its achievements in the department of physical science. Moral and religious truth man has received by special revelation;—political knowledge, whilst much of it is the result of experience and observation, yet its great principles have been learned from the pages of inspiration;—physical science is entirely man's own. Who that has made himself acquainted with the wide extended and accurate knowledge of some important subject, which is now in our possession, and has traced it back to its origin in some insignificant and now almost forgotten observation, has noticed with what untiring perseverance the clue thus obtained has been followed; has observed how, at each step, nature has been forced to yield up her choicest secrets, in answer to the well directed inquiry of the philosopher;—who is there that has observed all this, and has not found his conceptions of the powers of the human intellect greatly exalted above that which they were before? The history of no particular branch of natural science presents this subject in a better point of view than that of electricity. The progress of our knowledge respecting this agent, may be fully compared to that of a stream whose fountain head is in some wild, sequestered spot, uninhabited and uninhabitable, but which in its course, receiving its tributaries on the right hand and on the left, swells at length into a mighty river, bearing upon its bosom the commerce of distant nations, and in a thousand ways blessing mankind. The knowledge of electricity possessed by the ancients, appears to have been confined to one solitary fact. They knew that when amber had been rubbed with a warm cloth, it would attract straws, or other light bodies to itself, and having held them in contact for a few moments, would repel them.

When after a long period of ignorance, the attention of mankind was again turned to the study of natural science, and they began to search among the records of antiquity for that which had been known to the old philosophers, this fact was all they found respecting electricity. The question might then have been asked, with much apparent good reason,—why notice so insignificant a fact as this?—of what importance can it be to investigate the nature of so feeble an attraction?—what light can possibly be thrown upon the laws which govern matter, by ascertaining how it is, and why it is, that amber attracts a piece of straw? Notwithstanding the unpromising appearance of electrical science at its first entry into the world, it has received no inconsiderable share of the attention of philosophers; and as the consequence, facts have been developed, surprising alike to the simpleton and the sage. Perhaps no discoveries have exerted a more powerful influence in directing attention to this study, than that of our countryman Franklin, in which he ascertained the identity of lightning and the electric fluid; and that of Sir Humphrey Davy, in which, by means of electricity, he discovered the compound nature of the alkalis. These have given a new impulse to the zeal with which this study has been pursued; and now, that agent which the savage knows only as the lightning flash, and beholds only to tremble before it, we can trace in the performance of a thousand works of mercy;—that attraction which was first made known to philosophers, in the motions of pieces of straw, is found to pervade all nature; “the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters

under the earth,” are full of it. In every department of nature it is found to act a more or less important part. Go to the botanist, and he will tell you, that in the bursting of a seed, and in the growth of a plant, he can trace its agency: go to the natural philosopher, and he will tell you, that in the lightnings of heaven, in the aurora which cheers the long night of polar regions, in the directive power of the magnetic needle, (for even the mystery of the earth's magnetism is at length satisfactorily solved,) he acknowledges its power: go to the geologist, and he will point you to the volcano, as lighted by its magic touch—to the metallic ores, as disposed in continuous veins by its agency: go to the chemist, and he will tell you, that in the course of a few years it has changed entirely his whole science, proving that many substances before considered simple, are in fact compounds, separating their elements and presenting them for examination in a tangible form; that it has pointed out to him one of the simplest and most beautiful systems of classification; and that, so far as he can see, it is likely yet to prove to be that which binds the ultimate particles of matter together,—the very cement of the universe.

It is at once the perfection of human science, and the glory of the human intellect, to be able to determine the manner in which the Creator has put this world together; and man may fearlessly appeal to it, as evidence of the greatness of the powers of the human mind, when those powers are properly developed. But how much superior must be the power of that eternal mind, which could not only determine, but contrive and execute this wondrous plan; could not only discover the same agent in such a vast variety of forms, but could cause it to assume such forms; could fill the world, and even the human body, with the lightning of heaven, and yet keep it under such perfect control, that for centuries man lived, and acted, and thought, and yet never discovered its existence. In intellect, as well as in stature, man may be said to stand

“Mid-way from nothing to infinity.”

When we feel that our intellectual powers are nothing, it is good to look beneath us; when we feel as if they were every thing, it is good to look above us.

MEMOIRS OF DOCTOR WILLIAM CAREY.

This work was published in 1836, but it never fell under the notice of the writer till within a few days past. It is not my purpose to review this production, because a great portion of the review would necessarily be inappropriate to a literary work. The policy of the East India Company—the improvement of agriculture in the British possessions—and the question whether the religious code of the Hindoos should be supplanted by an ecclesiastical establishment from England, are subjects which have been elaborately discussed. For this reason, we have no desire to enter into any speculations of the kind. Allow me further to say, that we are far from undervaluing either the sacred character or the missionary enterprise of the individual who is the subject of these memoirs. But as

essay is prefixed to the work, from the pen of President Wayland, in which justice is done in these respects to this eminent missionary, and with the estimate given by the essayist, we perfectly coincide.

Dr. Carey, it appears, from the views he entertained of himself, from the estimate of Wayland, from the statement of his biographer, and from the concession of all his admirers, was not what we call a man of genius. In the structure of his mind, the imaginative faculty was absent; and without some portion of this faculty the mind must always remain imperfect. By the absence of it, Dr. Carey escaped some sorrows; but lost at the same time many pleasures. His mind, in this respect, bore a resemblance to that of Scott, the commentator, who expresses his gratitude that his Creator had not made him a poet. He is willing to employ, for useful ends, the poetry of others; but not willing to contribute so much as a flower to the stock, in which mental ornament prevails over sheer utility. Imaginative men have acted on more generous principles. They have pursued their own devious thoughts; but have not forgotten at the same time to contribute a vast deal to plain common sense. This might be evinced by mentioning the names of a hundred poets; but Shakespeare is in himself an host. Dr. Carey was a remarkable example of what can be accomplished by industry without inventive powers. If diligence alone could bring to pass the results which this great man achieved, what might not genius accomplish, if combined with equal industry and the same attachment to objects judiciously selected? The talent of acquiring languages, does not imply the power of invention; because, in attending so closely to what has been created, it is natural to lose the desire to create. The accounts which tradition, rather than history, has preserved of the admirable Crichton, amount to an exaggerated fiction. If such a person ever lived, he might have been profound in a few of his attainments; but in many of them he was superficial. We are not acquainted with a more uninteresting writer than Professor Lee of Cambridge; and though skilled in a score of languages, he has not yet learned to compose in his vernacular tongue. The learning of Ross, a native of Scotland, was various as that of Professor Lee; but his premature death has deprived us of the power of estimating his amount of originality. Lord Teignmouth states the number of languages with which Sir William Jones was acquainted, at twenty eight; but we know of nothing that Sir William wrote of which it can be said, this never existed before. He could translate into English the thoughts of Persian and Italian poets; but the question never can be solved, whether he would have executed successfully the epic poem which he meditated writing before his death. The writer is incompetent to judge of his essay on bailments; but the views of that work are conveyed in graceful terms. It is equally true, that a man of small attainments may possess uncommon powers. A peasant once rose in Scotland, who could read and write, and was partially acquainted with arithmetic. This man said of himself, with an eloquence rarely equalled,—“The muse of Scottish poetry found me at the plough, and threw over me her inspiring mantle.” Burns has produced not one, but many things new and original. If they ever rose to the minds of other men, it is certain that they never found

egress upon the glowing vehicle of language. But into that vehicle he placed objects humorous, pathetic, or sublime, at his pleasure. When this untutored peasant appeared in the capital of his country, philosophers wondered and rhetoricians were baffled, because he possessed that by nature, which they could not acquire by art. As he reclined by the hawthorn bush, the vernal season unfolded its successive pages before him; and as he stirred his cottage fire, the leafless winter read to him its lessons. The vale opened its green lap, inviting him to repose; and the mountain was ambitious to cast its chains over such a noble captive. And this was all his education. The same remarks will apply to Goldsmith. He was a native of Lishoy, in Ireland, and in his circumstances scarcely above the condition of the Scottish ploughman. It has been aptly remarked of Goldsmith, that when literature took him, it robbed no other service. He could write, and that was all. Dr. Johnson said of him, “It is astonishing how little the man knows;” but he might have added, what a power does he possess of employing what he knows. The artisan need not care so much about the abundance of his materials, provided he be able to work into valuable fabrics the materials already in his possession. And this statement is pre-eminently true of Goldsmith. Durability is impressed on his works, and this cannot be said with truth of all the works of Johnson: when men are searching for the soft and winning pictures of life, they will be apt to turn towards that canvass which was spread out before the pencil of Oliver Goldsmith. We have drawn our own chair before that canvass more than once, and have gazed on the interesting objects with which it is filled. We have accompanied the solitary traveller as he was passing the Alps, and been cheered by the recreations of the smiling village, and have felt sad when that village went down into total declension. We have sympathised in the trials, and exulted in the prosperity of his Vicar. We have likened his “Animated Nature,” to a kind of folding place for flocks—or a mental park, in which the deer can gracefully recline—or to some meadow, in which the bee can carry on his flowery toils. We have seen Chinese customs diversify the scene, and English monarchs rising successively to view—and classic Greece, in the distance, whose heroes he portrayed, and all the prospect enlivened by rivers more captivating

“Than the lazy Scheld and wandering Po.”

We agree with President Wayland, that this biography of Dr. Carey is defective. The memory of such a man deserved a better monument. There is a painful destitution in the work. We do not allude to a destitution of facts. The locomotiveness of this great missionary is sufficiently well described. But there is no history of his mind. In the life of Dr. Scott this is the capital excellence. It matters but little that the commentator lived at Olney; that he was chaplain to the Lock Hospital in London, or rector of Aston Sandford, Buckinghamshire; but the progress of his mind is what lends interest to the book. We associate our feelings with those of the commentator. We enter into his laborious vigils, and rejoice when he leaves his sheepfold in Lincolnshire, to go forward to that moral and intellectual elevation for which he was designed. Had the Rev. Robert Hall been living at the time that Dr. Carey

died, he would have executed this task on a scale of proper dimensions. But by proper dimensions we do not mean that a bulky volume was necessary for the purpose. We wish the circle of biography to include all that it can legitimately be made to contain. With due deference to the author of *Lalla Rookh*, we think he made a circumference for the life of Lord Byron too vast to be filled up either with instruction or amusement; and five or six hundred letters deposited within it, ought to have found a place among the works, rather than the memoirs of the noble poet. This remark will apply to many lives in modern days, though there are some modern pieces of biography superior to any of which antiquity can boast.

But in beginning this communication, we had a specific object in view, and that was to take out of this memoir a few incidental facts which illustrate the value of literature. We looked then, in reading it, with anxiety, to find the source from whence Dr. Carey derived the first impulse to a missionary life, and happily we have the statement, not from the biographer, but from the subject of the biography. On page twelfth of the memoir, we find the following declaration: "Reading Cooke's *Voyages* was the first thing that engaged my mind to think of missions." We view this as an important literary fact. These *Voyages* may not be a finished production; but few works have ever wrought so powerfully on the human mind. Perhaps De Foe, as a writer, was more popular; but his was the romance of the sea, whilst Cooke gave us nothing but maritime realities. De Foe fixed attention on a solitary man; but Cooke, on masses of men hitherto unknown. Many regarded De Foe's as a puerile performance, and would not look into the deep moral lessons which he taught, whilst no prejudice of the kind existed against Cooke. Even the occupants of farm-houses could follow the track of the navigator, under the conviction that it would lead not to fictitious scenes, but to islands luxuriant in tropical fruits, among which many of our species had found a home. Customs entirely novel, trees laden with unusual fruits and flowers, expanded by the sun, took their place among the colorings of the human imagination. These things appeared marvellous at the time, and realized a declaration since made, that

"Truth is strange—
Stranger than fiction."

These voyages not only influenced many to attempt the perils of the deep; but, by enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, they incited many powerful minds. Sir Joseph Banks, and Solander, a pupil of Linnaeus, accompanied Cooke in one of his voyages. Having taken a record of plants in their native lands, they went in search of other and cognate families. But these voyages affected the complexion of poetry. The poet, tired of objects which he had seen, longed to describe what he had not seen; and we would ask whether Coleridge, Byron and Montgomery have written nothing, the materials of which have been brought from the grottos of the deep, the beaches of the sea, and the islands of the restless ocean. In this way, the book on which we are remarking has become interwoven with polite letters; and we have proved that this book awoke the moral chord which has vibrated throughout

India, and that vibration was a loud and melodious tribute to the genius of literature.

The memoir contains other facts illustrating the value of literature. Dr. Carey's impressions of missionary life, were deepened by his geographical studies. It appears that he taught school in England. He had a facility in acquiring knowledge, but not the talent of imparting it; and hence he succeeded but indifferently with his school. The superficial are always prompt to deal out what they know; but in the most of his attainments, Dr. Carey was profound. It is likely, however, that he was too much bent on the improvement of his own mind, to give an undivided attention to the minds of his pupils. He was constantly engaged in collecting the statistics of geography, and in search of recondite facts—of customs not yet accurately defined, and systems of religion differing from the one received in England. Geography has been called a science; but it ought scarcely to be dignified with such a title. The earth lies so open to investigation, and an acquaintance with it demands so small a portion of abstract talent, that the science is claimed as belonging rather to the general than to the precise operations of the mind. The literary man cannot be indifferent to geographical information, because so many of the materials with which he works are brought from this source. There are many things which the poet uses, with which he may not be scientifically acquainted. There never was a poet who did not admire the stars; but all poets have not been conversant with astronomy. Thus Thompson honored the memory of Sir Isaac Newton in his verse, but sought from others the amount of philosophical information necessary to the execution of his task. But it is recorded in the *Life of Thompson*, that he was inordinately fond of voyages and travels. Such works feed the poetical mind, and some of the most imaginative men have derived advantages from going abroad. This may be said of Homer, Camoens, Milton and Byron. It was by this general study that the taste of Dr. Carey was fostered for missionary life, and no man did more to stop the car of Juggernaut, to abolish suttee, or to rupture the first links in the chain of the caste.

It further appears from the memoir, that Dr. Carey was a botanist. It is not the object of the biographer to represent him in his character as a philosopher, nor is it ours to speak of him in his religious character. But he was always writing back to England for works on plants. He was always wanting the newest publications on this and kindred subjects, and that at a time when he had no home but the pinnacle, the jungle, and the sunderbund. The passion he had formed in England was not the less vigorous, because the person in whom it resided was transferred to India. It is admitted that botany is a science existing from the earliest times, but brought to a high state of improvement by the immortal Swede. This science has been appropriated by literature to its own service. It forms one of the elegant pursuits, and belongs clearly to that region of ideal enchantment over which poets delight to rove. The sun of science has here distributed his rays; but they have been combined into a thousand diamond and planetary points of beauty. Let it not then be forgotten, that in this pursuit, Dr. Carey employed moments of relaxation from the toils which consumed his valuable life. He did not disdain the analysis of a Hindoo

plant, even when he was grappling with all the dialects of Asia. And then it appears that he was anxious to compose a system of Hindoo ornithology. Every branch of natural history engaged his attention; but it is probable that in some branches he was simply an amateur. His translation to India introduced him into a new world. The translation of Wilson to this country, produced the ornithological taste by which he was distinguished. Grahame wrote a poem entitled the "Birds of Scotland," but the genius of Wilson was never awakened in North Britain. Far be it from the writer to insinuate that Dr. Carey was devoted to pursuits of this kind, to the injury or neglect of his appropriate vocation. But the eagle, when poisoning himself in playfulness, may keep his eye on the sun; and this good man kept his wide awake to the central mark at which he aimed. It appears, too, that he engaged in the translation of a sanscrit poem. This employment, however, does not seem to have been congenial to his taste; and this was owing probably to the defectiveness of his imagination. One of his reviewers has remarked, that a mytho-epic poem was scarcely in harmony with missionary employment. Nor was an indigo factory at Malda in unison with the same employment. But he found that he must subsist, or the mission die, and therefore he superintended such a factory. It is probable, then, that the translation of the poem was subsidiary to acquiring a knowledge of the language, and of the religious belief of the Hindoos. Without an acquaintance with the Hindoo religion, how could he possibly subvert it; and without perfecting himself in the language, how could he have compiled the grammars and dictionaries of which he was the author. But the value of literature is pre-eminently seen in the contrast between where literature found him, and the unparalleled usefulness to which he was elevated by its power. It may be said that his piety accomplished much in his behalf; but the object of piety is to confer moral rather than intellectual worth. When he lost sight of England, he left in it many a miner, hedger and toll-gatherer as pious as himself; but he went forth under the auspices of religious literature, and in her name, wrought for the benefit of millions, who, existing prospectively in the ocean of divine wisdom, will one day arrive on the beaches of our island world. Dr. Carey was born in Paulerspury, Northamptonshire, of obscure parents. He was apprenticed to a mechanic. He felt a desire to learn, which he could not suppress. He teaches school, and officiates as a preacher in several obscure towns. We wish his biographer had described these localities more fully. He seems destitute of the associating faculty. He does not so much as hint that Doddridge and Hervey officiated in the same shire—that it was one of the visiting places of Akenside, and the birth-place of Dryden. But Dr. Carey goes forth poor and unknown. Perplexed by the suspicious policy of the East India Company, he takes refuge in Serampore, a Danish town. Many go, year after year, from England to India, but they are allured by the love of gain. When Leyden was dying, he saw a piece of India gold, and he closed his life in the act of inditing to it a pathetic sonnet. When property enough is secured, these adventurers expect, with their acquired rupees, to purchase some greenwood home in England. But Dr. Carey expatriates himself as a perpetual exile. He be-

comes rich; but by his disinterestedness he dies poor. He is the associate of pundits, rajahs, and viceroys, and the King of Denmark presents him with a medal. Many great names are connected with India, but among them all there is not one brighter than that of the subject of this memoir. Comparisons are invidious among the living, but not among those who have fulfilled their appointed tasks. Sir William Jones was a man of more polished mind, and Bishop Heber of more refined taste, and Bishop Middleton was a more profound Greek scholar; but they were sustained by the patronage of the government. The one was fortified by the seal of his king, and the others carried to India crosiers from the church established by law; but when did either or all of them publish the scriptures in forty dialects. Much then as we revere such benefactors of our race as Sir James McIntosh, or Sir Stamford Raffles, or Claudius Buchanan, or Henry Martyn, let us generously yield the palm to the man who has deserved it. The name of Carey will not be forgotten. It will float forever on the tide of the Ganges; it is associated with each grassy jungle, and it shall be more conspicuous, when the children of the east shall weave millennial flowers into the mane of the lion, or entwine them round the antlers of the Persian gazelle. When the Ganges is low, the million who inhabit Calcutta are refreshed at a reservoir of vast dimensions excavated in their city. When their antiquated systems of religious error are exhausted, and the people shall be ready to die of mental and moral thirst, they will turn, we hope, to those transparent cisterns of truth, which have been excavated by the hand of religious literature.

Finally, we go for missions, and if asked for a reason, we reply, for the present, in the words of the lamented Heber—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
To India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

CLERICUS.

BAR ASSOCIATIONS.*

It is well known that there exist, at divers places in the southern country, certain combinations among the gentlemen of the bar, commonly styled Bar Associations, for the purpose of exacting from the community higher fees than could be obtained, were a free competition permitted among the bar for professional business. Sincerely believing that I have correctly described the true, substantial character of these confederations, whatever be their ostensible objects, or whatever subordinate purposes they may effect, I shall endeavor to show that they are wrong in principle, and injurious in their practical results, both to the legal profession and the community at large. To prevent all misapprehen-

* The following communications have been endorsed by one of the ablest political economists in the southern country, to whom they were submitted. He says: "I am against professional as well as trades unions. I consider them as conspiracies against the community at large, and against the younger and less experienced members of the craft."

sion, I must say distinctly, at the outset, that I do not impeach the motives of the members of these associations. Far be it from me to hold up to public execration my respected brethren of the bar, as money-thirsty Shylocks, wickedly conspiring together to practice wholesale extortion upon a suffering community. I would do them no such injustice; and it taxes not my charity in the slightest degree to admit, as I sincerely do, that, unconsciously biased by the insidious influence of self-interest, they no doubt see in these associations nothing objectionable, but much that is commendable. It is hard to see the truth through the bewildering and distorting mists of self-interest. Than self-interest nothing is more insidious and ingenious. It is constantly operating upon the human heart, and we daily see it giving a wrong determination to the judgments of the best of men. Whilst, therefore, I cheerfully acquit these gentlemen of *intentional* wrong, I shall express my sentiments freely with regard to the principles and effects of all such organizations.

It is necessary to premise, that the members of these associations solemnly pledge themselves to each other, not to receive from their clients *less* than certain stipulated fees for certain defined professional services; pledging themselves, also, to suspend all professional intercourse with, and to withhold every professional courtesy from such refractory members of the bar as contumaciously refuse to join the confederation. First, then, these associations are wrong on *principle*.

It is a fundamental maxim in political economy, that the freest competition should not only be permitted, but encouraged in every department of human exertion. Competition is admitted by the common sense of mankind to be, according to the trite adage, emphatically "the life of business." It presents the most powerful stimulus to exertion. It arouses not only the self-interest, but also the pride and vanity of the human heart. It nerves the brawny arm of the laborer for ceaseless toil by day, and it chains the pale student over his dizzy page by his midnight lamp. It gives skill and vigor to the physical powers, and it sharpens and strengthens all the faculties of the mind. It is the patron of industry and enterprise, and the foster-mother of the arts and sciences. It gives life and energy to society, and it is in fact the great propelling power of the world. It is one of the great conservative and progressive principles of society.

Destroy competition, and you cut the sinews of industry; you paralyze enterprise; and you palsy the spirit of improvement. Society becomes at once a lifeless, stagnant pool, whose putrid exhalations will soon fill the whole atmosphere with its deadly miasmata.

But this is not all. Competition is not only the great stimulus to enterprise, and the parent of skill and ingenuity, but it is also the great guaranty of society against the unconscionable exactions of self-interest. Competition brings everything down to its proper level. Its natural tendency is to reduce all commodities to their fair average prices. Is an article unnaturally high?—capital and labor are attracted towards it; competition ensues; the market is glutted, and prices sink. Everything is thus reduced to its proper level; prices are left free to adapt themselves to the ever changing condition of human affairs; society is protected against

imposition, and all the best interests of mankind are advanced.

Now, it is perfectly evident that all associations among the members of particular avocations, establishing certain fixed prices for their commodities, and pledging themselves not to undersell each other, are in flagrant hostility to the great commercial law we have been discussing. They prevent competition. The great strife in competition, is, to furnish the best article, or to render a certain service in the best manner, for the *least* compensation. A fixed uniform price is then plainly at war with the great animating principle of all commercial enterprise.

Let us suppose for a moment that all other professions and avocations enter into similar combinations—that merchants and artisans pledge themselves not to take less than certain stipulated prices for their commodities or services—what an unnatural scene society would present! What an utter subversion of the fundamental principles of commerce would be exhibited! Buy where you can buy cheapest; sell where you can sell dearest—these common sense axioms of all sound traffic would be exterminated; industry and enterprise would be in a measure paralyzed; the spirit of improvement would be palsied; society would be iron-bound and stereotyped, and, instead of advancing to higher and still higher degrees of improvement, would present from age to age the same dull, inanimate features. But where competition is unfettered, where trade is free, where it is untrammelled by unnatural restraints, its direct tendency is to stimulate enterprise to its mightiest efforts, to create skill and ingenuity, to reduce prices to their proper level, to adapt them to the ever fluctuating tide of human affairs, and thus to promote the best interests of society, and to carry forward the great work of human improvement. These associations, then, conflicting as they do, with great and pervading public principles of vital importance to society at large, are wrong in their very constitution, and ought therefore to be abolished.

My second position was, that these confederations are injurious to the legal profession. I do not mean in a pecuniary point of view, but in their influence upon the character of the bar for professional acquirements and abilities. Competition creates skill and ability; it sharpens the mental faculties, and stimulates the individual to the greatest possible exertion. But as these associations, in some degree at least, prevent competition, they must, also, in the same degree, tend to suppress the ability which competition would elicit. Every one would naturally expect to find the most skilful artisans, and the ablest professional men, where there was the keenest and freest competition.

There is another view of this subject. These fixed tariffs of fees are ordinarily much too high for the plain, formal, ordinary business of the profession, which any one can transact. The consequence is, that the profession is surcharged with petty retainers, who add nothing to its dignity and respectability. Were a free competition permitted, this sort of petty business would soon fall to its proper level; the emoluments of the profession would be reserved as the rewards of learning, talent and worth; the number of pettifoggers would be diminished, and the respectability of the profession advanced.

My last position was, that these associations are injurious to the community at large; and if there is any truth in the general scope of the preceding rude hints, (for these crude remarks aspire to no higher character) that position is already sufficiently established. But these confederations inflict a direct injury upon society, by exacting higher fees than a free competition would tolerate. If they do not have this effect, they are useless to the bar; if they do, they are injurious to the community. We all know that members of the bar frequently refuse to accept less than the stipulated fee, not because they could not in justice to themselves accept a smaller compensation for their services, but because they had pledged themselves not to take less than the tariff fee. These associations thus exact large sums of money from the community at large.

If then, these associations are, as I have endeavored to show, wrong in principle and injurious in their practical effects, they ought to be forthwith dissolved. They are unworthy of the enlightened profession of the law. They are far behind the free spirit of the age. They savor too much of the shackles and manacles of the dark ages. A freer spirit is abroad upon the earth, bidding the spirit of enterprise go forth unshackled, as free as the gales which swell the sails of the adventurous mariner. Free trade, honorable traffic—these are the maxims of the age, and the true principles of all commercial prosperity; and any association which may oppose this free spirit, will one day be swept away like a bulrush before the swelling tide.

Similar associations have not been found necessary elsewhere, to secure the rights and to sustain the dignity of the profession; nor are they necessary here. To assert that they are, is to libel the profession.

The legality of these associations, too, is almost as questionable as their policy. It deserves serious consideration, whether they are not indictable at common law as conspiracies to raise or sustain the price of labor. They certainly come within the spirit, if not within the letter, of the doctrine.

But if these organizations are objectionable in these various aspects, the penalties by which they enforce obedience to their arbitrary laws, even upon those who may be conscientiously opposed to them, are liable to still severer reprehension. Recusants are to be summarily *Lynched*! Yes, sir; all who refuse to join the conspiracy are to be outlawed; all professional courtesy is to be withheld from them; non-intercourse is to be declared; every legal advantage is to be taken of them; they are to be kicked out of court on all occasions; their professional reputation is to be destroyed, and themselves, if possible, driven from the profession in disgrace! They are lawful game, and the whole pack of bloodhounds is to be let loose upon them! Is this right? Is it just? Is it worthy the generous profession of the law? If a member of the bar degrades himself by dishonorable conduct, spurn him from you; but what right have you to force me to join a confederation which I disapprove? What right have you to attempt to blast my professional reputation, because I choose to exercise my profession like a freeman? because I do not choose to do violence to my conscience, by adopting your arbitrary laws? because I will not permit you to dictate to me the rules of my professional conduct, and officiously to interfere with my private

contracts with my clients? Is it to be supposed that high minded and spirited men, who are conscientiously opposed to these associations, will, with the craven and dastardly spirit of a slave, tamely bow their necks to the yoke? I tell you, nay. No man in whose bosom beats a manly heart, will be deterred by any menaces, or by any unfounded imputation of sordid motives, from the plain path of duty. He will resist to the last gasp, all attempts to tyrannise over his conscience; and in this high course, I doubt not he would be triumphantly sustained by an enlightened and virtuous community.

A MEMBER OF THE ALABAMA BAR.

BAR ASSOCIATIONS.

These Associations present three questions.

1. Are they just to the public?
2. Are they just, as between the parties?
3. Is their tendency to elevate or degrade the profession?

1. They partake of the nature of all agreements among the venders of any article, to fix among themselves a tariff of price. These again partake of the nature of monopoly. When all venders are of one mind, it is the same as if there were but one vender. Such associations, therefore, are attended by the practical evils of monopoly.

All monopolies are odious. The odium varies in degree, according to the nature of the article monopolized. Thus we may suppose—1. Monopolies of articles the use of which is pernicious. These are easily borne. Hence the high prices of tippling shops. 2. Of articles of mere luxury. Of these, for various reasons, some founded in justice, some in vanity, some in mere recklessness, men rarely complain. 3. Of articles of necessity, but for which substitutes may be found, or which the consumer may make for himself. 4. Of articles of necessity, which cannot be substituted or made by the consumer.

To which of these classes does this monopoly belong? Clearly to the last and most odious. Men cannot investigate their rights, or pursue them, when ascertained, without the aid of the bar. Wherein then does this differ from an agreement among the owners of all the springs in any neighborhood, to fix a tariff of the price of water? In this: the necessity for water is one of God's creation. The other is the work of society and legislation. Men are especially bound not to abuse a power over artificial wants of their own creation. Besides, it is easier for every man to dig his own well, than for every man to be his own lawyer. "He who is his own lawyer," says the proverb, "has a fool for his client."

These associations are also unjust to the public, because they force a man to give for an inferior article, which he happens to want, the value of a superior article, which he does not want: to buy the time of a mere drudge, at the price of the time of a man of genius and learning: to pay coach hire, though he rides in a cart. It is as if the manufacturers of broadcloth should engage the manufacturer of Kendal cottons not to undersell them.

II. These associations are unjust as between the

parties. The terms are generally prescribed by the superior members, who thus take away the main inducement of the suitor to engage the services of inferior men. Such men may manage particular cases quite successfully, but there is a sense of security produced, by the knowledge that our business is in able hands, that decides us in favor of the superior man, if to be had at the same price.

III. These associations degrade the bar. By securing to the leading members of the profession a large share of the plain business, and that at a higher price, they feel less inducement to qualify themselves for distinction in the more elevated departments. On the younger and inferior members their operation is yet more pernicious. If left to fight their way without any private understanding, they would get business in the beginning by low charges. In this case they could expect no indulgence or forbearance from the superior whom they had underbid. They must take care to conduct their cases with order and regularity, which is a great source of improvement. The rules of pleading are like the commandments of the Lord. "In keeping them there is great reward," for he who is capable of correct pleading, and actually practises it, necessarily becomes an able lawyer.

Now in all these associations, there is a tacit compact for mutual indulgence, which ends in blank declarations, and in formal pleadings, and uncertain issues, and an utter confusion of ideas, on subjects where nothing is known *rightly*, which is not known *precisely*. And this must be so. The tyro, who is forced to content himself with an occasional fee of \$50, instead of ten fees of \$5 each, will have a right to complain, if he, who has compelled him to charge the highest price for his article, should turn about and disgrace him by exposing its deficiencies. But this tacit understanding secures him in his ignorance. But for this, he would be fair game, and would presently find that he must quit the bar, or qualify himself for it. These associations save him from the necessity of doing either. And here is his inducement to acquiesce in such arrangements. They bribe him through his love of ease. It is much more convenient to receive a high price for little work, slightly done, than for a great deal done carefully. Such is the principle of the trades union. Hence loose practice, and its consequence, loose ideas of law.

Here again the parable of the cloth manufacturers applies. The maker of Kendal cotton sells only to those who care nothing about the fineness of the article. Hence he too is indifferent to it. Hence also he sells less, but being better paid for worse work, he is content.

The true tariff of prices is strict practice. No man incapable of learning the mysteries of pleading, is capable of being a good lawyer. Strict practice is an ordeal which excludes from the bar all who have no business to be there, and thus leaves full employment and rich rewards for the rest. But the system of *mutual indulgence*, which is but another name for sloth and *self-indulgence*, puts an end to strict practice. This opens the door to a multitude of pretenders. To drive these out again is the object of bar associations. Would it not be more honorable and more manly to effect the same object, by frankly asserting and indus-

triously maintaining the superiority of genius, and ability, and application, over imbecility, ignorance and sloth.

[Some letters appear in Blackwood, purporting to be from the German Baron mentioned below: but we are really at a loss to determine, whether there was any such author as Baron Von Lauerwinkel, or whether these letters are not in fact the handiwork of Christopher North himself, or some one of his tory correspondents. Their strong English and conservative tone favors the latter supposition; as to the following, especially. None but a true born Briton, surely, could have either felt and thought, or expressed himself, in so *English* a manner. We are not to be considered as subscribing to all his praise of Pitt. But both portraits are finely drawn; and in many traits, truly.—Ed. Mex.]

From Blackwood's Magazine, 1818.

FOX AND THE YOUNGER PITT.

The following sketch is translated from a MS. letter of the Baron Von Lauerwinkel.

* * * * *

"I shall not easily forget the impression which was made upon me when I first found myself within the walls of the House of Commons. I was then a young man, and my temper was never a cold one. I had heard much of England. In the dearth of domestic freedom her great men had become ours; for the human mind is formed for veneration, and every heart is an altar, undignified without its divinity, and useless without its sacrifice.

"A lover of England, and an admirer of every thing which tends to her greatness, I contemplated, notwithstanding, with the impartiality of a foreigner, scenes of political debate and contention, which kindled into all the bigotries of wrath, the bosoms of those for whose benefit they were exhibited. Absurdities which found easy credence from the heated minds of the English, made small impression on the disinterested and dispassionate German. While rival politicians were exhausting against each other every engine of oratorical conflict, their constituents eyed the combatants, as if every ear and every hope sat on the issue of the field, and prayed for their friends, and cursed their enemies, with all the fervor of a more fatal warfare; but the calm spectator, whose optics were not blinded by the mists of prejudice, though his reason might make him wish the success of one party, was in no danger of despising the honest zeal or the valor of those who were opposed to them. With whomsoever the victory of the day might be, the very existence of the combat was to him a sufficient proof that the great issue was to be a good one—that the spirit of England was entire—that the system of *suspicion*, on which the *confidence* of her people is

founded, was yet in all its vigor—and that therefore, in spite of transient difficulties and petty disagreements, her freedom would eventually survive all the dangers to which, at that eventful period, by the mingled rage of despotism and democracy, its most sacred bulwarks were exposed.

"My eye formed acquaintance apace with the persons of all the eminent senators of England; but their first and last attraction was in those of Pitt and Fox. The names of these illustrious rivals had long been, even among foreigners, 'familiar as household words;' and I recognised them the moment I perceived them, from their likeness to innumerable prints and busts which I had seen. Fox, in repose, had by far the more striking external of the two. His face had the massiness, precision, and gravity of a bronze statue. His eyes, bright but gentle, seemed to lurk under a pair of rectilinear, ponderous, and shaggy eyebrows. His cheeks were square and firm; his forehead open and serene. The head could have done no dishonor to poet, philosopher, or prince. There was some little indecision in the lips, and a tinge of luxury all over the lower features of the face. But benignity, mingled with power, was the predominant as well as the primary expression of the whole; and no man need have started had he been told that such was the physiognomy of Theseus, Sophocles, or Trajan. Pitt, in the same state of inaction, would not have made nearly such an impression on those who knew him not. It must have required the united skill of Lavater and Spurzheim to discover in him *prima facie*, a great man. His position was stiff, his person meagre; his nose was ill-formed, and on a very anti-grecian angle; his lips were inelegantly wavering in their line; his cheekbone projected too much, and his chin too little. The countenance seemed expressive of much cleverness, but it was not till he spoke that the marks of genius seized upon the attention. Had an utter stranger been shown the heads at a theatre, and informed that they were those of the two great politicians of England, he would certainly have imagined the dark eyebrows and solemn simplicity to belong to the son of Chatham, and guessed the less stately physiognomy to be the property of his more mercurial antagonist.

"Not so, had he seen either of them for the first time in the act of speaking. A few sentences, combined with the mode of their delivery, were sufficient to bring matters to their due level—to raise Mr. Pitt, at least to the original standard of his rival, and I rather think, to take away somewhat of the first effect produced by the imposing majesty of Mr. Fox's features. They were both exquisite speakers, and yet no two things could be more dissimilar than their modes of oratory. Fox displayed less calmness and dignity than his physiognomy might have seemed to promise. In

speaking, his other features retained every mark of energy; his eyes and his mouth alone betrayed the debauchee. There is a certain glassiness in the eye, and a certain tremulous smoothness in the lips, which I never missed in the countenance of a man of pleasure when he speaks. Fox had both in perfection; it was only in the moments of his highest enthusiasm that they entirely disappeared. Then, indeed, when his physiognomy was lighted up with wrath or indignation, or intensest earnestness—then, indeed, the activity of his features did full justice to their repose. The gambler was no longer to be discovered—you saw only the orator and the patriot. They tell us, that modern oratory and modern action are tame, when compared with what the ancients witnessed. I doubt, however, if either in the Pnyx or the Forum, more over-mastering energy, both of language and of gesture, was ever exhibited, than I have seen displayed in the House of Commons by Mr. Fox. When he sat down, it seemed as if he had been, like the Pythoness of old, filled and agitated *ἑως ἄνευ θεῶν*.* His whole body was dissolved in floods of perspiration, and his fingers continued for some minutes to vibrate, as if he had been recovering from a convulsion.

"Mr. Fox was a finer orator than Mr. Pitt. His mode of speaking was in itself more passionate, and it had more power over the passions of those to whom it was addressed. His language was indeed loose and inaccurate at times; but in the midst of all its faults, no trace could ever be discovered of the only fault unpardonable in orators as in poets—weakness. He was evidently a man of a strong and grasping intellect, filled with enthusiastic devotion to his cause, and possessing, in a mind saturated with the most multifarious information, abundant means of confirming his position by all the engines of illustration and allusion. It was my fortune to hear him speak before Mr. Pitt, and, I confess, that upon the conclusion of his harangue, filled with admiration for his warmth, his elegance, and the apparent wisdom of the measures he recommended, it was not my expectation, certainly not my wish, that an impression equal or superior in power should be left upon me by the eloquence of the rival statesman.

"Nevertheless, it was so. I do not say that I consider Mr. Pitt as so nearly allied to the great politician-orator of Athens as his rival; but I think he exhibited a far higher specimen of what a statesman-orator should be, than Mr. Fox—perhaps than Demosthenes himself ever did. It is true, that the illustrious ancient addressed a motley multitude of clever, violent, light, uncertain, self-conceited, and withal, bigotted Athenians; and that the nature of his oratory was, perhaps, better than any other, adapted to such an au-

* With intense inspiration.

dience, invested by the absurdities of a corrupted constitution, with powers which no similar assembly ever can possess without usurpation, or exercise without tyranny. Mr. Fox had a strong leaning—as I apprehend, by far too strong a leaning—to the democratic part of the British constitution. He even spoke more for the multitude without, than for the few within, the walls of the House of Commons; and his resemblance to Demosthenes was perhaps a fault, rather than an excellence. Mr. Pitt always remembered that it was his business to address and convince, not the British ΔΗΜΟΣ,* but the British senate.

“His mode of speaking was totally devoid of hesitation, and equally so of affectation. The stream of his discourse flowed on smoothly, uninterruptedly, copiously. The tide of Fox’s eloquence might present a view of more windings and cataracts, but it by no means suggested the same idea of utility;—nor, upon the whole, was the impression it produced of so majestic a character. Mr. Pitt was, without all doubt, a consummate speaker, but in the midst of his eloquence, it was impossible to avoid regarding him at all times, as being more of a philosopher than of an orator. What to other men seems to be a most magnificent end, he appeared to regard only as one among many means for accomplishing his great purpose. Statesmanship was, indeed, with him the τέχνη ἀρχιτεκτονική, and every thing was kept in strict subservience to it. What Plato vainly wished to see in a king, had he lived in our days, he might have beheld in a minister.

“By men of barren or paltry minds, I can conceive it quite possible that Pitt, as a speaker, might have been contemplated with very little admiration. That which they are qualified to admire in a speech, was exactly what he, from principle, despised and omitted. He presented what he conceived to be the truth, that is, the wisdom of the case in simplicity, in noble simplicity, as it was. Minds of grasp and nerve comprehended him, and such alone were worthy of doing so. The small men who spend their lives in pointing epigrams or weaving periods, could not enter into the feelings which made him despise the opportunity of displaying, for the sake of doing; and they reviled him as if the power, not the will, had been wanting.

λάβροι
Παγγλωσσία κωρακὲς ὡς
Ἀκραντα γαρνερν
Δίος ὠρὸς ὀρνίθα θείον.†

Pindar, Olymp. II.

“Instead of following with reverent gaze the far ascending flight and beaming eye of the eagle,

* Populace.

† Powerful in empty sound, like ravens that vainly clamor against the majestic bird of Jove.

they criticised him, like the peacocks of the Hindoo fable, because he had no starry feathers in his tail, and because the beauty of his pinions consisted only in the uniform majesty of their strength.

“The style of speaking which was employed by this great man, seems to be the only style worthy of such a spirit as his was, intrusted with such duties as he discharged. *Intellect embodied in language by a patriot*—these few words comprehend every thing that can be said of it. Every sentence proceeded from his mouth as perfect, in all respects, as if it had been balanced and elaborated in the retirement of his closet: and yet no man for an instant suspected him of bestowing any previous attention whatever on the form or language of his harangues. His most splendid appearances were indeed most frequently replies, so that no such supposition could exist in the minds of those who heard him. I have heard many eloquent orators in England as well as elsewhere, but the only one who never seemed to be at a loss for a single word, or to use the less exact instead of the more precise expression, or to close a sentence as if the beginning of it had passed from his recollection, was William Pitt. The thoughts of the feelings of such a soul would have disdained to be set forth in a shape mutilated or imperfect. In like manner, the intellect of Pitt would have scorned to borrow any ornament excepting only from his patriotism. The sole fire of which he made use was the pure original element of heaven. It was only for such as him to be eloquent after that sort. The casket was not a gaudy one; but it was so rich, that it must have appeared ridiculous around a more ordinary jewel.

“While Pitt and Fox were both alive, and in the fullness of their strength, in one or other of the great parties of England, each of these illustrious men possessed an inflexible host of revilers; almost, such is the blindness of party spirit, of contemners. It is a strange anomalous circumstance in the constitution of our nature that it should be so, but the fact itself is quite certain, that, in all ages, of the world, political, even more than military leaders, have been subjected to this absurd use of the privilege which their inferiors have of judging them. So spake the Macedonian vulgar of Demosthenes; so the more pernicious Athenian rabble of Philip. The voice of detraction, however, is silenced by death; none would listen to it over the tomb of the illustrious. A noble and patriotic poet* of England has already embalmed, in lines that will never die, those feelings of regret and admiration wherewith every Englishman now walks above the

* Sir Walter Scott.

“Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
Forever tomb’d beneath this stone,
Where (taming thought to human pride!)
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox’s grave the tear;
‘Twill trickle to his rival’s bier.”

mingled ashes of Pitt and Fox. The genius, the integrity, the patriotism of either, is no longer disputed. The keenest partisan of the one departed chief would not wish to see the laurel blighted on the bust of his antagonist. Under other names the same political contests are continued; and so, while England is England, must they ever be. But already, such is the untarrying generosity of this great nation, and such the natural calmness of its spirit, the public judgment is as one concerning the men themselves. The stormy passions of St. Stephen's chapel are at once chastened into repose by the solemn stillness of Westminster Abbey.

"It is probable that this national generosity has been carried too far. For me, I partake in the general admiration—I refuse to neither the honor that is his due. But as I did while they were alive, so, now they are dead, I still judge them impartially. There is no reason why I should join in the atonement, since I was guiltless of the sin.

"Mr. Fox was, I think, a man of great talents and of great virtues, whose talents and virtues were both better fitted for a leader of Parliamentary opposition, than for a prime-minister of England; for his talents were rather of the *destructive* than of the *constructive* kind, and his virtues were more those of an easy and gentle heart, than of a firm unshaken will. Providence fixed him, during the far greater part of his life, where he was best fitted to be, and was equally wise in determining the brighter fortune of his rival. That fortune, however bright, was nevertheless, to judge as men commonly do, no very enviable boon. The life of Pitt was spent all in labor—much of it in sorrow; but, England and Europe may thank their God his great spirit was formed for its destiny, and never sunk into despondence. Year after year rolled over his head, and saw his hairs turning gray from care, not for himself, but for his country; but every succeeding year left this Atlas of the world as proudly inflexible, beneath his gigantic burden, as before. Rarely, very rarely, has it happened that one man has had it in his power to be so splendidly, so eternally, the benefactor of his species. So long as England preserves, within her 'guarded shore,' the palladium of all her heroes—the sacred pledge of Freedom,—his name will be the pride and glory of the soil that gave him birth. Nay, even should, at some distant day, the liberty of that favored land expire, in the memory of strangers he shall abundantly have his reward; for that holy treasure which he preserved to England might, but for the high resolution of this patriot martyr, have been lost for ever, not to her only, but to the world.

'He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.' "

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous—from 1798 to 1830.—Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire—and translated from the French for the Messenger, by a gentleman in Paris.

M. DE MARTIGNAC—HIS MINISTRY.

The restoration must be viewed from its commencement, for the purpose of forming a correct opinion of M. de Martignac and his Ministry; they were a plank of safety thrown to Charles X, who disdainfully rejected it, to precipitate himself in the gulf which soon swallowed him.

Louis XVIII loved the charter as one does anything of his own creation. He would have it believed that it was freely given to the people, though he knew better than any one else that it had been imposed upon him by necessity. Louis XVIII had comprehended, from its commencement, the revolution of 1799; he had coveted the power to regulate its movement, and he attempted to do it, but he was without credit. He had been accused of treating, with a view to his private interests, with the enemies of the monarchy.

In 1814, Louis XVIII felt, that without the charter, France could not be governed six months; but he had not strength to suppress the false steps of men who had shared his misfortunes, but who had not, like himself, profitted by the lessons of experience. His weakness was punished by a second exile; he then avowed his guilt, and his first expression, on re-entering France, was—"My government has committed faults." Such a confession, at such a moment, was not without dignity.

But a rival power had raised itself up by the side of the throne of Louis XVIII, full of indignation against what is called *concessions made to the revolution*, never speaking of the charter in any language but that of contempt, or of its author without disdain; tormenting and disgusting those Ministers who refused to bend their knee before it, and to assume its colors; calling religion to its aid, for the purpose of using it as an instrument; invading all the public offices; covering France with its adherents; introducing corruption into the electoral colleges, for the purpose of afterwards controlling the chamber; and, in fine, holding itself in readiness to profit by every event. This power was known under the name of the *pavillon marsan*. It had been denounced to the chamber and to France as a concealed government. It was Charles X, with his secret council, preparing, during the lifetime of his brother, the work of July, 1830.

Louis XVIII struggled, with various success, during five years against the *pavillon marsan*. Sometimes yielding to well directed attacks, now having recourse to stratagem, to secure himself a victory; sometimes, also, showing himself jealous of his power, and striking, as with the ordinance of the 5th of September, an energetic blow. But Louis XVIII was old and infirm. This intestine war, this war waged daily, exhausted his strength. He felt his end approaching, and desired to die in peace. To accelerate its triumph, the faction, inimical to the new institutions of France, had skilfully profitted by the deplorable assassination of the Duke of Berri. Was the attempt of Louvel a political crime? Was it not rather an act of personal vengeance? Per-

haps at some future day it may be explained. It was, nevertheless, used as a political crime for the purpose of showing to Louis XVIII the danger of doctrines which were developed by his charter. The old King had too much tact and intelligence to suffer himself to be deceived, or to fail to perceive the future dangers contained in the remedy proposed to him; but overcome by fatigue he opposed but a feeble resistance, and soon resigned himself into the hands of others.

Selfish, like all old men, Louis XVIII probably said to himself, as Louis XV had done before—"All this will last, at least, as long as I do. My successors may arrange for themselves as well as they can;" and calling M. de Villèle into the Ministry, he placed, in fact, all authority in the hands of his brother, of whose absolute incapacity he was, nevertheless, perfectly convinced.

The reign of Charles X then really dates from the moment of M. de Villèle's coming into power. From that time the schemes of the dominant faction might be seen through. Renouncing the concealed warfare which had been carried on from 1815, against the charter, it commenced an open attack upon the institutions which Louis XVIII had conferred upon France.

I was present in the month of December, 1830, at one of the sittings of the court, during the trial of the Ministers. I carried home a celebrated orator, who for a long time figured in the first rank at the bar, and now occupies an exalted situation in the magistracy. We were conversing on the subject of the request pronounced by one of the Commissioners of the Chamber of Deputies.

"The Commissioners of the Chamber," he said, "are wrong; they do not understand their parts; they reduce an immense process—that of France against the restoration—to the narrow proportions of a prosecution against individuals. If I had had to speak in this affair, I would have traced these facts to their true source. Throwing Louis XVIII aside, who acted in my opinion with perfect sincerity, I would have exhibited Charles X, swearing to the charter, first as a Prince, and afterwards as King, with the settled determination of destroying it. I would have followed him through fifteen years, laboring incessantly at his work, sometimes yielding, but only that he might the more perfectly succeed in his deceptions; and, because the moment for action did not appear to have yet arrived, down to the day on which he found Ministers, whose blind devotion and weak understanding allowed them to associate themselves with his mad enterprize; and I would, as by accident, have encountered these four heads, whom I would scarcely have deigned to touch."

The Ministry of M. de Martignac was one of those impediments to which Charles X had to submit. This Ministry was composed of honest men whose good intentions were, however, never acknowledged by the opposition, which made no allowance for the actual good which it accomplished, or for the extra-parliamentary resistance which it everywhere encountered. The most enlightened members of the opposition, and among the number, Cassimir Périer, Benjamin Constant, and General Sébastiani, appreciated the Martignac Ministry; and if they did not frankly and openly unite themselves to it, it was because they foresaw that this Ministry—imposed on the crown by public opinion—could

have but an ephemeral existence, and thought it necessary to prepare themselves for resisting a storm that was gathering in the sombre distance.

M. de Martignac, a man of delicate and enlightened mind—a man of concession and conciliation might have secured the safety of the tottering throne of Charles X. He labored to do so conscientiously, and in opposition to Charles X himself; and to do so required some courage. He had first to struggle in the Council, to obtain leave to effect a little good, and afterwards to combat in the Chamber two oppositions—the one repelling the good—the other wishing for more than he offered—the one accusing him of stripping the monarch of his prerogatives—the other reproaching him with refusing to France the perfection of her institutions. To be the Minister of a King who refused him his confidence, and to see his good intentions misconstrued, was, for two years, the political fate of M. de Martignac. It will be acknowledged, that to purchase power at such a price, is to pay for it dearly enough.

M. de Martignac had filled important posts under the Ministry of M. de Villèle. Charles X hoped to find in him a man disposed to follow, under perhaps more conciliatory forms, the system of his predecessors. He thought that he would be enabled, with M. de Martignac, as with M. de Villèle, to arrive insensibly at the accomplishment of his schemes; he calculated on making but an apparent concession to public opinion. This was also the idea of the opposition. Charles X was deceived, and the opposition believed itself so. The acts of the Martignac Ministry soon disabused Charles X, and he hastened to break an instrument which no longer answered his purpose. Afterwards, convinced that success was impossible by any such means, he determined to act with open force; and the Polignac Ministry was formed.

M. de Martignac had given all that an honest man could give to his King and his country; he had given his health and his life. After his retirement from office, those who had been his adversaries, rendered full homage to his honorable character, and his pure intentions. I have before said that this is the only justice which statesmen can expect.

PRINCE POLIGNAC—COUNT REAL.

M. de Polignac was named Minister of Foreign Affairs; his nomination, announced a long time in advance, was a defiance thrown in the teeth of the nation. It replied by a unanimous cry of anger and indignation. Arrived at power, M. de Polignac remained, what he had always been, presumptuous almost to madness, regarding everything which he had dreamed of as possible and easy; and he had dreamed of the overthrow of our institutions. M. de Polignac had, since 1815, shared the sentiments of Charles X. He was the person that Charles X was to call upon at the moment of the execution of his schemes.

At the time of the conspiracy of Georges, and under the empire, Count Real had frequently occasion to render important services to the Messrs. Polignac. I must do them the justice to state, that they never failed to show themselves grateful.

After his return from exile, M. Real instituted a suit

against the Caraman family, who, profiting by his absence, had possessed themselves of several shares of stock in the canal du Midi, which had been given him by the Emperor. The spoliation of M. Real, executed in virtue of an ordinance, which had been surprised from Louis XVIII, was a monstrous iniquity; without the revolution of July, he would, however, have very probably lost his suit, as the heirs of Count Fermon, placed in absolutely identical circumstances, had lost theirs against the same individuals. The judges of the restoration allowed the unconstitutionality of the imperial decrees to be pleaded before them; but they bowed before a royal ordinance, whether defective or not in form, or consistent with, or contrary to the law, with all the respect that is shown in Turkey to a firman of the sultan.

M. Real, instructed by the failure of the heirs of M. de Fermon, had carried his suit before the Council of State. It was there at the period of M. de Polignac's elevation to the Ministry. M. Real thought that he might solicit the support of one who did not hesitate to say that he was under obligations to him.

The vehemence with which the journals expressed themselves, on the occasion of the formation of the Polignac Ministry, cannot be forgotten. M. Real was still affected by what he had just read, when he presented himself in the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Being immediately admitted to an audience with the Minister, he was surprised at the perfect serenity of M. de Polignac, and the tranquil and calm tone in which he expressed himself. After a few words had been exchanged on the business which brought M. Real to the office, they began to speak of public affairs.

"Well, Count, what do you think of the situation in which we find ourselves?"

"I do not know whether I should congratulate, or condole with your excellency."

"Condole with me—and why?"

"The struggle seems to be so seriously waged, that one cannot say who will win or who will lose."

"And are you, a man of experience, frightened by these idle clamors?"

"It is exactly because I am a man of experience, that I have hesitated whether to address your excellency compliments of congratulation or condolence."

"Things are not so desperate, M. Real, as you appear to think; all will be calm."

"I wish it may be so; but, in the meantime, your excellency does not seem to be upon a bed of roses."

"It is true; but you know that I have been worse off; when I was in your custody, for example, I managed to extricate myself; and I will again extricate myself with the aid of Providence."

"But should Providence, accidentally, refuse to meddle with your affairs."

"Oh! Providence is with us—he will not abandon us."

M. Real saw M. de Polignac but once afterwards. It was in the Chamber of Peers during the trial of the Ministers. M. de Polignac had been accused in some publications of having participated in the attempt at assassination of the 3d Nivose. M. de Martignac, the defender of the ex-president of the Council, had applied to M. Real on the subject, who replied by letter, that having been charged with the duty of

attending to all the preparations for the trial of those concerned in that affair, he could declare that the name of M. de Polignac was not once mentioned in the whole process.

M. Real had gone to the Court of Peers the very day that this letter was read by M. de Martignac. He had found a place in the tribune of the journalists. I was seated near him. M. de Polignac directed his opera glass to the different tribunes with the most perfect indifference. He at last recognized M. Real; and after having indicated his position to his fellow prisoner, saluted him in the kindest and most affable manner.

"It was in that same manner," said M. Real to me, "that he saluted me the day that I visited him at the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

M. DE MONBEL.

M. de Monbel—I will not say the Baron de Monbel, because M. de Monbel is no more a Baron than M. d'Arlincourt is a Viscount. M. de Monbel's real name is Baron; he added the *de Monbel* to his patronimique because having been born in a village of the name of Monbel. M. d'Arlincourt's name is Victor d'Arlincourt: he signed himself V. d'Arlincourt. On one occasion, and because of the V which preceded his name, Louis XVIII called him a Viscount, and he has suffered himself to pass under that name ever since. The article in the penal code, which punished the usurpation of titles, having been abolished, one has nothing more to say to the Baron de Monbel than to the Viscount d'Arlincourt.

M. Baron, of Monbel, (department *de la Haute-Garonne*,) could hardly have anticipated, in 1825, the fortune which he afterwards possessed, or the career which was to be opened to him. He was the son of an individual whose income did not exceed four thousand francs, and was educated at the college of Serreze. In 1825, (the proof of this fact is to be found in the office of the Minister of the Interior,) he solicited, in virtue of the devotion of his whole family, and in consideration of his limited means, the place of councillor of prefecture at Toulouse. It was about this time, (he was then forty years of age,) that, having married a rich woman, he caused himself to be nominated a deputy. He appeared in the Chamber, for the first time, in 1827, during the ministry of M. de Martignac. For his *debut* he supported, in conformity with the interest of the Villèle ministry, the accusation brought forward by M. Labbey de Pompières against the ministry of M. de Martignac. Already he had himself called M. le Baron de Monbel. Under this assumed title and false name, he became a minister, and was tried and condemned.

THE REFUSAL TO PAY TAXES—A Precedent.

The associations for the refusal of taxes, followed quickly after the formation of the Polignac ministry. Facts have since proved that France was not deceived in its anticipations, and that it wisely comprehended the hostility to its institutions to be expected from such men as Messrs. de Polignac, Bourmont, and Labourdonnaie; nor was the government, on its side, long in un-

derstanding the full power of the means of resistance then seized for the first time by the people. The refusal to pay taxes, is in fact the last reason of the people, and by a much juster title than the cannon is that of kings. Orders were given to all the attorneys general and king's attorneys, to prosecute with the greatest rigor every journal that registered the acts of association for the refusal of taxes, and invited their readers to subscribe to them.

Among the newspapers thus prosecuted, was a provincial journal, *La Sentinelle des Deux-Sèvres*. This journal, which was conducted with courage and talent, had published a letter on the subject of the refusal of taxes, by M. Mauquin, who had been simultaneously nominated as deputy by the department *des Deux-Sèvres*, and by that of *la Côte d'Or*. This journal was prosecuted for the publication of the letter. M. Mauquin hastened to offer the support of his fine talents to a journal which was involved in difficulties on his account; and notwithstanding the excessive cold of the winter of 1829-'30, proceeded to Niort to defend, before the court which was to try the offence, a cause which he regarded as a personal one.

The threat to refuse the payment of taxes in the event of a violation of the charter, said the prosecutor, was a gratuitous outrage to the government, which the most odious hostility could alone believe capable of forgetting its oaths and betraying its duties. The right of the citizens to refuse, in any state of things, the payment of taxes, and thus to deprive the government of all means of action, and to deliver the country up to anarchy, was questioned.

The answer of the counsel for the defence was simple. Whether with justice or not, said they, we distrust you: if we are deceived, if you respect the charter, our association will fall of itself, and the taxes, freely voted by a legally constituted Chamber, will be paid as they have heretofore been.

M. Mauquin had to defend before the tribunal of Niort, an offence which had already been tried before nearly every tribunal of France. He had to prove that the constitutional government, which was already but a fiction, would become a mere chimera, if the Chambers were not permitted to refuse the subsidies which they are called upon to vote, and if, without a regular vote of the regularly constituted Chambers, the citizens could be forced to pay a tax, which, according to the true spirit of the law, should be *freely agreed*.

Opposed to so lucid and powerful a speaker as M. Mauquin, the duty of the public prosecutor became one of no little difficulty. He could only effect a partial escape from the embarrassment of his situation—shut in between simple propositions—by vague declamation against revolutionary factions, evil passions, the fury of parties, &c. &c. From amplification to amplification, the king's attorney for Niort had at length come to sustain the proposition, that the refusal of taxes, supposing it to be in any case a right, was not of so exorbitant a character, that it would be a crime even to dream of exercising it: he added, that at no period, not even during the worst of our political storms, had the payment of taxes ever been questioned.

At this point M. Mauquin wished him to arrive. This was the proposition which he expected to hear him sustain. Rising immediately in reply, he drew a paper

from his port-folio, and read before the tribunal sitting in judgment in the name of Charles X, an authentic declaration addressed to Louis XVI, when king, by his brother the Count d'Artois, (afterwards Charles X,) by the Prince of Condé, the Duke of Bourbon, and the Duke d'Enghien. These princes announced to the king by this declaration, respectfully, but formally, their determination to refuse the payment of all taxes, in the event of the constituent assembly's attempting any infringement of the rights and prerogatives of the nobility. But one prince of the royal family had refused to sign this paper; this person was Monsieur, Count of Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII. No one had even dreamt of asking the signatures of the princes of the Orleans branch.

The effect on the tribunal, produced by reading this piece, was magical. The king's attorney was put down, and the journal, after some forms had been gone through, was acquitted, amidst the applauses of the whole audience.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

LAWRENCE EVERHEART.

BY A CITIZEN OF FREDERICK COUNTY, MARYLAND.

The deeds of the illustrious patriots of our revolution have been either eulogized by the orator, or recorded by the faithful historian. Their virtues, talents, and achievements have been admired and remembered by a grateful country. No bosom can be found so cold, as not to glow with holy enthusiasm, while the eventful measures, the chequered and thrilling scenes, which marked the high and lofty career of the father of his country, are recorded. The dauntless courage and tried skill of Greene, Wayne, Howard; Putnam, Williams, and Starke, have constituted the subject of interesting biography, and contributed largely to form the military character of America. It is my design in the following sketch, to introduce to the notice of his countrymen, Sergeant LAWRENCE EVERHEART, of the regiment of cavalry under command of Lieut. Colonel William Washington, the *Cœur de Leon* of his day, who was emphatically "without fear, and without reproach."

EVERHEART was born of German parents, in Middletown valley, Frederick county, Maryland, May 6, 1755; and enrolled himself as a common soldier at Taney Town, in a militia company commanded by Capt. Jacob Goode, on the 1st of August, 1776. He was then in the twenty-second year of his age, tall of stature, and of powerful, brawny limbs, capable of enduring fatigue and hardship; of noble, manly countenance, and an eye beaming with the lustre of genuine courage; with a heart beating high and strong to redress the wrongs of his country. He left behind the lovely beauties of his native residence, the endearments of home, and all the relations of social life; preferring the perils of camp, the tumult of battle,

and the hazards of war, to inglorious and unsatisfying ease. On the 2d of August, he set out for Annapolis, thence through Philadelphia to New York, where, being united to Beall's regiment, he fought at York Island, August 27th, 1776. The disasters of that unfortunate day created universal gloom and despondency. The city of New York was evacuated, and at once passed into the possession of the enemy. On the 28th October of that year, the battle of White Plains took place, in which our young recruit displayed a gallantry worthy of his name, and of the cause in which he had perilled his life. Chief Justice Marshall tells us that the engagement was very animated on both sides. The loss of our army was between three and four hundred. Among the wounded was the intrepid Col. Smallwood, one of the noblest sons of Maryland, who, in the subsequent stages of the mighty struggle for independence, acquired for himself never fading laurels.

From this place, Everheart, with part of the army, retreated to Fishkill, on the Hudson, and thence to Fort Washington. It was situated on a high bluff of land on the river, and difficult of ascent. On the 15th November, the garrison was summoned to surrender, on pain of death, by a numerous and well disciplined force, commanded by Howe and Cornwallis. Col. Magaw, an intelligent and tried officer, replied that the place should be defended to the last extremity. Gen. Washington was now at Fort Lee, immediately opposite, and could see all the operations of the British. How full of anxiety must his bosom have been, when on the bank of the river he beheld the unequal contest; heard the roar of artillery and small arms, the lines and redoubts carried, and the banner of his country struck to a haughty foe! The capitulation was obtained at the point of the bayonet. While it was progressing, the General sent a billet to the colonel, requesting him to hold out until evening, when he would endeavor to bring off the garrison; but the preliminaries had been signed, and it was now too late. Our loss was estimated at 2,000, that of the British at 800. Everheart was not included in the capitulation, having fortunately escaped with some of his comrades in a boat, after the surrender, and arrived at Fort Lee. Cornwallis resolved on surprising this place, crossed the river with six thousand troops, below Dobb's Ferry, and endeavored to enclose the garrison; but the characteristic caution and foresight of our chief thwarted this scheme by a timely retreat to the narrow neck of land lying between the Hudson and Hackensack. Miserable and forlorn in the extreme, was now the condition of the little army of patriots; in a level country, without a single intrenching tool, exposed to inclement weather, without tents, provisions, or forage; in the midst of a people, in no wise zealous in the cause of

liberty; troops undisciplined, desertions frequent, and deep, general depression and gloom, arising from these combined causes. Here Everheart saw and conversed with the general-in-chief. Overwhelmed with grief and despair, his manly features were bathed with tears; the darkest clouds of adversity had gathered on his brow; no cheering hope gilded to his vision the horizon of freedom; "a brave man struggling with the storms of fate;" the sternness of a soldier yielding to the softer feelings of his noble heart! Æneas looked on the flames of Troy from the prow of his bark, but not without being melted down at the awful scene! Driven from this last position, Washington took post at Newark, on the south side of the Passaic, whence he retreated to Brunswick on the Raritan, Nov. 28, 1776. The period had now arrived when the troops composing the flying camp were discharged, their term of service having expired. To the extreme mortification of the general, his army was much enfeebled from this cause, even in sight of the enemy, led on by the accomplished Cornwallis. Not so with Everheart: he still remained to share the fate of the Americans. The retreat through Jersey has ever been considered, by military men, a masterly performance. The sufferings and perils of our troops during that period are almost beyond description. It is true, however, in the moral, as in the natural world, that the darkest hour is just before the dawn of day. Literally was it verified in the unexpected and extraordinary change of affairs which occurred at Trenton, on the 26th Dec. 1776, when the tide of war was turned in our favor. One thousand prisoners, six pieces of artillery, a large amount of arms, were the trophies of this memorable night. The sun of prosperity once more lighted up the countenance of the successful chief; drops of grief gave place to smiles of joy. Remaining with the army until the spring of '77, Everheart returned to his birth-place; but his ardent spirit would not allow him to remain long inactive. Accordingly, in the summer of 1778, he enlisted at Frederick, in the regiment of horse, of which Col. Washington was commander. Between this period and March, '79, he remained here with the corps, actively engaged in daring feats of horsemanship, in acquiring a thorough knowledge of tactics, and in making preparations for the arduous duties of a southern campaign. His virtues, as a soldier, caught the eye of the colonel, and he was soon commissioned a sergeant. Arriving at Petersburg, Va., they were placed in charge of captain Stith, by whom they were, at proper seasons, disciplined and drilled, until Christmas of that year, when Col. Washington returned from the north, where he had been on service. In April, 1780, the regiment arrived at Charleston, Carolina; and soon after, near Stony Church, seven miles from Dorchester, the regiments of

light dragoons of Pulaski, Bland, and Baylor, led by the lieutenant-colonel, attacked for the first time, the celebrated Tarleton. He retreated with loss. The Americans retiring to Monk's corner, were soon after attacked before day, by that enterprising British officer, who had concealed himself for sometime in a swamp. Major Vannier, of Pulaski's corps, was killed, and about fifty of our men were taken. Collecting our scattered forces, our troops pressed on to Murray's ferry, subsisting for several days on parched corn and a little bacon. Crossing the Pedee on the 3d of May, every effort was made by forced marches to overtake Tarleton, but in vain, in consequence of the numerous Tories infesting that neighborhood, who proved constant and liege subjects, and friends to the devastating foe. On the 6th of May, they captured one company of British dragoons, consisting of forty persons, and retired back again to the ferry; Buford then lying on the northern side of the river. In vain did the colonel insist on crossing the Pedee, but was overruled by White, who had recently arrived to assume the command of Bland's regiment; Tarleton at once took advantage of this impolitic movement, and not only recaptured the prisoners recently taken, but also forty Americans. Two days afterwards, the scattered regiments were once more collected together, below Leneau's ferry, where the heavy baggage lay. On the 29th of May, Tarleton tarnished his laurels at the Waxhaws, in his attack on Buford, by an indiscriminate massacre of one hundred and thirteen Americans; the wounding of one hundred and fifty in a barbarous and inhuman manner, after quarter had been demanded: fifty-three were taken prisoners. "In the annals of Indian war, nothing is to be found more shocking; and this bloody day only wanted the war dance and the roasting fire, to have placed it first in the records of torture and of death in the west." After encountering many perils and hardships, parrying the onsets of foreign and intestine enemies; harrassed with all the accidents and trials of warfare, in a country infested with traitors, whose business it was, not only to aid the British, but to burn, devastate, and overwhelm in ruin the property of their neighbors, and deliver it up almost to indiscriminate ruin; Everheart, with his regiment, arrived at Halifax on the first of June, where they remained until September, recruiting their exhausted ranks with men and horses from the north. Being now in fine order, they set out again for the scene of war in South Carolina. At Rudgeley's mill, the lieutenant colonel putting a painted pine log on a cart, induced Rudgeley to believe it a piece of artillery, and being summoned by a corporal with a flag, or on failure, he would be blown to atoms, that officer, with more than one hundred prisoners, capitulated without firing a gun. Washington, with his cavalry, being now placed under

Morgan, by direction of Gates, he resumed his accustomed active service, and was essentially useful in the important trust confided to Morgan. Greene succeeding Gates, after the ill-fated catastrophe at Camden, Morgan was detached with the corps to which Everheart belonged, to hang on the enemy's flank, and to threaten Ninety-Six. After various vicissitudes incident to the life of a soldier, Morgan halted near the Pacolet river, on the 1st of January, 1781. Washington set out for Hammond's store, so notorious for being the rendezvous of Tories, (leaving the sergeant in charge of the baggage,) whence he returned in two days, after killing several, and taking fifty or sixty prisoners. From this period until the 17th of the month, the Americans were continually engaged in reconnoitering the British. That was indeed a day, full of glory to our country. On the heights of Cowpens, the unyielding valor of men determined to be free, shone with unrivalled lustre. With his characteristic ardor, Tarleton pressed hard on his adversary through the night of the 16th, and passed over the ground on which the American general had been encamped, a few hours after the latter had left it.

The following letter of Lieutenant Simons to Colonel (afterwards General) William Washington, will prove what part Everheart bore on that glorious occasion.

" CHARLESTON, Nov. 3, 1803.

" DEAR GENERAL,

" In reply to your letter of the 23d ultimo, and to the letter which you enclosed for my perusal, I do hereby (not only from recollection, but from a journal now in my possession, which I kept at the time,) certify, that about the dawn of day on the 17th of January, 1781, you selected Sergeant Everheart from your regiment, and thirteen men, whom you sent to reconnoitre Lieut. Col. Tarleton's army. The advanced guard of his army were mounted, as we understood and believed, on some of the fleetest race horses, which he had impressed from their owners, in this country, and which enabled them to take Sergeant Everheart and one of the men; but the other twelve men returned and gave you information of the approach of the enemy. Immediately after the battle of the Cowpens commenced, you well recollect that your first charge was made on the enemy's cavalry, (who were cutting down our militia,) and whom, after a smart action, you instantly defeated, leaving in the course of ten minutes eighteen of their brave 17th dragoons dead on the spot, and whom, you will recollect, were deserted by Col. Tarleton's legionary cavalry. The former wore an uniform of red and buff, with sheep skin on their caps; the latter wore an uniform of green with black facings. In pursuit of their cavalry, you overtook their artillery, whom you immediately made prisoners;

but the drivers of the horses who were galloping off with two three-pounders, you could not make surrender, until after repeated commands from you, you were obliged to order to be shot. After securing these field pieces, your third charge was made upon the right wing of their army, composed of legionary infantry, intermixed with the battalion of the brave 71st, under the command of Major McArthur; and who, under the operation of an universal panic, having been successfully charged on the left of their army, by our friend Colonel Howard, instantly surrendered. Immediately after securing the prisoners, your fourth charge was in pursuit of their cavalry, who finding they could no longer keep Everheart a prisoner, shot him with a pistol on the head, over one of his eyes, (I cannot remember which.) Being then intermixed with the enemy, Everheart pointed out to me the man who shot him, and on whom a just retaliation was exercised, and who, by my orders was instantly shot, and his horse, as well as I recollect, given to Everheart, whom I ordered in the rear to the surgeons. It was at this period of the action, that we sustained the greatest loss of men, Lieutenant Bell having previously taken off with him, in pursuit of the enemy on our left, nearly a fourth part of your regiment. The enemy were obliged to retreat, and were pursued by you twenty-two miles, taking several prisoners and wounded. To the best of my recollection, Sergeant Everheart was so disabled from his wounds, that he received a discharge from you, and he retired from the army. That Sergeant Everheart was a brave soldier, there is no better proof than your selecting him at such an important moment for such important service; that Everheart would have been promoted to the rank of an officer, had he been able to remain with our regiment, your practice in several similar instances, leaves no room to doubt, as the meritorious was certain of promotion from you. To recompense, therefore, in the evening of his days, for past services, an old, gallant, and meritorious wounded soldier, will, I am persuaded, be a great satisfaction to all with whom the decision of this question can rest.

I am, dear General,
Your old brother officer, and sincere friend,
JAMES SIMONS.
Brig. Gen. WASHINGTON."

Personally appeared before me, Major James Simons, who being duly sworn, doth declare, that the circumstances stated in the foregoing letter, are, to the best of his recollection, true.

JAMES SIMONS.

Sworn to before me, at Charleston, November 8, 1803. ABM. CROUCH, *Notary Public*.

On the back of the above document is the following:

"I believe the circumstances detailed in the certificate of James Simons, relative to Lawrence Everheart, are strictly just; and can with truth aver, that Sergeant Everheart was a brave and meritorious soldier during our revolutionary struggle.

W. WASHINGTON.

SANDY HILL, Nov. 13, 1803."

The following letter in the hand-writing of his colonel, constitutes part of the documents on which a pension was recently obtained, under the act of Congress of June 7, 1832.

"SANDY HILL, Nov. 11, 1803.

"DEAR SIR:—I should have answered your favor of August 4th long since, but the certificate of James Simons could not be obtained till a few days ago. Such a length of time has elapsed, that all the circumstances relative to the services and discharge of Lawrence Everheart, are not so fully within my recollection as to justify my making an affidavit of the same; but doubtless, the certificate and affidavit of James Simons, who was a lieutenant and adjutant in our regiment, fully meets all the requisitions of the law of Congress. It gives me much pleasure that you and my old friend Howard are about to advocate the pretensions of that brave and meritorious soldier, Lawrence Everheart; and I cannot be induced to believe that Congress will reject the just claims of an old soldier, who was instrumental in accomplishing that independent situation which they now enjoy; and who, in consequence of his bravery, was unfortunately deprived of the means of supporting himself comfortably in old age.

I am, dear sir, with much respect and esteem,
Your very obedient, humble servant,

W. WASHINGTON.

Enclosed herewith, you will receive the certificate and affidavit of James Simons."

In order fully to understand these documents, it will be necessary here to recapitulate some of the events in which Everheart participated. It was not until after a severe and bloody contest between the advance of Tarleton and his party, that he was captured. On his left hand are now to be seen the wounds received on that morning from the sabres of the enemy. Even with this disadvantage, he would have escaped, but his favorite charger, to his great sorrow, fell dead under him, by a shot from the enemy. At this moment, our army was about three miles in the rear. He was taken by quartermaster Wade, with whom he had accidentally formed a slight acquaintance at Monk's corner, (and who was slain on that very day,) to Col. Tarleton. That officer dismounting, the following conversation occurred: "Do you expect Mr. Washington and Mr. Morgan will fight me to-day?" "Yes, if they can keep together two

hundred men." "Then," said the former, "it will be another Gates defeat." "I hope to God it will be another Tarleton's defeat," replied the gallant son of Middletown Valley. "I am Col. Tarleton, sir." "And I am Sergeant Everheart, sir." It was a reply worthy of Roman or Spartan courage. Suffering intensely from his wounds, they were speedily dressed by the British surgeon, and he was treated with distinguished kindness. Now a prisoner of war, he was taken with the enemy's army to the scene of action. At eight o'clock in the morning, Morgan halting near the Broad river, awaited the approach of his adversary. The ground about the Cowpens was covered with open wood, allowing the cavalry to operate with ease, in which the British trebled our forces. The detachment of Tarleton numbered one thousand;—that of Morgan, eight hundred. Although the plan of battle on the part of the American brigadier, was, in the estimation of some military men, rather injudicious, yet it was impossible that the issue could have been more fortunate. The first line was composed of militia under Major McDowel, of North Carolina, and Major Cunningham, of Georgia, who were ordered to feel the enemy as he approached, then to fall back on the front line, and renew the conflict. The main body of militia composed this line, under Gen. Pickens. In the rear of the first line was stationed a second, composed of the continental infantry, and Virginia militia, under Captains Triplett and Taite, commanded by Howard. Washington's cavalry, reinforced by a company of mounted militia, was held in reserve, convenient to support the infantry, and to protect the horses of the rifle corps, which, agreeably to usage, were tied in the rear. "The gloomy host" now advanced, sure of conquest. At this solemn period, Morgan, who had fought at Quebec under Montgomery, and fully established his fame at Saratoga, addressed his troops in a style worthy of a Hannibal or Scipio Africanus. Uneducated as he was, his eloquence was from the heart, and thrilled through every bosom. He exhorted the militia to the exercise of firmness and zeal, and declared his entire confidence in their valor and patriotism. He pointed them to the fields of his exploits; to his fortune and experience; to the destructive fire of his unerring riflemen; to the mortification he had experienced at being hitherto forced to retire before the enemy; and that now was the time to strike for their country. To the continentals he said little, except to remind them that *they* needed no exhortation to do *their* duty. He took his station. The situation of Everheart, when the first line fell back, and the shout of the enemy was heard in all directions, must have been truly appalling, because he knew not that this movement formed part of the plan of battle. But rushing on the front line, which held its station, they instantly

poured in on the British a destructive fire; but continuing to advance with the bayonet on our militia, the latter retired and gained the second line. Here, with part of the corps, Pickens took post on Howard's right, and the rest fled to their horses. Tarleton pushed forward, and was received by Morgan with unshaken firmness. Each party struggled hard for victory; the enemy ordered up his reserve. McArthur's regiment animated the whole British line, which, outstretching our front, endangered Howard. That officer defended his flank by directing his right company to change its front; but by mistake it fell back; the line began to retire, and they were ordered to retreat to the cavalry. This manœuvre being quickly performed, the new position was immediately resumed. The British line now rushed on with impetuosity, but as it drew near, Howard faced about, and delivered a close and severe fire. The enemy recoiled;—the advantage was followed up with the bayonet, and the day was ours. At this instant, Washington charged, as Major Simons has stated, on the enemy's cavalry, who had gained our rear, and were "cutting down" our militia. He proved himself the "thunderbolt of war." What language can paint the emotions which then filled the bosom of his friend, a captive in the hands of that enemy whom the colonel was destroying; himself liable at every moment to fall by the hands of his countrymen? His beloved chief was then in the prime of life, six feet in height, broad, strong, and corpulent, courting danger, impetuous and irresistible. In proof of this, Marshall, in his 4th vol. page 347, says: "In the eagerness of pursuit, Washington advanced near thirty yards in front of his regiment. Observing this, three British officers wheeled about and made a charge upon him? The officer on his right was aiming to cut him down, when a sergeant came up and intercepted the blow, by disabling his sword arm. At the same instant, the officer on his left was about to make a stroke at him, when a waiter, too small to wield a sword, saved him by wounding the officer with a ball discharged from a pistol. At this moment, the officer in the centre, who was believed to be Tarleton, made a thrust at him, which he parried, upon which the officer retreated a few paces, and then discharged a pistol at him, which wounded his knee." The sergeant here spoken of was Everheart. Under Providence, he was his shield and buckler. How great the benefit conferred on his country! Had Washington fallen, we should not only have lost his all-important services on that day, when victory settled on our banner, but also his valor and skill at the subsequent actions of Guilford and Eutaw, at which last place he was, to the great grief of the whole army, thrown from his horse while charging the enemy, and carried away a prisoner to Charleston. Morgan now pressed his

success; the pursuit became general. The British cavalry were covering the retreat; but, according to the evidence of Major Simons, nothing could restrain the ardor of the colonel. He pursued them twenty-two miles, within a short distance of Cornwallis' camp, at Fisher's creek, where the British under Tarleton retreated. Sometime after this affair, the British colonel observed in company, that he should be pleased to see Mr. Washington, of whom he had heard so much; to which a lady very significantly replied, that he might have been gratified had he only looked behind him at the Cowpens!

In this action, of the enemy there were one hundred, including ten officers, killed; twenty-three officers and five hundred privates were taken. Their artillery, 800 muskets, two standards, thirty-five baggage wagons, and one hundred horses fell into our hands; while our loss was only seventy, of whom twelve were killed. Everheart informs me, that while the dragoons were making the charges described by Major Simons, he could hear them distinctly cry out as their watchword, "Buford's play," referring to the odious massacre perpetrated on the detachment commanded by that officer, as before detailed. Yet for all this, although the innocent blood of their companions, shed contrary to the laws of civilized warfare, yet remained unavenged; and the very persons who did the foul deed, were now in the open field of honorable combat, or held as prisoners fairly vanquished; no instance occurred on the part of our troops in which the dreadful precedent was followed. Washington now returning from the chase, with joy embraced his wounded friend, and sent him, under the care of two dragoons, three miles distant from the Cowpens, where his wounds were dressed by Dr. Pindall, formerly of Hagerstown, Maryland, then surgeon of the regiment. He remained at this position until the last of February, and then set out for Catawba river. Passing through Salem, he arrived at Guilford Court House immediately before the battle fought there, March 15, 1781. Here it is expedient to explain a part of the affidavit of Major Simons, where it is said that the subject of this memoir had retired from the army. That officer, not being at Guilford, did not of course see Everheart there; and no doubt thinking that his wounds were so very severe as to compel him to retire from service, and not hearing any thing to the contrary, he took for granted that it was the fact. At this place, the interview between the colonel and sergeant was truly joyous. He apprised Washington that his debility would prevent his participating in the coming conflict, and he was requested by that officer merely to take charge of the baggage wagons. Yet such was his love of battle, that he took his station on a hill where he could distinctly see every movement, and hear every shock of both

armies. He was, during the whole time, within range of the enemy's shot. I cannot forbear relating a singular event detailed to me by Charles Magill, Esq., late of Winchester, Virginia, who was aid-de-camp to Greene during this engagement. A captain was under arrest for cowardice. As the enemy displayed their columns, and formed their line, the unfortunate man, after protesting his innocence of the charge, desired the major to gallop to the general, and ask a suspension only during the action, that he might retrieve his character. It was soon done, and he was placed at the head of his company. On the first fire he fled from his station, and sheltered himself behind an apple tree. Magill invoked him in the strongest terms to reflect on his conduct and situation, and urged him to resume his command. At the first step he took from behind the tree, a ball from the enemy laid him dead at the feet of his friend. It was his opinion that the captain was born a coward; but that he would have been in less danger at his command, than in the situation he had assumed. As Everheart did not participate in the battle of Guilford, I shall notice only a few of its particulars, connected with the part which his colonel performed on that occasion. At the most important crisis, Washington charged the British guards with tremendous fury, and perceiving an officer at some distance surrounded by aids-de-camp, whom he supposed to be Cornwallis, he rushed on with the hope of making him prisoner, but was prevented by accident. His cap fell on the ground, and, as he dismounted to recover it, the officer leading the column was shot through the body, and rendered incapable of managing his horse. The animal wheeled round with his rider and galloped off the field. The cavalry followed, supposing that this movement had been ordered. But for this circumstance, it is highly probable that the amiable and accomplished Cornwallis would have been spared the pain of surrendering his whole army shortly afterwards at York, in Virginia. Greene, it is true, retreated—but only after such an obstinate contest as induced Charles Fox, in the House of Commons, to tell the ministry, with his usual sarcasm, that such another victory would destroy the British army. The official accounts estimate our loss in killed, wounded and missing, at fourteen commissioned officers, and three hundred and twelve non-commissioned officers and privates of the continental line. In the militia, there were four captains and seventeen privates killed; and besides General Stephens, there were one major, three captains, eight subalterns, and sixty privates wounded. The loss of the British was five hundred and thirty-two men; among them several officers of distinguished talents. Cornwallis retired to Ramsay's mills, and Greene set out in pursuit of him. The sergeant remained for several weeks in the vicinity of the

court house, that he might have the benefit of the professional skill of Dr. Wallis, in the healing of his wounds. During the summer, being once more ready for service, he was, by the order of Greene, employed in collecting horses in North Carolina, for the use of the army; and on the 18th of October, 1781, was present at the capitulation of the British army at Yorktown. Here his acquaintance with Lafayette commenced, which to the satisfaction of both parties, was renewed at Baltimore in 1825, when the patriot revisited our shores. He now returned to his county; but in November following, at the request of Col. Baylor, who had been exchanged, and restored to the command of his regiment, he repaired to Petersburg. With him he remained through the succeeding summer, and, in the fall of 1782, was honorably discharged, and once more returned to his lovely valley. With him, "the sword was converted into the plough-share." Embarking in agricultural pursuits, the sternness of the warrior was now subdued. Having married, and become the father of several children, his time was chiefly employed in providing for their wants by honest industry and toil. After some years, he became a preacher in the respectable denomination of christians called Methodists. Even here, as I am informed, "the ruling passion" would at times follow him; and when in the pulpit was a soldier still. He would sometimes introduce his discourses by informing his hearers, that, in his youth, he drew his sword in behalf of his country, but now in behalf of his Saviour! Washington frequently wrote to Everheart, offering to make him wealthy if he would emigrate to Carolina, but he declined his solicitations. When the troops of the United States were stationed at Harper's ferry, in 1799, his colonel, then holding a distinguished rank in that corps, passed through Middletown, and inquired for his old and faithful friend, desiring that he would pass the next day with him in Frederick. A large collection of citizens assembled to witness the interview. On approaching, they rushed into each other's arms, kissed and gave vent to their feelings in tears of joy. This was the last time they ever met. Everheart tells me, that on this occasion they walked together over those fields, where, in 1780, the regiment was disciplined for service; and that the feelings and scenes of those days were again revived; that he was urged by his chief to remove to Carolina, where wealth, ease and happiness awaited him. It was in vain. The colonel wrung the hand which had saved his life at Cowpens, and disappeared forever.

Admired and beloved by all, this venerable man yet retains uncommon vigor and elasticity of body and unbroken health. Florid in countenance, erect in gait, with every mark of military deportment; possessing great decision of character, and a name unsullied by a single stain; he is the de-

light of the neighborhood in which he resides. Not far from the place of his birth he passes the evening of his days in peace and tranquillity, awaiting with christian humility the awful summons of that Almighty Being, who was his tower of defence in the day of battle.

RAKINGS OF THE STUDY.

NO. I.

MARTIN LUTHER—HIS CHARACTER AND TIMES.

Genius illius temporis, velut incantatione quâdam, à moribus revocetur. *Bacon: De augm. Scient. L. II. Cap. 4.*

The present disposition of minds, together with general circumstances, is not the most favorable to a full appreciation of Luther's character and times. There is but little, if any community of feelings and doctrines between the nineteenth and the sixteenth centuries. Questions of a purely dogmatic nature are no longer invested with the sovereign importance which they once possessed. Proverbially fierce as the spirit of religious controversy may be; we seldom admit, in our theological wrangles, the fanatical acerbity, which quailed not before the imminent danger of the Turk, encamped at the gates of Vienna, and which stood undaunted by the cruel extravagances of the followers of John of Leyden, and the awakened passions of the peasants of Muntzer, ravaging the plains of Germany.

To curb the ambitious cupidity of popes, and check the temporal aggressions of the church;—to reduce the excessive number of its ministers and the exorbitant increase of its wealth;—to shake off the yoke of spiritual despotism, and conquer the rights of conscience, in behalf of man; are no longer exclusive objects of attainment with the apostles of reform in our day. The various revolutions through which Europe has passed within the last three hundred years, have assumed the task of mainly redressing the grievances which induced the reformation. Its pretensions, inasmuch as our country is concerned, are realized. As an instrument of revolution, it has no provisional mission to perform:—it can exercise no salutary influence on a period, the tendency of which is to throw off the rubbish of worn-out principles, collected by ages of fraud, on the natural and political rights of mankind; and the crowning development of which must be the sure, though gradual, reconstruction of the social fabric out of new elements of sociability.

This reference, therefore, to the great schism of the sixteenth century, is intended to show Luther rather as an individual than as a reformer;—rather as the living representative of new ideas, than the assailer of mere church corruptions. Indeed we do not think that Luther appears to the best advantage as the reformer of abuses. It were a strange, though an habitual illusion, to imagine him bound to an unwavering faith in his work, or sustained by an enlightened conscience in his principles and aim. His memoirs exhibit him reforming himself at each step which he took. Humble and subdued, at first, in the presence of Rome's au-

thority—then kindling into a spirit of disputations pride—insolent even to brutality and vulgar beyond measure—ignorant of the definite bearing of the discussion which he had started—alarmed at the very enthusiasm with which his first theses were received—shrinking before the consequences of the principles that he had laid down in his polemics, and driven, by some irresistible fatality, from negation to negation;—we find him denying the pope the power of indulgences, denying the merits of good works, denying the institution of the papacy, denying the church as a visible body, denying the prayers for the dead, denying the freedom of will and the indissolubility of the marriage bond. He successively revolutionized not only the discipline of the church, and its religious and dogmatic authority, but also the received opinions of mankind concerning morals, the family state, and political society itself. Breathing in turn the most sublime eloquence, and in turn sinking into the most abject foolery; denouncing the temporal powers, and then bending in ignominious subserviency to their views; Luther could at times command the language of protection and mercy in behalf of the wretched peasantry, who had reared the standard of rebellion in the name of his reformation; at others, mark them out for the cruel butcheries of the inexorable barons, and solicit their arm to the work of carnage and torture. “The peasantry,” he writes, “deserve no mercy—no toleration; but the indignation of the vilest of men. They are under the ban of God and of the empire. It is lawful to kill them like mad dogs!” He was truly of that stern race of Saxons, whom Karl the Great could not bring under the christian law, until converted by fire and sword.

A dark and fatal predestination of trials and conflicts harbingered Luther's birth. He was born in blood. Jahn Luther, his father, having accidentally killed a man, who tended his flock, was compelled to fly. His wife, who had followed him in spite of her critical situation, gave birth to Martin on reaching the town of Eisleben. His father's cognizance—for the mechanics and even the serfs of those days, in imitation of the nobility, bore armorial devices—has a miner's sledge. With this sledge the son was destined to dint the papal tiara and shiver the pastoral staff of the catholic hierarchy:—the same instrument, which, in the course of time, passing through the hands of Cromwell, Robespierre and Napoleon, hammered regal crowns and regal baubles into fragments.

Early indications of talent, given by Luther, induced in his mother, who though grossly illiterate, seems to have been a woman of high energies, a desire to see him trained up as a scholar. How far her laudable, maternal ambition was realized, the after life of the reformer abundantly proves. The courses of his youth, however, were wild and unruly:—it required the voice of thunder to call young Luther away from the proverbial excesses of a German student's life. Like St. Paul, on the road to Damascus, he was solemnly warned by the voice of God. In the year 1505, Luther, whilst walking with a bosom friend, saw him struck into a heap of cinders by the lightning of heaven. He shrieked a vow to St. Anne; and that vow was to take orders, if spared. On the seventeenth of July of the same year, therefore, after having spent a

merry evening—an evening of poetry and song—with several of his friends; he entered, in the dead of night, the cloisters of the Augustine monks at Erfurth. Plautus and Virgil,* were the only companions that he brought along. With his life of seclusion began a life of sadness, of anguish and of doubts:—then arose that fearful conflict between daring thoughts and checked propensities, which assailed him throughout his existence. There is a wide difference between the spiritual trials of the German reformer and those of the eremites, saints and doctors of the primitive church. Temptation never reached the faith of the latter; it assailed the flesh merely, which neither fastings nor macerations, vigils nor prayers, could entirely subdue: while, in Luther, we find, at once, the temptings of the spirit and the flesh—the rebellion of the intellect and the war of the senses—hot passions and racking doubts—Satan rushing on his soul, and, according to his own quaint expression, “beating it with his fists.” Many and bitter were the nights, as he relates himself, which he spent in monastic solitude; wrestling with the spirit of evil, and clinging in prayerful watches to the foot of the cross.

The mind-sick and restless monk resolved to carry his doubts to the very centre of faith; and, in the hope of certainty and peace, to lay down his agony before St. Peter's chair. He left, therefore, his cell at Erfurth to visit the Vatican; but, like one of the greatest living geniuses of the age, he returned, from the capital of the christian world, to curse the vanity of his pilgrimage and the obstinacy of the pope.†

In the year 1517, after his return from Italy, Luther began his attacks against the church of Rome; and published and maintained his propositions against the doctrine of indulgences. The records of the revolutions of the mind do not furnish a more striking instance of total disproportion between effect and cause, than do the annals of the great reformation of the sixteenth century in its origin and its development. Singular indeed as it may appear, we may, without straining probabilities, trace up the most important schism in the church of Christ, since the heresies of Arianism, to motives of personal interest and baffled lucre.‡

No event in history has proven, more forcibly than the reformation, how the tendencies of a period may overmaster the spirit of man, even when that man is

* The choice of these two authors is measurably characteristic of Luther's disposition. Virgil's melancholy tenderness harmonises with Luther's keen sensibilities—ever an adjunct of true genius; while the somewhat coarse and vulgar style of Plautus' comedies assimilates with the unaccountable tendency to ribaldry, which marks many of the compositions of the reformer.

† Lamennais, the democratic priest, and powerful editor of the *Avenir*. Admonished by Gregory the XVI, of the “libertine tendencies” of his editorial labors, he repaired to Rome to explain his views of political and religious freedom; and they were answered by the memorable encyclic letter of the month of August, 1832, urging all patriarchs, primates, archbishops and bishops to stem the torrent of innovations sweeping over christendom.

‡ It is not intended, neither is this the place, to renew the interminable disputes of Staupitz and Tetzel; but those who are acquainted with the history of the sixteenth century, will find a clue to the allusion, in the contest of the Augustinians and Dominicans in the monopoly of the indulgences.

one of confessed and commanding genius. We have mentioned Luther's alarm at the enthusiasm which hailed the appearance of his propositions through Germany; and adverted to his controversial propensities, his waverings, his contradictions and his doubts. The latter are so peculiarly characteristic of his course, that he may be said to have rather followed than directed the onward march of intellectual freedom. Of the reform of abuses, as far as it went, Luther cannot fairly claim the exclusive merit:—it had, for three centuries at least, been a question of internal church discipline—the object of the meditations and censures of the most illustrious and venerated of its members of St. Bernard, Gerson, Pietro, Alliaco, among other champions of the hierarchy. Three famous councils—those of Pisa, Constance and Basil—had begun the reform, which was repelled by the church as soon as attempted to be enforced by violence. Inasmuch as dogmas were concerned, the different heresies of the sectarians, Peter de Bruys, Berengarius, Abeilard, Roscelyn, Arnaldo di Brescia, Savonarola,* Wycliff, John Huss and Jerome of Praga—had amply smoothed the way for Luther, and stripped his task of much of its arduousness. In 1546, the very year of his death, he witnessed the achievement of the great revolution, attempted by those whom we have mentioned, and brought to a successful close by his agency. All who had preceded him in this perilous career, had either been satisfied with the fame of the schoolmen, or had perished by fire and steel. In matters depending on opinion merely, opinion is all powerful:—John Huss and Jerome of Praga, were burned, at the council of Constance, for the defence of a majority of the propositions, which a hundred years afterwards convulsed Europe through Luther's lips, and cut off one half of its dominions from the spiritual authority of the pope. The Henricians, the Wuldenses, the Petrobrusians and the Hussites form one unbroken chain of innovators, whose exertions and life-blood prepared the triumph of the reformation under political influences.

It cannot be proven from the scriptures, says Wycliff, who wrote in the course of the fourteenth century, that Christ has instituted the rites of the mass. The

* After the mercantile aristocracy of Florence had opened their career of oppression, and the conflict begun between the corrupt ambition of immoderate wealth and the laborious pride of the democracy; there suddenly rose a champion, who was at once a priest—a tribune—and a martyr. While Machiavelli was reducing the doctrines of despotism into systematic and ingenious forms; Savonarola, the poor Dominican Monk, terrorised the soul of the Medici; and, from the pulpits, and in the streets and thoroughfares of Florence, preached, not only the reform of abuses and fear of God; but also the love of freedom and the equality of human rights. With a boldly democratic hand he inscribed, over the judgment seat of the great council, the following republican stanza, in direct opposition to a contemplated treaty with the banished Medici. Carlo Coechi, for a mere attempt to induce a departure from the poetical monitions of this religious tribune, was doomed to the block:

“Se questo popular consiglio, e certo
Governo, popol, della tua cittate
Conservi, che da Dio t'è stato offerto,
In pace starai sempre e'n libertate;
Tien Dunque l'occhio della mente aperto,
Che molte insidie ognor ti sien parate;
E sappi, che chi vuol far parlamento
Vuol torti delle mani il reggimento.”

bread and wine are not transubstantiated into the body and blood of Christ. After Urban the VI, no pope should be acknowledged; but we should live according to our own conscience, and after the manner of the Greeks. It is repugnant to the gospel that churchmen should hold personal property. All mendicant monks are heretics. The people have a right to correct their rulers when they fall into error. Whoever enters a convent is less fitted for the observance of God's commandments. Those who establish monasteries are sinners; and those who live in them are devils. The election of the pope by the cardinals is a device of Satan. Belief in the sovereignty of the church of Rome, is not necessary to the salvation of souls.

Besides these theological propositions, closely assimilating with Luther's, it may not be irrelevant to quote a few philosophic dicta, which will more fully characterise Wycliff's theories. He maintained that the idea of all things is in God from all eternity; and, therefore, that all things occurring in the course of time are eternal. According to his doctrines, everything in God is God. Hence this, for the fourteenth century, bold proposition, which is not far removed from the pantheism of Spinoza and Schelling:—every creature is God. He also laid down the thesis, that God can annihilate nothing; and that all things happen through an invincible necessity; a broad confession of fatalism, which may be put in juxtaposition with Luther's tenets on the freedom of man, which the reformer completely subordinated to divine grace.

Wycliff's heresies had barely gone beyond the threshold of the schools; and it was not until the year 1415, sometime after his death, that they passed the precincts of the university and were summoned before the council held at Constance. His works were amerced, instead of his body; his books and bones were publicly burned, and his memory ritually damned. John Huss, though not half as daring as Wycliff, was certainly more unfortunate. The despotism of the popes and the derelictions of the clergy—the protracted schism of the church and total depravation of the ecclesiastical body, loudly called for the reform of so many and scandalous abuses. The very council, before which Huss appeared, deposed three popes, who had mutually excommunicated each other; and one of whom, John XXIII, if not belied by history, was steeped in execrable crimes. Huss was condemned, and burnt alive, in violation of the safe conduct granted him by king Sigismund, who was present at the council. This breach of plighted faith, is one of the most remarkable in the annals of the world; because committed after mature reflection and by a pious senate of prelates, doctors and priests. Universal christendom was made a participant, through its representatives, in this felon deed; and never did a more solemn conclave taint their souls with an act of more solemn perfidy. Swayed by a perversion of principle and a lust of cruelty which have no parallel in the blood-written pages of fanaticism, they remorselessly gave to a horrid death, one who had been entrapped by the lying promises of their safe conduct. A few independent minds and honest hearts did blame the execution of Huss; but the council issued an ordinance to allay the scruples of the weaklings and muzzle the officiousness of the censors. The text of the rescript, by which the

council absolves themselves and the emperor, is a curious monument of the political and religious morality of the times.

The period which followed the sessions of the council of Constance, brought no change in the disposition of minds. The clergy did not amend, and the popes continued to be ambitious princes, stained with as glaring vices as the earthly rulers, their cotemporaries. The accession of Alexander the Sixth to the pontifical throne—his sacrilegious loves with his daughter, Lucrezia, in whose incestuous affections and favors he was rivalled by his sons, the duke of Gandia and Cesar Borgia—his course of murders, exactions and simony—were not in any degree likely to bring men back to respect and cherish the ancient and hallowed catholicism of the Roman church. And in those days, the German peasantry, among whom the reformation was destined to enlist so many proselytes, indulged in this significant proverb: *Je näher Rom, je böser der Christ*; the nearer to Rome, the worse the christian. Luther's doctrines, therefore, found a loud and long echo in minds thus prepared; and yet these were, at first, but mild remonstrances against the sale of indulgences. Urged, as much by the solicitations of Staupitz as by the promptings of his vanity, he deemed himself bound to controvert propositions and denounce a traffic, which seemed to him to be unchristian and scandalous; and, whatever danger was pointed out to him in the attempt, he determined to publish the programme of a thesis, subdivided into various propositions, in which he condemned the practice of indulgences. Such is the origin of a theological wrangle, which induced a revolution, at once fatal to papal authority and friendly to intellectual freedom.

Viewing the question as one of a purely historical character, it may not be inappropriate to trace the rise of this singular traffic. The practice seems to have originated under Urbanus the Second, who, in the eleventh century, granted a plenary indulgence, or remission of sins, to such as should engage in the wars of the holy land. This example, followed by many of the popes, was also practised by Leo the Tenth, who had exhausted the resources of the church, by a gorgeous liberality extended to kinsmen, courtiers, men of letters and artists. In the year 1516, he published throughout christendom, an indulgence to such as would contribute moneys. Its benefits were extended to the dead; whose spirits were delivered from the bonds of purgatory, in consideration of the soul-tax paid in their behalf:—to this was added leave to use eggs and milk on days of abstinence—to choose one's own confessor—and other such spiritual facilities. Leo, having promulgated his bull of indulgence, disposed of a portion of its proceeds before they were actually received. To different persons he assigned the revenue of different provinces; reserving that of the most lucrative ones for the use of the apostolic chamber. In this division, he conferred all that was to accrue from Saxony, and the part of Germany extending thence to the sea, to his sister Madelena, the wife of Cibo—a spurious son of Innocent the Eighth, who, in favor of this marriage, elevated Leo to the cardinalate, at the early age of fourteen, and, by this act of spiritual despotism, gave the Medici family access to the high dignities and temporal honors of the church.

It must, at first, seem extraordinary that the remission of sin could have been bought at the price of gold. But a theory had been started to explain and justify the practice. The scholastic doctors, assuming that the penances and merits of one individual might be transferred to another, admitted the existence of a treasury, filled up with the excess of merits, gathered among the faithful, through christendom. The dispensation of its contents was entrusted to the pope, who distributed them in the shape of indulgences. This doctrine, maintained by the very ingenious and powerful logic of St. Thomas and St. Buonaventura, was inwoven in the bull which Clement the Sixth promulgated for the jubilee of the fourteenth century. The indulgences were drafts on this sinking fund of good works:—redeemable in heaven, and discounted on earth for ready cash; they formed no inconsiderable portion of the revenue of the church. This system, by which, he said, the last became the first; while, by the true treasure of the gospel, the first became the last; Luther vigorously assailed in his opening thesis. Harping upon the same antithesis, he adds "the treasury of the scriptures is the net with which the apostles fished for men of wealth; but the treasury of indulgences is the net with which we fish for the wealth of men."

While opposing the theological principle and the actual sale of indulgences, Luther had no foresight of the effect which he was about to produce both on others and on himself. He was astonished—even alarmed, at his success. But when it became necessary to maintain the conflict which he had solicited—when he began to judge what he had, at first, merely believed—when his mind, partially shaking off its misgivings, proceeded from daring to daring, to investigate pontifical power and church government;—he then embraced the full extent of the work of reform, and clearly defined the aim which he intended to reach. The conflict grew out of the gratification of scholastic vanity, and ended in the subversion of tradition and authority. But he soon found himself launched on a sea of varying opinions, where he needed the guidings of a compass. That was found in the scriptures—a compass less unerring than he had at first imagined; for a book, written by human hands—sufficient as may be the divine inspiration under which it was composed—is ever liable to human interpretation. And this, the more likely, when a portion of that book, the old testament, was drawn out in an ancient and lost language, with an imperfect system of orthography, in which the vowels are far from being accurately marked. From the moment that the reformer declared that he constantly appealed to the scriptures as a rule of faith, and rejected the sanction of tradition, the interpretations of the fathers, and the decisions of the councils of the church; from that moment, the essentials of christian belief were brought in *discrimine*; it became necessary for Luther to supply the proofs of his argument, and consequently to publish a German translation of the Bible itself. But other innovators had, long before him, sought, by like translations, means of disseminating their peculiar doctrines. Gerson, the chancellor of the university of Paris, that tremendous engine of mental despotism in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; Gerson, who was the master spirit of the council of Constance, censuring, in his treatise against communion under both species,

the literal interpretation of the scriptures, adds: "from this venomous stock sprung the errors of the Begards, the mendicants of Lyons, and their like. There be many laymen among them, who hold copies of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, to the great detriment and scandal of Catholic truth."

The ultimate action of these elements of opposition, was to strip the church of Rome of the support of tradition and authority, and to transfer the latter to the scriptural text,—saving the freedom of interpretation, which the innovators reserved to themselves. In this we may clearly trace the march of all opinions, which suddenly modify the state of society; as well as the transitions through which they necessarily pass. It would seem, considering things in the abstract, that human reason, unshackled in its operations, and free spontaneously to combine the *data* of the intellect, might overleap time, space and circumstance, and indiscriminately attain this or that extremity at will. But the award of experience stands to the contrary:—although the limits of the intellectual domain are neither visible to the eye nor tangible to the hand, they are not, therefore, the less accurately defined. An additional proof—though in a different order of observation, that intellect is dependant on and bound to the laws of a continuous development, the progress of which is in harmony with the development of the rest of earthly things. Luther contested and annihilated the infallibility of the pope and of the church; but he referred the principle of authority to the Bible. Though seemingly a retroaction, this was virtually an achievement—and, considering the period, the only achievement which the human mind could have made. To go from the authority of the holy see to the authority of the holy book;—to seek for a rule of faith, not in the teachings of the church, who decided for the faithful; but in a revealed text, whence each was free to draw forth his inspirations and his proofs;—to pass from the rule of submission to that of inquiry, though an inquiry hemmed within certain bounds; such were the labors and achievements of the reformers—and such the terms, beyond which they were forbidden to go by the nature of things. But this term once attained, the authority of the scriptures themselves was in turn examined—questioned—denied:—revelation was contested, and christianity shaken to its centre. This was the work of the reformers of the eighteenth century, who ceased to limit investigation to the texts of a book, which they no longer deemed divinely inspired.

The religious revolution, started by Luther's doctrines, induced great changes both in the order of politics and the distribution of wealth. It secularised many a church fief; sequestered the property of convents and monasteries, and enlarged the authority of the temporal magistracy at the expense of the ecclesiastical tribunals. But this political movement progressed still farther; and the commotion threatened the very basis of the fabric of social order in Germany. The peasantry swarmed from their hovels and beset the strong holds of the barons. The anabaptists enlisted the interests of earth under the banner of heaven; and declared war against all existing powers:—this state of intestine feuds was powerfully assisted by the external enmities which the ambition of Charles the

Fifth had excited against the holy empire. Germany, thenceforth, became the theatre of bloody and relentless wars. If history affords frequent instances of what it is fashionable to call the inferior classes—the laborers, the peasantry and the mechanics—rising against that social order, which oppresses them; the issue of their insurgency is, nevertheless, rarely of a successful character. And for this we can easily account. They generally want all the necessary elements of success—skilful organization, proper leaders, and adequate means: they bring but stout hearts and willing hands to the contest. Yet there are examples of triumph in the case of the corporations of mechanics, who freed themselves in some of the cities of Europe, during the middle ages; and wrung charters of rights from the reluctant grasp of barons, bishops and kings. In ancient history we find a solitary fact of this kind on record:—that of the inhabitants of Brutium—slaves, who shook off the yoke of the Lucanians, their masters; and who, branded with the contemptuous appellation of *brutiates*—brutes—prided themselves, like the beggars of Flanders, in a name which they hallowed by successful resistance against the power of despotism. But the servile wars of antiquity generally terminated fatally to the serfs. The peasantry of Cisalpine Gaul, known in history under the name of *Bagauda*, who revolted at the period of the dismemberment of the Roman empire, were hewn into subjection; and the *Jacqueries* of the fourteenth century were massacred by the nobles, who banded from one extremity of Europe to the other, in a war of extermination.

The insurgent peasantry of Germany shared a similar fate. They and the anabaptists were incited, in this temporary revolution, by the twofold motive of politics and religion. This religious democracy of the sixteenth century widely differs from the democracy which prepared the great revolution of the eighteenth. In the blindness of their mysticism, they assailed the sciences, which, in the course of history, constitute the main safety of democracies. The ceaseless tendency of science is, as far as practicable, to equalise the bodily and mental faculties of man; and knowledge is the only armory from which the masses can draw trusty weapons of defence against the aggressions of the privileged orders:—the plebeian of Rome did not bulwark himself behind the limits of the *Mons Sacer*, until he had looked into the pious frauds of the augurs, and caught a glimpse of the mysteries of *Panda*. This brutal hostility to the arts and sciences establishes a well defined distinction between the politico-religious levellers of the reformation and the democrats of the American revolution, as well as those who inherited their principles and doctrines.

When we consult the records of those days of religious controversy, we marvel at the violence of language which condemns and the rigor of punishment which visits mere opinions on points of theology, the most incomprehensible and abstruse. There is no expression sufficiently strong to characterise the flagitiousness of the man who does not know whether Christ have two natures or two wills: no amercement is adequately severe—none too atrocious for the mis-giving heretic. Rome burns the Calvinist, who declines belief in the intercession of saints; the Calvinist condemns the Unitarian to fire and oil. The Gomarist

mailed in hopeless predestination, gives up to popular frenzy the Arminian, who maintains the doctrine of free will. It must be confessed, that behind these seemingly religious opinions, whether assailing or assailed, were screened questions of high political interests, which also acted on the offensive or defensive ground. Hence, if in our own country, we lately saw a tribunal passing sentence on an union of trades, and proscribing an enunciation of opinions, it is because both the union and their opinions threaten the growing aristocratic privileges of the country; and these privileges—as did the religious dogmas of other days—defend themselves behind a rampart of laws and punishments, not enacted in our land, not provided by our own statutes, but drawn from the dust of a foreign soil, the muniments of feudalism, originally intended to check Saxon serfs and Norman vassals.

Luther, who had introduced freedom of inquiry in religious matters, in his system of theology, sacrificed the freedom of man to the power of grace. He stoutly maintained that God does everything in man, sin as well as virtue; and that free will is incompatible with human corruption and divine prescience. This problem of man's freedom, as well as that of the existence and cause of evil necessarily connected with it, has been vexed both by the philosopher and the theologian. Baronius, in his *Philosophia Theologiae Ancellans*, has said that the former was a Hagar near a Sarah, and ought to be expelled with her Ishmaël, whenever he attempted to play the rebel. But the time is gone by for the admission of such doctrines. Theology has clearly proved inadequate to solve the problem; and the proof lies in this—that the different christian sects have drawn from the same sources, which they hold sacred, the most conflicting interpretations—free will and servile will. Philosophy also came to the assay; but bound to restrict its pretensions to a subordinate sphere, it can only point to acknowledged facts, nor attempt to offer an evidently impossible solution. Man feels himself morally free. This feeling is derived from his conscience; but it is hemmed within narrow limits, and varies according to the individual. To admit that freedom, under its restrictions—to point out its inequalities according to the differences of organization, of climate and education—differences which do not depend on individual will, and which, under another form, reproduce the differences of theological grace;—to receive the existence of evil as a fact, without attempting to reconcile it with divine omnipotence and divine foreknowledge, which are not known to us;—to compass the means of circumscribing evil, and of substituting, as much as possible, human freedom and intelligence to the fatality of nature;—such, the true scope of philosophy and science—the actual state of the question of free will, and the relation which it bears to the existence of evil through the world. To go beyond this, man must make up his mind to launch into gratuitous hypotheses and speculations, or yield, at once, to the suggestions of faith, which speaks differently to different capacities, and equally justifies the Protestant and the Catholic, the Mussulman and the Brahmin. We must accept, without weakness, as without pride, both the mysterious darkness which overhangs the primitive facts of nature, and the faint, vacillating, but only light which our reason affords.

Luther's reforms were, in some respects, highly important. The authority of the popes was curtailed, and confession abolished. Convents were suppressed, and celibacy ceased to be binding on the priesthood. The priests and monks who left their monasteries—the nuns who were restored to the world—availed themselves of the privilege of marriage. Luther himself, an unhooded monk of the order of the Augustines, married a nun, Catharine à Bohran; and Erasmus, the elegant railer, who, though no Protestant, was but a sorry Catholic, writes thus:—"People may contend that Lutheranism is a tragical affair;—for my part, I am convinced that nothing can be more comical;—for the upshot is always of a merry cast, and the catastrophe turns into a wedding!"

Lutheranism is not at issue with catholicism on the great question of the eucharist;—the former, as well as the latter, maintains that the bread and wine are converted into the very body and blood of Christ, by the power of the sacramental words. Some of the reformers went beyond the Lutherans:—they sacrificed the mystery of transubstantiation, and saw, in the last supper, but a memorial and a type. Other protestant sects have still further trenched upon the interpretation of the mysteries, and, at the extremity of this school, are the Socinians, who deny the divinity of Christ, and hold him as a man blessed with peculiar gifts from the hand of God. We should not confound Socinianism, which rests its belief on the scriptures, with pure deism, which holds the Bible to be a book "like one another"—a mere monument of the human intellect.

That which would be a serious obstacle to any sudden religious revolution in our day, is founded on the fact, that the nineteenth century is not marked by any excessive propensity to believe:—that which stamped the reformation with a peculiar character of arduousness, was that Luther's age was credulous even unto gross superstition. The fact is learned from Luther himself. He was long checked in his course by the idea of the responsibility which he was about to assume; and of the perdition into which so many would be whelmed, should he be deceived. The thought tortures him—and frequently recurs to his mind:—to have witnessed the delinquencies of Rome is an indirect justification of his course. "For," says he, "had I not seen this city of abominations, I would have remained in the dread of doing injustice to the pope." Luther constituted himself the head of the new heresy;—and, in so doing, he had to make use of his own rudely picturesque language, Sisyphus-like, an enormous rock to roll. The doubts which distracted his mind, are readily conceived; and the agony which racked him, when his jaded spirits flagged in their almost brutal energies, can be as easily realised. He battled, but with unequalled vigor and success, the so much respected authority of tradition, and the deeply dreaded power of the Roman church, which, up to his times, had been sanctioned into right by the consentient opinions of mankind. With the force of habit, that overmastering element in the nature of man; and with the obstinacy of faith, of its own nature opposed to reasoning, he manfully grappled. But before laying a desecrating hand on a tabernacle which men had deemed holy with sheer antiquity, long and frequent

were his self-communings:—and even after the deal ne of the blow, he questioned himself, at different intervals, to satisfy his conscience of the uprightness of his deed. Indeed we cannot, at any time, advance a grave proposition, in politics, religion, philosophy, or even science, without feeling some of the misgivings, which Luther experienced:—from a deep and thorough conviction of the necessity of peace, Hobbes was led to a radically false conclusion—the necessity of strict bondage and political inequality.

The reformer of Germany has left voluminous works to posterity. His correspondence, tracts, and minutest sayings, have been collected by his friends and disciples, and handed down to us with religious care. Melancthon, especially, has exhibited every phasis of his full-toned existence; yet no one, I think, has judged Luther better than Luther himself. The following letter, to a friend of his, is a choice *morceau*; and may be considered as a correct judgment, passed by Luther upon himself:

"To J. Brentius:—I do not wish to flatter thee. Neither do I deceive thee or myself, when I say that I prefer thy writings to mine. Not Brentius do I praise; but the holy spirit, that is gentler in thee than in me:—thy words flow on more purely and mildly. My style, unskilful and untutored, pours along, a flood, a chaos of words, turbulent as an impetuous athlete, ever struggling with a thousand succeeding monsters; and, if I dared to compare small things with great ones, it would seem that something of the fourfold spirit of Elias has been granted unto me—something rapid as the wind, and devouring as fire, which uproots the mountain and consumes the rock. Thine, on the contrary, are the gentle murmur—the soft and cooling breeze. One thing comforts me: the divine father of the human race needs, in this, his immense family, the rude for the rude—the harsh for the harsh—like a sturdy wedge for sturdy knots. To purify the air and fertilize the soil, the watering rain is not sufficient;—the flashings of the lightning are also required."

This letter sums up the whole of Luther's individuality;—his bluntness and impetuosity—his incoherence and vanity are unwittingly defined, by his own pen, in a few hasty and graphic lines. So much for Luther as a man. But as to the moving causes, which favored the development of the reformation, there are many, independent of both its spirit and its doctrines, which exclusively belong to the province of history. The Protestant christian, in order to throw a relief upon his peculiar creed, in contradistinction with that of the Catholic christian, assimilates it with freedom, and vindicates it as a progress of the human mind and a triumph of human liberty. For our part, we are at a loss to say how it advanced the cause of freedom, while the iron hand of Charles V, and the exactions of his petty barons, continued to weigh upon the people of Germany. They, in fact, lost by the change in many instances; for while it served the interest of Rome, the bull of excommunication was at hand; and the varietal serf might sometimes thank the tyranny of the spiritual master for a respite from the tyranny of the temporal lord. But the thunder of the Vatican being once quenched, and the bull of the pope stripped of its terrors; the baron, unawed and unchecked,

ground down the people into a bitterer bondage than Rome had ever imposed. To admit, therefore, the unconditional and paramount influence of the reformation in spreading freedom abroad, is not only to reject the sounder teachings of subsequent experience—but it is to assume, as a fact, that which is controverted by every page of history. The reformation has been tested by the ordeal of more than three centuries. And it is a debatable question whether Germany, the cradle of its birth, is at the present day politically freer than either Italy or Spain.* If we turn even to England, which has systematised Protestantism into a form of government; we find that the safeguards of her liberties had been established by the Catholic barons, long before the lust of her royal headsman had suggested the idea of his becoming the founder of a church.

But to resume the subject of the reformation itself, we must rank, among its principal causes, the antagonism of German and Italian nature—the opposition of the northern and the southern man—an opposition which has existed in all countries and through all times—and which, in this instance, availed itself of the slightest pretext of separation, and ended in the defeat and oppression of the south by the north. We should also keep in view the political state of Germany in the sixteenth century—its oligarchy of princes and dukes, margraves and counts, bishops and abbots, convents and free towns, whose desire of independence and thirst of lucre were marvellously subserved by Luther's doctrines; and who were among the first to adopt and defend the reformation. In Holland, Switzerland, Sweden and England, reasons purely political, contributed to its success:—the same powers that subdued the hosts of anabaptists, and the two hundred thousand followers of Thomas Munzer, might have crushed the reformation, had not the reformation essentially befriended their temporal interests. Protestantism—once a political, though now a religious distinction—Protestantism necessarily incurred the penalty of a close alliance between religion and politics. For if the religious interest was originally the primary motive of action—that which aroused kings and nations and drew them together, it was soon mastered and absorbed by the political interest; and the world witnessed an adulterous union between church and state, more hideous than the semi-temporal authority of Rome; and which, under any circumstances, has ever been a cause of vituperation and impotence in religion. She basely cast her holy attributes at the footstool of power; and, in the witheringly vigorous line of Dante Alighieri, was seen *pulviscogliar co' regi*, shamelessly wantoning with kings. Such was the fate which Luther marked out for his religion, from the moment that he placed himself at the mercy of the elector of Saxony, and wilfully pandered to the debaucheries of the Landgrave of Hesse.

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* We do not speak this disparagingly of Germany: she is the mother of deep and unrivalled scholarship. Her *sevens* have largely paid their tribute to the cause of freedom, science and humanity. But their usefulness and influence are restricted to the university walls:—the light passes not from them to cheer the masses, whose limbs, in this our boastful century, bear shackles, which their Teutonic ancestry knew not in their rudest days of barbaric ignorance.

FRANCIS ARMINE.

A ROMANCE.

BY A NOVICE.

CHAPTER V.



The winds were hushed, and not a cloud was driven
Along the fair face of the sleeping heaven :
And stillest night, the beautiful, the bland,
Walked like a spirit o'er the lovely land.

Oh! from the outward scene that we could win
Some spell to sooth the restless world within !

E. L. Bulwer.

Hopes, that like rainbows melt in shade,
And pass away.

L. E. London.

The stars were glittering, without a cloud to obscure their light; but the full moon was slowly sinking beneath the western waters. Sweetly, calmly, like a good man gliding in peace to the land of sleepers, did it throw its mellowing light upon the city, and along the shores of the Seine, ere it sank to its wavy couch.

Who that has once gazed upon that beautiful sight, has ever forgotten it? Who has not, as he gazed, felt its hallowing influences, and lifted up his heart to the golden pavilions of the sky in silent worship? And who that has gazed, has not felt their feebleness, and longed to flee upon the pinions of the dove to their far home in the heavens?

Even as I write, she is slowly sinking beneath the distant horizon, which rests on the deep, blue expanse, like a long silken lash on the brow of the beautiful. She has thus set through months, and years, and centuries. She has thus shone over that bright water since creation dawned, and will thus shine until the records of time shall be rolled together, and the earth and the heavens sink into chaos. She has risen upon free and happy states, and has glittered upon their monuments. Imperial Rome, rich in empire, was beheld by her who now casts her mystic and undimmed light upon its rotting ruins. Unchanged and unchangeable, she has looked from her silent home upon forgotten Thebes, sceptreless Lariææ, and unremembered Philippi, as she did when the world trembled at their frown, or perished beneath their tread.

Her course through the heavens is now the same as the one on which she trod generations since. Like the dew, they have gone, and her path is on and still on. Cities have changed and passed away. Nations have arisen and decayed. The hills have mouldered, and the eternal mountains have bowed their cloud-capt palaces to dust. Oceans, hoarse with telling the flight of centuries, have moved from their unfathomed beds; and empires, big with conquest, swept like sparks from the fire. Towering pyramids have crumbled, and they who reposed beneath their shadow, passed to nothingness. Calmly has she thus looked from her far chambers, all glorious and undimmed, upon these, as we would upon wave chasing wave, on the bosom of the great deep, and yet her course is onward and still onward.

The thread of my tale carries the reader, for a short time, again with Francis Armine. From a disturbed slumber he had awaked and dressed, and was now

leaning over his table with depressed spirits. Alas! that the summer sunshine flees before the chill of the wintry wind. Alas! that the summer flowers wither at the touch of autumn's frost. Alas! that the heart's deep fountain knows no second springtime, save when it gushes forth near the pavilions of the first and last!

Armine's life had been a long and somewhat saddened dream—a dream of broken hopes and disappointed desires—a dream of unsolved mystery and phantom, because unlooked events. Oh! in the deep bitterness of his soul, how he longed for the happy and innocent days of his infancy—the free step, the buoyant spirit, the light heart, the gladdened mind, and the sweet, profound sleep—the mother's tender affection—the father's kind attention—and the sister's treasured love. Often had he stood above the voiceless resting places of the departed, and watched them in their unbroken sleep—a sleep that was not the companion of the boyish couch, the watchful burdensome rest of manhood, nor the fearful and restless pall that comes upon the eyelids of the aged; but the dark, the awful, the eternal sleep of death! And her who watched there with him, whither had she departed? Hope plants her tread on the shore, but sorrow washes out its trace with tears.

The swift winged hopes, the gentle thoughts, the ardent aspirings, the pure and beautiful dreams of our early years!—when gone, they never—never return. The heart's scarce budded flower, when withered, never opens again—the mind's secret chambers, when dimmed, never brighten again. They rise and fall like the summer wave, which when it sweeps away, leaves no mark of its existence on the wide waste of waters!

The past, whether bright or shadowy, still mirrors itself in the future. How sweet is it, then, as we approach the dim twilight of our present life, to bear with us no harrowing reflection from its ample stores—to know that the heart's sanctuary is pure and uncontaminated—that the incense of the soul is as fragrant and unquenched as when the priest first entered its aisles. Awful, thrice awful, is the knowledge of an ill-spent youth! Awful, fearfully awful, is the recollection of its faults, and errors, and sins, and crimes. They will forever haunt us like dim ghosts. They will turn the pleasures of an old age to bitterest gall upon the lip. They will gnaw, as with viper fangs, about the heart, and change its hopes and dreams to dust and ashes. Oh! then, in life's "morning march," let us wander through the flowery path unmindful of the vice and crime that lure to cheat and disappoint, and our existence, flowing from so clear a fount, will pass on to its far home in the heavens, without shadow and without coloring.

Armine thus could look back to the past without fear, for it was not of crime, but disappointment and mystery that haunted him. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he resolved to wander forth. Again upon his horse, which he had taken noiselessly from its stable, he gave it the reins, and went he knew not whither.

The soft moonlight streamed upon Paris, as it was sinking away, and, with the light of the many stars, rendered it one of those bright nights which are so well calculated to wean us from the smoke and stir of day, to a dreamy forgetfulness of its troubles and trials, and

draw from the coldest worldling a wish that the days were merged into nights as clear, as bright, as still as was the present. The long, solemn, death-like streets, were unlit, save by the moon and stars, that hung above them like jewels on the bosom of the sky, and a few feeble lamps, that flickered and gradually expired away, shamed as it seemed by the glorious lights poured upon the sleeping earth, from the unexhausted urns of heaven. He had soon passed the streets and entered upon the open road that wound its serpentine path along the river shore. Away in the distance was stretched the dark forests, whose tall and noble trees, as they were stirred by the air, resembled ranks of armies, waving on high their dark green plumes. Beyond them could be seen the blue mountains bordering the distant view. No sound was forth, save the sighings of the southerly wind, rich with scent from the plains and vineyards over which it had passed, and the low and not unmusical murmur of the Seine, as its sky-mirroring waters moved along the thick grass or rippled among the pebbles on its shore.

Leaving Armine on the road, we would call the attention of the reader to others.

CHAPTER VI.

Alas! alas!

Crime indeed hath mingled in your cup
Of life.

Henry Neale.

She was to him all else above:
The fountain in a desert land;
The shade midst Afric's burning sand;
The star that lends its glimmering ray
To light the traveller's lonely way:
She was that fount, that shade, that star;
He loved—nay, but he worshipped her!

Ay—but who is it?

As You Like It.

How very convenient it would be to take the reader from the task of perusing this history, and convey him to some arena on which each character would appear—deliver his thoughts—do his deeds and depart. And then how very pleasant would it be to the writer, who is now annoyed with shifting and changing, to keep a disjointed tale together—now chatting with a hero upon the street, and now whispering sweet words in a drawing room, in the ears of a heroine—now moving quietly down a stream, with the reader wistfully gazing after him—and again taking the self same reader, against the advice of all old women, into the damp night air, fearless of coughs and colds, to meet a character upon the gloomy midnight road. I have perused many beautiful definitions of that singular creature, an author. They were all interested as the writers well knew. He resembles a fellow whom I have seen at a cattle show, placed amid the dirt and flare and stench of oil behind the curtain, to raise and drop and shift some dirty canvases, misnamed scenery—or, if that resemblance is not striking, his occupation is much like that of the clown on stilts, whose duty in the ring is to tease the spectator by directing his already sated attention to the extraordinary performances of a goodly number of ferocious and well fed animals. With the reader's permission, I will mount the stilts again and turn to my narrative.

It was a long time before Montanvers recovered from the fearful and deathlike swoon. When he did so, his mind was heavy and depressed, and his whole frame tottering as if under the effects of some dreadful disease. Manifold thoughts served to weigh him down—thoughts of pain and misery and death—but with a powerful exertion, he threw them from him. Moving from the road, he wended down a narrow path, and stood before the Seine, a draught of whose cooling waters refreshed and invigorated him. On the green turf, which at that point stretches down to the water's edge, he sat, to reflect and scheme, where we will leave him to follow some persons not yet known to the reader.

Some two miles distant the road assumed a different appearance, becoming wider and more level; and beyond it, for miles around, the view was uninterrupted by a single hill, or a rise or fall in the ground. The river wended in a crooked, serpentine path hard by, and the far off mountains hung upon the skylike palaces of snow upon battlemented clouds.

Along that road there was driven a small but neat carriage, drawn by two horses, which, from their appearance, had travelled without ceasing for the whole of the day that had passed. Its passengers consisted of a young clergyman, well known near Paris, and his lady. There was something in the countenance of the young man which seemed to denote his profession. His face was pale and heavy, and rather unprepossessing, had it not been for the brightness of the eye, and the gaiety which lingered in the curl of the mouth. There too was a plainness and neatness in his dress, a meekness and humility in his demeanor, and a gentleness in all of his actions, which at one glance bespoke the messenger of glad tidings sent to brighten man's pathway through the adamant gates up to the golden pavilions of the New Jerusalem. Such was the reverend George Morton. His lady was, or rather had been, beautiful. Sorrows and tears had thrown their nun-like veil over her, and from the fair girl that Morton had wedded, she had passed to the stately and noble wife—not, however, without traces of her former beauty still lingering around her. She was a delightful companion for such a husband.

After riding for some distance in silence, he began a conversation which they seemed to have before commenced.

"But, my dear, there are afflictions deeper than those through which you have already gone. Afflictions that well might wither the mother's heart and scorch the husband's brain, were they not administered by Him in whom we trust; afflictions too deep and overpowering, save to those who can behold in them the visitations of a high and holy power. And He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will still watch over and guard the meek and humble."

He spoke in a low and somewhat agitated voice, but continued in a clearer tone:

"What are the pomps and glories of the world, that in hankering after them we should forget their worthlessness? We are but wanderers upon a dreary wilderness—starting forth to-day and cut down to-morrow. Why then should we waste our days in sorrow and in grief? Why then should we repine, when the angel of death flaps his funeral wing over friends or kindred. The springs of existence, which

cease here, flow back to their original fountain. The beings who leave us now, will be joined to us hereafter in a brighter and a purer sphere, and we will then wander with them forever."

"To what do your words tend, dear George?" asked Mrs. Morton, as a suspicion of their meaning for the first time flashed upon her.

"Our child!" was the only reply.

"What of her? what of her?" exclaimed the now distracted mother.

"Calm yourself, my best, my dearest, or I cannot speak," said he. He hesitated—it was but a moment, for he noticed the calm resignation of his wife. "You may have noticed that a stranger handed me a letter whilst supping to-night. By that letter I learned that our child, while walking by its nurse's side, was accidentally trodden upon by the horse of a stranger who had just entered Paris—an Italian nobleman, from what I can gather. The letter is not minute; but our child is either suffering, or perhaps dead!"

She did not answer, for before the words were finished, the carriage had been stopped, and in the next moment the window was opened, and a masked form was before them. The intruder, noticing the lady, spoke to her companion in a softer voice than he had probably intended, or than would in all cases suit his occupation as a gentleman of the road—

"Ah! my dear sir—sorry to trouble at so late an hour, but my wants are urgent. Be so good as to loan me your purse and watch."

The traveller hesitated complying with even so polite a request, and the robber, withdrawing from a concealed belt a pair of pistols, pointed one at the breast of the lady, and the other at the head of the man, and shouted in a loud and angry tone—

"Deliver or you die!"

"Never!" replied the brave minister, dashing the pistol of the robber from his wife's bosom, and pointing one that he had in the mean time drawn from his carriage, full in the face of the robber. It flashed. Just at this moment the sound of an approaching horse was heard in the distance, and the robber maddened by the resistance and bravery of the man, and rendered desperate by the approach of others, suddenly fired upon the unfortunate minister. A loud shriek went forth from the wife's lips, as her husband's arm fell from the waist around which it had twined, and he dropped, steeped in his flowing blood, at her side.

"Oh! my own—my love—my life. You will not die! Speak, speak!" she cried.

That soft, sweet, musical voice, brought back the gem-like memories of the past, and stopped the spirit's wing ere it soared to the far off world. That voice! It had first weaved the golden chain of love around him: it had echoed in his ears like a spirit's whisper, amid the bloom and brightness of youth, and in the darker pathway of manhood, and now it came as sweet as ever when death's dread angel hovered around the fleeting soul like a stern and mysterious conqueror. He smiled as he looked for the last time upon her; as he heard for the last time the rich tones of her voice; and faintly whispered, "Bless thee, my wife; we will meet again—there—there!"

He lifted his eyes for a moment, and again they fell; the dull glazed film of death came upon them. He

pressed his cold lips upon her cheek, and then came the pang, the struggle, the agony, the convulsion, the silence. She stood, at that solemn hour, alone with the dead!

Ere that, the robber had rifled the unfortunate man of purse and watch, and had drawn from the finger of the lady its only ornament, a small plain ring. The approaching horseman came nearer; but ere he reached the spot, Montanvers, for he was the robber, had departed.

The horseman was Francis Armine. His horse suddenly started, from some object in the road, which the rider on noticing approached. It was the carriage of the unfortunate Morton. Opening the door, he beheld the murdered man and the lifeless woman. He entered; the blood was still oozing from the wound of the man—the limbs stiffened, and the body cold. But the woman—she moved, she breathed, and was not dead. A thought flashed upon him. In the darkness of the night, he rushed to the water's edge—he did not walk; the hope of saving the life of a fellow creature swiftened his pace—he almost flew. He reached the river's side, and with a handful of water flew back. The carriage had gone. A sound was heard in the distance; it was—oh no! it was not a human cry; he listened again, and through the deathlike stillness, was heard the shriek of the night-bird—dread omen!

We find a long lost treasure—and knowing it not, lose it!

SUMMER MURMURS,

HOW UNLIKE "SPRING JOYS."

BY HENRY J. BRENT,

Author of "Spring Joys," "Love at the Shrines," &c. &c.

I have sung of spring and its delicious joys—but alas! the blossom has fallen from the tree, and the rose-bud has withered on its stem. I am half dead with ennui. The sun gets slowly from his bed of molten lead, and angrily keeps up his journey through the day. We open the windows of a morning, and stretch out our hands among the honeysuckles that cluster around the sills. The smell of those flowers cheer us for awhile, and the buzz of the humming bird prolongs the decaying memory of active and sportive springtime. But the long-billed lilliputian is off, and he wanders about among the stern and irresponsive apple trees, hoping to find some bud that has been spared by the genius of ripening nature. What yawns and stretches occupy our time before the coming of the cool water from the pump. We see the drowsy servant, half full of dreams, lounging along and stumbling forth, pitcher in hand. The perspiration of impatience beads itself upon our brow, and the first power of heat is brought upon us, by our halloing to the valet to make haste. We sit at the open window in the meantime, with our sleeves rolled up, while the flies, mustering in dark groupes, dash like the armed Arabs at our neck and hands, and fly off laden with their tiny cargoes of blood. Anon comes the servant, with his pitcher half full of the limpid water—step by step we count his approach—we hear his lazy and heavy foot ascending the stairs—

we rush to meet him—we lift the pitcher high in the air—out flows the delicious stream—our head, ears and flowing locks are in the basin, and the beautiful emotion of morning freshness, of youth, speeds, fanning as it flies, through every vein and fibre of our body. To the heart—to the brain it goes, and we lift our crown reeking with pearly drops, and “Richard is himself again.”

The poorest hind on earth, with his head in a basin, or a tub it may be, of cold, sparkling water, is as happy, oh happier, than the proudest king who bathes in lavender and cologne. But it must be in the midday tide of the summer fires, when the dog-star rages hot.

Poetry, and eloquence, and music, and oh! thou richest, and dearest of all earthly thoughts, bright love, may come to us along the impalpable atmosphere of dreams and delusions, may wind themselves around us, until we fancy the earth a paradise, and ourselves gods; but how dull, how void are they all when the sun rises on the first limb of the heavens, and pours down his consuming rays upon the earth. We are no longer men, to feel the soft influences of those natural impulses that enlighten and elevate us. We are the torpid creatures of heat, the whole burnt offerings to fire.

The cook has done her best to drown, in the aromatic coffee, all ideas of the passionate sun that is mounting the fiery walls of heaven, with his hordes of satellites, all clothed in burnished gold. The black demons of summer, the flies, creep down the ends of my fingers, get upon the spoon, and with all the insolence of people out of debt, drink of the coffee. The servant, in driving them away, dips his peacock feathers in the cup, and lo! my white pants, the pride of the wash tub, and my delicate vest, (exultations of washerwomen,) are spattered with deep brown stains. The window shutter flies open, and the honeysuckle has crept down, that the sun-beam may fall upon my forehead with its full powers. The waiter, even now dosing over the back of one of the chairs, has forgotten to ice the butter, and it looks like a melted lake. The biscuits are burning hot, and the unmindful cook has made no toast. Even the refrigerator is out of sorts, and the thermometer, smiling in the coolest place about the house, luxuriates with its silver blood up to 90s. I'll plunge the measure of heat into the spring among the ice, and try and regulate the weather in that way.

It is singular, but true, that whenever there is a tremendous siege of hot, suffocating weather, without wind, or breeze, or infantile zephyr, or impotent breath of a zephyr, that the dust is sure to mount from its dry bed in the street, and make its appearance into your house. Just as my second cup was getting creamed, and my hand, gemmed with flies, was outstretched to receive it, a puff of dust took its position upon everything in the room. How it came in heaven only knows. How it mounted from the street no priest of the oracle of Delphos could tell; but there it was, sandy and choking. There is a mystery in dust that goes beyond my penetration, puzzles the will, and confounds the understanding. Shade of McAdam expound it to us!

Not a breath of air stirs among the trees—the chickens, with their wings outstretched, and beaks open, pursue their search for food no longer—the sun, like a magnetizer, has touched their nerves, and even they, more voracious than the slandered pig, are still at last.

The dog has scratched up the earth, and nestled him-

self upon the cooler mould—the pump, swayed to and fro by the hands of perspiration, creaks as if its very founts were boiling hot—the horse laps the surplus water from the stones, and with insane eye and ferocious teeth snaps at the tormenting fly. The cows look piteously to the skies, and their long tails flash through the air like scorched serpents. The distant brickkilns send up their tribute of hot air, and the corners of houses emit a thick and trembling body of heat. The universal nature, from the topmost zenith of the firmament to the shadiest nook of the thick woods, seems to pant and sink and die—a hush, like the silence of a burnt empire, glooms down upon the world, and despair and fire and fever, the triumvirate of the solstice, sway mankind with a rod of lighted lava. Oh how the head swims and the inmost recesses of the heart throb, as we look forth upon the immovable face of things. Books are thrown aside—the pen is only retained, lest the apathetic soul should flee away in the torture of this withering idleness; and even the loved breath of our youngest child, breathed so gently and so sweet upon our cheek, and that ought to be so cool, is burning now. The sun is on his march of desolation. Phaeton once more has robbed his sire of the reins and madly drives the chariot through the zodiac signs. The scorpion and the great bear, and orion, the belted knight of heaven, are writhing under the burning hoofs of the enraged steeds. He shoots, like the comet that consumeth worlds, through the palaces of the clouds; and as his axle revolves, we see the lightning and hear the crashing thunder bellowing over our heads. The ocean and the lakes—the rivers and the rivulets, from the broad Atlantic down to the gentle stream that creeps amid the flowers of a lady's garden, are cool no more. Gods, will round-jackets cure it? will summer clothes abate the evil? will getting shaved twice a day do ought to stem the tide of suffering? Are there no gentle showers in yonder brazen arch—no drops of dew to fall upon the wilderness—no tear of pity to moisten the parched fields, and bring back the dying lily to its beautiful existence?

There is a speck shading the western sky—a little cloud that inspires me with hope—with joy—with a delicious thirst. It rises gradually over the top of the horizon, and I now perceive that it stretches forth like an eagle who poises his wings amid the eternal mountains. From a speck of dust blown by the unfelt current of the upper air, upon the face of the skies, it boldly spreads forth its mantle to shadow the earth. It is a dusky cloud, not black like the monumental clouds of gloom that battle with the winds after a fierce tempest upon the seas. It is grayish, with an inky fringe, and it rolls upward with its highest point whitened like a billow crested with foam. Gently on my forehead flows an almost imperceptible breath, as if a spirit troop was passing through the air, and breathing on me as they passed—a motion is perceived among the trees—bands of flies crowd in at the windows—the sounds multiply in the streets, and I can almost imagine I hear a throb of joy coming from the dark bosom of the earth. I watch that cloud with a more abiding interest than ever lover gazed upon the rising planet that signalled him to the interview with his mistress. The whole people are watching it—they seem to cry aloud “there is rain in yonder cloud!”

Even while I write it has darkened the western heaven, and a glorious shadow has fallen from its pinions. The thunder is awake—I hear the muttering giant, and see that he has seized his spear, which already gleams around the universe. His banner is unfurled, and his mighty hosts are crowding up the sky-paths from every mountain pass and hoary sea. The drops are falling on the trembling trees—the rush of the tempest is on my ears—the thunder and the lightning are abroad, the heat reigns no more—there is music among the spheres, as if a thousand bards had struck their musical harps, and sang united around the footstool of the Most High. While the war of majesty and glory is in progress, I will turn me on yonder couch and sleep until the servant wakes me to cool air and comfortable tea and toast.

Washington, July 12, 1838.

THE MAGNOLIA.

Amidst the great variety of trees indigenous to the United States, there is, perhaps, none which more forcibly claims attention or commands admiration than the Magnolia. This beautiful genus or family of trees, consists of about fifteen species, and is almost equally divided betwixt the United States and China. The generic term Magnolia is derived from Magnol, a distinguished French botanist of the eighteenth century. The genus is arranged under the class, Polyandria, and order Polygynia, of the sexual system of Linnæus. The two most interesting and ornamental species are the *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and *Magnolia Macrophylla*. In Florida where the former flourishes in extreme luxuriance and grandeur, the forest, during the flowery season, is represented as being sublimely picturesque, and presenting one of the most enchanting views in nature. It not unfrequently presents a living column of eighty or ninety feet in elevation, almost unobstructed by branches, and terminating in a spreading top of the deepest perennial verdure. It has a pyramidal, or semi-elliptical head, when not injured by accident. From May to August, in favorable situations, it is generally covered with brilliant white flowers on the extremities of the young branches. Another species of Magnolia frequently met with in our forests, and which has been cultivated to some extent, is the cucumber tree (*Magnolia Acuminata*.) It derives its familiar name from a resemblance betwixt its cone, or seed-vessel, and the common garden cucumber. But it is the *Magnolia Macrophylla* which attracts the greatest share of attention, and on which it is chiefly intended to make a few desultory observations. The extent of this species in the United States is extremely limited, and its diffusions but partial wherever found. Nuttall observed it on the banks of the Cumberland river, Tennessee, but of very small size. He also points out its most noted locality in a "narrow tract of about two miles in length, twelve miles south-east of Lincolnton, Lincoln county, North Carolina." The limits, however, of this species are more extensive than those assigned by the above distinguished naturalist. In Lincoln county I have been enabled to discover several other localities in the section of country

bordering on the Catawba river. It has also been found in Florida and Kentucky. In all of its different situations it seems to prefer a light, virgin soil. It may be frequently seen growing very luxuriantly on some rugged and abrupt hill side, where it is protected from the sun by the surrounding growth. Indeed, a cool situation seems to be greatly conducive to its prosperity. Yet it is not exclusively restricted to this its native and favorite situation. It bears transplanting very well, provided some attention is paid in having it occasionally irrigated during dry seasons. To ensure its future growth, with some degree of certainty, after removal, I would recommend, as a precautionary measure, the planting of rose bushes, lilacs (*syringa vulgaris*) or other small undergrowth about its roots. These will keep up a coolness and moisture during the heat of summer. The Magnolia may also be raised from the seed; and this method is, perhaps, the most advisable when young plants cannot be easily procured. It is admitted by the most assiduous collectors in Botany, that this species of Magnolia has the largest leaves and flowers of any other tree in North America. It is in the vegetable kingdom that we behold the finest delineations of nature amply and richly portrayed. Her choicest pencilling, her most delicate tints, and brilliant hues, we find attractively displayed on the variegated flower. And with what pleasurable emotions do we recognize her beautiful finger-work as exhibited in the large and snow like blossoms of the Magnolia. The magnitude of the leaves is not a little remarkable, and naturally suggests to the inquisitive mind the idea of coolness, shade, and protection. They are frequently found measuring from eight to twelve inches, in breadth, and from twenty-five to thirty inches in length. These dimensions, it is true, are vastly inferior in size to the leaves of the Palm trees of Ceylon, which are said, by a distinguished writer, to be capable of sheltering whole families from the inclemency of the weather. But it may be observed, that in tropical climates all plants assume a more luxuriant growth, and the magnitude of the leaves seems to be the result of benevolent design by the author of the universe in consulting the health, the comforts, and the pleasures of the inhabitants destined to live beneath the scorching rays of a torrid sun. Even in a medical point of view, the Magnolia is worthy of attention. The bark of all the species are known to possess camphorated, aromatic, and tonic qualities. In intermittent fevers, chronic rheumatism, &c., several species have been advantageously used. But it would be foreign to this sketch to enter into detail. The preceding remarks are made with a view of pointing out the most desirable species of Magnolia, and presenting to the general reader a brief outline of its natural history. In Philadelphia and other northern cities, where the Magnolia has been successfully cultivated, a great value is attached to it as an ornamental tree; but in our own more favored clime, in this respect, it is too frequently doomed to realize the line of the poet,

"Born to blush unseen,"

and deck its secluded retreat in solitary grandeur. To the lovers of Flora, and particularly to the ladies, who delight to see dame nature attired in her inimitable drapery, from the purest white to

the most exquisite and variegated tints, is the appeal made to cultivate the Magnolia. Wherever known in the United States it has acquired the merited appellation of "beauty of the forest," and is justly deemed the most splendid and magnificent tree in North America.

A BACKWOODSMAN BOTANIST.

LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.*

Oh human life, thou mystery of mysteries the first,
Whose shadowy veil no mortal grasp can rend aside or burst,
Art thou, indeed, as some have deemed, a visionary dream,
Whose shifting scenes of light and shade, are not, but only seem?

And is it but a fairy world of fancy's gay domain,
This gorgeous globe of land and sea, of mountain and of plain,
And rivers bright that lave the walls of cities proud and fair,
Hoar forests, flowers of myriad dye, whose fragrance charms the air?

Yon sun, that like a golden shield, all glorious, hangs on high,
The crescent moon of silvery hue, that gems the liquid sky,
The host of heaven whose ancient fires of unconsuming light,
Illume like beacons far descried, the watches of the night?

Are these but phantoms of the mind, that doth itself delude
With dazzling shapes, the meteor forms of visionary brood,
Which mighty worlds we fondly deem, launched forth in infinite space
By God's almighty arm, to run a fixed, though trackless race?

Hark! 'tis the thunder's awful voice that, booming, peals on high,
While vivid lightnings flash their blaze athwart the lurid sky,
Is that dread sound of tempest birth, an echo of the soul,
And spirit-born those winged fires that flame from pole to pole?

Nought but the fiction of a dream, each animated form,
That cleaves, or ranges air, earth, sea, with life and motion warm,
And he who reigns with lofty brow, the monarch of them all,
The godlike creature whom with pride creation's lord we call?

Are they but shade, man's form divine, and woman's seraph face,
The venerable brow of eld, and childhood's sportive grace;
Aspiring youth, with beaming eye of rapture-kindled fire
Gazing on maiden loveliness, with fond and chaste desire?

* These lines were suggested by the common figurative expression "Life is but a Dream," which has been the actual belief of some.

Sad thought! to deem that all we prize and cherish, is but nought,
That all things precious to the soul, exist not, but in thought,
That she whom now with fond embrace unto my heart I clasp,
Is nought but unsubstantial form alone, that melts within the grasp!

The generations, that have passed forever more away,
Strewing time's shores with human wrecks, since nature's primal day,
With those who linger yet, the thronging multitudes of earth,
Are they, indeed, but ghostly forms of reeling fancy's birth?

Dread thought! from which with shuddering awe, the startled soul doth shrink
As from a fathomless abyss, beneath a dizzy brink,
A thought like that which chills the mind, when gazing on the tomb,
The darkness of that prison-house appals with spectral gloom.

Yet not without its charm for him, whose weary life hath been
A waste, where neither flowers nor fruits, adorn the dismal scene,
Who hath not reaped for all his toil, nor happiness nor fame,
Yet lives with disenchanted soul, cut off from hope or aim.

Nor yet to him, I ween, who oft a fearful look doth cast
With conscience-stricken spirit through the irrevocable past;
Whom shapes of guilt, unexorcised, assail with startling power,
When stretched upon the sleepless couch, or even at noontide hour.

Nor sad the thought to him, on whom existence bears, a load,
A burden weary to be borne, along a dreary road;
That all the crushing cares which weigh his spirit down to earth
Are empty as the shadowy forms of unsubstantial birth.

Life but a dream? what were we then, I ask with speechless dread
Ere fell upon our souls benumbed, this sleep as of the dead,
And when and where, as from a trance aroused, shall we awake,
And truth and light, at length upon our startled spirits break?

Was it when first we oped our eyes upon earth's varied show,
We fell into the sleep profound in which we slumber now,
Whose bonds the touch of death alone can sever and set free
The long bound prisoner waked at length, to life and liberty?

Shall we not then true substance grasp, not shadows dim, as here,
The veil then drawn aside, shall not the mystery be clear,
This world of gross, material form, a baseless fabric prove,
And spirit but survive the wreck, which sought no change or move?

J. L. M.

Washington, 26th July, 1886.

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T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MEMOIR ON SLAVERY.

Read before "the South Carolina Society for the Advancement of Learning."

BY JUDGE HARPER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.*

The institution of domestic slavery exists over far the greater portion of the inhabited earth. Until within a very few centuries, it may be said to have existed over the whole earth—at least in all those portions of it which had made any advances towards civilization. We might safely conclude then that it is deeply founded in the nature of man and the exigencies of human society. Yet, in the few countries in which it has been abolished—claiming, perhaps justly, to be farthest advanced in civilization and intelligence, but which have had the smallest opportunity of observing its true character and effects—it is denounced as the most intolerable of social and political evils. Its existence, and every hour of its continuance, is regarded as the crime of the communities in which it is found. Even by those in the countries alluded to, who regard it with the most indulgence or the least abhorrence—who attribute no criminality to the present generation—who found it in existence, and have not yet been able to devise the means of abolishing it, it is pronounced a misfortune and a curse, injurious and dangerous always, and which must be finally fatal to the societies which admit it. This is no longer regarded as a subject of argument and investigation. The opinions referred to are assumed as settled, or the truth of them as self-evident. If any

*We make no apology for laying before our readers this very able paper by Judge Harper of South Carolina, which we republish, with the author's corrections, from the 'Southern Literary Journal.' Whilst we have carefully excluded from our columns all discussions of a mere party character, we are not willing to withhold a calm, powerful and argumentative appeal, upon a subject vitally affecting the well-being, and very existence of the republic. It is not to be disguised that an infuriated, but we hope in point of numbers at least, an insignificant class of our northern brethren, have for some time past been employed in schemes and agitations which if not rebuked by the stern voice of public reprobation, may lead to the most frightful consequences. To avert them, we invoke the aid of the more liberal and enlightened of our countrymen north and east;—for it is upon them we solemnly believe that the chief responsibility rests of extinguishing the wild fire of fanaticism kindled among them, which, in its destructive course, is rapidly severing the bonds of brotherhood and turning even the milk of female kindness into the gall of bitterness.

Whilst we commend to the attention of our readers the candid, philosophical, and eloquent memoir of Judge Harper, we do not wish to be understood as assenting to all his arguments and conclusions. The Judge is rather *ultra* in some of his views, and so, we think, are most of the South Carolina gentlemen, who have written upon the perplexing and delicate subject of slavery in the abstract. The safer and more rational course, it seems to us, would be, to treat the whole question as one of federal compact, and exclusive domestic or state regulation. Upon that ground the whole south is, and will be, unanimous in maintaining its rights; whereas there is danger of division, if we attempt to intermingle with it principles of ethics which cannot be grasped or received by every mind.—[*Ed. So. Lit. Mess.*]

voice is raised among ourselves to extenuate or to vindicate, it is unheard. The judgment is made up. We can have no hearing before the tribunal of the civilized world.

Yet, on this very account, it is more important that we, the inhabitants of the slave holding states of America, insulated as we are, by this institution, and cut off, in some degree, from the communion and sympathies of the world by which we are surrounded, or with which we have intercourse, and exposed continually to their animadversions and attacks, should thoroughly understand this subject and our strength and weakness in relation to it. If it be thus criminal, dangerous and fatal; and if it be possible to devise means of freeing ourselves from it, we ought at once to set about the employing of those means. It would be the most wretched and imbecile fatuity, to shut our eyes to the impending dangers and horrors, and "drive darkling down the current of our fate," till we are overwhelmed in the final destruction. If we are tyrants, cruel, unjust, oppressive, let us humble ourselves and repent in the sight of Heaven, that the foul stain may be cleansed, and we enabled to stand erect as having common claims to humanity with our fellow-men.

But if we are nothing of all this; if we commit no injustice or cruelty; if the maintenance of our institutions be essential to our prosperity, our character, our safety, and the safety of all that is dear to us, let us enlighten our minds and fortify our hearts to defend them.

It is a somewhat singular evidence of the indisposition of the rest of the world to hear any thing more on this subject, that perhaps the most profound, original and truly philosophical treatise, which has appeared within the time of my recollection,* seems not to have attracted the slightest attention out of the limits of the slave holding states themselves. If truth, reason and conclusive argument, propounded with admirable temper and perfect candor, might be supposed to have an effect on the minds of men, we should think this work would have put an end to agitation on the subject. The author has rendered inappreciable service to the south in enlightening them on the subject of their own institutions, and turning back that monstrous tide of folly and madness which, if it had rolled on, would have involved his own great state along with the rest of the slave holding states in a common ruin. But beyond these, he seems to have produced no effect whatever. The denouncers of slavery, with whose productions the press groans, seem to be unaware of his existence—unaware that there is reason to be encountered, or argument to be answered. They assume that the truth is known and settled, and only requires to be enforced by denunciation.

Another vindicator of the south has appeared in an individual who is among those that have done honor to American literature.† With conclusive argument, and

* President Dew's Review of the Virginia Debates on the subject of Slavery.
† Paulding on Slavery.

great force of expression he has defended slavery from the charge of injustice or immorality, and shewn clearly the unspeakable cruelty and mischief which must result from any scheme of abolition. He does not live among slave holders, and it cannot be said of him as of others, that his mind is warped by interest, or his moral sense blunted by habit and familiarity with abuse. These circumstances, it might be supposed, would have secured him hearing and consideration. He seems to be equally unheeded, and the work of denunciation, disdaining argument, still goes on.

President Dew has shewn that the institution of slavery is a principal cause of civilization. Perhaps nothing can be more evident than that it is the sole cause. If any thing can be predicated as universally true of uncultivated man, it is that he will not labor beyond what is absolutely necessary to maintain his existence. Labor is pain to those who are unaccustomed to it, and the nature of man is averse to pain. Even with all the training, the helps and motives of civilization, we find that this aversion cannot be overcome in many individuals of the most cultivated societies. The coercion of slavery alone is adequate to form man to habits of labor. Without it, there can be no accumulation of property, no providence for the future, no taste for comforts or elegancies, which are the characteristics and essentials of civilization. He who has obtained the command of another's labor, first begins to accumulate and provide for the future, and the foundations of civilization are laid. We find confirmed by experience that which is so evident in theory. Since the existence of man upon the earth, with no exception whatever, either of ancient or modern times, every society which has attained civilization, has advanced to it through this process.

Will those who regard slavery as immoral, or crime in itself, tell us that man was not intended for civilization, but to roam the earth as a biped brute? That he was not to raise his eyes to Heaven, or be conformed in his nobler faculties to the image of his Maker? Or will they say that the Judge of all the earth has done wrong in ordaining the means by which alone that end can be attained? It is true that the Creator can make the wickedness as well as the wrath of man to praise him, and bring forth the most benevolent results from the most atrocious actions. But in such cases, it is the motive of the actor alone which condemns the action. The act itself is good, if it promotes the good purposes of God, and would be approved by him, if that result only were intended. Do they not blaspheme the providence of God who denounce as wickedness and outrage, that which is rendered indispensable to his purposes in the government of the world? Or at what stage of the progress of society will they say that slavery ceases to be necessary, and its very existence becomes sin and crime? I am aware that such argument would have little effect on those with whom it would be degrading to contend—who pervert the inspired writings—which in some parts expressly sanction slavery, and throughout indicate most clearly that it is a civil institution, with which religion has no concern—with a shallowness and presumption not less flagrant and shameless than his, who would justify murder from the text, "and Phineas arose and executed judgment."

There seems to be something in this subject, which

blunts the perceptions, and darkens and confuses the understandings and moral feelings of men. Tell them that, of necessity, in every civilized society, there must be an infinite variety of conditions and employments, from the most eminent and intellectual, to the most servile and laborious; that the negro race, from their temperament and capacity, are peculiarly suited to the situation which they occupy, and not less happy in it than any corresponding class to be found in the world; prove incontestably that no scheme of emancipation could be carried into effect without the most intolerable mischiefs and calamities to both master and slave, or without probably throwing a large and fertile portion of the earth's surface out of the pale of civilization—and you have done nothing. They reply, that whatever may be the consequence, you are bound to do right; that man has a right to himself, and man cannot have a property in man; that if the negro race be naturally inferior in mind and character, they are not less entitled to the rights of humanity; that if they are happy in their condition, it affords but the stronger evidence of their degradation, and renders them still more objects of commiseration. They repeat, as the fundamental maxim of our civil policy, that all men are born free and equal, and quote from our Declaration of Independence, "that men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

It is not the first time that I have had occasion to observe that men may repeat with the utmost confidence, some maxim or sentimental phrase, as self-evident or admitted truth, which is either palpably false or to which, upon examination, it will be found that they attach no definite idea. Notwithstanding our respect for the important document which declared our independence, yet if any thing be found in it, and especially in what may be regarded rather as its ornament than its substance—false, sophistical or unmeaning, that respect should not screen it from the freest examination.

All men are born free and equal. Is it not palpably nearer the truth to say that no man was ever born free, and that no two men were ever born equal? Man is born in a state of the most helpless dependence on others. He continues subject to the absolute control of others, and remains without many of the civil, and all of the political privileges of his society, until the period which the laws have fixed, as that at which he is supposed to attain the maturity of his faculties. Then inequality is further developed, and becomes infinite in every society, and under whatever form of government. Wealth and poverty, fame or obscurity, strength or weakness, knowledge or ignorance, ease or labor, power or subjection, mark the endless diversity in the condition of men.

But we have not arrived at the profundity of the maxim. This inequality is in a great measure the result of abuses in the institutions of society. They do not speak of what exists, but of what ought to exist. Every one should be left at liberty to obtain all the advantages of society which he can compass, by the free exertion of his faculties, unimpeded by civil restraints. It may be said that this would not remedy the evils of society which are complained of. The inequalities to which I have referred, with the misery resulting from

them, would exist in fact under the freest and most popular form of government that man could devise. But what is the foundation of the bold dogma so confidently announced? Females are human and rational beings. They may be found of better faculties and better qualified to exercise political privileges and to attain the distinctions of society than many men; yet who complains of the order of society by which they are excluded from them? For I do not speak of the few who would desecrate them; do violence to the nature which their Creator has impressed upon them; drag them from the position which they necessarily occupy for the existence of civilized society, and in which they constitute its blessing and ornament—the only position which they have ever occupied in any human society—to place them in a situation in which they would be alike miserable and degraded. Low as we descend in combatting the theories of presumptuous dogmatists, it cannot be necessary to stoop to this. A youth of eighteen may have powers which cast into the shade those of any of his more advanced cotemporaries. He may be capable of serving or saving his country, and if not permitted to do so now, the occasion may have been lost forever. But he can exercise no political privilege or aspire to any political distinction. It is said that of necessity, society must exclude from some civil and political privileges those who are unfitted to exercise them, by infirmity, unsuitableness of character, or defect of discretion; that of necessity there must be some general rule on the subject, and that any rule which can be devised will operate with hardship and injustice on individuals. This is all that can be said and all that need be said. It is saying, in other words, that the privileges in question are no matter of natural right, but to be settled by convention, as the good and safety of society may require. If society should disfranchise individuals convicted of infamous crimes, would this be an invasion of natural right? Yet this would not be justified on the score of their moral guilt, but that the good of society required, or would be promoted by it. We admit the existence of a moral law, binding on societies as on individuals. Society must act in good faith. No man or body of men has a right to inflict pain or privation on others, unless with a view, after full and impartial deliberation, to prevent a greater evil. If this deliberation be had, and the decision made in good faith, there can be no imputation of moral guilt. Has any politician contended that the very existence of governments in which there are orders privileged by law, constitutes a violation of morality; that their continuance is a crime, which men are bound to put an end to without any consideration of the good or evil to result from the change? Yet this is the natural inference from the dogma of the natural equality of men as applied to our institution of slavery—an equality not to be invaded without injustice and wrong, and requiring to be restored instantly, unqualifiedly, and without reference to consequences.

This is sufficiently common-place, but we are sometimes driven to common-places. It is no less a false and shallow than a presumptuous philosophy, which theorizes on the affairs of men as of a problem to be solved by some unerring rule of human reason, without reference to the designs of a superior intelligence, so far as he has been pleased to indicate them, in their creation

and destiny. Man is born to subjection. Not only during infancy is he dependant and under the control of others; at all ages, it is the very bias of his nature, that the strong and the wise should control the weak and the ignorant. So it has been since the days of Nimrod. The existence of some form of slavery in all ages and countries, is proof enough of this. He is born to subjection as he is born in sin and ignorance. To make any considerable progress in knowledge, the continued efforts of successive generations, and the diligent training and unwearied exertions of the individual are requisite. To make progress in moral virtue, not less time and effort, aided by superior help, are necessary; and it is only by the matured exercise of his knowledge and his virtue, that he can attain to civil freedom. Of all things, the existence of civil liberty is most the result of artificial institution. The proclivity of the natural man is to domineer or to be subservient. A noble result indeed, but in the attaining of which, as in the instances of knowledge and virtue, the Creator, for his own purposes, has set a limit beyond which we cannot go.

But he who is most advanced in knowledge, is most sensible of his own ignorance, and how much must forever be unknown to man in his present condition. As I have heard it expressed, the further you extend the circle of light, the wider is the horizon of darkness. He who has made the greatest progress in moral purity, is most sensible of the depravity, not only of the world around him, but of his own heart and the imperfection of his best motives, and this he knows that men must feel and lament so long as they continue men. So when the greatest progress in civil liberty has been made, the enlightened lover of liberty will know that there must remain much inequality, much injustice, much slavery, which no human wisdom or virtue will ever be able wholly to prevent or redress. As I have before had the honor to say to this society, the condition of our whole existence is but to struggle with evils—to compare them—to choose between them, and so far as we can, to mitigate them. To say that there is evil in any institution, is only to say that it is human.

And can we doubt but that this long discipline and laborious process, by which men are required to work out the elevation and improvement of their individual nature and their social condition, is imposed for a great and benevolent end? Our faculties are not adequate to the solution of the mystery, why it should be so; but the truth is clear, that the world was not intended for the seat of universal knowledge or goodness or happiness or freedom.

Man has been endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. What is meant by the inalienable right of liberty? Has any one who has used the words ever asked himself this question? Does it mean that a man has no right to alienate his own liberty—to sell himself and his posterity for slaves? This would seem to be the more obvious meaning. When the word *right* is used, it has reference to some law which sanctions it, and would be violated by its invasion. It must refer either to the general law of morality or the law of the country—the law of God or the law of man. If the law of any country permitted it, it would of course be absurd to say that the law of that country was violated

by such alienation. If it have any meaning in this respect, it must mean that though the law of the country permitted it, the man would be guilty of an immoral act who should thus alienate his liberty. A fit question for schoolmen to discuss, and the consequences resulting from its decision as important as from any of theirs. Yet who will say that the man pressed by famine and in prospect of death, would be criminal for such an act? Self-preservation as is truly said, is the first law of nature. High and peculiar characters, by elaborate cultivation, may be taught to prefer death to slavery, but it would be folly to prescribe this as a duty to the mass of mankind.

If any rational meaning can be attributed to the sentence I have quoted, it is this:—That the society, or the individuals who exercise the powers of government, are guilty of a violation of the law of God or of morality, when by any law or public act, they deprive men of life or liberty, or restrain them in the pursuit of happiness. Yet every government does, and of necessity must, deprive men of life and liberty for offences against society. Restrain them in the pursuit of happiness! Why all the laws of society are intended for nothing else but to restrain men from the pursuit of happiness, according to their own ideas of happiness or advantage—which the phrase must mean if it means any thing. And by what right does society punish by the loss of life or liberty? Not on account of the moral guilt of the criminal—not by impiously and arrogantly assuming the prerogative of the Almighty, to dispense justice or suffering, according to moral desert. It is for its own protection—it is the right of self-defence. If there existed the blackest moral turpitude, which by its example or consequences, could be of no evil to society, government would have nothing to do with that. If an action, the most harmless in its moral character, could be dangerous to the security of society, society would have the perfect right to punish it. If the possession of a black skin would be otherwise dangerous to society, society has the same right to protect itself by disfranchising the possessor of civil privileges, and to continue the disability to his posterity, if the same danger would be incurred by its removal. Society inflicts these forfeitures for the security of the lives of its members; it inflicts them for the security of their property, the great essential of civilization; it inflicts them also for the protection of its political institutions; the forcible attempt to overturn which, has always been justly regarded as the greatest crime; and who has questioned its right so to inflict? "Man cannot have property in man"—a phrase as full of meaning as, "who slays fat oxen should himself be fat." Certainly he may, if the laws of society allow it, and if it be on sufficient grounds, neither he nor society do wrong.

And is it by this—as we must call it, however recommended to our higher feelings by its associations—well-sounding, but unmeaning verbiage of natural equality and inalienable rights, that our lives are to be put in jeopardy, our property destroyed, and our political institutions overturned or endangered? If a people had on its borders a tribe of barbarians, whom no treaties or faith could bind, and by whose attacks they were constantly endangered, against whom they could devise no security, but that they should be exterminated

or enslaved; would they not have the right to enslave them, and keep them in slavery so long as the same danger would be incurred by their manumission? If a civilized man and a savage were by chance placed together on a desolate island, and the former, by the superior power of civilization, would reduce the latter to subjection, would he not have the same right? Would this not be the strictest self-defence? I do not now consider, how far we can make out a similar case to justify our enslaving of the negroes. I speak to those who contend for inalienable rights, and that the existence of slavery always, and under all circumstances, involves injustice and crime.

As I have said, we acknowledge the existence of a moral law. It is not necessary for us to resort to the theory which resolves all right into force. The existence of such a law is imprinted on the hearts of all human beings. But though its existence be acknowledged, the mind of man has hitherto been tasked in vain to discover an unerring standard of morality. It is a common and undoubted maxim of morality, that you shall not do evil that good may come. You shall not do injustice or commit an invasion of the rights of others, for the sake of a greater ulterior good. But what is injustice, and what are the rights of others? And why are we not to commit the one or invade the others? It is because it inflicts pain or suffering, present or prospective, or cuts them off from enjoyment which they might otherwise attain. The Creator has sufficiently revealed to us that *happiness* is the great end of existence, the sole object of all animated and sentient beings. To this he has directed their aspirations and efforts, and we feel that we thwart his benevolent purposes when we destroy or impede that happiness. This is the only natural right of man. All other rights result from the conventions of society, and these, to be sure, we are not to invade, whatever good may appear to us likely to follow. Yet are we in no instance to inflict pain or suffering, or disturb enjoyment for the sake of producing a greater good? Is the madman not to be restrained who would bring destruction on himself or others? Is pain not to be inflicted on the child, when it is the only means by which he can be effectually instructed to provide for his own future happiness? Is the surgeon guilty of wrong who amputates a limb to preserve life? Is it not the object of all penal legislation, to inflict suffering for the sake of greater good to be secured to society?

By what right is it that man exercises dominion over the beasts of the field; subdues them to painful labor, or deprives them of life for his sustenance or enjoyment? They are not rational beings. No, but they are the creatures of God, sentient beings, capable of suffering and enjoyment, and entitled to enjoy according to the measure of their capacities. Does not the voice of nature inform every one, that he is guilty of wrong when he inflicts on them pain without necessity or object? If their existence be limited to the present life, it affords the stronger argument for affording them the brief enjoyment of which it is capable. It is because the greater good is effected; not only to man but to the inferior animals themselves. The care of man gives the boon of existence to myriads who would never otherwise have enjoyed it, and the enjoyment of their existence is better provided for while it lasts. It

belongs to the being of superior faculties to judge of the relations which shall subsist between himself and inferior animals, and the use he shall make of them; and he may justly consider himself, who has the greater capacity of enjoyment, in the first instance. Yet he must do this conscientiously, and no doubt, moral guilt has been incurred by the infliction of pain on these animals, with no adequate benefit to be expected. I do no disparagement to the dignity of human nature, even in its humblest form, when I say that on the very same foundation, with the difference only of circumstance and degree, rests the right of the civilized and cultivated man, over the savage and ignorant. It is the order of nature and of God, that the being of superior faculties and knowledge, and therefore of superior power, should control and dispose of those who are inferior. It is as much in the order of nature, that men should enslave each other, as that other animals should prey upon each other. I admit that he does this under the highest moral responsibility, and is most guilty if he wantonly inflicts misery or privation on beings more capable of enjoyment or suffering than brutes, without necessity or any view to the greater good which is to result. If we conceive of society existing without government, and that one man by his superior strength, courage or wisdom, could obtain the mastery of his fellows, he would have a perfect right to do so. He would be morally responsible for the use of his power, and guilty if he failed to direct them so as to promote their happiness as well as his own. Moralists have denounced the injustice and cruelty which have been practised towards our aboriginal Indians, by which they have been driven from their native seats and exterminated—and no doubt with much justice. No doubt, much fraud and injustice has been practised in the circumstances and the manner of their removal. Yet who has contended that civilized man had no moral right to possess himself of the country? That he was bound to leave this wide and fertile continent, which is capable of sustaining uncounted myriads of a civilized race, to a few roving and ignorant barbarians? Yet if any thing is certain, it is certain that there were no means by which he could possess the country, without exterminating or enslaving them. Savage and civilized man cannot live together, and the savage can only be tamed by being enslaved or by having slaves. By enslaving alone could he have preserved them.* And who shall take upon himself to decide that the more benevolent course and more pleasing to God, was pursued towards them, or that it would not have been better that they had been enslaved generally, as they were in particular instances? It is a refined philosophy, and utterly false in its application to general nature, or the mass of human kind, which teaches that existence is not the greatest of all boons, and worthy of being preserved even under the most adverse circumstances. The strongest instinct of all animated beings sufficiently proclaims this. When the last red man shall have vanished from our forests, the sole remaining traces of his blood will be found among our remaining population.† The African slave trade

has given, and will give the boon of existence to millions and millions in our country, who would otherwise never have enjoyed it, and the enjoyment of their existence is better provided for while it lasts. Or if, for the rights of man over inferior animals, we are referred to revelation, which pronounces—"ye shall have dominion over the beasts of the field, and over the fowls of the air," we refer to the same which declares not the less explicitly—

"Both the bondmen and bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are among you. Of them shall you buy bondmen and bondmaids."

"Moreover of the children of strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begot in your land, and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them by possession. They shall be your bondmen forever."

In moral investigations, ambiguity is often occasioned by confounding the intrinsic nature of an action, as determined by its consequences, with the motives of the actor, involving moral guilt or innocence. If poison be given with a view to destroy another, and it cures him of disease, the poisoner is guilty, but the act is beneficent in its results. If medicine be given with a view to heal, and it happens to kill, he who administered it is innocent, but the act is a noxious one. If they who begun and prosecuted the slave trade, practised horrible cruelties and inflicted much suffering—as no doubt they did, though these have been much exaggerated—for merely selfish purposes, and with no view to future good, they were morally most guilty. So far as unnecessary cruelty was practised, the motive and the act were alike bad. But if we could be sure that the entire effect of the trade has been to produce more happiness than would otherwise have existed, we must pronounce it good, and that it has happened in the ordering of God's providence, to whom evil cannot be imputed. Moral guilt has not been imputed to Las Casas, and if the importation of African slaves into America, had the effect of preventing more suffering than it inflicted, it was good, both in the motive and the result. I freely admit that, it is hardly possible to justify morally, those who begun and carried on the slave trade. No speculation of future good to be brought about could compensate the enormous amount of evil it occasioned.

If we should refer to the common moral sense of mankind, as determined by their conduct in all ages and countries, for a standard of morality, it would seem to be in favor of slavery. The will of God, as determined by utility, would be an infallible standard, if we had an unerring measure of utility. The Utilitarian Philosophy, as it is commonly understood, referring only to the animal wants and enjoyments, and physical condition of man, is utterly false and degrading. If a sufficiently extended definition be given to utility, so as to include every thing that may be a source of enjoyment or suffering, it is for the most part useless. How can you compare the pleasures resulting from the exercise of the understanding, the taste and the imagination, with the animal enjoyments of the senses—the gratification derived from a fine poem with that from a rich banquet? How are we to weigh the pains

* I refer to President Dew on this subject.

† It is not uncommon, especially in Charleston, to see slaves, after many descents and having mingled their blood with the Africans, possessing Indian hair and features.

and enjoyments of one man highly cultivated and of great sensibility, against those of many men of blunter capacity for enjoyment or suffering? And if we could determine with certainty in what utility consists, we are so short-sighted with respect to consequences—the remote results of our best considered actions, are so often wide of our anticipations, or contrary to them, that we should still be very much in the dark. But though we cannot arrive at absolute certainty with respect to the utility of actions, it is always fairly matter of argument. Though an imperfect standard, it is the best we have, and perhaps the Creator did not intend that we should arrive at perfect certainty with regard to the morality of many actions. If after the most careful examination of consequences that we are able to make, with due distrust of ourselves, we impartially and in good faith, decide for that which appears likely to produce the greatest good, we are free from moral guilt. And I would impress most earnestly, that with our imperfect and limited faculties, and short-sighted as we are to the future, we can rarely, very rarely indeed, be justified in producing considerable present evil or suffering, in the expectation of remote future good—if indeed this can ever be justified.

In considering this subject, I shall not regard it in the first instance in reference to the present position of the slave holding states, or the difficulties which lie in the way of their emancipating their slaves, but as a naked, abstract question—whether it is better that the institution of praedial and domestic slavery should, or should not exist in civilized society. And though some of my remarks may seem to have such a tendency, let me not be understood as taking upon myself to determine that it is better that it should exist. God forbid that the responsibility of deciding such a question should ever be thrown on me or my countrymen. But this I will say, and not without confidence, that it is in the power of no human intellect to establish the contrary proposition—that it is better it should not exist. This is probably known but to one being, and concealed from human sagacity.

There have existed in various ages, and we now see existing in the world, people in every stage of civilization, from the most barbarous to the most refined. Man, as I have said, is not born to civilization. He is born rude and ignorant. But it will be, I suppose, admitted that it is the design of his Creator that he should attain to civilization: That religion should be known, that the comforts and elegancies of life should be enjoyed, that letters and arts should be cultivated, in short, that there should be the greatest possible development of moral and intellectual excellence. It can hardly be necessary to say any thing of those who have extolled the superior virtues and enjoyments of savage life—a life of physical wants and sufferings, of continual insecurity, of furious passions and depraved vices. Those who have praised savage life, are those who have known nothing of it, or who have become savages themselves. But as I have said, so far as reason or universal experience instruct us, the institution of slavery is an essential process in emerging from savage life. It must then produce good, and promote the designs of the Creator.

I add further, that *slavery anticipates the benefits of civilization, and retards the evils of civilization.* The

former part of this proposition has been so fully established by a writer of great power of thought—though I fear his practical conclusions will be found of little value—that it is hardly necessary to urge it.* Property—the accumulation of capital, as it is commonly called, is the first element of civilization. But to accumulate, or to use capital to any considerable extent, the combination of labor is necessary. In early stages of society, when people are thinly scattered over an extensive territory, the labor necessary to extensive works, cannot be commanded. Men are independent of each other. Having the command of abundance of land, no one will submit to be employed in the service of his neighbor. No one, therefore, can employ more capital than he can use with his own hands, or those of his family, nor have an income much beyond the necessities of life. There can, therefore, be little leisure for intellectual pursuits, or means of acquiring the comforts or elegancies of life. It is hardly necessary to say however, that if a man has the command of slaves, he may combine labor, and use capital to any required extent, and therefore accumulate wealth. He shows that no colonies have been successfully planted without some sort of slavery. So we find the fact to be. It is only in the slave holding states of our confederacy, that wealth can be acquired by agriculture—which is the general employment of our whole country. Among us, we know that there is no one, however humble his beginning, who with persevering industry, intelligence, and orderly and virtuous habits, may not attain to considerable opulence. So far as wealth has been accumulated in the states which do not possess slaves, it has been in cities by the pursuits of commerce, or lately, by manufactures. But the products of slave labor furnish more than two-thirds of the materials of our foreign commerce, which the industry of those states is employed in transporting and exchanging; and among the slave holding states is to be found the great market for all the productions of their industry, of whatever kind. The prosperity of those states, therefore, and the civilization of their cities, have been for the most part created by the existence of slavery. Even in the cities, but for a class of population, which our institutions have marked as servile, it would be scarcely possible to preserve the ordinary habitudes of civilized life, by commanding the necessary menial and domestic service.

Every stage of human society, from the most barbarous to the most refined, has its own peculiar evils to mark it as the condition of mortality; and perhaps there is none but Omnipotence who can say in which the scale of good or evil most preponderates. We need say nothing of the evils of savage life. There is a state of society elevated somewhat above it, which is to be found in some of the more thinly peopled portions of our own country—the rudest agricultural state—which is thus characterized by the author to whom I have referred. "The American of the back woods has often been described to the English as grossly ignorant, dirty, unsocial, delighting in rum and tobacco, attached to nothing but his rifle, adventurous, restless,

* The author of "England and America." We do, however, most indignantly repudiate his conclusion, that we are bound to submit to a tariff of protection, as an expedient for retaining our slaves "the force of the whole union, being required to preserve slavery, to keep down the slaves."

more than half savage. Deprived of social enjoyments or excitements, he has recourse to those of savage life, and becomes (for in this respect the Americans degenerate) unfit for society." This is no very inviting picture, which though exaggerated, we know not to be without likeness. The evils of such a state, I suppose, will hardly be thought compensated by unbounded freedom, perfect equality, and ample means of subsistence.

But let us take another stage in the progress—which to many will appear to offer all that is desirable in existence, and realize another Utopia. Let us suppose a state of society in which all shall have property, and there shall be no great inequality of property—in which society shall be so much condensed as to afford the means of social intercourse, without being crowded, so as to create difficulty in obtaining the means of subsistence—in which every family that chooses may have as much land as will employ its own hands, while others may employ their industry in forming such products as it may be desirable to exchange with them. Schools are generally established, and the rudiments of education universally diffused. Religion is taught, and every village has its church, neat though humble, lifting its spire to Heaven. Here is a situation apparently the most favorable to happiness. I say *apparently*, for the greatest source of human misery is not in external circumstances, but in men themselves—in their depraved inclinations, their wayward passions and perverse wills. Here is room for all the petty competition, the envy, hatred, malice and dissimulation, that torture the heart in what may be supposed the most sophisticated states of society; and though less marked and offensive, there may be much of the licentiousness.

But apart from this, in such a condition of society, if there is little suffering, there is little high enjoyment. The even flow of life forbids the high excitement which is necessary for it. If there is little vice, there is little place for the eminent virtues, which employ themselves in controlling the disorders and remedying the evils of society, which like war and revolution, call forth the highest powers of man, whether for good or for evil. If there is little misery, there is little room for benevolence. Useful public institutions we may suppose to be created, but not such as are merely ornamental. Elegant arts can be little cultivated, for there are no means to reward the artists nor the higher literature, for no one will have leisure or means to cultivate it for its own sake. Those who acquire what may be called liberal education, will do so in order to employ it as the means of their own subsistence or advancement in a profession, and literature itself will partake of the sordidness of trade. In short, it is plain that in such a state of society, the moral and intellectual faculties cannot be cultivated to their highest perfection.

But whether that which I have described be the most desirable state of society or no, it is certain that it cannot continue. Mutation and progress is the condition of human affairs. Though retarded for a time by extraneous or accidental circumstances, the wheel must roll on. The tendency of population is to become crowded, increasing the difficulty of obtaining subsistence. There will be some without any property except the capacity for labor. This they must sell to those who have the means of employing them, thereby

swelling the amount of their capital, and increasing inequality. The process still goes on. The number of laborers increases until there is a difficulty in obtaining employment. Then competition is established. The remuneration of the laborer becomes gradually less and less; a larger and larger proportion of the product of his labor goes to swell the fortune of the capitalist; inequality becomes still greater and more invidious, until the process ends in the establishment of such a state of things, as the same author describes as now existing in England. After a most imposing picture of her greatness and resources; of her superabounding capital, and all-pervading industry and enterprise; of her public institutions for purposes of art, learning and benevolence; her public improvements, by which intercourse is facilitated, and the convenience of man subverted; the conveniences and luxuries of life enjoyed by those who are in possession of fortune, or have profitable employments; of all, in short, that places her at the head of modern civilization, he proceeds to give the reverse of the picture. And here I shall use his own words. "The laboring class compose the bulk of the people; the great body of the people; the vast majority of the people—these are the terms by which English writers and speakers usually describe those whose only property is their labor."

"Of comprehensive words, the two most frequently used in English politics, are distress and pauperism. After these, of expressions applied to the state of the poor, the most common are vice and misery, wretchedness, sufferings, ignorance, degradation, discontent, depravity, drunkenness, and the increase of crime; with many more of the like nature."

He goes on to give the details of this inequality and wretchedness, in terms calculated to sicken and appal one to whom the picture is new. That he has painted strongly we may suppose; but there is ample corroborating testimony, if such were needed, that the representation is substantially just. Where so much misery exists, there must of course be much discontent, and many have been disposed to trace the sources of the former in vicious legislation, or the structure of government; and the author gives the various schemes, sometimes contradictory, sometimes ludicrous, which projectors have devised as a remedy for all this evil to which flesh is heir. That ill judged legislation may have sometimes aggravated the general suffering, or that its extremity may be mitigated by the well directed efforts of the wise and virtuous, there can be no doubt. One purpose for which it has been permitted to exist is, that it may call forth such efforts, and awaken powers and virtues which would otherwise have slumbered for want of object. But remedy there is none, unless it be to abandon their civilization. This inequality, this vice, this misery, this *slavery*, is the price of England's civilization. They suffer the lot of humanity. But perhaps we may be permitted humbly to hope, that great, intense and widely spread as this misery undoubtedly is in reality, it may yet be less so than in appearance. We can estimate but very, very imperfectly the good and evil of individual condition, as of different states of society. Some unexpected solace arises to alleviate the severest calamity. Wonderful is the power of custom, in making the hardest condition tolerable; the most generally wretched life, has circum-

stances of mitigation, and moments of vivid enjoyment, of which the more seemingly happy can scarcely conceive; though the lives of individuals be shortened, the aggregate of existence is increased; even the various forms of death accelerated by want, familiarized to the contemplation, like death to the soldier on the field of battle, may become scarcely more formidable, than what we are accustomed to regard as nature's ordinary outlets of existence. If we could perfectly analyze the enjoyments and sufferings of the most happy, and the most miserable man, we should perhaps be startled to find the difference so much less than our previous impressions had led us to conceive. But it is not for us to assume the province of omniscience. The particular theory of the author quoted, seems to be founded on an assumption of this sort—that there is a certain stage in the progress, when there is a certain balance between the demand for labor, and the supply of it, which is more desirable than any other—when the territory is so thickly peopled that all cannot own land and cultivate the soil for themselves, but a portion will be compelled to sell their labor to others; still leaving, however, the wages of labor high, and the laborer independent. It is plain, however, that this would in like manner partake of the good and the evil of other states of society. There would be less of equality and less rudeness, than in the early stages; less civilization and less suffering, than in the latter.

It is the competition for employment, which is the source of this misery of society, that gives rise to all excellence in art and knowledge. When the demand for labor exceeds the supply, the services of the most ordinarily qualified laborer will be eagerly retained. When the supply begins to exceed, and competition is established, higher and higher qualifications will be required, until at length, when it becomes very intense, none but the most consummately skilful can be sure to be employed. Nothing but necessity can drive men to the exertions which are necessary so to qualify themselves. But it is not in arts, merely mechanical alone, that this superior excellence will be required. It will be extended to every intellectual employment; and though this may not be the effect in the instance of every individual, yet it will fix the habits and character of the society, and prescribe every where, and in every department, the highest possible standard of attainment.

But how is it that the existence of slavery as with us, will retard the evils of civilization? Very obviously. It is the intense competition of civilized life, that gives rise to the excessive cheapness of labor, and the excessive cheapness of labor, is the cause of the evils in question. Slave labor can never be so cheap as what is called free labor. Political economists have established as the natural standard of wages in a fully peopled country, the value of the laborer's subsistence. I shall not stop to inquire into the precise truth of this proposition. It certainly approximates the truth. Where competition is intense, men will labor for a bare subsistence, and less than a competent subsistence. The employer of free laborers obtains their services during the time of their health and vigor, without the charge of rearing them from infancy, or supporting them in sickness or old age. This charge is imposed on the employer of slave labor, who, therefore, pays higher wages, and cuts off the principal source of misery—the

wants and sufferings of infancy, sickness, and old age. Laborers too will be less skilful, and perform less work—enhancing the price of that sort of labor. The poor laws of England are an attempt—but an awkward and empirical attempt—to supply the place of that which we should suppose the feelings of every human heart would declare to be a natural obligation—that he who has received the benefit of the laborer's services during his health and vigor, should maintain him when he becomes unable to provide for his own support. They answer their purpose, however, very imperfectly, and are unjustly, and unequally imposed. There is no attempt to apportion the burden according to the benefit received—and perhaps there could be none. This is one of the evils of their condition.

In periods of commercial revulsion and distress, like the present, the distress, in countries of free labor, falls principally on the laborers. In those of slave labor, it falls almost exclusively on the employer. In the former, when a business becomes unprofitable, the employer dismisses his laborers or lowers their wages. But with us, it is the very period at which we are least able to dismiss our laborers; and if we would not suffer a further loss, we cannot reduce their wages. To receive the benefit of the services of which they are capable, we must provide for maintaining their health and vigor. In point of fact, we know that this is accounted among the necessary expenses of management. If the income of every planter of the southern states were permanently reduced one half, or even much more than that, it would not take one jot from the support and comforts of the slaves. And this can never be materially altered, until they shall become so unprofitable that slavery must be of necessity abandoned. It is probable that the accumulation of individual wealth will never be carried to quite so great an extent in a slave holding country, as in one of free labor; but a consequence will be, that there will be less inequality and less suffering.

Servitude is the condition of civilization. It was decreed, when the command was given, "be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it," and when it was added, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And what human being shall arrogate to himself the authority to pronounce that our form of it is worse in itself, or more displeasing to God than that which exists elsewhere? Shall it be said that the servitude of other countries grows out of the exigency of their circumstances, and therefore society is not responsible for it? But if we know that in the progress of things it is to come, would it not seem the part of wisdom and foresight, to make provision for it, and thereby, if we can, mitigate the severity of its evils? But the fact is not so. Let any one who doubts, read the book to which I have several times referred, and he may be satisfied that it was forced upon us by the extreme exigency of circumstances, in a struggle for very existence. Without it, it is doubtful whether a white man would be now existing on this continent—certain, that if there were, they would be in a state of the utmost destitution, weakness and misery. It was forced on us by necessity, and further fastened upon us, by the superior authority of the mother country. I, for one, neither deprecate nor resent the gift. Nor did we institute slavery. The Africans brought to us had been, speaking in the general, slaves in their own country, and

only underwent a change of masters. In the countries of Europe, and the states of our confederacy, in which slavery has ceased to exist, it was abolished by positive legislation. If the order of nature has been departed from, and a forced and artificial state of things introduced, it has been, as the experience of all the world declares, by them and not by us.

That there are great evils in a society where slavery exists, and that the institution is liable to great abuse, I have already said. To say otherwise, would be to say that they were not human. But the whole of human life is a system of evils and compensations. We have no reason to believe that the compensations with us are fewer, or smaller in proportion to the evils, than those of any other condition of society. Tell me of an evil or abuse; of an instance of cruelty, oppression, licentiousness, crime or suffering, and I will point out, and often in five-fold degree, an equivalent evil or abuse in countries where slavery does not exist.

Let us examine without blenching, the actual and alleged evils of slavery, and the array of horrors which many suppose to be its universal concomitants. It is said that the slave is out of the protection of the law; that if the law purports to protect him in life and limb, it is but imperfectly executed; that he is still subject to excessive labor, degrading blows, or any other sort of torture, which a master pampered and brutalized by the exercise of arbitrary power, may think proper to inflict; he is cut off from the opportunity of intellectual, moral, or religious improvement, and even positive enactments are directed against his acquiring the rudiments of knowledge; he is cut off forever from the hope of raising his condition in society, whatever may be his merit, talents, or virtues, and therefore deprived of the strongest incentive to useful and praiseworthy exertion; his physical degradation begets a corresponding moral degradation; he is without moral principle, and addicted to the lowest vices, particularly theft and falsehood; if marriage be not disallowed, it is little better than a state of concubinage, from which results general licentiousness, and the want of chastity among females—this indeed is not protected by law, but is subject to the outrages of brutal lust; both sexes are liable to have their dearest affections violated; to be sold like brutes; husbands to be torn from wives, children from parents;—this is the picture commonly presented by the denouncers of slavery.

It is a somewhat singular fact, that when there existed in our state no law for punishing the murder of a slave, other than a pecuniary fine, there were, I will venture to say, at least ten murders of freemen, for one murder of a slave. Yet it is supposed they are less protected, or less secure than their masters. Why, they are protected by their very situation in society, and therefore less need the protection of law. With any other person than their master, it is hardly possible for them to come into such sort of collision as usually gives rise to furious and revengeful passions; they offer no temptation to the murderer for gain; against the master himself, they have the security of his own interest, and by his superintendence and authority, they are protected from the revengeful passions of each other. I am by no means sure that the cause of humanity has been served by the change in jurisprudence, which has placed their murder on the same footing with that of a

freeman. The change was made in subservience to the opinions and clamor of others, who were utterly incompetent to form an opinion on the subject; and a wise act is seldom the result of legislation in this spirit. From the fact which I have stated, it is plain that they less need protection. Juries are, therefore, less willing to convict, and it may sometimes happen that the guilty will escape all punishment. *Security* is one of the compensations of their humble position. We challenge the comparison, that with us there have been fewer murders of slaves, than of parents, children, apprentices, and other murders, cruel and unnatural, in societies where slavery does not exist.

But short of life or limb, various cruelties may be practised as the passions of the master may dictate. To this the same reply has been often given—that they are secured by the master's interest. If the state of slavery is to exist at all, the master must have, and ought to have, such power of punishment as will compel them to perform the duties of their station. And is not this for their advantage as well as his? No human being can be contented, who does not perform the duties of his station. Has the master any temptation to go beyond this? If he inflicts on him such punishment as will permanently impair his strength, he inflicts a loss on himself, and so if he requires of him excessive labor. Compare the labor required of the slave, with those of the free agricultural, or manufacturing laborer in Europe, or even in the more thickly peopled portions of the non-slave holding states of our confederacy—though these last are no fair subjects of comparison—they enjoying, as I have said, in a great degree, the advantages of slavery along with those of an early and simple state of society. Read the English parliamentary reports, on the condition of the manufacturing operatives, and the children employed in factories. And such is the impotence of man to remedy the evils which the condition of his existence has imposed on him, that it is much to be doubted whether the attempts by legislation to improve their situation, will not aggravate its evils. They resort to this excessive labor as a choice of evils. If so, the amount of their compensation will be lessened also with the diminished labor; for this is a matter which legislation cannot regulate. Is it the part of benevolence then to cut them off even from this miserable liberty of choice? Yet would these evils exist in the same degree, if the laborers were the *property* of the master—having a direct interest in preserving their lives, their health and strength? Who but a drivelling fanatic, has thought of the necessity of protecting domestic animals from the cruelty of their owners? And yet are not great and wanton cruelties practised on these animals? Compare the whole of the cruelties inflicted on slaves throughout our southern country, with those elsewhere, inflicted by ignorant and depraved portions of the community, on those whom the relations of society put into their power—of brutal husbands on their wives; of brutal parents—subdued against the strongest instincts of nature to that brutality by the extremity of their misery—on their children; of brutal masters on apprentices. And if it should be asked, are not similar cruelties inflicted, and miseries endured in your society? I answer in no comparable degree. The class in question are placed under the control of others, who are interested to restrain their excesses of cruelty or rage.

Wives are protected from their husbands, and children from their parents. And this is no inconsiderable compensation of the evils of our system; and would so appear, if we could form any conception of the immense amount of misery which is elsewhere thus inflicted. The other class of society, more elevated in their position, are also (speaking of course in the general) more elevated in character, and more responsible to public opinion.

But besides the interest of their master, there is another security against cruelty. The relation of master and slave, when there is no mischievous interference between them, is, as the experience of all the world declares, naturally one of kindness. As to the fact, we should be held interested witnesses, but we appeal to universal nature. Is it not natural that a man should be attached to that which is *his own*, and which has contributed to his convenience, his enjoyment, or his vanity? This is felt even towards animals, and inanimate objects. How much more towards a being of superior intelligence and usefulness, who can appreciate our feelings towards him, and return them? Is it not natural that we should be interested in that which is dependant on us for protection and support? Do not men every where contract kind feelings towards their dependants? Is it not natural that men should be more attached to those whom they have long known—whom, perhaps, they have reared or been associated with from infancy—than to one with whom their connexion has been casual and temporary? What is there in our atmosphere or institutions, to produce a perversion of the general feelings of nature? To be sure, in this as in all other relations, there is frequent cause of offence or excitement—on one side, for some omission of duty, on the other, on account of reproof or punishment inflicted. But this is common to the relation of parent and child; and I will venture to say that if punishment be justly inflicted—and there is no temptation to inflict it unjustly—it is as little likely to occasion permanent estrangement or resentment as in that case. Slaves are perpetual children. It is not the common nature of man, unless it be depraved by his own misery, to delight in witnessing pain. It is more grateful to behold contented and cheerful beings, than sullen and wretched ones. That men are sometimes wayward, depraved and brutal, we know. That atrocious and brutal cruelties have been perpetrated on slaves, and on those who were not slaves, by such wretches, we also know. But that the institution of slavery has a natural tendency to form such a character, that such crimes are more common, or more aggravated than in other states of society, or produce among us less surprise and horror, we utterly deny, and challenge the comparison. Indeed I have little hesitation in saying, that if full evidence could be obtained, the comparison would result in our favor, and that the tendency of slavery is rather to humanize than to brutalize.

The accounts of travellers in oriental countries, give a very favorable representation of the kindly relations which exist between the master and slave; the latter being often the friend, and sometimes the heir of the former. Generally, however, especially if they be English travellers—if they say any thing which may seem to give a favorable complexion to slavery, they think it necessary to enter their protest, that they shall not be

taken to give any sanction to slavery as it exists in America. Yet human nature is the same in all countries. There are very obvious reasons why in those countries there should be a nearer approach to equality in their manners. The master and slave are often of cognate races, and therefore tend more to assimilate. There is in fact less inequality in mind and character, where the master is but imperfectly civilized. Less labor is exacted, because the master has fewer motives to accumulate. But is it an injury to a human being, that regular, if not excessive labor should be required of him? The primeval curse, with the usual benignity of providential contrivance, has been turned into the place of an existence that would be much more intolerable without it. If they labor less, they are much more subject to the outrages of capricious passion. If it were put to the choice of any human being, would he prefer to be the slave of a civilized man, or of a barbarian or semi-barbarian? But if the general tendency of the institution in those countries is to create kindly relations, can it be imagined why it should operate differently in this? It is true, as suggested by President Dew—with the exception of the ties of close consanguinity, it forms one of the most intimate relations of society. And it will be more and more so, the longer it continues to exist. The harshest features of slavery were created by those who were strangers to slavery—who supposed that it consisted in keeping savages in subjection by violence and terror. The severest laws to be found on our statute book, were enacted by such, and such are still found to be the severest masters. As society becomes settled, and the wandering habits of our countrymen altered, there will be a larger and larger proportion of those who were reared by the owner, or derived to him from his ancestors, and who therefore will be more and more intimately regarded, as forming a portion of his family.

It is true that the slave is driven to labor by stripes; and if the object of punishment be to produce obedience or reformation, with the least permanent injury, it is the best method of punishment. But is it not intolerable, that a being formed in the image of his Maker, should be degraded by *blows*? This is one of the perversions of mind and feeling, to which I shall have occasion again to refer. Such punishment would be degrading to a freeman, who had the thoughts and aspirations of a freeman. In general it is not degrading to a slave, nor is it felt to be so. The evil is the bodily pain. Is it degrading to a child? Or if in any particular instance it would be so felt, it is sure not to be inflicted—unless in those rare cases which constitute the startling and eccentric evils, from which no society is exempt, and against which no institutions of society can provide.

The slave is cut off from the means of intellectual, moral, and religious improvement, and in consequence his moral character becomes depraved, and he addicted to degrading vices. The slave receives such instruction as qualifies him to discharge the duties of his particular station. The Creator did not intend that every individual human being should be highly cultivated, morally and intellectually, for as we have seen, he has imposed conditions on society which would render this impossible. There must be general mediocrity, or the highest cultivation must exist along with ignorance, vice, and degradation.

But is there in the aggregate of society, less opportunity for intellectual and moral cultivation, on account of the existence of slavery? We must estimate institutions from their aggregate of good or evil. I refer to the views which I have before expressed to this society. It is by the existence of slavery, exempting so large a portion of our citizens from the necessity of bodily labor, that we have a greater proportion than any other people, who have leisure for intellectual pursuits, and the means of attaining a liberal education. If we throw away this opportunity, we shall be morally responsible for the neglect or abuse of our advantages, and shall most unquestionably pay the penalty. But the blame will rest on ourselves, and not on the character of our institutions.

I add further, notwithstanding that *equality* seems to be the passion of the day, if, as Providence has evidently decreed, there can be but a certain portion of intellectual excellence in any community, it is better that it should be *unequally* divided. It is better that a part should be fully, and highly cultivated, and the rest utterly ignorant. To constitute a society, a variety of offices must be discharged, from those requiring but the lowest degree of intellectual power, to those requiring the very highest, and it should seem that the endowments ought to be apportioned according to the exigencies of the situation. In the course of human affairs, there arise difficulties which can only be comprehended, or surmounted by the strongest native power of intellect, strengthened by the most assiduous exercise, and enriched with the most extended knowledge—and even these are sometimes found inadequate to the exigency. The first want of society is—leaders. Who shall estimate the value to Athens, of Solon, Aristides, Themistocles, Cymon, or Pericles? If society have not leaders qualified as I have said, they will have those who will lead them blindly to their loss and ruin. Men of no great native power of intellect, and of imperfect and superficial knowledge, are the most mischievous of all—none are so busy, meddling, confident, presumptuous, and intolerant. The whole of society receives the benefit of the exertions of a mind of extraordinary endowments. Of all communities, one of the least desirable, would be that in which imperfect, superficial, half-education should be universal. The first care of a state which regards its own safety, prosperity and honor, should be, that when minds of extraordinary power appear, to whatever department of knowledge, art or science, their exertions may be directed, the means should be provided of their most consummate cultivation. Next to this, that education should be as widely extended as possible.

Oidium has been cast upon our legislation, on account of its forbidding the elements of education to be communicated to slaves. But in truth what injury is done to them by this? He who works during the day with his hands, does not read in intervals of leisure for his amusement, or the improvement of his mind—or the exceptions are so very rare, as scarcely to need the being provided for. Of the many slaves whom I have known capable of reading, I have never known one to read any thing but the Bible, and this task they imposed on themselves as matter of duty. Of all methods of religious instruction, however, this, of reading for themselves, would be the most inefficient—their comprehen-

sion is defective, and the employment is to them an unusual and laborious one. There are but very few who do not enjoy other means, more effectual for religious instruction. There is no place of worship opened for the white population, from which they are excluded. I believe it a mistake, to say that the instructions there given are not adapted to their comprehension, or calculated to improve them. If they are given as they ought to be—practically, and without pretension, and are such as are generally intelligible to the free part of the audience, comprehending all grades of intellectual capacity, they will not be unintelligible to slaves. I doubt whether this be not better than instruction, addressed specially to themselves—which they might look upon as a device of the master's, to make them more obedient and profitable to himself. Their minds, generally, shew a strong religious tendency, and they are fond of assuming the office of religious instructors to each other; and perhaps their religious notions are not much more extravagant than those of a large portion of the free population of our country. I am not sure that there is a much smaller proportion of them, than of the free population, who make some sort of religious profession. It is certainly the master's *interest* that they should have proper religious sentiments, and if he fails in his duty towards them, we may be sure that the consequences will be visited not upon them, but upon him.

If there were any chance of their elevating their rank and condition in society, it might be matter of hardship, that they should be debarred those rudiments of knowledge which open the way to further attainments. But this they know cannot be, and that further attainments would be useless to them. Of the evil of this, I shall speak hereafter. A knowledge of reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic, is convenient and important to the free laborer, who is the transactor of his own affairs, and the guardian of his own interests—but of what use would they be to the slave? These alone do not elevate the mind or character, if such elevation were desirable.

If we estimate their morals according to that which should be the standard of a free man's morality, then I grant they are degraded in morals—though by no means to the extent which those who are unacquainted with the institution seem to suppose. We justly suppose, that the Creator will require of man, the performance of the duties of the station in which his providence has placed him, and the cultivation of the virtues which are adapted to their performance; that he will make allowance for all imperfection of knowledge, and the absence of the usual helps and motives which lead to self-correction and improvement. The degradation of morals relates principally to loose notions of honesty, leading to petty thefts; to falsehood and to licentious intercourse between the sexes. Though with respect even to these, I protest against the opinion which seems to be elsewhere entertained, that they are universal, or that slaves, in respect to them, might not well bear a comparison with the lowest laborious class of other countries. But certainly there is much dishonesty leading to petty thefts. It leads, however, to nothing else. They have no contracts or dealings which might be a temptation to fraud, nor do I know that their characters have any tendency that way. They are restrained by the constant, vigilant, and interested superintendence

which is exercised over them, from the commission of offences of greater magnitude—even if they were disposed to them—which I am satisfied they are not. Nothing is so rarely heard of, as an atrocious crime committed by a slave; especially since they have worn off the savage character which their progenitors brought with them from Africa. Their offences are confined to petty depredations, principally for the gratification of their appetites, and these for reasons already given, are chiefly confined to the property of their owner, which is most exposed to them. They could make no use of a considerable booty, if they should obtain it. It is plain that this is a less evil to society in its consequences and example, than if committed by a freeman, who is master of his own time and actions. With reference to society then, the offence is less in itself—and may we not hope that it is less in the sight of God. A slave has no hope that by a course of integrity, he can materially elevate his condition in society, nor can his offence materially depress it, or affect his means of support, or that of his family. Compared to the freeman, he has no character to establish or to lose. He has not been exercised to self-government, and being without intellectual resources, can less resist the solicitations of appetite. Theft in a freeman is a crime; in a slave, it is a vice. I recollect to have heard it said, in reference to some question of a slave's theft which was agitated in a court, "courts of justice have no more to do with a slave's stealing, than with his lying—that is a matter for the domestic forum." It was truly said—the theft of a slave is no offence against society. Compare all the evils resulting from this, with the enormous amount of vice, crime and depravity, which in an European, or one of our northern cities, disgusts the moral feelings, and render life and property insecure. So with respect to his falsehood. I have never heard or observed, that slaves have any peculiar proclivity to falsehood, unless it be in denying, or concealing their own offences, or those of their fellows. I have never heard of falsehood told by a slave for a malicious purpose. Lies of vanity are sometimes told, as among the weak and ignorant of other conditions. Falsehood is not attributed to an individual charged with an offence before a court of justice, who pleads *not guilty*—and certainly the strong temptation to escape punishment, in the highest degree extenuates, if it does not excuse, falsehood told by a slave. If the object be to screen a fellow slave, the act bears some semblance of fidelity, and perhaps truth could not be told without breach of confidence. I know not how to characterize the falsehood of a slave.

It has often been said by the denouncers of slavery, that marriage does not exist among slaves. It is difficult to understand this, unless wilful falsehood were intended. We know that marriages are contracted; may be, and often are, solemnized with the forms usual among other classes of society, and often faithfully adhered to during life. The law has not provided for making those marriages indissoluble, nor could it do so. If a man abandons his wife, being without property, and being both property themselves, he cannot be required to maintain her. If he abandons his wife, and lives in a state of concubinage with another, the law cannot punish him for bigamy. It may perhaps be meant that the chastity of wives is not protected by

law from the outrages of violence. I answer, as with respect to their lives, that they are protected by manners, and their position. Who ever heard of such outrages being offered? At least as seldom, I will venture to say, as in other communities of different forms of polity. One reason doubtless may be, that often there is do disposition to resist. Another reason also may be, that there is little temptation to such violence, as there is so large a proportion of this class of females who set little value on chastity, and afford easy gratification to the passions of men. It might be supposed, from the representations of some writers, that a slave holding country were one wide stew for the indulgence of unbridled lust. Particular instances of intemperate and shameless debauchery are related, which may perhaps be true, and it is left to be inferred that this is the universal state of manners. Brutes and shameless debauchees there are in every country; we know that if such things are related as general or characteristic, the representation is false. Who would argue from the existence of a Col. Chartres in England, or of some individuals who might, perhaps, be named in other portions of this country, of the horrid dissoluteness of manners occasioned by the want of the institution of slavery. Yet the argument might be urged quite as fairly, and it really seems to me with a little more justice—for there such depravity is attended with much more pernicious consequences. Yet let us not deny or extenuate the truth. It is true that in this respect the morals of this class are very loose, (by no means so universally so as is often supposed,) and that the passions of men of the superior caste, tempt and find gratification in the easy chastity of the females. This is evil, and to be remedied, if we can do so, without the introduction of greater evil. But evil is incident to every condition of society, and as I have said, we have only to consider in which institution it most predominates.

Compare these prostitutes of our country, (if it is not injustice to call them so,) and their condition with those of other countries—the seventy thousand prostitutes of London, or of Paris, or the ten thousand of New York, or our other northern cities. Take the picture given of the first, from the author whom I have before quoted. "The laws and customs of England, conspire to sink this class of English women into a state of vice and misery, below that which necessarily belongs to their condition. Hence, their extreme degradation, their troopers' oaths, their love of gin, their desperate recklessness, and the shortness of their miserable lives."

"English women of this class, or rather girls, for few of them live to be women, die like sheep with the rot; so fast that soon there would be none left, if a fresh supply were not obtained equal to the number of deaths. But a fresh supply is always obtained without the least trouble: seduction easily keeps pace with prostitution or mortality. Those that die, are, like factory children that die, instantly succeeded by new competitors for misery and death." There is no hour of a summer's or a winter's night, in which there may not be found in the streets a ghastly wretch expiring under the double tortures of disease and famine. Though less aggravated in its features, the picture of prostitution in New York or Philadelphia would be of like character.

In such communities, the unmarried woman who becomes a mother, is an outcast from society—and

though sentimentalists lament the hardship of the case, it is justly and necessarily so. She is cut off from the hope of useful and profitable employment, and driven by necessity to further vice. Her misery, and the hopelessness of retrieving, render her desperate, until she sinks into every depth of depravity, and is prepared for every crime that can contaminate and infest society. She has given birth to a human being, who, if it be so unfortunate as to survive its miserable infancy, is commonly educated to a like course of vice, depravity and crime.

Compare with this the female slave under similar circumstances. She is not a less useful member of society than before. If shame be attached to her conduct, it is such shame as would be elsewhere felt for a venial impropriety. She has not impaired her means of support, nor materially impaired her character, or lowered her station in society; she has done no great injury to herself, or any other human being. Her offspring is not a burden, but an acquisition to her owner; his support is provided for, and he is brought up to usefulness; if the fruit of intercourse with a freeman, his condition is, perhaps, raised somewhat above that of his mother. Under these circumstances, with imperfect knowledge, tempted by the strongest of human passions—unrestrained by the motives which operate to restrain, but are so often found insufficient to restrain the conduct of females elsewhere, can it be matter of surprise that she should so often yield to the temptation? Is not the evil less in itself, and in reference to society—much less in the sight of God and man? As was said of theft—the want of chastity, which among females of other countries, is sometimes vice, sometimes crime—among the free of our own, much more aggravated; among slaves, hardly deserves a harsher term than that of weakness. I have heard of complaint made by a free prostitute, of the greater countenance and indulgence shown by society towards colored persons of her profession, (always regarded as of an inferior and servile class, though individually free,) than to those of her own complexion. The former readily obtain employment; are even admitted into families, and treated with some degree of kindness and familiarity, while any approach to intercourse with the latter is shunned as contamination. The distinction is habitually made, and it is founded on the unerring instinct of nature. The colored prostitute is, in fact, a far less contaminated and depraved being. Still many, in spite of temptation, do preserve a perfectly virtuous conduct, and I imagine it hardly ever entered into the mind of one of these, that she was likely to be forced from it by authority or violence.

It may be asked, if we have no prostitutes from the free class of society among ourselves. I answer in no assignable proportion. With general truth, it might be said, that there are none. When such a case occurs, it is among the rare evils of society. And apart from other and better reasons, which we believe to exist, it is plain that it must be so, from the comparative absence of temptation. Our brothels, comparatively very few—and these should not be permitted to exist at all—are filled, for the most part, by importation from the cities of our confederate states, where slavery does not exist. In return for the benefits which they receive from our slavery, along with tariffs, libels, opinions, moral, religious, or political—they furnish us also with a supply of thieves and prostitutes. Never, but in a single instance, have I heard of an imputation on the general

purity of manners, among the free females of the slave holding states. Such an imputation, however, and made in coarse terms, we have never heard here—*here* where divorce was never known—where no court was ever polluted by an action for criminal conversation with a wife—where it is related rather as matter of tradition, not unmingled with wonder, that a Carolinian woman of education and family, proved false to her conjugal faith—an imputation deserving only of such reply as self-respect would forbid us to give, if respect for the author of it did not. And can it be doubted, that this purity is caused by, and is a compensation for the evils resulting from the existence of an enslaved class of more relaxed morals?

It is mostly the warm passions of youth, which give rise to licentious intercourse. But I do not hesitate to say, that the intercourse which takes place with enslaved females, is less depraving in its effects, than when it is carried on with females of their own caste. In the first place, as like attracts like, that which is unlike repels; and though the strength of passion be sufficient to overcome the repulsion, still the attraction is less. He feels that he is connecting himself with one of an inferior and servile caste, and that there is something of degradation in the act. The intercourse is generally casual; he does not make her habitually an associate, and is less likely to receive any taint from her habits and manners. He is less liable to those extraordinary fascinations, with which worthless women sometimes entangle their victims, to the utter destruction of all principle, worth and vigor of character. The female of his own race offers greater allurements. The haunts of vice often present a shew of elegance, and various luxury tempts the senses. They are made an habitual resort, and their inmates associate, till the general character receives a taint from the corrupted atmosphere. Not only the practice is licentious, but the understanding is sophisticated; the moral feelings are bewildered, and the boundaries of virtue and vice confused. Where such licentiousness very extensively prevails, society is rotten to the heart.

But is it a small compensation for the evils attending the relation of the sexes among the enslaved class, that they have universally the opportunity of indulging the first instinct of nature, by forming matrimonial connexions? What painful restraint—what constant effort to struggle against the strongest impulses, are habitually practised elsewhere, and by other classes? And they must be practised, unless greater evils would be encountered. On the one side, all the evils of vice, with the miseries to which it leads—on the other, a marriage cursed and made hateful by want, the sufferings of children, and agonizing apprehensions concerning their future fate. Is it a small good, that the slave is free from all this? He knows that his own subsistence is secure, and that his children will be in as good a condition as himself. To a refined and intellectual nature, it may not be difficult to practise the restraint of which I have spoken. But the reasoning from such to the great mass of mankind, is most fallacious. To these, the supply of their natural and physical wants, and the indulgence of the natural domestic affections, must, for the most part, afford the greatest good of which they are capable. To the evils which sometimes attend their matrimonial connexions, arising from their looser morality, slaves, for obvious reasons, are comparatively insensible. I am no apologist of vice, nor would I extenuate the conduct of the profligate.

gate and unfeeling, who would violate the sanctity of even these engagements, and occasion the pain which such violations no doubt do often inflict. Yet such is the truth and we cannot make it otherwise. We know, that a woman's having been before a mother, is very seldom indeed an objection to her being made a wife. I know perfectly well how this will be regarded by a class of reasoners or declaimers, as imposing a character of deeper horror on the whole system; but still, I will say, that if they are to be exposed to the evil, it is mercy that the sensibility to it should be blunted. Is it no compensation also for the vices incident to slavery, that they are, to a great degree, secured against the temptation to greater crimes and more atrocious vices, and the miseries which attend them; against their own disposition to indolence, and the profligacy which is its common result?

But if they are subject to the vices, they have also the virtues of slaves. Fidelity—often proof against all temptation, even death itself; an eminently cheerful and social temper; what the Bible imposes as a duty, but which might seem an equivocal virtue in the code of modern morality—submission to constituted authority, and a disposition to be attached to, as well as to respect those whom they are taught to regard as superiors. They may have all the knowledge which will make them useful in the station in which God has been pleased to place them, and may cultivate the virtues which will render them acceptable to him. But what has the slave of any country to do with heroic virtues, liberal knowledge, or elegant accomplishments? It is for the master; arising out of his situation—imposed on him as duty—dangerous and disgraceful if neglected—to compensate for this, by his own more assiduous cultivation of the more generous virtues, and liberal attainments.

It has been supposed one of the great evils of slavery, that it affords the slave no opportunity of raising himself to a higher rank in society, and that he has, therefore, no inducement to meritorious exertion, or the cultivation of his faculties. The indolence and carelessness of the slave, and the less productive quality of his labor, are traced to the want of such excitement. The first compensation for this disadvantage, is his security. If he can rise no higher, he is just in the same degree secured against the chances of falling lower. It has been sometimes made a question whether it were better for man to be freed from the perturbations of hope and fear, or to be exposed to their vicissitudes. But I suppose there could be little question with respect to a situation, in which the fears must greatly predominate over the hopes. And such, I apprehend, to be the condition of the laboring poor in countries where slavery does not exist. If not exposed to present suffering, there is continual apprehension for the future—for themselves—for their children—of sickness and want, if not of actual starvation. They expect to improve their circumstances! Would any person of ordinary candor, say that there is one in a hundred of them, who does not well know, that with all the exertion he can make, it is out of his power materially to improve his circumstances? I speak not so much of menial servants, who are generally of a superior class, as of the agricultural and manufacturing laborers. They labor with no such view. It is the instinctive struggle to preserve existence—and when the superior efficiency of their labor over that of our slaves is pointed out, as being animated by a freeman's hopes, might it not well be

replied—it is because they labor under a sterner compulsion. The laws interpose no obstacle to their raising their condition in society. 'Tis a great boon; but as to the great mass, they know that they never will be able to raise it—and it should seem not very important in effect, whether it be the interdict of law, or imposed by the circumstances of the society. One in a thousand is successful. But does his success compensate for the sufferings of the many who are tantalized, baffled, and tortured in vain attempts to attain a like result? If the individual be conscious of intellectual power, the suffering is greater. Even where success is apparently attained, he sometimes gains it but to die; or with all capacity to enjoy it, exhausted—worn out in the struggle with fortune. If it be true that the African is an inferior variety of the human race, of less elevated character, and more limited intellect, is it not desirable that the inferior laboring class should be made up of such, who will conform to their condition without painful aspirations, and vain struggles?

The slave is certainly liable to be sold. But, perhaps, it may be questioned, whether this is a greater evil than the liability of the laborer, in fully peopled countries, to be dismissed by his employer, with the uncertainty of being able to obtain employment, or the means of subsistence elsewhere. With us, the employer cannot dismiss his laborer without providing him with another employer. His means of subsistence are secure, and this is a compensation for much. He is also liable to be separated from wife or child—though not more frequently, that I am aware of, than the exigency of their condition compels the separation of families among the laboring poor elsewhere; but from native character and temperament, the separation is much less severely felt. And it is one of the compensations, that he may sustain these relations without suffering a still severer penalty for the indulgence.

The love of liberty is a noble passion—to have the free, uncontrolled disposition of ourselves, our words and actions. But alas! it is one in which we know that a large portion of the human race can never be gratified. It is mockery, to say that the laborer anywhere has such disposition of himself; though there may be an approach to it in some peculiar, and those, perhaps, not the most desirable, states of society. But unless he be properly disciplined and prepared for its enjoyment, it is the most fatal boon that could be conferred—fatal to himself and others. If slaves have less freedom of action than other laborers, which I by no means admit, they are saved in a great degree from the responsibility of self-government, and the evils springing from their own perverse wills. Those who have looked most closely into life, and know how great a portion of human misery is derived from these sources—the undecided and wavering purpose, producing ineffectual exertion, or indolence with its thousand attendant evils—the wayward conduct—intemperance or profligacy—will most appreciate this benefit. The line of a slave's duty is marked out with precision, and he has no choice but to follow it. He is saved the double difficulty, first of determining the proper course for himself, and then of summoning up the energy which will sustain him in pursuing it.

If some superior power should impose on the laboring poor of any other country this, as their unalterable condition—you shall be saved from the torturing anxiety concerning your own future support, and that of your children, which now pursues you through life,

and haunts you in death—you shall be under the necessity of regular and healthful, though not excessive labor—in return, you shall have the ample supply of your natural wants—you may follow the instinct of nature in becoming parents, without apprehending that this supply will fail yourselves or your children—you shall be supported and relieved in sickness, and in old age wear out the remains of existence among familiar scenes and accustomed associates, without being driven to beg, or to resort to the hard and miserable charity of a work house—you shall of necessity be temperate, and shall have neither the temptation nor opportunity to commit great crimes, or practice the more destructive vices—how inappreciable would the boon be thought! And is not this a very near approach to the condition of our slaves? The evils of their situation they but lightly feel, and would hardly feel at all, if they were not sedulously instructed into sensibility. Certain it is, that if their fate were at the absolute disposal of a council of the most enlightened philanthropists in christendom, with unlimited resources, they could place them in no situation so favorable to themselves, as that which they at present occupy. But whatever good there may be, or whatever mitigation of evil, it is worse than valueless, because it is the result of *slavery*.

I am aware, that however often answered, it is likely to be repeated again and again—how can that institution be tolerable, by which a large class of society is cut off from the hope of improvement in knowledge; to whom blows are not degrading; theft no more than a fault; falsehood and the want of chastity almost venial, and in which a husband or parent looks with comparative indifference, on that which, to a freeman, would be the dishonor of a wife or child?

But why not, if it produces the greatest aggregate of good? Sin and ignorance are only evils because they lead to misery. It is not our institution, but the institution of nature, that in the progress of society a portion of it should be exposed to want, and the misery which it brings, and therefore involved in ignorance, vice, and depravity. In anticipating some of the good, we also anticipate a portion of the evil of civilization. But we have it in a mitigated form. The want and the misery are unknown; the ignorance is less a misfortune, because the being is not the guardian of himself, and partly on account of that involuntary ignorance, the vice is less vice—less hurtful to man, and less displeasing to God.

There is something in this word *slavery* which seems to partake of the qualities of the insane root, and distempers the minds of men. That which would be true in relation to one predicament, they misapply to another, to which it has no application at all. Some of the virtues of a freeman would be the vices of slaves. To submit to a blow, would be degrading to a freeman, because he is the protector of himself. It is not degrading to a slave—neither is it to a priest or a woman. And is it a misfortune that it should be so? The freeman of other countries is compelled to submit to indignities hardly more endurable than blows—indignities to make the sensitive feelings shrink, and the proud heart swell; and this very name of freeman gives them double rancor. If when a man is born in Europe, it were certainly foreseen that he was destined to a life of painful labor—to obscurity, contempt and privation—would it not be mercy that he should be reared in ignorance and apathy, and trained to the endurance of the evils he must encounter? It is not certainly foreseen as to any individual, but it is foreseen as to the

great mass of those born of the laboring poor; and it is for the mass, not for the exception, that the institutions of society are to provide. Is it not better that the character and intellect of the individual should be suited to the station which he is to occupy? Would you do a benefit to the horse or the ox, by giving him a cultivated understanding or fine feelings? So far as the mere laborer has the pride, the knowledge, or the aspirations of a freeman, he is unfitted for his situation, and must doubly feel its infelicity. If there are sordid, servile, and laborious offices to be performed, is it not better that there should be sordid, servile, and laborious beings to perform them? If there were infallible marks by which individuals of inferior intellect, and inferior character, could be selected at their birth—would not the interests of society be served, and would not some sort of fitness seem to require, that they should be selected for the inferior and servile offices? And if this race be generally marked by such inferiority, is it not fit that they should fill them?

I am well aware that those whose aspirations are after a state of society from which evil shall be banished, and who look in life for that which life will never afford, contemplate that all the offices of life may be performed without contempt or degradation—all be regarded as equally liberal, or equally respected. But theorists cannot control Nature and bend her to their views, and the inequality of which I have before spoken, is deeply founded in Nature. The offices which employ knowledge and intellect, will always be regarded as more liberal than those which only require the labor of the hands. When there is competition for employment, he who gives it bestows a favor, and it will be so received. He will assume superiority from the power of dismissing his laborers, and from fear of this, the latter will practice deference, often amounting to servility. Such in time will become the established relation between the employer and the employed, the rich and the poor. If want be accompanied with sordidness and squalor, though it be pitied, the pity will be mixed with some degree of contempt. If it lead to misery, and misery to vice, there will be disgust and aversion. What is the essential character of *slavery*, and in what does it differ from the *servitude* of other countries? If I should venture on a definition, I should say that where a man is compelled to labor at the will of another, and to give him much the greater portion of the product of his labor, there *slavery* exists; and it is immaterial by what sort of compulsion the will of the laborer is subdued. It is what no human being would do without some sort of compulsion. He cannot be compelled to labor by blows. No—but what difference does it make, if you can inflict any other sort of torture which will be equally effectual in subduing the will? if you can starve him, or alarm him for the subsistence of himself or his family? And is it not under this compulsion that the *freeman* labors? I do not mean in every particular case, but in the general. Will any one be hardy enough to say that he is at his own disposal, or has the government of himself? True, he may change his employer if he is dissatisfied with his conduct towards him; but this is a privilege he would in the majority of cases gladly abandon, and render the connexion between them indissoluble. There is far less of the interest and attachment in his relation to his employer, which so often exists between the master and the slave, and mitigates the condition of the latter. An intelligent English traveller has characterized as the most miserable and degraded of all

being, "a masterless slave." And is not the condition of the laboring poor of other countries too often that of masterless slaves? Take the following description of a *free* laborer, no doubt highly colored, quoted by the author to whom I have before referred.

"What is that defective being, with callous legs and stooping shoulders, weak in body and mind, inert, pusillanimous and stupid, whose premature wrinkles and furtive glance, tell of misery and degradation? That is an English peasant or pauper, for the words are synonymous. His sire was a pauper, and his mother's milk wanted nourishment. From infancy his food has been bad, as well as insufficient; and he now feels the pangs of unsatisfied hunger nearly whenever he is awake. But half clothed, and never supplied with more warmth than suffices to cook his scanty meals, cold and wet come to him, and stay by him with the weather. He is married, of course; for to this he would have been driven by the poor laws, even if he had been, as he never was, sufficiently comfortable and prudent to dread the burden of a family. But though instinct, and the overseer have given him a wife, he has not tasted the highest joys of husband and father. His partner and his little ones being like himself, often hungry, seldom warm, sometimes sick without aid, and always sorrowful without hope, are greedy, selfish, and vexing; so, to use his own expression, he hates the sight of them, and resorts to his hovel, only because a hedge affords less shelter from the wind and rain. Compelled by parish law to support his family, which means to join them in consuming an allowance from the parish, he frequently conspires with his wife to get that allowance increased, or prevent its being diminished. This brings beggary, trickery, and quarrelling, and ends in settled craft. Though he have the inclination, he wants the courage to become, like more energetic men of his class, a poacher or smuggler on a large scale, but he pilfers occasionally, and teaches his children to lie and steal. His subdued and slavish manner towards his great neighbors, shews that they treat him with suspicion and harshness. Consequently he at once dreads and hates them; but he will never harm them by violent means. Too degraded to be desperate, he is only thoroughly depraved. His miserable career will be short; rheumatism and asthma are conducting him to the work-house, where he will breathe his last without one pleasant recollection, and so make room for another wretch, who may live and die in the same way." And this description, or some other, not much less revolting, is applied to "the bulk of the people, the great body of the people." Take the following description of the condition of childhood, which has justly been called eloquent.*

"The children of the very poor have no young times; it makes the very heart bleed, to overhear the casual street talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays, (fitting that age,) of the promised sight or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear starching; of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with fore-cast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman, before it was a child. It has learnt to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs;

it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles." Imagine such a description applied to the children of negro slaves, the most vacant of human beings, whose life is a holiday.

And this people, to whom these horrors are familiar, are those who fill the world with clamor, concerning the injustice and cruelty of slavery. I speak in no invidious spirit. Neither the laws nor the government of England are to be reproached with the evils which are inseparable from the state of their society—as little, undoubtedly, are we to be reproached with the existence of our slavery. Including the whole of the United States—and for reasons already given, the whole ought to be included, as receiving in no unequal degree the benefit—may we not say justly that we have less slavery, and more mitigated slavery, than any other country in the civilized world?

That they are called free, undoubtedly aggravates the sufferings of the slaves of other regions. They see the enormous inequality which exists, and feel their own misery, and can hardly conceive otherwise, than that there is some injustice in the institutions of society to occasion these. They regard the apparently more fortunate class as oppressors, and it adds bitterness, that they should be of the same name and race. They feel indignity more acutely, and more of discontent and evil passion is excited; they feel that it is mockery that calls them free. Men do not so much hate and envy those who are separated from them by a wide distance, and some apparently impassable barrier, as those who approach nearer to their own condition, and with whom they habitually bring themselves into comparison. The slave with us is not tantalized with the name of freedom, to which his whole condition gives the lie, and would do so if he were emancipated tomorrow. The African slave sees that nature herself has marked him as a separate—and if left to himself, I have no doubt he would feel it to be an inferior—race, and interposed a barrier almost insuperable to his becoming a member of the same society, standing on the same footing of right and privilege with his master.

That the African negro is an inferior variety of the human race, is, I think, now generally admitted, and his distinguishing characteristics are such as peculiarly mark him out for the situation which he occupies among us. And these are no less marked in their original country, than as we have daily occasion to observe them. The most remarkable is their indifference to personal liberty. In this they have followed their instincts since we have any knowledge of their continent, by enslaving each other; but contrary to the experience of every other race, the possession of slaves has had no material effect in raising the character, and promoting the civilization of the master. Another trait is the want of domestic affections, and insensibility to the ties of kindred. In the travels of the Landers, after speaking of a single exception, in the person of a woman who betrayed some transient emotion in passing by the country from which she had been torn as a slave, the authors add: "that Africans, generally speaking, betray the most perfect indifference on losing their liberty, and being deprived of their relatives, while love of country is equally a stranger to their breasts, as social tenderness or domestic affection." "Marriage is celebrated by the nations as unconcernedly as possible; a man thinks as little of taking a wife, as of cutting an ear of corn—affection is altogether out of the question." They are, however, very submissive to auto-

ity, and seem to entertain great reverence for chiefs, priests, and masters. No greater indignity can be offered an individual, than to throw opprobrium on his parents. On this point of their character, I think I have remarked, that, contrary to the instinct of nature in other races, they entertain less regard for children than for parents, to whose authority they have been accustomed to submit. Their character is thus summed up by the travellers quoted: "The few opportunities we have had of studying their characters, induce us to believe that they are a simple, honest, inoffensive, but weak, timid, and cowardly race. They seem to have no social tenderness, very few of those amiable private virtues which could win our affections, and none of those public qualities that claim respect or command admiration. The love of country is not strong enough in their bosoms to incite them to defend it against a despicable foe; and of the active energy, noble sentiments, and contempt of danger which distinguishes the North American tribes and other savages, no traces are to be found among this slothful people. Regardless of the past, as reckless of the future, the present alone influences their actions. In this respect, they approach nearer to the nature of the brute creation, than perhaps any other people on the face of the globe." Let me ask if this people do not furnish the very material out of which slaves ought to be made, and whether it be not an improving of their condition to make them the slaves of civilized masters? There is a variety in the character of the tribes. Some are brutally and savagely ferocious and bloody, whom it would be merely to enslave. From the travellers' account, it seems not unlikely that the negro race is tending to extermination, being daily encroached on, and overrun by the superior Arab race. It may be, that when they shall have been lost from their native seats, they may be found numerous, and in no unhappy condition, on the continent to which they have been transplanted.

The opinion which connects form and features with character and intellectual power, is one so deeply impressed on the human mind, that perhaps there is scarcely any man who does not almost daily act upon it, and in some measure verify its truth. Yet in spite of this intimation of nature, and though the anatomist and physiologist may tell them that the races differ in every bone and muscle, and in the proportion of brain and nerves, yet there are some, who with a most bigoted and fanatical determination to free themselves from what they have prejudged to be prejudice, will still maintain that this physiognomy, evidently tending to that of the brute when compared to that of the Caucasian race, may be enlightened by as much thought, and animated by as lofty sentiment. We who have the best opportunity of judging, are pronounced to be incompetent to do so, and to be blinded by our interest and prejudices—often by those who have had no means of judging—and we are to be taught to distrust or disbelieve that which we daily observe, and familiarly know, on such authority. Our prejudices are spoken of. But the truth is, that, until very lately, since circumstances have compelled us to think for ourselves, we took our opinions on this subject, as on every other, ready formed from the country of our origin. And so deeply rooted were they, that we adhered to them, as most men will do to deeply rooted opinions, even against the evidence of our own observation, and our own

senses. If the inferiority exists, it is attributed to the apathy and degradation produced by slavery. Though of the hundreds of thousands scattered over other countries, where the laws impose no liability upon them, none has given evidence of an approach to even mediocrity of intellectual excellence; this too is attributed to the slavery of a portion of their race. They are regarded as a servile caste, and degraded by opinion, and thus every generous effort is repressed. Yet though this should be the general effect, this very estimation is calculated to produce the contrary effect in particular instances. It is observed by Bacon, with respect to deformed persons and eunuchs, that though in general there is something of perversity in their character, the disadvantage often leads to extraordinary displays of virtue and excellence. "Whoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself, to rescue and deliver himself from scorn." So it would be with them, if they were capable of European aspirations—genius, if they possessed it, would be doubly fired with noble rage to rescue itself from this scorn. Of course, I do not mean to say that there may not be found among them some of superior capacity to many white persons; but that great intellectual powers are, perhaps, never found among them, and that in general their capacity is very limited, and their feelings animal and coarse—fitting them peculiarly to discharge the lower, and merely mechanical offices of society.

And why should it not be so? We have among domestic animals, infinite varieties, distinguished by various degrees of sagacity, courage, strength, swiftness, and other qualities. And it may be observed, that this is no objection to their being derived from a common origin, which we suppose them to have had. Yet these accidental qualities, as they may be termed, however acquired in the first instance, we know that they transmit unimpaired to their posterity for an indefinite succession of generations. It is most important that these varieties should be preserved, and that each should be applied to the purposes for which it is best adapted. No philo-zoist, I believe, has suggested it as desirable that these varieties should be melted down into one equal, undistinguished race of curs or road horses.

Slavery, as it is said in an eloquent article published in a southern periodical work,⁴ to which I am indebted for other ideas, "has done more to elevate a degraded race in the scale of humanity; to tame the savage; to civilize the barbarous; to soften the ferocious; to enlighten the ignorant, and to spread the blessings of christianity among the heathen, than all the missionaries that philanthropy and religion have ever sent forth." Yet unquestionable as this is, and though human ingenuity and thought may be tasked in vain to devise any other means by which these blessings could have been conferred, yet a sort of sensibility which would be only mawkish and contemptible, if it were not mischievous, affects still to weep over the wrongs of "injured Africa." Can there be a doubt of the immense benefit which has been conferred on the race, by transplanting them from their native, dark, and barbarous regions, to the American continent and islands? There, three-fourths of the race are in a state of the most deplorable

⁴ Southern Literary Messenger, for January, 1835. Note to Blackstone's Commentaries.

personal slavery. And those who are not, are in a scarcely less deplorable condition of political slavery, to barbarous chiefs—who value neither life nor any other human right—or enthralled by priests to the most abject and atrocious superstitions. Take the following testimony of one of the few disinterested observers, who has had an opportunity of observing them in both situations.* “The wild savage is the child of passion, unaided by one ray of religion or morality to direct his course; in consequence of which his existence is stained with every crime that can debase human nature to a level with the brute creation. Who can say that the slaves in our colonies are such? Are they not, by comparison with their still savage brethren, enlightened beings? Is not the West Indian negro, therefore, greatly indebted to his master for making him what he is—for having raised him from the state of debasement in which he was born, and placed him in a scale of civilized society? How can he repay him? He is possessed of nothing—the only return in his power is his servitude. The man who has seen the wild African, roaming in his native woods, and the well fed, happy looking negro of the West Indies, may, perhaps, be able to judge of their comparative happiness: the former I strongly suspect would be glad to change his state of boasted freedom, starvation and disease, to become the slave of sinners, and the commiseration of saints.” It was a useful and beneficent work, approaching the heroic, to tame the wild horse, and subdue him to the use of man; how much more to tame the nobler animal that is capable of reason, and subdue him to usefulness?

We believe that the tendency of slavery is to elevate the character of the master. No doubt the character—especially of youth—has sometimes received a taint and premature knowledge of vice, from the contact and association with ignorant and servile beings of gross manners and morals. Yet still we believe that the entire tendency is to inspire disgust and aversion towards their peculiar vices. It was not without a knowledge of nature, that the Spartans exhibited the vices of slaves by way of negative example to their children. We flatter ourselves that the view of this degradation, mitigated as it is, has the effect of making probity more strict, the pride of character more high, the sense of honor more strong, than is commonly found where this institution does not exist. Whatever may be the prevailing faults or vices of the masters of slaves, they have not commonly been understood to be those of dishonesty, cowardice, meanness or falsehood. And so most unquestionably it ought to be. Our institutions would indeed be intolerable in the sight of God and man, if, condemning one portion of society to hopeless ignorance and comparative degradation, they should make no atonement by elevating the other class by higher virtues, and more liberal attainments—if, besides degraded slaves, there should be ignorant, ignoble, and degraded freemen. There is a broad and well marked line, beyond which no slavish vice should be regarded with the least toleration or allowance. One class is cut off from all interest in the State—that abstraction so potent to the feelings of a generous nature. The other must make compensation by increased assiduity and devotion to its honor and welfare. The love of

wealth—so laudable when kept within proper limits, so base and mischievous when it exceeds them—so infectious in its example—an infection to which I fear we have been too much exposed—should be pursued by no arts in any degree equivocal, or at any risk of injustice to others. So surely as there is a just and wise governor of the universe, who punishes the sins of nations and communities, as well as of individuals, so surely shall we suffer punishment, if we are indifferent to that moral and intellectual cultivation of which the means are furnished to us, and to which we are called and incited by our situation.

I would to Heaven I could express, as I feel, the conviction how necessary this cultivation is, not only to our prosperity and consideration, but to our safety and very existence. We, the slave holding States, are in a hopeless minority in our own confederated republic—to say nothing of the great confederacy of civilized States. It is admitted, I believe, not only by slave holders, but by others, that we have sent to our common councils more than our due share of talent, high character and eloquence. Yet in spite of all these most strenuously exerted, measures have been sometimes adopted which we believed to be dangerous and injurious to us, and threatening to be fatal. What would be our situation, if, instead of these, we were only represented by ignorant and grovelling men, incapable of raising their views beyond a job or petty office, and incapable of commanding hearing or consideration? May I be permitted to advert—by no means invidiously—to the late contest carried on by South Carolina against federal authority, and so happily terminated by the moderation which prevailed in our public councils? I have often reflected, what one circumstance, more than any other, contributed to the successful issue of a contest, apparently so hopeless, in which one weak and divided State was arrayed against the whole force of the confederacy—unsustained, and uncourtenanced, even by those who had a common interest with her. It seemed to me to be, that we had for leaders an unusual number of men of great intellectual power, co-operating cordially and in good faith, and commanding respect and confidence at home and abroad, by elevated and honorable character. It was from these that we—the followers at home—caught hope and confidence in the gloomiest aspect of our affairs. These, by their eloquence and the largeness of their views, at least shook the faith of the dominant majority in the wisdom and justice of their measures—or the practicability of carrying them into successful effect, and by their bearing and well known character, satisfied them that South Carolina would do all that she had pledged herself to do. Without these, how different might have been the result? And who shall say what at this day would have been the aspect of the now flourishing fields and cities of South Carolina? Or rather without these, it is probable the contest would never have been begun; but that without even the animation of a struggle, we should have sunk silently into a hopeless and degrading subjection. While I have memory—in the extremity of age—in sickness—under all the reverses and calamities of life—I shall have one source of pride and consolation—that of having been associated—according to my humbler position—with the noble spirits who stood prepared to devote themselves for Liberty—the Constitution—

* Journal of an officer employed in the expedition, under the command of Capt. Owen, on the western coast of Africa, 1822.

the Union. May such character and such talent, never be wanting to South Carolina.

I am sure that it is unnecessary to say to an assembly like this, that the conduct of the master to his slave should be distinguished by the utmost humanity. That we should indeed regard them as wards and dependants on our kindness, for whose well being in every way we are deeply responsible. This is no less the dictate of wisdom and just policy, than of right feeling. It is wise with respect to the services to be expected from them. I have never heard of an owner whose conduct in their management was distinguished by undue severity, whose slaves were not in a great degree worthless to him. A cheerful and kindly demeanor, with the expression of interest in themselves and their affairs, is, perhaps, calculated to have a better effect on them, than what might be esteemed more substantial favors and indulgencies. Throughout nature, attachment is the reward of attachment. It is wise too in relation to the civilized world around us, to avoid giving occasion to the odium which is so industriously excited against ourselves and our institutions. For this reason, public opinion should, if possible, bear even more strongly and indignantly than it does at present, on masters who practise any wanton cruelty on their slaves. The miscreant who is guilty of this, not only violates the law of God and of humanity, but as far as in him lies, by bringing odium upon, endangers the institutions of his country, and the safety of his countrymen. He casts a shade upon the character of every individual of his fellow-citizens, and does every one of them a personal injury. So of him who indulges in any odious excess of intemperate or licentious passion. It is detached instances of this sort, of which the existence is, perhaps, hardly known among ourselves, that, collected with pertinacious and malevolent industry, afford the most formidable weapons to the mischievous zealots, who array them as being characteristic of our general manners and state of society.

I would by no means be understood to intimate, that a vigorous, as well as just government, should not be exercised over slaves. This is part of our duty towards them, no less obligatory than any other duty, and no less necessary towards their well being than to ours. I believe that at least as much injury has been done and suffering inflicted by weak and injudicious indulgence, as by inordinate severity. He whose business is to labor, should be made to labor, and that with due diligence, and should be vigorously restrained from excess or vice. This is no less necessary to his happiness than to his usefulness. The master who neglects this, not only makes his slaves unprofitable to himself, but discontented and wretched—a nuisance to his neighbors and to society.

I have said that the tendency of our institution is to elevate the female character, as well as that of the other sex, and for similar reasons. In other states of society, there is no well defined limit to separate virtue and vice. There are degrees of vice from the most flagrant and odious, to that which scarcely incurs the censure of society. Many individuals occupy an unequivocal position; and as society becomes accustomed to this, there will be a less peremptory requirement of purity in female manners and conduct; and often the whole of the society will be in a tainted and uncertain

condition with respect to female virtue. Here, there is that certain and marked line, above which there is no toleration or allowance for any approach to license of manners or conduct, and she who falls below it, will fall far below even the slave. How many will incur this penalty?

And permit me to say that this elevation of the female character is no less important and essential to us, than the moral and intellectual cultivation of the other sex. It would indeed be intolerable, if, when one class of society is necessarily degraded in this respect, no compensation were made by the superior elevation and purity of the other. Not only essential purity of conduct, but the utmost purity of manners, and I will add, though it may incur the formidable charge of affectation or prudery,—a greater severity of decorum than is required elsewhere, is necessary among us. Always should be strenuously resisted the attempts which have been sometimes made to introduce among us the freedom of foreign or European, and especially of continental manners. This freedom, the remotest in the world from that which sometimes springs from simplicity of manners, is calculated and commonly intended to confound the outward distinctions of virtue and vice. It is to prepare the way for licentiousness—to produce this effect—that if those who are clothed with the outward color and garb of vice, may be well received by society, those who are actually guilty may hope to be so too. It may be said, that there is often perfect purity where there is very great freedom of manners. And, I have no doubt, this may be true in particular instances, but it is never true of any society in which this is the general state of manners. What guards can there be to purity, when every thing that *may possibly* be done innocently, is habitually practised; when there can be no impropriety which is not vice? And what must be the depth of the depravity when there is a departure from that which they admit as principle? Besides, things which may perhaps be practised innocently where they are familiar, produce a moral dilaceration in the course of their being introduced where they are new. Let us say, we will not have the manners of South Carolina changed.

I have before said that free labor is cheaper than the labor of slaves, and so far as it is so, the condition of the free laborer is worse. But I think President Dew has sufficiently shown that this is only true of northern countries. It is matter of familiar remark that the tendency of warm climates is to relax the human constitution and indispose to labor. The earth yields abundantly—in some regions almost spontaneously—under the influence of the sun, and the means of supporting life are obtained with but slight exertion: and men will use no greater exertion than is necessary to the purpose. This very luxuriance of vegetation, where no other cause concurs, renders the air less salubrious, and even when positive malady does not exist, the health is habitually impaired. Indolence renders the constitution more liable to these effects of the atmosphere, and these again aggravate the indolence. Nothing but the coercion of slavery can overcome the repugnance to labor under these circumstances, and by subduing the soil, improve and render wholesome the climate.

It is worthy of remark that there does not now exist on the face of the earth, a people in a tropical climate, or

one approaching to it, where slavery does not exist, that is in a state of high civilization, or exhibits the energies which mark the progress towards it. Mexico and the South American republics,* starting on their new career of independence, and having gone through a farce of abolishing slavery, are rapidly degenerating, even from semi-barbarism. The only portion of the South American continent which seems to be making any favorable progress, in spite of a weak and arbitrary civil government, is Brazil, in which slavery has been retained. Cuba, of the same race with the continental republics, is daily and rapidly advancing in industry and civilization; and this is owing exclusively to her slaves. St. Domingo is struck out of the map of civilized existence, and the British West Indies will shortly be so. On the other continent, Spain and Portugal are degenerate, and their rapid progress is downward. Their southern coast is infested by disease, arising from causes which industry might readily overcome, but that industry they will never exert. Greece is still barbarous and scantily peopled. The work of an English physician, distinguished by strong sense and power of observation,† gives a most affecting picture of the condition of Italy—especially south of the Appennines. With the decay of industry, the climate has degenerated towards the condition from which it was first rescued by the labor of slaves. There is poison in every man's veins, affecting the very springs of life, dulling or extinguishing, with the energies of the body, all energy of mind, and often exhibiting itself in the most appalling forms of disease. From year to year the pestilential atmosphere creeps forward, narrowing the circles within which it is possible to sustain human life. With disease and misery, industry still more rapidly decays, and if the process goes on, it seems that Italy too will soon be ready for another experiment in colonization.

Yet once it was not so, when Italy was possessed by the masters of slaves; when Rome contained her millions, and Italy was a garden; when their iron energies of body corresponded with the energies of mind which made them conquerors in every climate and on every

soil; rolled the tide of conquest, not as in later times, from the south to the north; extended their laws and their civilization, and created them lords of the earth.

"What confux leaving forth or entering in;
 Prætors, pro-consuls to their provinces,
 Hastening, or on return in robes of state.
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
 Or embassies from regions far remote,
 In various habits, on the Appian road,
 Or on th' Emilian; some from farthest south,
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
 Meroë, Nilotic isle, and more to West,
 The realms of Bacchus to the Blackmoor sea;
 From th' Asian kings, and Parthian among these;
 From India and the golden Chersonese,
 And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane,
 Dusky faces, with white silken turbans wreathed;
 From Gallia, Gades and the British West;
 Germans, and Seythians, and Sarmatians, North
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric Pool!
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay."

Such was and such is the picture of Italy. Greece presents a contrast not less striking. What is the cause of the great change? Many causes, no doubt, have occurred; but though

"War, famine, pestilence, and flood and fire
 Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride,"

I will venture to say that nothing has dealt upon it more heavily than the loss of domestic slavery. Is not this evident? If they had slaves, with an energetic civil government, would the deadly miasma be permitted to overspread the Campagna and invade Rome herself? Would not the soil be cultivated, and the wastes reclaimed? A late traveller* mentions a canal, cut for miles through rock and mountain, for the purpose of carrying off the waters of the lake of Celano, on which thirty thousand Roman slaves were employed for eleven years, and which remains almost perfect to the present day. This, the government of Naples was ten years in repairing with an hundred workmen. The imperishable works of Rome which remain to the present day, were for the most part executed by slaves. How different would be the condition of Naples, if for her wretched *lazzaroni* were substituted negro slaves, employed in rendering productive the plains whose fertility now serves only to infect the air!

To us, on whom this institution is fastened, and who could not shake it off, even if we desired to do so, the great republics of antiquity offer instruction of inestimable value. They teach us that slavery is compatible with the freedom, stability and long duration of civil government, with denseness of population, great power, and the highest civilization. And in what respect does this modern Europe, which claims to give opinions to the world, so far excel them—notwithstanding the immense advantages of the christian religion and the discovery of the art of printing? They are not more free, nor have performed more glorious actions, nor displayed more exalted virtue. In the higher departments of intellect—in all that relates to taste and imagination—they will hardly venture to claim equality. Where they have gone beyond them in the results of mechanical philosophy, or discoveries which contribute

* The author of England and America thus speaks of the Colombian republic:

"During some years, this colony has been an independent state; but the people dispersed over those vast and fertile plains, have almost ceased to cultivate the good land at their disposal; they subsist principally, many of them entirely, on the flesh of wild cattle; they have lost most of the arts of civilized life; not a few of them are in a state of deplorable misery; and if they should continue, as it seems probable they will, to retrograde as at present, the beautiful pampas of Buenos Ayres will soon be fit for another experiment in colonization. Slaves, black or yellow, would have cultivated those plains, would have kept together, would have been made to assist each other; would, by keeping together and assisting each other, have raised a surplus produce exchangeable in distant markets; would have kept their masters together for the sake of markets; would, by combination of labor, have preserved among their masters the arts and habits of civilized life." Yet this writer, the whole practical effect of whose work, whatever he may have thought or intended, is to show the absolute necessity, and immense benefits of slavery, finds it necessary to add, I suppose, in deference to the general sentiment of his countrymen, "that slavery might have done all this, seems not more plain, than that so much good would have been bought too dear, if its price had been slavery." Well may we say that the word makes men mad.

† Johnson on Change of Air.

* Eight days in the Abruzzi.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, November, 1835.

to the wants and enjoyments of physical life, they have done so by the help of means with which they were furnished by the Grecian mind—the mother of civilization—and only pursued a little further the track which that had already pointed out. In the development of intellectual power, they will hardly bear comparison. Those noble republics in the pride of their strength and greatness, may have anticipated for themselves—as some of their poets did for them—an everlasting duration and predominance. But they could not have anticipated, that when they had fallen under barbarous arms, that when arts and civilization were lost, and the whole earth involved in darkness—the first light should break from their tombs—that in a renewed world, unconnected with them by ties of locality, language or descent, they should still be held the models of all that is profound in science, or elegant in literature,—all that is great in character, or elevated in imagination. And perhaps when England herself, who now leads the war with which we are on all sides threatened, shall have fulfilled her mission, and like the other glorious things of the earth, shall have passed away; when she shall have diffused her noble race and noble language, her laws, her literature and her civilization, over all quarters of the earth, and shall perhaps be overrun by some northern horde—sunk into an ignoble and anarchical democracy,* or subdued to the dominion of some Cæsar,—demagogue and despot,—then, in southern regions, there may be found many republics, triumphing in Grecian arts and civilization, and worthy of British descent and Roman institutions.

If after a time, when the mind and almost the memory of the republic were lost, Romans degenerated, they furnish conclusive evidence that this was owing not to their domestic, but to their political slavery. The same thing is observed over all the eastern monarchies; and so it must be, wherever property is insecure; and it is dangerous for a man to raise himself to such eminence, by intellectual or moral excellence, as would give him influence over his society. So it is in Egypt, and the other regions bordering the Mediterranean, which once comprehended the civilization of the world; where Carthage, Tyre and Phœnicia flourished. In short, the uncontradicted experience of the world is, that in southern States where good government and predial and domestic slavery are found, there are prosperity and greatness; where either of these conditions is wanting, degeneracy and barbarism. The former however is equally essential in all climates and under all institutions. And can we suppose it to be the design of the Creator, that these regions, constituting half of the earth's surface, and the more fertile half, and more capable of sustaining life, should be abandoned forever to depopulation and barbarism? Certain it is that they will never be reclaimed by the labor of freemen. In our own country, look at the lower valley of the Mississippi, which is capable of being made a far greater Egypt. In our own State, there are extensive tracts of the most fertile soil, which are capable of being made to swarm with life. These are at present pestilential swamps, and valueless, because there is abundance of other fertile soil in more favorable situa-

tions, which demand all and more than all the labor which our country can supply. Are these regions of fertility to be abandoned at once and forever to the alligator and tortoise—with here and there perhaps a miserable, shivering, crouching *free* black savage? Does not the finger of heaven itself seem to point to a race of men—not to be enslaved by us but already enslaved, and who will be in every way benefitted by the change of masters—to whom such climate is not ungenial, who though disposed to indolence are yet patient and capable of labor; on whose whole features, mind and character, nature has indelibly written—*slave*;—and indicate that we should avail ourselves of these in fulfilling the first great command to subdue and replenish the earth?

It is true that this labor will be dearer than that of northern countries, where under the name of freedom, they obtain cheaper and perhaps better slaves. Yet it is the best we can have, and this too has its compensation. We see it compensated at present by the superior value of our agricultural products. And this superior value they must probably always have. The southern climate admits of a greater variety of productions. Whatever is produced in northern climates, the same thing, or something equivalent, may be produced in the southern. But the northern have no equivalent for the products of southern climates. The consequence will be, that the products of southern regions will be demanded all over the civilized world. The agricultural products of northern regions are chiefly for their own consumption. They must therefore apply themselves to the manufacturing of articles of luxury, elegance, convenience or necessity,—which requires cheap labor—for the purpose of exchanging them with their southern neighbors. Thus nature herself indicates that agriculture should be the predominating employment in southern countries, and manufactures in northern. Commerce is necessary to both—but less indispensable to the southern, which produce within themselves a greater variety of things desirable to life. They will therefore have somewhat less of the commercial spirit. We must avail ourselves of such labor as we can command. The slave must labor and is inured to it; while the necessity of energy in his government, of watchfulness, and of preparation and power to suppress insurrection, added to the moral force derived from the habit of command, may help to prevent the degeneracy of the master.

The task of keeping down insurrection is commonly supposed, by those who are strangers to our institutions, to be a very formidable one. Even among ourselves, accustomed as we have been to take our opinions on this as on every other subject, ready formed from those whom we regarded as instructors, in the teeth of our own observation and experience; fears have been entertained which are absolutely ludicrous. We have been supposed to be nightly reposing over a mine, which may at any instant explode to our destruction. The first thought of a foreigner sojourning in one of our cities, who is awakened by any nightly alarm, is of servile insurrection and massacre. Yet if any thing is certain in human affairs, it is certain and from the most obvious considerations, that we are more secure in this respect than any civilized and fully peopled society upon the face of the earth. In every such society,

* I do not use the word democracy in the Athenian sense, but to describe the government in which the slave and his master have an equal voice in public affairs.

there is a much larger proportion than with us, of persons who have more to gain than to lose by the overthrow of government, and the embroiling of social order. It is in such a state of things that those who were before at the bottom of society, rise to the surface. From causes already considered, they are peculiarly apt to consider their sufferings the result of injustice and misgovernment, and to be rancorous and embittered accordingly. They have every excitement therefore of resentful passion, and every temptation which the hope of increased opulence, or power or consideration can hold out, to urge them to innovation and revolt. Supposing the same disposition to exist in equal degree among our slaves, what are their comparative means or prospect of gratifying it? The poor of other countries are called free. They have, at least, no one interested to exercise a daily and nightly superintendence and control over their conduct and actions. Emissaries of their class may traverse, unchecked, every portion of the country, for the purpose of organizing insurrection. From their greater intelligence, they have greater means of communicating with each other. They may procure and secrete arms. It is not alone the ignorant, or those who are commonly called the poor, that will be tempted to revolution. There will be many disappointed men, and men of desperate fortune—men perhaps of talent and daring—to combine with them and direct their energies. Even those in the higher ranks of society, who contemplate no such result, will contribute to it, by declaiming on their hardships and rights.

With us, it is almost physically impossible, that there should be any very extensive combination among the slaves. It is absolutely impossible that they should procure and conceal efficient arms. Their emissaries traversing the country, would carry their commission on their foreheads. If we suppose among them an individual of sufficient talent and energy to qualify him for a revolutionary leader, he could not be so extensively known as to command the confidence, which would be necessary to enable him to combine and direct them. Of the class of freemen, there would be no individual so poor or degraded (with the exception perhaps of here and there a reckless and desperate outlaw and felon) who would not have much to lose by the success of such an attempt; every one therefore would be vigilant and active to detect and suppress it. Of all impossible things, one of the most impossible would be a successful insurrection of our slaves, originating with themselves.

Attempts at insurrection have indeed been made—excited, as we believe, by the agitation of the abolitionists and declaimers on slavery; but these have been in every instance promptly suppressed. We fear not to compare the riots, disorder, revolt and bloodshed which have been committed in our own, with those of any other civilized communities, during the same lapse of time. And let it be observed under what extraordinary circumstances our peace has been preserved. For the last half century, one half of our population has been admonished in terms the most calculated to madden and excite, that they are the victims of the most grinding and cruel injustice and oppression. We know that these exhortations continually reach them, through a thousand channels which we cannot detect, as if carried by the birds of the air—and what human being,

especially when unfavorably distinguished by outward circumstances, is not ready to give credit when he is told that he is the victim of injustice and oppression! In effect, if not in terms, they have been continually exhorted to insurrection. The master has been painted a criminal, tyrant and robber, justly obnoxious to the vengeance of God and man, and they have been assured of the countenance and sympathy, if not of the active assistance of all the rest of the world. We ourselves have in some measure pleaded guilty to the impeachment. It is not long since a great majority of our free population, servile to the opinions of those whose opinions they had been accustomed to follow, would have admitted slavery to be a great evil, unjust and indefensible in principle, and only to be vindicated by the stern necessity which was imposed upon us. Thus stimulated by every motive and passion which ordinarily actuate human beings—not as to a criminal enterprise, but as to something generous and heroic—what has been the result? A few imbecile and uncombined plots—in every instance detected before they broke out into action, and which perhaps if undetected would never have broken into action. One or two sudden, unpremeditated attempts, frantic in their character, if not prompted by actual insanity, and these instantly crushed. As it is, we are not less assured of safety, order and internal peace, than any other people; and but for the pertinacious and fanatical agitation of the subject, would be much more so.

This experience of security, however, should admonish us of the folly and wickedness of those who have sometimes taken upon themselves to supersede the regular course of law, and by rash and violent acts to punish supposed disturbers of the peace of society. This can admit of no justification or palliation whatever. Burke I think somewhere remarks something to this effect,—that when society is in the last stage of depravity—when all parties are alike corrupt, and all wicked and unjustifiable in their measures and objects, a good man may content himself with standing neuter, a sad and disheartened spectator of the conflict between the rival vices. But are we in this wretched condition? It is fearful to see with what avidity the worst and most dangerous characters of society seize on the occasion of obtaining the countenance of better men, for the purpose of throwing off the restraints of the law. It is always these who are most zealous and forward in constituting themselves the protectors of the public peace. To such men—men without reputation or principle, or stake in society—disorder is the natural element. In that, desperate fortunes and the want of all moral principle and moral feeling constitute power. They are eager to avenge themselves upon society. Anarchy is not so much the absence of government as the government of the worst—not aristocracy but kakistocracy—a state of things, which to the honor of our nature, has seldom obtained amongst men, and which perhaps was only fully exemplified during the worst times of the French revolution, when that horrid hell burnt with its most lurid flame. In such a state of things, to be accused is to be condemned—to protect the innocent is to be guilty; and what perhaps is the worst effect, even men of better nature, to whom their own deeds are abhorrent, are goaded by terror to be forward and emulous in deeds of guilt and violence.

The scenes of lawless violence which have been acted in some portions of our country, rare and restricted as they have been, have done more to tarnish its reputation than a thousand libels. They have done more to discredit, and if any thing could, to endanger, not only our domestic, but our republican institutions, than the abolitionists themselves. Men can never be permanently and effectually disgraced but by themselves, and rarely endangered but by their own injudicious conduct, giving advantage to the enemy. Better, far better, would it be to encounter the dangers with which we are supposed to be threatened, than to employ such means for averting them. But the truth is, that in relation to this matter, so far as respects actual insurrection, when alarm is once excited, danger is absolutely at an end. Society can then employ legitimate and more effectual measures for its own protection. The very commission of such deeds, is proof that they are unnecessary. Let those who attempt them then, or make any demonstration towards them, understand that they will meet only the discountenance and abhorrence of all good men, and the just punishment of the laws they have dared to outrage.

It has commonly been supposed, that this institution will prove a source of weakness in relation to military defence against a foreign enemy. I will venture to say that in a slave holding community, a larger military force may be maintained permanently in the field, than in any State where there are not slaves. It is plain that almost the whole of the able bodied free male population, making half of the entire able bodied male population, may be maintained in the field, and this without taking in any material degree from the labor and resources of the country. In general the labor of our country is performed by slaves. In other countries, it is their laborers that form the material of their armies. What proportion of these can be taken away without fatally crippling their industry and resources? In the war of the revolution, though the strength of our State was wasted and paralyzed by the unfortunate divisions which existed among ourselves, yet it may be said with general truth, that every citizen was in the field and acquired much of the qualities of the soldier.

It is true that this advantage will be attended with its compensating evils and disadvantages; to which we must learn to submit, if we are determined on the maintenance of our institutions. We are, as yet, hardly at all aware how little the maxims and practices of modern civilized governments will apply to us. Standing armies, as they are elsewhere constituted, we cannot have; for we have not, and for generations cannot have, the materials out of which they are to be formed. If we should be involved in serious wars, I have no doubt but that some sort of conscription, requiring the services of all citizens for a considerable term, will be necessary. Like the people of Athens, it will be necessary that every citizen should be a soldier, and qualified to discharge efficiently the duties of a soldier. It may seem a melancholy consideration, that an army so made up should be opposed to the disciplined mercenaries of foreign nations. But we must learn to know our true situation. But may we not hope, that made up of superior materials, of men having home and country to defend; inspired by higher pride of character, of greater

intelligence, and trained by an effective, though honorable discipline, such an army will be more than a match for mercenaries? The efficiency of an army is determined by the qualities of its officers, and may we not expect to have a greater proportion of men better qualified for officers, and possessing the true spirit of military command? And let it be recollected that if there were otherwise reason to apprehend danger from insurrection, there will be the greatest security when there is the largest force on foot within the country. Then it is that any such attempt would be most instantly and effectually crushed.

And perhaps a wise foresight should induce our State to provide, that it should have within itself such military knowledge and skill as may be sufficient to organize, discipline and command armies, by establishing a military academy or school of discipline. The school of the militia will not do for this. From the general opinion of our weakness, if our country should at any time come into hostile collision, we shall be selected for the point of attack; making us, according to Mr. Adams' anticipation, the Flanders of the United States. Come from what quarter it may, the storm will fall upon us. It is known that lately when there was apprehension of hostility with France, the scheme was instantly devised of invading the southern States and organizing insurrection. In a popular English periodical work, I have seen the plan suggested by an officer of high rank and reputation in the British army, of invading the southern States at various points and operating by the same means. He is said to be a gallant officer, and certainly had no conception that he was devising atrocious crime, as alien to the true spirit of civilized warfare, as the poisoning of streams and fountains. But the folly of such schemes is no less evident than their wickedness. Apart from the consideration of that which experience has most fully proved to be true—that in general their attachment and fidelity to their masters is not to be shaken, and that from sympathy with the feelings of those by whom they are surrounded, and from whom they derive their impressions, they contract no less terror and aversion towards an invading enemy; it is manifest that this resource would be an hundred fold more available to us than to such an enemy. They are already in our possession, and we might at will arm and organize them in any number that we might think proper. The Helots were a regular constituent part of the Spartan armies. Thoroughly acquainted with their characters and accustomed to command them, we might use any strictness of discipline which would be necessary to render them effective, and from their habits of subordination already formed, this would be a task of less difficulty. Though morally most timid, they are by no means wanting in physical strength of nerve. They are excitable by praise; and, directed by those in whom they have confidence, would rush fearlessly and unquestioning upon any sort of danger. With white officers and accompanied by a strong white cavalry, there are no troops in the world from whom there would be so little reason to apprehend insubordination or mutiny.

This I admit might be a dangerous resource, and one not to be resorted to but in great extremity. But I am supposing the case of our being driven to extremity. It might be dangerous to disband such an army, and reduce them with the habits of soldiers, to their former

condition of laborers. It might be found necessary, when once embodied to keep them so, and subject to military discipline—a permanent standing army. This in time of peace would be expensive, if not dangerous. Or if at any time we should be engaged in hostilities with our neighbors, and it were thought advisable to send such an army abroad to conquer settlements for themselves, the invaded regions might have occasion to think that the scourge of God was again let loose to afflict the earth.

President Dew has very fully shown how utterly vain are the fears of those, who though there may be no danger for the present, yet apprehend great danger for the future, when the number of slaves shall be greatly increased. He has shown that the larger and more condensed the society becomes, the easier it will be to maintain subordination, supposing the relative numbers of the different classes to remain the same—or even if there should be a very disproportionate increase of the enslaved class. Of all vain things, the vainest and that in which man most shows his impotence and folly, is the taking upon himself to provide for a very distant future—at all events by any material sacrifice of the present. Though experience has shown that revolutions and political movements—unless when they have been conducted with the most guarded caution and moderation—have generally terminated in results just the opposite of what was expected from them: the angry ape will still play his fantastic tricks, and put in motion machinery, the action of which he no more comprehends or foresees than he comprehends the mysteries of infinity. The insect that is borne upon the current, will fancy that he directs its course. Besides the fear of insurrection and servile war, there is also alarm lest when their numbers shall be greatly increased, their labor will become utterly unprofitable, so that it will be equally difficult for the master to retain and support them, or to get rid of them. But at what age of the world is this likely to happen? At present, it may be said that almost the whole of the southern portion of this continent is to be subdued to cultivation; and in the order of Providence, this is the task allotted to them. For this purpose, more labor will be required for generations to come than they will be able to supply. When that task is accomplished, there will be many objects to which their labor may be directed.

At present they are employed in accumulating individual wealth, and this in one way, to wit, as agricultural laborers—and this is perhaps the most useful purpose to which their labor can be applied. The effect of slavery has not been to counteract the tendency to dispersion, which seems epidemical among our countrymen, invited by the unbounded extent of fertile and unexhausted soil, though it counteracts many of the evils of dispersion. All the customary trades, professions and employments, except the agricultural, require a condensed population for their profitable exercise. The agriculturist who can command no labor but that of his own hands or that of his family, must remain comparatively poor and rude. He who acquires wealth by the labor of slaves, has the means of improvement for himself and his children. He may have a more extended intercourse, and consequently means of information and refinement, and may seek education for his children where it may be found. I say, what is obvi-

ously true, that he has the means of obtaining those advantages; but I say nothing to palliate or excuse the conduct of him, who having such means neglects to avail himself of them.

I believe it to be true, that in consequence of our dispersion, though individual wealth is acquired, the face of the country is less adorned and improved by useful and ornamental public works, than in other societies of more condensed population, where there is less wealth. But this is an effect of that, which constitutes perhaps our most conspicuous advantage. Where population is condensed, they must have the evils of condensed population, and among these is the difficulty of finding profitable employment for capital. He who has accumulated even an inconsiderable sum, is often puzzled to know what use to make of it. Ingenuity is therefore tasked to cast about for every enterprise which may afford a chance of profitable investment. Works useful and ornamental to the country, are thus undertaken and accomplished, and though the proprietors may fail of profit, the community no less receives the benefit. Among us, there is no such difficulty. A safe and profitable method of investment is offered to every one who has capital to dispose of, which is further recommended to his feelings by the sense of independence and the comparative leisure, which the employment affords to the proprietor engaged in it. It is for this reason that few of our citizens engage in the pursuits of commerce. Though these may be more profitable, they are also more hazardous and more laborious.

When the demand for agricultural labor shall be fully supplied, then of course the labor of slaves will be directed to other employments and enterprises. Already it begins to be found, that in some instances it may be used as profitably in works of public improvement. As it becomes cheaper and cheaper, it will be applied to more various purposes and combined in larger masses. It may be commanded and combined with more facility than any other sort of labor; and the laborer, kept in stricter subordination, will be less dangerous to the security of society than in any other country, which is crowded and overstocked with a class of what are called free laborers. Let it be remembered that all the great and enduring monuments of human art and industry—the wonders of Egypt—the everlasting works of Rome—were created by the labor of slaves. There will come a stage in our progress when we shall have facilities for executing works as great as any of these—more useful than the pyramids—not less magnificent than the sea of Meveria. What the end of all is to be; what mutations lie hid in the womb of the distant future; to what convulsions our societies may be exposed—whether the master, finding it impossible to live with his slaves, may not be compelled to abandon the country to them—of all this it were presumptuous and vain to speculate.

I have hitherto, as I proposed, considered it as a naked, abstract question of the comparative good and evil of the institution of slavery. Very far different indeed is the practical question presented to us, when it is proposed to get rid of an institution which has interwoven itself with every fibre of the body politic; which has formed the habits of our society, and is consecrated by the usage of generations. If this be not a vicious prescription, which the laws of God forbid to ripen into

right, it has a just claim to be respected by all tribunals of man. If the negroes were now free and it were proposed to enslave them, then it would be incumbent on those who proposed the measure, to show clearly that their liberty was incompatible with the public security. When it is proposed to innovate on the established state of things, the burden is on those who propose the innovation, to show that advantage will be gained from it. There is no reform, however necessary, wholesome or moderate, which will not be accompanied with some degree of inconvenience, risk or suffering. Those who acquiesce in the state of things which they found existing, can hardly be thought criminal. But most deeply criminal are they, who give rise to the enormous evil with which great revolutions in society are always attended, without the fullest assurance of the greater good to be ultimately obtained. But if it can be made to appear, even probably, that no good will be obtained, but that the results will be evil and calamitous as the process, what can justify such innovations? No human being can be so mischievous—if acting consciously, none can be so wicked—as those who finding evil in existing institutions, rush blindly upon change, unforeseeing and reckless of consequences, and leaving it to chance or fate to determine whether the end shall be improvement, or greater and more intolerable evil. Certainly the instincts of nature prompt us to resist intolerable oppression. For this resistance no rule can be prescribed, but it must be left to the instincts of nature. To justify it, however, the insurrectionists should at least have a reasonable probability of success, and be assured that their condition will be improved by success. But most extraordinary is it, when those who complain and clamor, are not those who are supposed to feel the oppression, but persons at a distance from them, and who can hardly at all appreciate the good or evil of their situation. It is the unalterable condition of humanity, that men must achieve civil liberty for themselves. The assistance of allies has sometimes enabled nations to repel the attacks of foreign power; never to conquer liberty as against their own internal government.

In one thing I concur with the abolitionists; that if emancipation is to be brought about, it is better that it should be immediate and total. But let us suppose it to be brought about in any manner, and then inquire what would be the effects.

The first and most obvious effect, would be to put an end to the cultivation of our great southern staples. And this would be equally the result, if we suppose the emancipated negroes to be in no way distinguished from the free laborers of other countries, and that their labor would be equally effective. In that case, they would soon cease to be laborers for hire, but would scatter themselves over our unbounded territory, to become independent land owners themselves. The cultivation of the soil on an extensive scale, can only be carried on where there are slaves, or in countries superabounding with free labor. No such operations are carried on in any portions of our own country where there are not slaves. Such are carried on in England, where there is an overflowing population and intense competition for employment. And our institutions seem suited to the exigencies of our respective situations. There, a much greater number of laborers

is required at one season of the year than at another, and the farmer may enlarge or diminish the quantity of labor he employs, as circumstances may require. Here, about the same quantity of labor is required at every season, and the planter suffers no inconvenience from retaining his laborers throughout the year. Imagine an extensive rice or cotton plantation cultivated by free laborers, who might perhaps strike for an increase of wages, at a season when the neglect of a few days would insure the destruction of the whole crop. Even if it were possible to procure laborers at all, what planter would venture to carry on his operations under such circumstances? I need hardly say that these staples cannot be produced to any extent, where the proprietor of the soil cultivates it with his own hands. He can do little more than produce the necessary food for himself and his family.

And what would be the effect of putting an end to the cultivation of these staples, and thus annihilating at a blow, two-thirds or three-fourths of our foreign commerce? Can any sane mind contemplate such a result without terror? I speak not of the utter poverty and misery to which we ourselves would be reduced, and the desolation which would overspread our own portion of the country. Our slavery has not only given existence to millions of slaves within our own territories; it has given the means of subsistence and therefore existence to millions of freemen in our confederate States, enabling them to send forth their swarms, to overspread the plains and forests of the west, and appear as the harbingers of civilization. The products of the industry of those States, are, in general, similar to those of the rest of the civilized world, and are little demanded in their markets. By exchanging them for ours, which are every where sought for, the people of these States are enabled to acquire all the products of art and industry, all that contributes to convenience or luxury, or gratifies the taste or the intellect, which the rest of the world can supply. Not only on our own continent, but on the other, they have given existence to hundreds of thousands, and the means of comfortable subsistence to millions. A distinguished citizen of our own State, than whom none can be better qualified to form an opinion, has lately stated that our great staple, cotton, has contributed more than any thing else of later times to the progress of civilization. By enabling the poor to obtain cheap and becoming clothing, it has inspired a taste for comfort, the first stimulus to civilization. Does not *self defence* then demand of us, steadily to resist the abrogation of that which is productive of so much good? It is more than *self defence*. It is to defend millions of human beings, who are far removed from us, from the intensest suffering, if not from being struck out of existence. It is the defence of human civilization.

But this is but a small part of the evil which would be occasioned. After President Dew, it is unnecessary to say a single word on the practicability of colonizing our slaves. The two races, so widely separated from each other by the impress of nature, must remain together in the same country. Whether it be accounted the result of prejudice or reason, it is certain that the two races will not be blended together, so as to form a homogeneous population. To one who knows any thing of the nature of man and human society, it would be unnecessary to argue that this state of things cannot

continue; but that one race must be driven out by the other, or exterminated, or again enslaved. I have argued on the supposition that the emancipated negroes would be as efficient as other free laborers. But whatever theorists, who know nothing of the matter, may think proper to assume, we well know that this would not be so. We know that nothing but the coercion of slavery can overcome their propensity to indolence, and that not one in ten would be an efficient laborer. Even if this disposition were not grounded in their nature, it would be a result of their position. I have somewhere seen it observed, that to be degraded by opinion, is a thousand fold worse, so far as the feelings of the individual are concerned, than to be degraded by the laws. They would be thus degraded, and this feeling is incompatible with habits of order and industry. Half our population would at once be paupers. Let an inhabitant of New York or Philadelphia conceive of the situation of their respective States, if one half of their population consisted of free negroes. The tie which now connects them, being broken, the different races would be estranged from each other, and hostility would grow up between them. Having the command of their own time and actions, they could more effectually combine insurrection, and provide the means of rendering it formidable. Released from the vigilant superintendence which now restrains them, they would infallibly be led from petty to greater crimes, until all life and property would be rendered insecure. Aggression would beget retaliation, until open war—and that a war of extermination—were established. From the still remaining superiority of the white race, it is probable that they would be the victors, and if they did not exterminate, they must again reduce the others to slavery—when they could be no longer fit to be either slaves or freemen. It is not only in self defence, in defence of our country and of all that is dear to us, but in defence of the slaves themselves, that we refuse to emancipate them.

If we suppose them to have political privileges, and to be admitted to the elective franchise, still worse results may be expected. It is hardly necessary to add any thing to what has been said by Mr. Paulding on this subject, who has treated it fully. It is already known, that if there be a class unfavorably distinguished by any peculiarity from the rest of society, this distinction forms a tie which binds them to act in concert, and they exercise more than their due share of political power and influence—and still more, as they are of inferior character and looser moral principle. Such a class form the very material for demagogues to work with. Other parties court them and concede to them. So it would be with the free blacks in the case supposed. They would be used by unprincipled politicians of irregular ambition, for the advancement of their schemes, until they should give them political power and importance beyond even their own intentions. They would be courted by excited parties in their contests with each other. At some time, they may perhaps attain political ascendancy, and this is more probable, as we may suppose that there will have been a great emigration of whites from the country. Imagine the government of such legislators. Imagine then the sort of laws that will be passed, to confound the invidious distinction which has been so long assumed over them, and if possible to

obliterate the every memory of it. These will be resisted. The blacks will be tempted to avenge themselves by oppression and proscription of the white race, for their long superiority. Thus matters will go on, until universal anarchy, or kakistocracy, the government of the worst, is fully established. I am persuaded that if the spirit of evil should devise to send abroad upon the earth all possible misery, discord, horror and atrocity, he could contrive no scheme so effectual as the emancipation of negro slaves within our country.

The most feasible scheme of emancipation, and that which I verily believe would involve the least danger and sacrifice, would be that the entire white population should emigrate, and abandon the country to their slaves. Here would be triumph to philanthropy. This wide and fertile region would be again restored to ancient barbarism—to the worst of all barbarism—barbarism corrupted and depraved by intercourse with civilization. And this is the consummation to be wished, upon a speculation, that in some distant future age, they may become so enlightened and improved, as to be capable of sustaining a position among the civilized races of the earth. But I believe moralists allow men to defend their homes and their country, even at the expense of the lives and liberties of others.

Will any philanthropist say that the evils, of which I have spoken, would be brought about only by the obduracy, prejudices and overweening self estimation of the whites in refusing to blend the races by marriage, and so create an homogeneous population. But what if it be not prejudice, but truth, and nature, and right reason, and just moral feeling? As I have before said, throughout the whole of nature, like attracts like, and that which is unlike repels. What is it that makes so unspeakably loathsome, crimes not to be named, and hardly alluded to? Even among the nations of Europe, so nearly homogeneous, there are some peculiarities of form and feature, mind and character, which may be generally distinguished by those accustomed to observe them. Though the exceptions are numerous, I will venture to say that not in one instance in a hundred, is the man of sound and unsophisticated tastes and propensities so likely to be attracted by the female of a foreign stock, as by one of his own, who is more nearly conformed to himself. Shakspeare spoke the language of nature, when he made the Venetian senator attribute to the effect of witchcraft, Desdemona's passion for Othello—though, as Coleridge has said, we are to conceive of him not as a negro, but as a high bred, Moorish chief.

If the negro race, as I have contended, be inferior to our own in mind and character, marked by inferiority of form and features, then ours would suffer deterioration from such intermixture. What would be thought of the moral conduct of the parent who should voluntarily transmit disease, or fatuity, or deformity to his offspring? If man be the most perfect work of the Creator, and the civilized European man the most perfect variety of the human race, is he not criminal who would desecrate and deface God's fairest work; estranging it further from the image of himself, and conforming it more nearly to that of the brute? I have heard it said, as if it afforded an argument, that the African is as well satisfied of the superiority of his own complexion, form and features, as we can be of ours. If this were true,

as it is not, would any one be so recreant to his own civilization, as to say that his opinion ought to weigh against ours—that there is no universal standard of truth and grace and beauty—that the Hottentot Venus may perchance possess as great perfection of form as the Medicean? It is true, the licentious passions of men overcome the natural repugnance, and find transient gratification in intercourse with females of the other race. But this is a very different thing from making her the associate of life, the companion of the bosom and the hearth. Him who would contemplate such an alliance for himself, or regard it with patience, when proposed for a son, or daughter, or sister, we should esteem a degraded wretch—with justice, certainly, if he were found among ourselves—and the estimate would not be very different if he were found in Europe. It is not only in defence of ourselves, of our country and of our own generation, that we refuse to emancipate our slaves, but to defend our posterity and race from degeneracy and degradation.

Are we not justified then in regarding as criminals, the fanatical agitators whose efforts are intended to bring about the evils I have described? It is sometimes said that their zeal is generous and disinterested, and that their motives may be praised, though their conduct be condemned. But I have little faith in the good motives of those who pursue bad ends. It is not for us to scrutinize the hearts of men, and we can only judge of them by the tendency of their actions. There is much truth in what was said by Coleridge: "I have never known a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in heart somehow or other. Individuals so distinguished, are usually unhappy in their family relations—men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost hostile to them, yet lavishing money and labor and time on the race—the abstract notion." The prurient love of notoriety actuates some. There is much luxury in sentiment, especially if it can be indulged at the expense of others; and if there be added some share of envy or malignity, the temptation to indulgence is almost irresistible. But certainly they may be justly regarded as criminal, who obstinately shut their eyes and close their ears to all instruction with respect to the true nature of their actions.

It must be manifest to every man of sane mind, that it is impossible for them to achieve ultimate success; even if every individual in our country, out of the limits of the slave holding States, were united in their purposes. They cannot have even the miserable triumph of St. Domingo—of advancing through scenes of atrocity, blood and massacre, to the restoration of barbarism. They may agitate and perplex the world for a time. They may excite to desperate attempts and particular acts of cruelty and horror, but these will always be suppressed or avenged at the expense of the objects of their truculent philanthropy. But short of this, they can hardly be aware of the extent of the mischief they perpetrate. As I have said, their opinions, by means to us inscrutable, do very generally reach our slave population. What human being, if unfavorably distinguished by outward circumstances, is not ready to believe, when he is told, that he is the victim of injustice? Is it not cruelty to make men restless and dissatisfied in their condition, when no effort of theirs can alter it? The greatest injury is done to their characters, as well

as to their happiness. Even if no such feelings or designs should be entertained or conceived by the slave, they will be attributed to him by the master, and all his conduct scanned with a severe and jealous scrutiny. Thus distrust and aversion are established, where, but for mischievous interference, there would be confidence and good will, and a sterner control is exercised over the slave who thus becomes the victim of his cruel advocates.

An effect is sometimes produced on the minds of slave holders, by the publications of the self styled philanthropists, and their judgments staggered and consciences alarmed. It is natural that the oppressed should hate the oppressor. It is still more natural that the oppressor should hate his victim. Convince the master that he is doing injustice to his slave, and he at once begins to regard him with distrust and malignity. It is a part of the constitution of the human mind, that when circumstances of necessity or temptation induce men to continue in the practice of what they believe to be wrong, they become desperate and reckless of the degree of wrong. I have formerly heard of a master who accounted for his practicing much severity upon his slaves, and exacting from them an unusual degree of labor, by saying that the thing (slavery) was altogether wrong, and therefore it was well to make the greatest possible advantage out of it. This agitation occasions some slave holders to hang more loosely on their country. Regarding the institution as of questionable character, condemned by the general opinion of the world, and one which must shortly come to an end, they hold themselves in readiness to make their escape from the evil which they anticipate. Some sell their slaves to new masters (always a misfortune to the slave) and remove themselves to other societies, of manners and habits uncongenial to their own. And though we may suppose that it is only the weak and the timid, who are liable to be thus affected, still it is no less an injury and public misfortune. Society is kept in an unquiet and restless state, and every sort of improvement is retarded.

Some projectors suggest the education of slaves, with a view to prepare them for freedom—as if there were any method of a man's being educated to freedom, but by himself. The truth is, however, that supposing that they are shortly to be emancipated, and that they have the capacities of any other race, they are undergoing the very best education which it is possible to give. They are in the course of being taught habits of regular and patient industry, and this is the first lesson which is required. I suppose, that their most zealous advocates would not desire that they should be placed in the high places of society immediately upon their emancipation, but that they should begin their course of freedom as laborers, and raise themselves afterwards as their capacities and characters might enable them. But how little would what are commonly called the rudiments of education, add to their qualifications as laborers? But for the agitation which exists, however, their education would be extended further than this. There is a constant tendency in our society to extend the sphere of their employments, and consequently to give them the information which is necessary to the discharge of those employments. And this for the most obvious reason; it promotes the master's inte-

rest. How much would it add to the value of a slave, that he should be capable of being employed as a clerk, or be able to make calculations as a mechanic? In consequence, however, of the fanatical spirit which has been excited, it has been thought necessary to repress this tendency by legislation, and to prevent their acquiring the knowledge of which they might make a dangerous use. If this spirit were put down, and we restored to the consciousness of security, this would be no longer necessary, and the process of which I have spoken would be accelerated. Whenever indications of superior capacity appeared in a slave, it would be cultivated; gradual improvement would take place, until they might be engaged in as various employments as they were among the ancients—perhaps even liberal ones. Thus, if in the adorable providence of God, at a time and in a manner which we can neither foresee nor conjecture, they are to be rendered capable of freedom, and to enjoy it, they would be prepared for it in the best and most effectual, because in the most natural and gradual manner. But fanaticism hurries to its effect at once. I have heard it said, God does good, but it is by imperceptible degrees; the Devil is permitted to do evil, and he does it in a hurry. The beneficent processes of nature are not apparent to the senses. You cannot see the plant grow or the flower expand. The volcano, the earthquake and the hurricane, do their work of desolation in a moment. Such would be the desolation, if the schemes of fanatics were permitted to have effect. They do all that in them lies, to thwart the beneficent purposes of Providence. The whole tendency of their efforts is to aggravate present suffering, and to cut off the chance of future improvement; and in all their bearings and results, they have produced, and are likely to produce, nothing but “pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil.”

If Wilberforce or Clarkson were living, and it were inquired of them “Can you be sure that you have promoted the happiness of a single human being?” I imagine that, if they considered conscientiously, they would find it difficult to answer in the affirmative. If it were asked “Can you be sure that you have not been the cause of suffering, misery and death to thousands?”—when we recollect that they probably stimulated the exertions of the *amis des noirs* in France, and that through the efforts of these, the horrors of St. Domingo were perpetrated, I think they must hesitate long to return a decided negative. It might seem cruel, if we could, to convince a man who has devoted his life to what he esteemed a good and generous purpose, that he has been doing only evil—that he has been worshipping a horrid fiend, in the place of the true God. But fanaticism is in no danger of being convinced. It is one of the mysteries of our nature, and of the divine government, how utterly disproportioned to each other, are the powers of doing evil and of doing good. The poorest and most abject instrument, that is utterly imbecile for any purpose of good, seems sometimes endowed with almost the powers of omnipotence for mischief. A mole may inundate a province—a spark from a forge may conflagrate a city—a whisper may separate friends; a rumor may convulse an empire—but when we would do benefit to our race or country, the purest and most chastened motives, the most patient thought and labor, with the humblest self distrust, are hardly sufficient to

assure us that the results may not disappoint our expectations, and that we may not do evil instead of good. But are we therefore to refrain from efforts to benefit our race and country? By no means: but these motives, this labor and self distrust, are the only conditions upon which we are permitted to hope for success. Very different indeed is the course of those, whose precipitate and ignorant zeal would overturn the fundamental institutions of society, uproar its peace, and endanger its security, in pursuit of a distant and shadowy good, of which they themselves have formed no definite conception—whose atrocious philosophy would sacrifice a generation—and more than one generation—for an hypothesis.

ODDS AND ENDS.

To Mr. T. W. WHITE,

Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

I have been, for many months past, “in a peck of troubles,” lest my non-appearance among your correspondents might realize, in my own case, the old adage, “out of sight out of mind.” But no man above the grade of a brute beast is willing to be forgotten by his fellow men,—especially by that portion of them with whom he has long maintained friendly intercourse. I hope, therefore, that this natural feeling will plead my excuse for knocking once more at your door for admittance. This would have been done long ago, but I was so thrown “all a-back” on the last occasion, by the fearful anathemas of certain popes of the press, (as our modern newspaper editors may justly be called,) for being “too old fashioned,” that I have hardly yet recovered sufficient courage to show my antiquated phiz again, among your numerous fashionable visitors. Some short time ago, however, I was just beginning, once more, to exorcise a few addenda to my former “Odds and Ends,” when I was startled by the sight of my own name, in your Messenger. Not even imagining that any other person would so fall in love with it as to counterfeit the signature, and being most deplorably forgetful, I began to ask myself, “Is it I? Can I already have done and forgotten what I supposed I was just about to do; or am I dreaming?” The thought suddenly flashed across my mind, that Cogin Hansen, or “the sleeper awakened,” when in a somewhat similar predicament, as recorded in the “Arabian Nights Entertainments,” had severely pinched himself to make sure of his personal identity. I resorted instantly to the same rousing process, and immediately discovered upon beginning to read, that “a fresh hand had taken hold of the bellows.” The perusal of a few lines only, convinced me thoroughly of his blowing it far better than I had ever done, or could do; and I was on the point of publicly surrendering my name in his behalf, and praying for an act of our legislature to sanction the transfer, (as the law requires,) when it occurred to me, that I owed it to myself, before such petition to our beneficent law-makers, at least to attempt some self-vindication against the alarming charge of being “too old fashioned.” This, however, is no easy task, in the entire absence of all those specifications which the law requires in every case of indictment, showing the *how* and

the ~~wherein~~ the alleged offence has been committed, and moreover, in a case where the accused has scarcely a chance of being tried by a jury of his peers. The only plan I can think of to effect my object, if possible, is, by contrasting many old fashions with new ones, in relation to similar things; and if all fails, to throw myself on the mercy of your court. Even then, unless half at least of its members are sexagenarians and past that age, I cannot cherish much hope of acquittal. But the charge against me is still recorded in your Messenger, and not a word have I yet offered in my defence. *Now* then, or never, let me offer it, unless I am barred by your act of limitation.

Before I begin my contrasts of old and new fashions, I must tell you what a quandary I have been in, relative to the proper application of the term *fashion*. After half an hour's hard study in Mr. Crabb's admirable work on English synonyms, to determine when I should use *that term*, or *custom*, or *practice*, or *habit*, I gave the matter up in despair, and resolved, "*meo periculo*," to make *fashion* act as a sort of omnium-gatherum for every meaning of which Mr. Crabb had constituted the four terms, distributees. Against his apportionment I have not a word to say; for I plead incompetence clearly to understand his rules of choice; and I make this confession in hope of propitiating, in some degree, our newspaper-popes, of whom I am in such mortal dread; and whose next anathema, I fear, may be against my style. With this propitiatory offering to their acknowledged supremacy in giving the law on all matters of taste, of science, arts, morals, politics and religion; in short, on all subjects about which printers' ink can be shed, I proceed to my array of old fashions against new ones: and first, on the score of economy, in which a greater minuteness of detail will be necessary, than I would enter into, if I could well avoid it.

In by-gone times, our families generally, could adjust their limbs much to their own comfort and satisfaction, in what were familiarly and figuratively called "*flag-chairs*." These cost from two shillings and sixpence, to three shillings, while those of a more patrician order, and specially intended for *company*, were only a few shillings more costly. But to compensate, in some degree, for this extra expense, they were covered with good substantial leather, quite strong enough for children's shoes, or dancing pumps; when the then fashionable style of "chicken-flutter and cross-shuffle," required quadruple the strength which similar articles now do, under the "lackadaisical system," of practising this exhilarating amusement, which, (by the way,) seems entirely to have changed its nature by becoming most decidedly soporific. In these days, a large portion of us, have become so very delicate and sensitive in our members, that it is indispensable to their repose from the wearisomeness of existence, to deposit them generally, upon rocking chairs with spring bottoms, costing from fifteen to forty dollars each; or on sofas equally elastic, and covered with expensive materials, at thirty, forty, fifty times the price of the old fashioned receptacles for our basement stories, which formerly supported their superstructures quite as well, quoad all the purposes of health and comfort, as their modern successors do, and at one-eighth or tenth of the expense. For the moral of this fact I refer you and your readers

to the maxims of Dr. Franklin's Poor Richard, where they will find it stated as an axiom, that "*other people's eyes cost us more than our own*." And between ourselves, I must think, that this most silly and ridiculous passion for show, which I verily believe has existed ever since the Devil tempted our mother Eve to eat the apple of knowledge, is far more virulent in these days of perfectibility, than in those by-gone days which I am laboring to vindicate against the anathemas of our newspaper popes.

As to our daily meals, either with or without company, the cheap, homely tables *once* used for them, would now go near to destroy all appetite among the fashionables of the present race; whilst the substantial viands which they formerly held, and which every body knows as familiarly as household words, have been banished, in a great measure, especially from our large towns and cities, the established arbiters and dictators of all fashions to the country. The successors of these viands are certain Frenchified kickshaws, the very names and substances of which are culinary mysteries, necessarily requiring some explanation before old-times-people can venture to eat any thing: unless, indeed, when simultaneously pressed by resistless hunger and the fear of betraying their rusticity, they could content themselves to follow the laudable example of an old country-gentleman, once at President Jefferson's table, who, (as report says,) incontinently made his dinner,—"entirely of baked Irish potatoes!" they being the only old acquaintance he could recognise among the sophisticated host of materials most abundantly spread before him. But this mystification of eatables, is not the worst of it, since they must be served up, for consistency sake, on very costly tables, and in sets of fine china, cut-glass, and sometimes silver, the first cost alone of which would purchase a full year's allowance of bacon for the largest Virginia family. Add to all this, and, likewise, for consistency sake, those dishes so numerous, so variegated, so exquisitely foreign in composition, taste, and titles, must, "*ex necessitate rei*," be well washed down with equally exquisite foreign potations, maugre the cost!—provided, always, that *credit enough to buy them*, can once be established. Hence the former comparatively cheap drinks, which were used in "the olden time," at the tables of what were then called, (par excellence) "*the gentry*," have been nearly excluded, to make way for such a motley multitude of French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, and other foreign wines, that I can no more recollect, *even their names and titles* than I could remember and repeat all the names and genealogies recorded in the book of Genesis. Yet the many silly adventurers in the still more silly race after *gentility*, dash through them all, as if they belonged to their mother-tongue, although they make quite as sad havoc among them, as the cost of these foreign wines does among their purses. This latter havoc is, not unfrequently such, in a single day, if the party be given by a planter or farmer, (whose only return probably, will be *ridicule for his folly*,) as to require some months of hard agricultural labor to pay for it. But, if such parties be frequent, the inevitable end of this tragi-comic farce is, that the performers must very soon exchange all the comforts, luxuries, and social intercourse which they enjoyed in the *old States*, for the coarsest fare, incessant drudgery, and the constant risk of dirks or Bowie knives

being thrust into their vitals, in the new States and territories, if they only crook their fingers at any one out of their own family. Here, if theory can be determined by practice, *liberty* means that every man shall do as he pleases to the full extent of his physical powers, to indulge his brutish or any other propensities. That there are hundreds and thousands of men in these parts of our country, who deeply deplore such a state of things, I have not the smallest doubt; for I have several personal friends among them, who have assured me of the fact. But *all* their communications contribute to confirm what I have just said; and that *they*, for the time being, are suffering a sort of moral martyrdom for the sacrifices which they formerly made, in some one or other of the old United States, to obtain the mere soap-suds-bubble of superior fashion and gentility. Most of the competitors in this preposterous,—may I not say, *immoral* race,—have been taught by the morbid public sentiment on this subject, to lavish their money for *that* which all the money in the world cannot purchase. They have been most fatally led to believe, that the greatest spendthrift among them will always gain the prize of gentility, in preference to the men most distinguished for their good morals, manners, and mental endowments—qualities which the wise and the good, whether poor or rich, and from time immemorial, have always determined can alone constitute any just title to the character of a real gentleman. Those who are truly entitled to this highly honorable distinction, may adopt different external modes, (all of which may be good,) at distant periods, of evincing their claims, and therefore I shall not now attempt to compare the present with the former fashions, any farther than to say, that it is much easier *now*, than in the *olden time*, to counterfeit the gentleman, since in these *levelling-downward days*, fit subjects for a penitentiary not unfrequently smuggle themselves into the genteel society, under the specious disguise of a good suit of clothes and fashionable manners. In by-gone days, such an occurrence was hardly possible, for infinitely greater pains were taken to guard against such impostors. To aspire to the character of a true gentleman is certainly both honorable and highly improving in every point of view;

“*Emolliat mores, nec sint esse feros*.”

But to rest our pretensions on the success of the struggle, who shall squander the most money in the vain pursuit, is quite as great a folly, to say nothing of the sin, as we can possibly commit. In *this*, as in numerous other popular fallacies, we may rest perfectly assured, that “*the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong*.”

Take another contrast. Fifty years ago, indeed still later, a gentleman's summer dress, especially in the country, usually consisted of a home-made straw-hat, worth perhaps twenty-five cents; a single change of coats of some cheap material; a few pair of nankeen breeches (if I may be pardoned for using so vulgar a term in these days of exquisite refinement;) and as many pair of thread or cotton stockings, protected, when he rode on horseback, by what were called “*leggings*,” of check or “brown holland.” The aforesaid breeches, (by the way,) were made, during the revolutionary war, of what is now called “par excel-

lence”—“*the Forsythe cotton*,” then as common as any other kind, under the title of “*nankeen-cotton*,” although usually so mottled, that the arnotto-dye was generally used to produce uniformity of color; after which, a country congregation of males, thus equipped for Sunday exhibition, looked at a little distance for all the world like an assemblage of the tropical birds,—called *Flamingoes*. Happy then, the country beau whose breeches had most of this Flamingo hue; and still happier the house-wife who had succeeded best in compounding the arnotto-dye to adorn the lower extremities of her husband, son, or brother, as the case “mought” be. But this is a digression (to which I am most unfortunately, and I fear incurably, addicted;) let me, therefore, add to the above, two pair of shoes; one for every day, the other for Sundays, with one Sunday coat,—and the summer wardrobe for an old-times' gentleman was complete. His external habiliments for winter, were, a good “beaver hat,” made, not like Peter Pindar's razors “*only to sell*,” but to last until he was tired of it, and long after; a plain, neat, broadcloth coat, rarely if ever costing more than thirty shillings or thirty-six shillings a yard, with the coat of the previous year, for daily use,—except Sunday, when the best was put on as a matter of course. The breeches, or “*inexpressibles*”—as it became the modest fashion to call them, before the beaux, who had no calves to their “spindle-shanks,” succeeded in their final expulsion—seldom exceeded two pair, neither of them very costly; his shoes were the same in number, but more water proof; and with them he associated a single pair of stout boots—worn only upon grand occasions,—such as musters, county courts, and elections. Moreover, these said boots were made of leather so strong and durable that no fair play could wear them out in much less than three or four years: for be it remembered that boots were not *then* as *now*, the wear for every day in the year. To finish the winter wardrobe, and furnish a defence against rain or snow, (for mere cold was little regarded in those days, even by ladies,) one great coat was kept, of some very strong cloth, costing from ten to twenty shillings a yard, and so lasting as to perform most effectual services through several winter campaigns.

But now, what do we find to be deemed all essential in forming a gentleman's wardrobe, for both seasons? Not only an entire change of form—against which I shall say nothing,—but a most striking one in the number, materials, and cost of the articles;—to an amount more than triple what it formerly was, while individual income, especially from agriculture, the paymaster-general, has diminished in nearly an equal ratio.

In by-gone days, we deemed our heads quite hard enough, if protected by a hat with some brim around it, to encounter any degree of summer heat, without the smallest risk to our brains of being either addled, baked or roasted. *Now*, our craniums have become so exceedingly tender, and the consequent hazard of such disaster so imminent, as to render fur caps and band-box hats for winter, with non-descript noddle covers of silk, for summer,—but umbrellas also—articles of vital necessity, and thereby adding two or three hundred per cent to what may well be called our self-imposed *skill tax*, for both seasons. Even the beaux and belles among our darkies have adopted the fashion, and have

learned to flourish *their* umbrellas, (numberillas, as they call them,) quite as stylishly as their masters and mistresses, except when they first put themselves into training; during which time their extreme awkwardness in handling these skull protectors, forms a most ludicrous burlesque of the higher powers. A correspondent change in the summer-covering of our limbs and bodies, has been deemed equally essential to suit their diminished power of enduring summer-heat; so that the old fashioned, cheap pair of coats are now thought far too heavy, hot, and what is much worse, *too ungentle*, to be sustained by those who can hardly survive the dog-days in any thing but the thinnest and lightest of those costly gossamer fabrics, at present used for gentlemen's summer apparel. Our foot tax, also, for both seasons, contributes its full share to widen the difference between old fashioned and new fashioned expenditures: for most of us—especially our youth—must now have at least two pair of thin boots for summer—two of more substance for winter, (although none of them are made to keep out water,) besides slippers, pumps, booties, Jefferson shoes, &c., &c., the total number and cost of which, for one man, would formerly have kept a whole family in boots and shoes for double the period.

When we compare the *old* with the *new* outfit for a winter campaign, the contrast is still more striking, still more illustrative of what I am trying to prove. *Now*, after a modern gentleman has ensconced himself in all imaginable envelopes deemed essential to his comfort and preservation *within doors*, at greatly increased cost, compared with former times, he has, alas! to guard himself with more than double diligence, against what the amiable Sancho Panza used to call, "*the inclemencies of the Heavens*." To do this most effectually in the olden time, every man firmly believed, that a single, substantial great coat was amply sufficient, and his practice accorded with his faith. *Now*, should the thermometer sink only a few degrees below thirty-two, not less than two *over* coats, (for *great coats* they can no longer be called, being much more like gun-cases in tightness,) with a cloak to make assurance doubly sure, must be added, to guard at least against being frost-bitten, if not frozen to death. This triple provision against the horrors of congelation is particularly remarkable in a large portion of those truly unfortunate victims of parental neglect just arriving at that much *envied*, I wish I could say *enviable* age, when so many of them become their own masters, who are utterly unfit to be masters of anything. But far be it from me to blame *them* so much for it. Their *parents* are the great criminals in these cases: for *they* might have given their sons, by a proper *physical education*, constitutions too hardy to require such unmanly indulgences; and by a correct *moral education*, principles and sentiments which would have led them to aspire to far higher, much nobler distinction, than notoriety for dandyism, and effeminacy.

On this vital subject of education for our sons, I have much more to say, than my present purpose will allow me. But if you will pardon a short digression, I will here state as briefly as I can, what it *should not be*, leaving the all important inquiry, what it *should be*, for a few concluding remarks: since I deem it demonstrable, that every thing censurable in the present times

results from false education. Would you guard then against this greatest of all curses, both to individuals and nations, the education of our sons should *not be* either by inculcation or mere sufferance, to spend more of the family property than their parents allow them. It should *not be* to dictate to their fathers or mothers, either in opinions, manners, morals, or domestic duties. It should *not be* to think that very expensive dress and costly living constitute either the man or the gentleman. It should *not be* to become the most frequent, roistering, arrogant, and boisterous attendants at tavern bars, grog shops, and eating houses:—*not to consider* profanity, gambling, hard drinking and lewdness, altogether the most genteel accomplishments they can acquire:—*not to deem* the effort to become of somewhat greater use in the world, than merely "to consume the fruits of the earth," either needless or derogatory to their stations:—*not to run up bills* with their tailors and with tavern keepers, during their minority, which afterwards will require their whole income, for some years, to pay:—*not to deem* it penurious to keep accurate accounts of their receipts and expenditures—a habit (by the way) never to be acquired, unless commenced in early life:—*not to become* critics in the sublime art of cookery, nor first rate judges of every variety of intoxicating liquors:—*not to believe* their young stomachs even so early as their tenth or twelfth year, incapable of performing all their healthful functions without the smoke or juice of that poisonous narcotic, tobacco;—*not to feed* their young brains with snuff, as if *that* were the only food they are capable of receiving. And lastly, it should *not be* to assume to be men, before they have qualified themselves to act as such.

Could modern parents only be prevailed on to exert their whole authority, aided both by wise precepts and virtuous example, to correct the numerous heart-sickening evils in modern education;—to exert it *tho*, but for a few years, without either cold or hot fits in applying it; and the whole generation of idlers, drones, dandies, and profligates, would be swept from the face of the earth, to be replaced by a band of hardy, active, industrious, intelligent and moral young men—the pride of their parent's hearts, and an honor above all price, both to themselves and to their country. Do not, I beseech you, understand me to say, or even to *think*, that we have no such young men, among the present generation. No,—God forbid; for it rejoiceth my old heart—now almost worn out—to feel, with absolute certainty, that our good mother, Virginia, has many such to sustain her waning fortunes. But the misfortune is, that their number is small, when compared with those of opposite character, and consequently it requires far more moral courage than young people—even the most intelligent, virtuous and best educated—usually possess, to resist the ridicule and innumerable artful devices always used to drive or to lure them from the paths of rectitude. The youths who, in these times, can successfully resist such baneful, deadly enemies, deserve all the praise, all the honors, all the rewards that a grateful and generous country can confer.

In pursuing my contrasts between past and present times, relative to expense, I was about to say something of *ladies' dresses*; but on further reflection, I deem them quite too mysterious matters for us old men to talk about, with no better information than our modern

exquisites and men-milliners can give us. I will therefore be admonished on this delicate and recondite subject by the good old proverb, "least said is soonest mended." There are, however, some differences between their former and present educations—both physical and moral, which require animadversion. To them, therefore, I will request your attention for a few minutes.

In old times a degree of skill in *housewifery* was esteemed an important, although by no means the most essential acquirement for most ladies; since the greater part of their lives would probably be devoted to such domestic duties as wives and mothers should always be well qualified to fulfil—at least such wives and mothers as were taught to believe themselves under a sacred obligation to become real *helpmates* to their husbands—devoted, faithful, affectionate, ever watchful *guardians* of their children. In those by-gone days, it had never entered into the minds even of the most imaginative, the hop-step-and-jump racers after human perfectibility—of which we had none before philosopher Godwin's day—that the entire emancipation of mankind from all moral and religious restraints was to be attempted, much less achieved, by *reformers in petticoats*—nor that *females* utterly regardless of all the general sentiments of mankind, relative to their appropriate occupations and duties, should become itinerant public lecturers—or teachers of *any thing*. The universal opinion, in the olden time, was, that woman's most sacred duty, her greatest praise and highest honor, consisted in the zealous, untiring, faithful and judicious discharge of all those arduous, but delightful duties, (where they succeed,) which naturally devolve upon the *mistresses of families*. May God, in the plenitude of his mercy, forever bless them all, both in this world and the next; for painful indeed, *most painful* is often their lot; complicated, laborious, and frequently revolting, their necessary occupations; distressing in the highest degree, the scenes wherein they are the chief, the only actors; whilst they, most generous, most noble souls! ask no other reward in this world, than the love and devoted affection of husbands and children—the sincere friendship and lasting attachment of other relatives and friends; yet too seldom, alas! do they meet this reward, highly as they deserve it, and easy as it is to bestow. Pardon me, Mr. Editor, should you think I dwell more on this subject than is due to its intrinsic merits; but my mind and my heart are full of it, and I plead, in justification, the old adage, that "out of the heart the mouth speaketh." Our *matrons*, our *mistresses of families*, not only give a tone to society, but contribute (unobtrusively as they work,) more than all other causes put together, to form the national taste, opinions, principles and morals; how vitally essential then is it that all possible attention should be paid to *their* education. Our children derive from them their *first lessons* in *every thing*. Should they be incapable of giving them to good purpose, all their pupils will probably become instruments of evil rather than of good, and curses instead of blessings to society. Yet, for every dollar now spent towards qualifying our daughters to discharge those all important duties for which nature's God designed them—duties which men are physically as well as morally, incapable of performing—hundreds and thousands of dollars are worse than thrown away

in attempts, often utterly abortive, to teach them certain things called "*accomplishments*," for which a very large portion of these truly pitiable victims of parental folly and vanity, have neither taste nor talents; accomplishments, too, of which they make not the least use, after once gaining the liberty to neglect them. Nay, why should they *not* neglect them, since a mere smattering is the sum total of all their most costly, laborious, and reluctant acquisitions?—acquisitions moreover, which, if made at all, require almost constant gadding about from home to display them!

The parents of former days were not entirely guiltless of this preposterous shameful waste and misapplication of time and money, in educating their daughters. Although housewifery, a term nearly obsolete in these perfectibility-days, always then held a conspicuous rank among the things to be taught; yet *spinnetts* and *harpsichords*, (the fashionable instruments of those times,) were often made household gods, where no true worshippers could be either found or made, even by the most laborious and costly efforts. These instruments, however, were rare, comparatively speaking; and when kept at all, were looked upon as a kind of heirlooms to last for some generations. There is now one of these remembrances of by-gone times in a branch of my own family, but an alien bought for others' use, which seems destined—after indoctrinating three or four generations of "no plus ultra" strummers in the musical art—to sound its last expiring notes in my own county. "Requiescat in pace," is my most earnest wish for it; but if it could speak, while remembering all it has suffered in being forced to attempt impossibilities, I have not a shadow of doubt it would exclaim, "let me return to my original dust, for I have had no peace, no pleasure on earth, during nine-tenths of my existence." *Look at the present fashion in this matter of music-mania*, if you can do it with impartial eyes, and what will you see? Not only must *all* be forced to learn, "*no less volens*," and often to the entire exclusion of every really useful branch of knowledge, whatever interdict nature or circumstances may have interposed; but both nature and art must be tortured to perform what *the one* has forbid, and *the other* is incapable of achieving. *Now*, at least one piano, (pyrannees, as some of the illiterate aspirants call them,) must be kept in almost every house, whatever the condition and circumstances of the owners may be, as a standing and necessary article of furniture, for visitors, as well as the females of the family to strum upon; but another more costly, must be given as an essential part of the wedding paraphernalia, to every daughter who has gained a husband (God help him!) by her *fingers*. It once happened to me, that in passing along the main street of a town, I counted in less than a quarter of a mile, some eight or ten of these instruments on which the diligent performers were murdering certain marches and waltzes, although nearly as easy to execute as the once popular old tune of "Poor Betty Martin, tip toe toe," with as much uniformity, as if it had been a matter of previous agreement. I cannot affirm that there was in either case the "malice prepense" required by law to constitute the crime of murder in the first degree; but if there had been, the heinous act could not have been more effectually perpetrated.

Permit me to exhibit another still more striking con-

trast, in regard to expense, between past and present times. Formerly our wives and daughters usually rode on horseback, and greatly to the improvement and preservation of their constitutions and general health. Now, in these boastful days of human perfectibility, when we hear and read so much silly verbiage about "*the march of mind*," and witness so few proofs of its being really progressive, the horseback mode of conveyance is no longer endurable for women or girls, and scarcely for men or boys,—especially to take a journey. Of late years, *all*, at least among the real and quasi gentry, have grown so exceedingly delicate and refined; so lackadaisical and dyspeptic; (a term formerly unintelligible except by the doctors,) so disqualified for labor either of body or mind; so fearful of melting or freezing from heat or cold, that to transport our ladies only a few miles, the costly barouche or tandem must be substituted for the cheap ponies and side-saddles; while the gentlemen, both old and young, with very few exceptions, cannot trust *their* locomotion to any thing less expensive than sulkies, gigs and buggies; the etymology of all which terms, by the way, is quite as untraceable as that of any terms in the Goolah negro dialect. But this is far from being the most effective cause in augmenting the extravagance of the present times, beyond any thing known or practised during the period which is now so derisively called "*old fashion*." Once a year regularly, nearly our whole white population are seized with a new disease, for which the doctors hitherto have found neither name nor cure in the whole materia medica. Its first symptoms always appear early in June, but the malady never assumes its most aggravated form, until about the full moon in August. That it is caused by the increased effeminacy, luxury, and dissipation of our people, seems perfectly certain; for our climate is not worse than it was sixty or seventy years ago; yet our physicians both diplomatized and self-created, have multiplied at least twenty or thirty fold. With permission of these learned gentlemen, I will call this wide-sweeping, devastating epidemic, the *hydromania*, or water-drinking lunacy; for it sets all who are afflicted with it to scampering in every direction, after mineral springs, where, without any knowledge, even approaching to certainty of their specific qualities, they guzzle the water day and night—as if for a wager—whose stomach could hold the most, and in full faith that each spring has perfect power to cure every disease under heaven. "*To raise the wind*" for these very expensive excursions, formerly so seldom taken in our state as scarcely to be known, it is not now uncommon, especially for our farmers and planters, to obtain large loans from banks, in anticipation of their crops, the proceeds of which, when thus neglected for one-fourth of the busiest time of the year, rarely fail to come far short of the money borrowed. And no wonder, since their farms are left during the whole of this water-guzzling campaign, to the tender mercy of men whose pecuniary interest it is to exhaust them for their own benefit, at the expense of their absentee proprietors. Similar anticipations of income, for similar purposes, are now common among all other trades, professions, and callings, and with like results. Multitudes of far less innocent persons than imagined invalids, congregate at these mineral springs, to the great demoralization of society in general, and

the certain ruin of many innocent families. At the head of these must be ranked the entire tribe of gamblers, now, in these much vaunted times, formed into a regular systematic profession, and by far the most showy, dashing, and prodigal amongst us. Like so many vultures or prowling wolves, they are ever on the watch for their prey, and rarely indeed are they disappointed! For, the keepers of all our watering places, with few if any exceptions, rent to them rooms, at enormous prices, for the special purpose of carrying on their nefarious business; and no President of the United States has ever had more crowded levees, than the master spirits of these haunts ("*hells*," as they are very properly called,) of criminal cunning and fraud; plundering, under a pretence of fair play, the unsuspecting, the ignorant, the guilty victims of the gambling passion.

At all our mineral springs, but particularly at those most celebrated as places of "*fashionable resort*," there may always be found hundreds of persons led thither by the mere love of show; of its inseparable companion—gadding about; and of almost every imaginable means of killing their great and inexorable enemy, time! Here you may often see, in heart-sickening crowds, fathers and sons, either gaming, drinking, or wasting their hours together in utter idleness,—which they call *healthful recreation*: young ladies—the future mothers and first teachers of the next generation—diligently preparing themselves for this most momentous, most sacred duty, by husband-hunting among the exquisites of our sex,—very many of whom would probably not sell for ten dollars a dozen, if brought into a fair market: while the doting mothers of these pitiable victims of false education, find full employment in looking on with fond anticipation of the great matrimonial speculations which their fingers and toes are to achieve for them; since far more care and expense is now lavished upon *their* instruction, than on any indoctrination of the head and the heart that man or woman either can possibly bestow.

Let me entreat you, Mr. Editor, not to suppose for one moment, that any of my remarks are designed for those who are really afflicted with such bodily diseases, as good physicians have pronounced curable by the use of mineral waters; or, for the numerous and highly estimable persons, in good health, who may be found occasionally, at all of them; and who visit them from motives which none would condemn. They are aimed at those alone who labor under the maladies—incurable either by medicine or medicinal waters—of idleness, indolence, licentiousness, prodigality, and, *vanity*, the greatest spendthrift of them all! And I am perfectly willing to submit it to impartial judges, if any such can be found, to decide whether the *old* or the new fashioned times have produced the greatest number of these nuisances to society. One great cause of their rapid increase of late years, did not formerly exist: it is the wonderfully increased *facilities of travel*. These, notwithstanding their vast and innumerable advantages to mankind, certainly hold out to the vicious, so many more temptations to the indulgence of all their worst passions, that it is no wonder they should multiply enormously. Variety, despatch, secrecy, and quick escape from punishment, are constantly luring them on; while no moral nor religious restraint holds them

back. Even on the virtuous portion of our race, these facilities of travel, truly valuable as they are, have had a baneful influence, by impairing most manifestly, that fondness for domestic life, that love of "*home, sweet home*," without which, especially in females, neither family prosperity nor family happiness can possibly exist, in any degree comparable to that which characterised, in the olden time, a very large portion of what was then called the best society. The temptations to leave our homes having multiplied a thousand fold, it follows, naturally, that the numbers who yield to them will augment in a corresponding ratio.

In the foregoing contrasts between old fashioned and new fashioned people, I have confined my remarks chiefly to matters of expense. Let us now see, more particularly, how they will compare in regard to moral and physical education. In the olden time, almost every parent, whether religious or not, taught their children to say their prayers, at least *once* in every twenty-four hours; a practice, which however inefficient of itself, gave them, if nothing more, some idea of a future state of rewards and punishments; some notion of their accountability to a supreme being; which, if modern children in general acquire at all, it must be by their own seeking, rather than by parental inculcation. Formerly, they were always taught implicit obedience in all matters which they were too young to understand. Now, they must be reasoned into it, even while yet in their nurse's arms; often too, by mothers whose own reason has never been trained for any such duty, as that of early education. Formerly they were taught, both by precept and example, to love home; to aid their parents in such little domestic labors as they were capable of performing; to avoid public houses as they would the devil; to abstain from drinking ardent spirits, as a practice that would be followed by condign punishment; to treat old age with the utmost deference and respect; and to consider the whole period of their minority not a proper time for playing the parts of men, but to make all suitable preparations for it. *Now*, they must be breeched nearly as soon as they can walk; must be dressed like men by the time they get into their "teens;" and, long before they get beards, mustachios and whiskers, must be suffered, for fear of cramping their geniuses, to strut about taverns in all the fancied dignity of manhood, inuring and case-hardening their yet unvitiated stomachs to alcohol, in all its innumerable combinations; and, to cap the climax, of precocious health—destructive indulgencies, finishing off their manly education by becoming, *per saltum*, perfect judges in regard to the true gusto and fumet of segars and chewing tobacco!—articles, by the way, in the use of which a youth of the olden time would have been quite as much ashamed of being caught, as with a stolen sheep on his back. Moreover, our children of the present day must often be taken from school to be introduced into general society,—lest the girls should be too awkward to substitute the mistress of the family, should accident take her out of the way, and the boys become quite too bashful for the practice of medicine, law, or politics, which they are all destined to commence as soon as possible, in spite, often, of nature's most manifest interdiction,—for, the legalised creators of such professional

characters have only to pronounce the omnipotent fiat, "let A, B, and C, be a doctor,—an attorney at law, or a politician and statesman," according as he may petition to be; and each aspirant, in the twinkling of an eye, becomes, "*au fait*," up to every thing in his selected line, although he may be scarcely able to read or write his own language, or have common sense enough to acquire skill, even in the least intellectual of all the various trades, professions and callings essential to the well-being of society. Should any doubt this, at the first glance, let them ask themselves to what proportion of young men with medical diplomas in their pockets, they would be willing to trust their lives? To how many out of ten young attorneys at law, they would confide a cause involving as much money over the fifteen shilling fee, as would pay for dinner and horse-feed, at a county court? Or lastly, and above all, (in every case, however, premising that the self-questioners shall be in their sober senses,) let them ask themselves to what proportion of legislators and rulers in our state and federal governments, created, "*spéciali gratia*" by "the sovereign people," they would feel safe in trusting their lives, liberty and property? Let them farther ask themselves, in regard to many of these hap-hazard deputies of the said sovereigns, if there could be any other rational answer given to the question, "*for what purpose were they made?*" than, "*merely to fill up the assortment of human beings.*" Was this the case in old fashioned times, or was it not? I answer in the negative, although I am perfectly willing to submit the question to the arbitrament of better judges than myself,—provided, that half the number be *old* and half *new* fashioned people, pledging their honor to try the cause according to the evidence. But, to proceed with my contrasts between moral and religious education, in past and present times. Formerly, parents in general deemed it an essential part of their duty, at least to attempt, (however feebly and imperfectly,) the imbuing the minds of their offspring, with the great leading principles of morality, and with some idea of religion. *Now*, it seems, at least to the *new* fashioned people, that all these perplexing, anti-sensual matters, can be far better taught (if at all), in our public *academies*—as schools of every grade are now called—for, in every one of these, the formal pledge is constantly given, that, *every possible attention shall always be paid to the morals of the pupils*; and this seems to be considered by a very large portion of the patrons and patronesses of these bettering hospitals, as a complete exoneraton from all farther domestic attention to their children, than merely to feed and clothe their bodies; their intellects from seven or eight years of age, being left entirely to those who make a public profession of directing and guiding what, in modern times, has been called,—(God save the mark,) "*the march of mind*." Not that I mean to disparage, in the slightest degree, either the true *march*, or any of the well qualified conductors of it—for they form a highly useful, most meritorious, ill-requested class—but merely to maintain, that far too much is left for them to do, which it is the sacred duty of parents themselves to perform. Sacred! aye, most sacred! but whether better performed now, than formerly, may perhaps be inferred, with some approximation to truth, by contrasting certain wicked practices, springing from the same evil passions, as

they have manifested themselves, during the two periods I have undertaken to compare.

In by-gone times the prevalent fashion for working off the spirit of "*combaticiveness*," (as certain modern philosophers call it,) was, to take a bout or two at "*fisticuffs*;" an exercise which cost nothing for the outfit, and rarely resulted in any greater damage to the belligerents, than the temporary obfuscation of an eye, seldom used for beneficent purposes; the change of locality in a tooth, or an unsightly derangement of the facial angles. But in these modern days of vaunted amelioration and refinement, the most fashionable and approved style of evaporating this combative spirit, is, by *pistolng* or *stabbing*, according to the fancy of the operator, (both being equally genteel,) but both must be performed with very nice and costly implements; and such are the skill and dexterity of the adepts in these modern accomplishments, that the death of one or both of the parties is almost sure to finish the sport. Our newspapers—(those most voracious transmitters of news,)—report, that one of the Bowie knife adepts lately gave the quietus to two men within the inconceivably short period of four or five minutes,—a surgical operation, by the way, as far surpassing all praise, as it exceeds any idea that an old man like myself can possibly form of the skill of these death-giving gentry, without ocular demonstration, which God, in his mercy forbid. So fond indeed, have the moderns grown of these fashionable amusements, utterly unknown in my younger days, that it is not now uncommon, in some portions of our country, for men to ride a hundred or more miles, solely for the pleasure of shooting or dirking others in their own houses, or abroad, as may be most convenient; and if the victims happen to have wives and children reduced to beggary by this most fashionable mode of committing murder, so much the better; it greatly enhances the enjoyment of the operators. A most notable instance of the increasing popularity of this fashion, which has all the advantage of *public over private* assassination, lately occurred in a legislative hall, during the hours of business, where, even the speaker of the body deliberately left his seat to murder one of the members, for the heinous offence, the outrage inexpiable but by the death of the offender, for *words spoken*! things which, in former times, were met either by other words of similar character, or by fisticuff argument. It is true he was arrested, and tried, but it is equally true, and still more astonishing than true, that the verdict in the case was *justifiable homicide*. Which fashion is best, the old or the new, let others decide. Very promising symptoms of the prevalence of the modern fashion, are beginning to appear elsewhere in the highest class of society, (if *public men* can justly be so ranked,) but I forbear to comment upon this most foul, national disgrace; for all my principles, all my feelings, utterly revolt at it. Yet, I must take the liberty to remark, that unless it can be put down by the strong arm of the law, a domicile among the most savage and barbarous people upon earth could hardly be worse than one in those parts of our country wherein the practice is most countenanced. But lest this murderous spirit should not become, by its own workings, sufficiently common to keep pace with the grand intellectual progress of the present generation, we are beginning to import from our mother country, animals

in human shape, that certainly belong to our race, who are fashionably styled "*professors of the pugilistic art*," and who are greatly encouraged in training some of our own congenial native breeds for this noble purpose. These adepts moreover, have so marvellously improved upon the old fashioned manipulations in personal conflicts with the naked fist, that the master-artist can not only very soon render (according to their own slang,) each others "*magards perfectly unintelligible*," but can actually inflict death by the unarmed hand. Another improvement, as the moderns must deem it, is, that this practice of crippling and killing "*secundum artem*," is usually performed for money, not from anger. On the contrary, the performance is always prefaced by as polite bows and apparently cordial shaking of hands, as if the parties were old friends met for some convivial purpose. Whether the modern fashions in these matters are better than the old, let your readers decide.

Take another contrast. In by-gone times, when a married pair discovered that they had made a mistake in choosing each other "*for better for worse*," and that the latter part only of the alternative was verified, they usually passed through all the vicissitudes of war and occasional suspension of hostilities, during life, rather than break the solemn compact to cleave together "*until death did them part*." Now, instead of waiting for this universal peace-maker, they have grown so Fanny-Wrightish as often to part before the year is out, either voluntarily, or by the running away of one of the parties, or, by the more formal process of divorce. This latter mode enables them to make another matrimonial experiment, (for marriage has not yet gone entirely out of fashion,) and exempts them from the penalty inflicted by the law, for bigamy. And such is the wonderful liberality of our modern legislators, quoad *divorces*, compared with our old fashioned law-makers, that the number of these legalised separations have increased probably fifty fold. Which of these fashions is best, let our popes of the press decide.

There is another contrast which I would fain offer, but must do it, in much fear and trembling, for it relates to these said popes themselves. For a long period, in the younger days of our commonwealth, the entire van, centre and rear of our whole editorial corps in Virginia, consisted of two individuals, called Dixon and Purdy or—Purdie, I forget which. Theirs was the only newspaper in the State; and so very chary were these editors of their own remarks upon any subject whatever, that nothing was so rare in their paper, as an editorial article. We have now no means of judging whether this forbearance proceeded from ignorance, laziness, or modesty; a term by the way, nearly obsolete as applicable to men, and not in the best odor even among our fashionables of the other sex. But such was the state of the press and the conduct of its managers in the olden time; and no more remarkable contrast can be found in the world, between past and present times, than that which is exhibited by the followers of these men: for whether old or young, learned or unlearned, wise or foolish, virtuous or vicious, they act (with very few exceptions comparatively speaking,) as if they verily believed, that the mere ownership and publication of a newspaper qualified them instantaneously and conferred the absolute right to

indoctrinate the public on all imaginable subjects, whether of art, science, or general literature. Nay, more, that should any person dare publicly to question their high behests, however modestly it may be done, they are bound in duty to their own dignity, to treat such offenders with unmeasurable severity. Formerly too, what was called "*the liberty of the press*," was never imagined, even by its wildest asserters, to be nearly synonymous, as it now is, with the liberty of tearing to pieces private character, for no better cause, than political hostility; or indeed, for any cause other than notorious, well ascertained criminality. *Now*, this tearing and rending has not only become the constant business of hundreds of our newspaper popes, but he who sets up a paper, and will neither take a hand at the game himself, nor suffer others to do it therein, is very soon compelled to shut up shop, or to apply all his powers to eclipse every other competitor in the lacerating process. Here, again, I call for a fair trial and judgment between the *old* and the *new* fashion.

My last contrast shall be a few remarks, which, I find, that I have omitted, in regard to the physical training of children in the two periods. Formerly it was universally believed, that the best way to procure for our children *sound minds*, was first to give them, if possible, *sound bodies*. Hence the constant, instinctive desire manifested by them for locomotion, was freely indulged, at all times, by suffering them generally to choose and to take their own gambols in the open air, at every season, and frequently every day. Many times have I seen the little urchins playing barefoot, even in the snow. These gambols they called, and felt to be, sport; for they were all *voluntary*. In these times they must even *play*, if allowed to do it at all, *by rule and measure*; for instead of being allowed to harden and invigorate their bodies by the promptings of nature, they, especially the poor girls, are scooped up like chickens under the fattening process, until their constitutions in thousands of instances are irretrievably ruined; or, in cases wherein the destruction has not been quite completed, they are sent to be patched up by the compulsory gymnastics, callisthenics, and various other "nicks" and "sticks" of modern invention—the bare names of which I have neither Latin nor Greek enough to remember, and still less to understand.

Fearing that your patience is, by this time quite exhausted, I hasten to apprise you that my "odds and ends" are all run out, except the few brief remarks with which I promised to conclude relative to what education *should be*. If then, an old man who has had much to do with the education of both sexes, may be permitted to offer an opinion, without too great hazard of incurring another newspaper anathema for being too old fashioned, I will say that education *should be*, first and above all, to teach, not only by words, but by the most exemplary practice, one ounce of which is worth a ton of mere precept, both in parents and other instructors, that the truths of christianity are quite as demonstrable as mathematical truth; that it is a duty most sacred, most indispensable, not only to prize the knowledge of it, very far above all other knowledge, but to love it, or rather its divine author, with all our heart, and mind and soul and strength. Secondly, it *should be*, thoroughly to convince the young aspirants, that what

are called the duties to ourselves and to society, all emanate from, and are imperatively enjoined by this same christianity, under a penalty too, of everlasting misery in the world to come, for an habitual violation of them. And lastly, education *should be*, to impress on the youthful heart and mind, in characters as distinct and durable as if cut in brass or marble, that duty to ourselves, consists in bringing to their highest state of attainable perfection, all our powers both of mind and body; that the great object of our ever beneficent maker in bestowing them, was, to enable us to insure our own happiness in both worlds, by rendering these powers as conducive as we possibly could, to the eternal as well as temporal happiness of the whole human race; and that man's highest honor *here*, as well as his sole chance of felicity *hereafter*, are utterly unattainable by any other conceivable means. Let such be the basis, the sure foundation of youthful education, and the teaching of every useful art, science, language, and desirable accomplishment, will then become a work of comparative ease—nay, of indescribable pleasure and enjoyment—which, that it may soon be, is the daily wish, the nightly dream, the constant prayer of your old fashioned friend

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

Essex, June 11th, 1838.

LETTER FROM MALTA.

(To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.)

Departure from Valetta; Citta Vecchia; Beggars; Catacombs; St. Paul's Cave; Statue of St. Paul; Hand of St. John; Anecdote of Bonaparte; Turkish history; Bajazet; Zennes; the Grand Master D'Aubusson.

At an early hour on the morning after our arrival at Valetta, we had a cicerone at our doors, to accompany us to Citta Vecchia. These idle fellows will at all hours be found in these southern countries, in the immediate vicinities of the best hotels, to offer their services to strangers, and to gain a couple of shillings by their attendance. The wind was at the west, which in this climate is saying that the weather was mild and beautiful. Getting into our one-horse carriage, which from its fashion, we thought might, like a "landed property," have descended from father to son, for the last two hundred years, we were driven at a rate of five miles the hour, to the foot of the hill, on the summit of which the ancient city was built. The driver never for a moment was seated, but was at all times visible, running alongside of our horse, with his right hand on the shaft and a small cord in his left, with which he guided the animal, until we had arrived at the end of our jaunt, which had been, according to our watches, of an hour and a half's duration.

The moment a stranger is observed from the neighboring heights to be approaching the catacombs, it would appear from the number of miserable objects who congregate around the entrance, as if all the inmates of the hospitals, and alms houses, both within and without the walls, had been let loose to annoy him. We here noticed among the crowd those who were lame, blind, and dumb; while a little apart from the others, and in a more conspicuous situation were seated two

wretched beings, who, more than any of their fellows, served to excite our commiseration, and claim that pity, which we had carried solely for the objects of charity. The one was a boy afflicted with leprosy, and the other a maniac, who required the utmost attention of his keepers to prevent his escape, and who was retained by them, as we were informed, as a sort of show—they, doubtless, appropriating the alms, which were intended by the donors for him whom they had in custody, for their own private benefit and support. With shame be it told, that this nuisance was permitted by the authorities; nothing being allowed to those who have charge of the insane, for their attention and expense, save only what they could procure by exciting the pity and consequently trusting to the generosity of those who might chance to visit the place. After passing through several clean and narrow lanes, we were stopped by our guide opposite to a small door, through which, when opened, we descended some nine or ten steps; the walls on either side being damp, and covered with ivy, when we landed on a platform, on which, standing for a time, to enable a person to light our torches, we had exposed to our view a low entry, at the end of which the excavations were commenced. The wind, which was blowing freshly, the moment we entered was unheard; the light from the sun could only be seen at different distances, through the small apertures which had evidently been cut through the stone to serve as chimnies, having been made directly over those places which had been used for the baking of bread and the cooking of food.

The silence in these cells remains uninterrupted throughout the year, save only when broken by the voices of those who wander through the different aisles and cells to witness the singularities of the place. As we continued our way, the utmost care was required, being one moment where the passage was five feet high, and the next where we were obliged almost to creep on our hands and knees, to avoid bringing our heads in contact with the craggy ceiling above. The priest who has served for years as a guide in these catacombs, was very anxious to explain for what purposes he supposed, during the time of the Saracens, the different cells were used. One place, and that immediately on our entrance, appeared to have been adapted for those who had been engaged in the active duties of life. Here was the oil press, the ovens, and the seats of the workmen; while a little farther onward, was the church, the pillars of which, to the present day, are in a good state of preservation. The altar, at the northern part, is somewhat defaced; having been broken at different times, as we thought, either to gratify the wish of some distant friend, or to be placed in the cabinet of some curious traveller. The whole front was covered with the pencillings of those who have visited and scribbled upon it. In a place far distant from the writings of others, we observed the name of "Byron"—whether this was placed there by the noble lord himself, or was the idle act of another, which we were the more inclined to believe, we had not the means of knowing—certain, however, it is, that the name of this British peer and distinguished poet, has been in that place for years, and will probably remain undisturbed for a long period yet to come, serving as it does a double purpose—to interest the stranger and reward the guide. On a friend's expres-

ing a wish to place his name on this curious tablet, I could not but be amused to see how readily our clerical companion scraped a clean place, most clearly solving the question which had been but the moment before asked, why all the names and visits were of so modern a date. Surely, therefore, no one can expect to be immortalized by penning a line, the subject of which, doubtless, would be his own name, with the day and year of his visit, and placing the same on what was in by-gone ages the altar of the Saracens, in the catacombs of Citta Vecchia. It is an idle and useless practice, and one in which no foreigner, save the English and Americans, are ever found to indulge. We observed that the stone was so soft, that with our penknives we could easily penetrate it the whole length of the blade, and so porous that the water was continually dropping upon us, caused by the heavy rains of the few previous days. In different places and at different distances small tunnels were to be seen, which had evidently been used in former times to carry the water without the cells of this once extended and populous subterranean city.

Our guide was particular in pointing out one pathway, which had, by order of the English governor been recently blocked up. Report says, that some years since a Sicilian schoolmaster entered, with his scholars, this narrow passage. Every precaution was taken at the time, for their safe return; each one of the party having been furnished with a rope, a torch, and a lantern. No one, however, of those who went in at that time, ever returned; and it remains to this day unexplained in what manner this party, to a person, perished. Within the recollection of the present inhabitants, a Maltese family was lost in these intricate windings, and for some days after their disappearance, persons were accustomed to enter with torches and drums, hoping by the light to discover their remains, or by the sound to hear their moans in return; but all to no purpose—their fate is veiled in mystery. There is no doubt that many have lost their lives in these places, who have incautiously ventured too far; and it was very right that a necessary precaution should have been taken, to prevent the too curious traveller from entering those parts from which he would have found it difficult to have extricated himself, even with the assistance of a lantern or a guide. There is a tradition which I have heard from good authority, that a drove of pigs was once driven into these passages as far as the driver dared to venture; that after the lapse of several days, and very much to the surprise of the good inhabitants of Burgo, these same animals came grunting from a small hole at the edge of the water, and at a distance of a couple of leagues from where they were so cruelly immured. It is said, and I think with some truth, that these catacombs extend for miles, and indeed in making some excavations, a short time since at Pieta, an avenue was discovered which it was thought might have had some connection with these subterranean passages from Medina, or the ancient city. The farther onward we went, the more narrow and intricate the several windings appeared, while the confined state of the air, rendered the more oppressive and unhealthy from the prevalence of a sirocco, the wind having changed, caused, with some of our companions, a nauseous and fainting sensation, which obliged us to return hastily to the door from which we had entered. Retracing our steps by a

different path, we saw the long, low ranges of tombs, some of which were for single persons, some for groups of children, while others served for families. Some of these inclosures remain to this day unopened, and from not having been exposed to the weather, the appearance of them was, as if the persons who had slept there for ages, had been entombed but yesterday. Several writers have remarked, but more particularly Boisgelin, whose words I quote: "That the stone from which those catacombs are dug, is of so soft a nature that vegetables and shrubs grow in them; the roots of many of the latter, in the upper surface, have pierced through the rock without splitting it; these appear to grow naturally, even to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, and are two, three, and sometimes more, lines in diameter. It is remarkable that the roots of the shrubs thus growing in the heart of the rock, should be as large as if exposed to the open air; for it is natural to suppose that so confined a situation would impede their growth."

Indeed it would be most remarkable were it true, as is above stated, that shrubs would take root on these catacombs, and shoot up a height of twelve or fifteen feet. Never as yet have I been able to discover, in the vicinity of these excavations, a shrub which would live at all—and certainly in a place where there is not a sufficient soil for a weed to exist, you will not be very apt to find a countryman collecting his crops of potatoes, peas, or corn, in their season. Often have I visited the spot above mentioned, both alone and with friends, and cannot at this day find any thing of the kind; neither do the inhabitants, who are well acquainted with Boisgelin, recollect the circumstance, and who, when informed of this assertion, say, that on this subject, if no other, the ideas of the worthy knight were vague and erroneous. It is true that trees will jut out where there is a soil between two rocks, and as the roots increase, they will imbed themselves in the stone. This is found to occur in all parts of Malta; the rock being of the same softness throughout. The Maltese are inclined to believe any thing which might occur in the vicinity of the residence of St. Paul, but this statement carries with it too much of the marvellous, and is pronounced by them, without hesitation, as being most singularly incorrect; or, indeed, that it is an assertion for which there never has or never can be the least foundation.

At the moment of our leaving the catacombs, we were fortunate in meeting the Canonico Grech, who had for fifty years been performing divine service in the small but ancient chapel which covers the entrance of the grotto of St. Paul. It chanced to be on the afternoon of the grand festa of the saint after whom the cave was named, and of all seasons of the year the best adapted for a stranger's visit. This small place was beautifully decorated; the whole walls being lined with tapestry of the richest and most splendid description. The numerous priests were seated around the altar, each one being clad in his best garments, and decorated with a gold chain, on which was suspended a crucifix, with the image of our Saviour engraven upon it. To enter the grotto of St. Paul, we descended some twenty stone steps, proceeded a few yards to the right, and entered a cave, which might contain some forty persons, in the centre of which stands a statue of the apostle, in white marble, and as large as life, with one hand extended,

the fingers of which had been recently broken off by some inebriated young officer of Her Majesty's navy.

This circumstance was much to be regretted by the Maltese, who, from various associations and traditions, almost venerated the image, and by all others for its antiquity, and as a good specimen of ancient sculpture.

It is a curious fact, that the priests have persuaded the inhabitants of Citta Vecchia to believe, that let the quantity of stone be as large as it may, which the numerous yearly visitors may carry with them from this place, yet that the grotto will never be enlarged—that the stone increases as fast as it may be removed. The dust of this place is thought to be very efficacious in all febrile complaints; and at various times crowds of people have been seen to congregate around the entrance, to ask permission to gather a little, as the last and surest remedy for a sick relative who may be lying ill in a distant casal. This request is never refused; and, frequently in a stormy night, a priest has entered with the applicant, thinking that should he refuse, and the ill man die before the morning, his death would be on his hands. Much indeed there is in faith, and it often happens that when the sick recover, it is considered a miracle; and when not, it is said to have been God's will it should prove otherwise. Therefore, let the result be as it may, it cannot be other than right—a most sure and pleasing way of reasoning to the ignorant and bigotted applicant. This small place is one of the most interesting spots on the island, from the fact of its having been used by the primitive Christians as a chapel in which to worship, and also from its having afforded to St. Paul a temporary shelter, when persecuted for preaching the cause of Christ. This cave is also noted for having been, about the year fifteen hundred, the residence of a celebrated Sicilian hermit, who, from his austere method of living, and oratorical powers, drew around him crowds of people from all parts of Malta, and even from the neighboring islands of Sicily and Gozo. It has also served, in times past, for the refuge of criminals, who, when they had committed murder, and fled for safety to this grotto, could never be removed for trial and punishment. It was only necessary to fast such a number of days, and oftentimes to ask forgiveness on their bended knees, at the statue, to be acquitted of any crime, in its nature however revolting, in its termination however diabolical. With shame be it told, and with disgrace be it recorded, that during the whole period of the administration of the knights, and indeed until very recently, this was the only place which would afford such villains protection against the laws which they had violated, and the murders they had committed. The reverend Howard, on his visit to the principal hall of the hospital (de St. Jean de Jerusalem) at Malta, in April, 1786, wrote as follows: "The number of patients was from five hundred and ten to five hundred and thirty-two. These were served by the most ragged, dirty and unfeeling persons, I ever saw. I once found eight or nine of them highly interested with a delirious dying patient. The governor told me that they had only twenty-two servants, and that many of them were debtors and felons, who had fled thither for refuge. Even a murderer cannot be taken if found in this hall. Every church in Malta, where the sacrament is administered, is a sanctuary for debtors and felons; in that of the Dominicans, and

also of the Augustines, there were one or two persons." What protection was there for a man's life, if an assassin had only to remain on the steps of a church to commit a fiend-like deed? What consolation was it to an aged father, when following the remains of his murdered son, to know that the murderer lived? Or what temptation could there be to pray in a church, the altar of which was stained by the blood from an assassin's hand? Very recently, during the time of Sir Thomas Maitland, a man who had committed murder in a distant casal, fled to the altar for protection; he was, however, by the command of the spirited governor, quickly removed, carried to prison, after a few days tried, found guilty, condemned, and executed. This is the last instance which has ever occurred, or which it is to be hoped ever will occur, where a criminal will be found so ignorant as to expect to find safety in a sacred place, when his deserts should be his death. On the same platform with the entrance of this grotto, and in a small recess in the wall, stands a wooden image of our Saviour, which from the circumstance of its having been brought from Rhodes by the knights, at the time of their removal, is worthy of a passing notice. One of the arms is wanting, the feet are mostly decayed, and the legs and body are, by time alone, of a spongy nature; in their appearance resembling a honeycomb. It is indeed a most precious relic of antiquity, and as such highly prized; often have large sums been offered for it, and as often been refused. Retracing our steps a few feet, we observed an iron railing, serving as a door-way, through which we passed, and entered into a small apartment, in which there was an altar, and on which stood, amidst vases of freshly plucked flowers, another and truly beautiful statue of St. Paul, the work of Gaffa, a Maltese sculptor, who flourished at Rome in the fifteenth century. This is also of white marble, and nearly as large as life; the face, arms and fingers are perfect, and decidedly, without exception, the finest specimen of sculpture on the island. With common care, this statue will remain for ages, as a lasting memento of the talent displayed by a native in the line of his profession, so honorable to himself and so creditable to his countrymen. The grand master, when this statue was received, gave orders that prayers should be returned in the church for so valuable a present; and on the anniversary of the decease of the sculptor, it was decreed that a mass should be observed as a requiem for his soul. It is not at all surprising, when it is known that Gaffa is the only Maltese who has ever distinguished himself in this art, that the citizens of his native village should have yearly subscribed a small sum, to have his name handed down to posterity, serving a double purpose, of testifying their respect for his memory, and also to induce others to cultivate their talent in a profession which is, of all in the old world, the most admired by the better class, and, if I may use the word, adored by the ignorant.

Previous to my taking leave of this place, I must not neglect to mention respecting the golden hand and arm of St. Paul, which was also on the altar—and which is but once during the year; and that it is on the anniversary of the day when the apostle converted the inhabitants of the island from being the worshippers of idols, to be the followers of Christ, that this valuable relic is exposed to the public gaze. My worthy friend

and companion, the Canonico Grech, on my expressing a wish, removed the hand from the altar, and with the assistance of a small wax candle, with which all visitors are furnished, I was enabled to see enclosed within, a bone, said to be the remains of the hand of the apostle; and also to observe, in the small glass case in which the same is placed, the insignia of the duke of Mantua, whose property and gift it was. Respecting the modern history of another hand, that of St. John, which was far more prized by the order, I would state an anecdote, which occurred at the time Bonaparte was passing through the island on his way to Egypt. It was customary also, at that period, on St. John's day, to expose this hand to the gaze and admiration of the people, on a finger of which was a valuable ring, with a large diamond in the centre, the gift of one of the order: by touching a spring this brilliant would open, and present a decapitated image of the apostle to the view of the beholder. It may be unnecessary to add, that the first consul was much pleased with the ingenuity which had been shown in the mechanism of the ring, and placing it on his own finger, pointedly remarked, that it could not be of any possible service to let it remain for ages to come, as it had for centuries past, to be concealed amidst the treasures of the church; but to him, who was on his way to conquer the Egyptians, and introduce christianity among the wandering tribes of Arabs in Africa, it might be of the utmost service, as he doubted not but that the influence of the apostle; or in other words, that the charm which the ring possessed, would preserve him from dangers to which otherwise he would have been necessarily exposed. The French officers were pleased with the reasoning, and admired the wit of their general, while the canons in attendance gave their consent only in their silence, deeming it most politic, as it certainly was most prudent, to yield the ring without murmuring, than, by complaining, to have it followed by the golden hand, and the precious bones therein contained.

It will to the reader doubtless appear a most curious circumstance, that one of the Ottoman emperors, who obtained possession of this relic at the conquest of Constantinople, and who, during his long reign, distinguished himself for his enmity to the christians, should have presented so valuable a token to the grand master of a band of soldiers, who styled themselves as the bulwark of christendom, and on whose admittance as one of the order, it was necessary an oath should be taken, testifying their eternal hostility to the followers of Mahommed, and signifying their readiness at any time to sacrifice their lives in defence of their religion. This mystery is, however, explained in the Turkish history of that period, into which I shall enter most fully. On the death of "Mahomet the Great," at Genisen, a city of Bythinia, Anno Domini fourteen hundred and eighty one, his two sons, Bajaret the elder, and Zirimus, made pretensions to the Ottoman throne, the former by right of birth, which the latter disputed, stating that although being the younger, he was born when his father was reigning over the Ottoman empire, a plea his brother could not make, and which was a sufficient reason, in his opinion, to authorise his making any attempt to claim his rightful succession; and stating also, that he was supported in his demands by many of the most powerful chiefs in the Turkish dominions. After vari-

ous intrigues and skirmishes, with as various success to each of the contending parties, the matter of dispute was terminated, by the result of which it was proved, after a hard fought battle, and with great slaughter on both sides, that the fortune of Bajaret, conducted by the policy of Achmetes, who was the best general in the Turkish army, and who was greatly beloved by the soldiers, had prevailed against Zirimus—he having been compelled to fly first to Iconium, and afterwards to Cairo, where he begged the protection of Caytheina, who was at that period the powerful sultan of Syria and Egypt. On coming before the emperor, Zirimus, or as he was more generally known, Zemes, made one of the most pathetic and powerful speeches narrated in the page of Ottoman history,—wherein, after describing his ill-fortune, and stating that his brother would rather have him his enemy than his friend—would rather drive him into exile than make him a partaker in his counsels—he desired the sultan to send ambassadors to Bajaret, to request him to grant his brother a small portion of his dominions to rule over, and which request, he said, if refused, to quote his own words, he “would go with fire, sword and slaughter, by secret and open force, by right and wrong, and hatred, will vex my hateful brother by all manner of mischief, by all manner of revenge. Neither will I make an end of confounding of all, until I either be received into a part of the empire, or else, together with my life, will leave those desperate and lost things for him alone to enjoy. For I deem it much better quickly to die, than, with disgrace and infamy, to protract a lingering, loathed life.”

By permission of the sultan, Zemes employed the period which must elapse for the conclusion of this embassy, in making a pilgrimage into Arabia, for the purpose of worshipping in the temple of Mahomet at Mecca, and visiting the place of his sepulture at Medina. It was all, however, to no purpose, as on his return to Cairo, he found that the answer which had been received from Constantinople, was any thing but agreeable to his wishes or favorable to his designs. The king of Caramania having been made acquainted with the result of this embassy, and conceiving it a favorable opportunity to attempt a recovery of a portion of his dominions, which had been seized upon by Mahomet the Great, made proposals to Zemes to join his forces, and to declare war against Bajaret. The terms were readily accepted, and their respective armies united. Bajaret having collected a force of two hundred thousand men, soon scattered his enemies, and compelled his brother to fly to the coast of Silicia, where he embarked in a Turkish galley, and sailed for Rhodes: arriving safely at that island, he was well received by D'Aubusson, who was at that time the grand master—was promised the protection of the order, and a favorable mention of his cause to the other great kings and princes of Christendom.

Zemes, at the moment of his departure from Silicia, shot an arrow on shore, to which the following note was attached, and which on its receipt by the emperor, caused to him much fear and uneasiness, when in after life ‘trouble bent him to the earth.’ “Thou knowest, most unkind and cruel brother, that I fly not unto the christians—the mortal enemies of the Ottoman family—for no hatred of my religion or nation; but enforced

thereunto by thy injurious declining, and the dangerous practices which thou incessantly attemptest against me, yea even in my extreme misery. But this assured hope I carry with me, that the time will come, when thou, the author of so great wrong, or thy children, shall receive the just guerdon of this thy present tyranny against thy brother.” The sultan, not wishing that his brother should remain on so friendly terms with such a distinguished band of warriors, sent ambassadors laden with presents, and among others with this identical band of the apostle, and a large sum of money, to request that Zemes might be delivered into their hands; this being refused, a treaty was formed, by which it was stipulated that the Turkish prince should remain in honorable captivity; that he should not be permitted to league with the powers of Europe, against his lawful sovereign; and for this consideration, on the first of August, a yearly sum of thirty thousand ducats “was to be paid into the treasury of the Rhodian knights.” Zemes, after a long captivity at Rhodes, was delivered into the hands of Innocentius, Bishop of Rome, A. D. 1488. For this political service, the grand master was made a cardinal, receiving all the honors and emoluments consonant with such a title. On the death of Innocentius, Alexander, his successor, fearing the power of Philip VIII, who had invaded Italy with a large army, leagued with Alphonsus of Naples, against whom the French king had declared war; and, sending ambassadors to Constantinople, asked the assistance of the sultan. Bajaret, by his minister, Dautius, intimated that on certain considerations he would grant all the relief in his power—sending at the same time a letter written in Greek, in which he desired Innocentius to poison his brother, saying that he was of a different religion from him, and adding, that Zemes might escape from his confinement and cause much trouble in his empire. “For the performance of this request, he promised faithfully to pay unto the bishop, two hundred thousand ducats, and never after, as long as he lived, to take up arms against the christians.”

Well may the christian blush, when he is informed that this Roman prelate, not only gave his consent to this base proposition, but did, with his own hands, poison this Turkish prince, with a white powder of a pleasant taste, which was by the bishop mixed with the sugar which Zemes was accustomed to mingle with “the water which he commonly drank!” This occurred in the year 1495, and on the seventh year of his confinement at Rome.

Many historians have condemned, and we think justly, the conduct of D'Aubusson for having received this Turkish fugitive, if he could not protect him. He should certainly have permitted him to have left, as unshackled by his Rhodian prison, as freely as he came to its gates—and not, for the hand of St. Paul, and a yearly stipend, have consented to act as a jailer to the sultan, which, as has been remarked, “is the foulest stain which lies upon the fame of the order.” For his delivery of Zemes, one writer observes, that the grand master lost all the renown he had won in that memorable siege, in which he proved the victor, and in which he so lavishly shed his blood, by the mercenary policy which induced him to violate the rights of hospitality, and consign the wanderer to a cruel duance. Some

historians, however, have attempted to excuse the conduct of D'Aubusson to his royal guest. "William de Jalignani avers that the grand master never guaranteed safe conduct to the fugitive, nor even passed his word that the order would stand between him and his brother's wrath." We cannot see the point of this author's argument. The knights were, by their position and their oaths, bound to protect all who might flee to them for protection—but more particularly one who had left the faith of his fathers; so deadly a sin in a Musselman's eye—"was a prince of a noble soul—deeply versed in oriental literature—master of several languages, and famous for his deeds in war."

If the knights, who were thought by the christian world to be always at war with the sultan, could only maintain their position, by acting as his jailors, and afterwards turning traitors to him, who, trusting to their reputation, had placed himself in their hands, it would have been far better for them to have sooner resigned their fortifications and maintained their honor. William de Cadrusin, another writer, argues that the grand master "had no alternative but to accede to this base proposition, or bring down the implacable vengeance of Bajazet on Rhodes." In our opinion, let the consequences have been what they might, a Musselman's friendship ought never to have been purchased by christians at the price of injustice, imprisonment, and poison. With regard to the two Roman bishops, Innocentius and Alexander, for their conduct nothing can be said in extenuation. The one purchased his prisoner, the other poisoned him—"his murderer having received from Bajazet three hundred thousand ducats as the price of his blood."

Having given this portion of Turkish history, intimately connected as it is with this sacred relic of Saint John, and also with the actions of those warlike priests—several of whom were, not many years after, driven from Rhodes, and established at Malta—it may not be uninteresting briefly to narrate the fate of those illustrious persons, who first or last were actors in this treacherous and cruel scene. The vengeance of heaven appeared in a singular manner to pursue all who had, by thought, word, or deed, injured the unfortunate Zemes. Indeed, had he lived, this Turkish prince could not have meted to his enemies a severer punishment than each in his turn received. Achmet, by whose bravery, military tact, and great popularity, the army of Zemes was routed, was, on the second attempt, strangled by the command of the sultan, who feared his power, and unjustly looked upon him rather as a rival than as a brave and faithful general, to whom in a great measure he was indebted for his seat on the Ottoman throne.

Bajazet, in 1512, and after a fortunate reign for the Turkish empire of nearly thirty years—(during which he had been at war with five kings of England, Edward IV and V, Richard III, and Henry VII and VIII; with three of France, Louis XI, Charles VIII, and Louis XII; with two of Scotland, James III and IV,) met that cruel fate at Adrianople, and at the instigation of his own son, which he himself had allotted to his brother Zemes. How, to the letter, was the prophecy verified? Hamon, his Jew physician, having committed this treacherous act, returned to Constantinople, to receive ten ducats a day, promised by Selymus. He

was, however, never afterwards seen; having, as was generally supposed, received, by his speedy execution, the just reward of his labors.

Of D'Aubusson it is said, "that horror and shame humbled his grey hairs to the dust, when he learned the tragical termination of his victim's (Zemes) life; and the circumstance of his being compelled to conceal his detestation of the murderous act, gave additional poignancy to his grief. At eighty years of age, Peter D'Aubusson died, and notwithstanding these shades on his otherwise illustrious character, the tears of his knights followed the saviour of Rhodes and the buckler of christendom to his grave."

During the same year in which D'Aubusson died, 1503, Pope Alexander VI was also deceased; "a monster who had too long harassed the world with his crimes; having perished by inadvertently quaffing the contents of a poisoned goblet, which he had drugged for the purpose of shortening the life of one of his friends."

Before closing with this notice of the hand of Saint John, we would state, for the information of future travellers, that we have heard that the true sacred bone of the apostle is now in the collection of the late emperor Paul of Russia, having been sent to him by Hompesch, the last grand master, at the expulsion of the knights from Malta. The one shown at the present day, and so much valued by the Maltese, is a fac simile, and may answer the purpose for which it is used, as well as the original.*

In my next I shall make further mention of Citta Vecchia, and of our clerical companion, the Canonico Grech. W.

* There is nothing which in the eye of a Protestant would make this relic sacred, save that it was with the christians when Stamboul was a christian city. The chequered scene through which it has passed, carries with it, in my opinion, the only idea of sanctity, with which its history is in any way connected. Seven cities have been named in ancient times as each being the birth-place of Homer, and five hands will now be shown in Europe in as many churches, and all are the true ones of the apostle, if a stranger would believe the priests who show them. It is, however, certain, that the emperor Paul, who was appointed grand master of the order, on the receipt of this relic, put so much faith in its history, as to erect over it a church at St. Petersburg which still goes by the name of St. John, from the circumstance of this hand being placed on its altar.

LINES

To the Memory of Mrs. Anne G. Davis, of Natchez, Mississippi.

There floats upon the still and starlit air
A wall of anguish, borne from breaking hearts
For the lost idol of their house: the lov'd,
The gentle one, who in past years of dear
And tender intercourse, had so entwined
Her soul with their's, that Hope could take no hue
Of brightness, which did not wreath its halo
Round that fair and shadeless brow.

And thou art gone! to that far land,
Where faded hopes, nor with'ring fears,
May throw their shadows o'er the band
Of seraphs from this vale of tears.

Why should we mourn thy early doom?
Thy spirit was for earth too bright;
And Hope can throw around thy tomb
An Angel's robe of dazzling light.

Oh love! a mockery thou art!
The mightiest passion cannot claim
The power to thrill the pulseless heart,
And bid it wake to life again.

Sweet spirit of the early dead,
Still linger 'round thy lonely hearth,
And shed upon one earth-bow'd head
That Hope which had in Heaven its birth.

THE MOURNER COMFORTED.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"My boy was beautiful; and he is dead!
Ask me no more; for I would be alone—
Alone, to weep."

Long flowed that mourner's tear;
And then, beside the Bible, she knelt down,
Laying her cheek upon its hallow'd page,
And said, "*God comfort me!*"

And as she clos'd
The fervent prayer, methought a still, small voice,
Bade the swoll'n surges of her soul, *be still*;
That He, who walk'd upon Tiberia's lake,
Ruling the midnight storm, might thither come,
And save from shipwreck.

Then, with pang subdued,
Memory went wandering to the lov'd one's grave,
Marking in every bud that blossom'd there—
In every joyous butterfly, that spread
Its radiant wing amid the flowers—a type
Of glorious resurrection. Every drop
Of dew, that sparkled on that turf-clad mound,
Was holy to her. Even the bitter grief
That made the parting hour so desolate,
Put on the robe of humble faith, and said
"Tis well, my Lord,—well with the little one
Who dwells with thee."

And then, methought, she heard
Sweet sound of heavenly harpings,—and behold,
Celestial gleamings of cherubic wings,
And 'mid the chant of ransom'd infancy
Unto its Saviour, caught the tuneful voice
Of her own cherished nursing.

So, her lip
Join'd in the praise. For how could she forbear
To thank her God for him, who ne'er should taste
Of trouble more.

Was it the tender tone
Of him, so often cradled on her breast,
That whisper'd, as she lay that night, in dreams?
"Oh mother, weep no more!—but with a heart
Of holy love, hold on yon shining path,
And come to me. For He, who took on earth,
Young children to his arms, will bid in Heaven
The mother find her babe. So, keep thine eye
Clear from the grief-cloud—for the time is short—
The way is plain. Dear mother, come to me."

BANCO: OR, THE TENANT OF THE SPRING:

A LEGEND OF THE WHITE SULPHUR.*

PART I.

Many Summers have passed away,
In merry mirth and roundelay,
And Springs and Autumns, closing on
The season's change, have come and gone.
And countless days, in rapid flight,
Have waned away their morning light,
In that fair vale they call the bless'd!
Where smiling Nature loves to rest.
Where all her witching beauties reign,
In glory o'er the bright domain;
And where she leads on every stream,
The ripples dance in playful beam.

Where gushing streams of silver lave
The bending trees, whose tresses wave
In rich and fragrant verdure bright,
Of spreading leaves; which shade the light
Of midday suns: while sparkling rills
Leap o'er the thousand varied hills;
Whose diadems of verdant green,
Like distant trophies of the scene,
O'erlook the shining plains beneath,—
Of golden fruits and blooming heath.

It was a land where all was bright—
It seemed as nothing there could fade:
So full of promise and delight,
By Angels or by magic made.
The woods and vales, and rocks among,—
With richest jewelries were hung,
Of crystal gems of ev'ry hue,
All moulded from the ev'ning dew.
The flowers were of fairest bloom,
And every breeze that wafted by,
Was freighted with a sweet perfume,
As fragrant as from Araby.

A limpid lake, whose silent stream
Was quiet as an infant's dream,
Flow'd by, unruffled in its bed,
To other vales; but where it led
None ever knew: for those who tried
To track its course—came back no more,
To tell their tale: they may have died,
Or landed on some distant shore.

Who dwells within this Paradise?
Where are the spirits of the land,
Who warm beneath its summer skies?
What Queen or Beauty has command?

No sound of music wakens there—
Save from the carols in the air,
Of singing birds on gayest wing;
And none can see an earthly thing.

* This beautiful little poem, sent to us by a friend, was written by a gentleman at the White Sulphur Springs, as the request of a lady, who wondered why so celebrated a region had never produced a romance. It was written in the course of two evenings, in answer to the challenge.—[Editor S. Lit. Mes.]

No voice of life—no living trace—
Is seen of all the mortal race,
If such they be, within this vale—
Of whom tradition has the tale.

For ages long, in faded time,
There liv'd within this sunny clime,
A fairer race, than ever earth,
'Tis said, since then has given birth.
In days whose ever-constant wing
Of pleasure, if they even changed;
But varied, new delights to bring,—
In joys they lightly, freely, ranged—
Without a care to mar with strife
One moment of their rosy life.

But, like the world, if nothing less,
Than bliss was ours; or pleasure true;
We'd murmur at our happiness,
And look around for something new.

The legend runs—it was their creed—
Some magic spell their souls confined,
And from the charm they would be freed,
If in the valley they could find
The stream of life!—whose crystal flow,
Was brighter than the silver's glow:
Whose pearly drops of liquid white,
To pleasure would give fresh delight:
Whose virtues, fairy ban would sever,—
And all who drank, would live forever.

PART II

It was a soft and gentle night—
The moon was streaming forth her light,
And so resplendent in her ray,
It seem'd as if it still were day.

The air was still—no sound was heard,
Save from the hum of houri bird,
Returning late on restless wing,
From some feathery gathering.
And now and then the whirling by—
Of insect bee or the fire-fly.

When, on a high and greenwood steep,
Which overhung a ravine deep—
(So dark and drear, that gloomy dell,
It had the name of "Witches' Well.")
A female form! serenely bright,
Was seen beneath the pale moonlight;
In gesture wild, and stranger mood,
And sighing in the solitude.

Whate'er she be, of earth or air—
Her features are divinely fair.
Her hair looks made of golden strings,
With here and there an azure one;
And head-dress form'd of blue-birds' wings,
She seems some Seraph of the sun!

She sleeps—she dreams—or seeming dreams:
What magic light about her streams?
It plays in circles 'round her brow,
And there, in fire, it settles now.

A voice, as from the "Witches' Well,"
In tones of not an earthly strain,
Then on her ear thus deeply fell;
And thrice it sounded o'er again:

"Light of the Sylphs! we've heard thy sigh,
"It came upon the rainbow high:
"We've tried it with the sacred dew,
"And find thy wish is pure and true.
"But all the sighs that ever fell—
"From Sylph! or Maid! or Eastern gale!
"If pure as e'en the green-fern bell,
"Would nothing now, thy wish avail.

"Thy kindred from the land have gone.
"In fruitless hope and endless toil,
"For anxious years they wandered on;
"And now are wasted from the soil.

"They all went forth to seek the stream—
"Whose vision often in thy dream,
"In all its fancy-colored light,
"Has broke upon thy raptur'd sight.
"Some went up, by the silent lake,
"And some went 'round the mountain's side,
"Through dreary wild, and forest brake;
"But none came back—they all have died!
"Many had gain'd the wish'd-for site;
"But, faint with terror and affright,
"All, one by one, they perished there—
"And left you here—sole Bride of Air!

"It was decreed—it was their doom—
"They would have faded soon or late:
"(The fruits and trees no more will bloom
"Within the vale for them :) for Fate
"Had number'd every happy day,
"That wing'd their moments here away.

"One measure of the fabled stream,
"Would soon have broke their happy dream,
"Of sweet existence; and the cares
"And strifes of mortals, had been their's;
"But none have quaff'd the stream, while each,
"Who sought it, went within its reach!

"If thou would'st seek and thou would'st know,
"Still more of all this tale of woe;
"And, knowing all, still sigh to gain—
"The fount! thy wish will not be vain.
"'Tis written—'In the cycle's wane
"The last of all the Sylphs shall gain
"The sacred wand, and break the spell—
"That binds the waters in the dell.'

"The monster Banco keeps the spring;
"He walks around the magic ring,
"Where there within the waters wait
"To break from-out their restless state.
"A savage wolf! his horrid yell,
"Wakes up the mountains of the dell.
"Bound by a spell, he cannot move,
"Nor from without the circle rove.
"Whilst thousands of thy better race,
"Have ceas'd to live within that space!
"Have been for him, his sole repeat—
"The fairest were devour'd the last.

"And Banco! sleeps but once a year:
 "His sleeping time is drawing near.
 "And now he's famishing for food,
 "For none have broke his solitude
 "For three whole days,—and he longs for more
 "Of his fav'rite Sylphs, and hungers sore.

"If thou wilt seek, now Sylph awake!
 "And haste, and speed thee up the lake.
 "A skiff, made of the light yew-tree!
 "Is waiting there, to carry thee,
 "With the speed of light, thro' elfin dells,
 "To the fabled fount, where Banco dwells."

The Sylph awakes—the voice is gone.

Was it a fairy, elf, or sprite,
 Or old witch, who hurried her on?

The Sylph awakes—but not in fright;
 For she was glad: and it pleased her so,
 That the time had come, when she could go,
 To that valley far! which she doubted not—
 Was, of all the world, the sweetest spot.

PART III.

The moon is shining lovely still—
 Her beams are playing on each rill:
 She's sleeping quiet on the lake,
 And peeping thro' each wood and brake.

On the lake a shadow is seen—
 Skimming on as the heron flies;
 And where a ruffle ne'er had been,
 The curling waves now fast arise.

The shadow is the yew-tree skiff,
 Bearing along the Sylph so fast—
 While every highland rock and cliff,
 Like lightning streaking by, is pass'd.

She passes by the dead-tree brake,
 Where waning forms, thrown o'er the lake,
 Appear, when shaken by the storm,
 Like skeletons of human form.
 She passes by the fern-sward heath—
 High up the lake; and there, beneath
 The maple trees, in silver sheen,
 The elfs are dancing on the green.

And as she speeds, for miles along,
 She faintly hears their notes of song:
 "Come, dance around the green yew tree,
 "And let the dance go merrily;
 "The Sylphs are wasting from the loe,—
 "And morning's dawn no Sylph will see!"

The bark has stopp'd—with lightsome leap,
 The Sylph is on the highest steep;
 And there, bewilder'd with amaze,
 She pauses for awhile to gaze.

And Banco sleeps!—he little dreams—
 How delicate a Sylph is near:
 He's dreaming fast of other streams,
 He'd rather watch, than famish here.

The Sylph has gain'd the inmost ring,
 And there beholds the glist'ning spring,
 "The stream of life," at joyous play—
 And oozing in its wonted way,
 Beneath the clear transparent vase,
 That holds it, at the mountain's base.

With eager joy, her willing hand,
 Has seized the white and mystic wand,
 And with a light and gentle stroke,
 The spell that bound the waters broke.

There comes no stream so soft and bright,
 Whose promise made the Sylphs delight.
 But breaking forth, with startling roar,
 And rushing down the mountain side,
 The waters now in torrents pour,
 To flood the valley far and wide.

Where's Banco? sleeping?—No! the sound
 Has freed his spell—and with one bound
 Of desp'rate strength, he's cleared the steep;
 While closing on—the waters sweep,
 In ocean streams, o'er lake and vale:
 When thro' the air is heard a wail—
 A howling wail—and fearful cry—
 While rolling thunders break the sky.

And Banco seeks the mountain's brow,
 (The monster wolf is swimming now,)
 He's failing fast—his strength is gone—
 And by the tide is carried on.

The wolf has reach'd the summit hill—
 He looks around: before his eyes—
 Upon the waters, gaining still—
 A thousand flitting spectres rise.
 And there his troubled vision sees
 A murdered Sylph! with torch on high,
 On every wave: which fast the breeze
 Is urging on, and bringing by.

The wolf is stricken with despair—
 He crouches like a monk at pray'r;
 And while the waters 'round him swell,
 He sends on high his horrid yell.

But, fiendish wolf! the waters roll
 In swelling surges o'er his head;
 And Banco! with his troubled soul—
 Now yells among the restless dead.

Long years have passed—a merry ring
 Is ever seen around that spring,
 Of mortals, length'ning out their dream
 Of life's enchantment, at the stream—
 (That stream of life, whose crystal flow,
 Is brighter than the silver's glow.)

From every clime—from far and near—
 They come to make their homage here.

Old Age, he comes—his gladden'd eye
 Anew with lustre sparkles high;
 And while he quaffs, his heart again
 Goes back to youth—forgot his pain.

And Beauty comes, with face so bright !
 She drinks, and smiles with new delight ;
 And cheeks that have grown brown with care,
 The pearly stream makes wond'rous fair.

And oft a tear is there let fall—
 For that fair Sylph ! who perill'd all :
 Who gave a life, made up of bliss—
 To freshen our's—with joys like this.

And then again—remember'd still—
 Where Banco sleeps is now "WOLF HILL."

And many a boy, by the mountain's side,
 There tells the tale how the old wolf died.

White Sulphur Springs, August 10, 1838.

THE COPY-BOOK.

NO. IV.

By C. C*****, of PETERSBURG, VA.

MY COUSIN BOB.

I took it into my head once, to pay a visit to my cousin Bob. I am afraid he drank too much, though I never saw him intoxicated. However that may be, his house wore a neglected air—broken windows—dusty looking-glasses—torn curtains. The cows had broken down the hedge—the garden fence was decayed—and the gate choked up with grass. Lean, gaunt, hungry hounds, were dozing in the sun.

Cousin Bob had never been farther from home than to Richmond, and seldom extended his thoughts far from home. As insects assume the color of the leaf they feed on, so he borrowed the complexion of his politics from his newspaper ; and reading only one side of the question, he became dogmatical in his opinions, and seemed to feel pity for a man who should be so ignorant as to differ from him. His library was neither large nor select, consisting of some odd volumes of Shakspeare, Addison, Goldsmith, Scott's novels and Miss Porter's, Riley's Narrative, Mason's Farrier, Buchan's Family Medicine, Scott's Lessons, and the Almanack, which last was the only one he ever opened, and he frequently mentioned that there was some very good reading in it. With this relative of mine I passed some days in the year eighteen hundred and blank. The incidents of my stay were few and simple, as will appear in the succeeding chapters.

WARWICK.

There are no antiquities in Virginia except some of the old maids ; but Warwick is an old fashioned structure, of perhaps the reign of William III, of happy memory. Rooms oak-pannelled—inside folding window-shutters—the house quite ruinous and deserted—martins build their nests in the walls—the dining room is occupied by an overseer and his family—the rest of the mansion, naked and untenanted—unhinged doors and broken windows—a sad picture of decay. The family portraits, the hereditary heirlooms, were gone—a few fine old English prints survived ; but time has

no doubt ere this consigned them also to the tomb of the Capulets. I observed an antiquarian looking-glass on the wall, surmounted by an eagle, whose head had been knocked off, no doubt by some old tory.

Around the house spreads a smooth lawn—a clump of patriarchal oaks fanning their leaves in the breeze. Under these, perhaps, the naked Indian has reposed his limbs, wearied with the chase ; and the children that played under their shade, have grown up and been scattered, and many, perhaps, descended to the dust, while these old trees still lift their heads to the winds and defy the storm.

In front of the house a river meandered lazily through broad, flat meadows of tall grass, in which cattle were wading for pasture. The roses of evening were fading in the western sky, when, mounting my horse, I bade adieu to Warwick, whose present state seemed an emblem of life—the quiet and pomp of wealth had yielded "to dumb oblivion and decay." The coachman, the footman, the butler had disappeared, and the hunter's horn had ceased to rouse the early dawn. These scenes are forgotten, or recollected only by some superannuated slave, or some small antiquary like myself.

OLD DUNMORE.

After we had finished our tea, cousin Bob moved an adjournment to the porch, where, he observed, we should enjoy the twofold advantage of moonlight and mosquitoes. My kinsman, leaning back in his chair, threw his legs over the railing, and having thus brought his head and his heels nearly to a level, he called for his pipe. In the course of the evening, our conversation happened to take a genealogical turn, and I learned several new particulars of my forefathers.

Cousin Bob, finding me quite interested in these reminiscences, sent for old Dunmore. He shortly made his appearance—a tall, erect mulatto of about seventy, or according to his chronology, for slaves always exaggerate their age, eighty large odd. He lodged, as it appeared, in a cabin in the orchard, by himself, with no companion but a cat, to which he had taken a sort of Robinson Crusoe fancy. As the priestess of Delphi would never utter her oracles until an offering of gold was made to Apollo, so an old negro will never spin long yarns about old times without a dram : a dram in all such cases is a *sine qua non*. Cousin Bob gave the old fellow a glass of whiskey, adding, "Now he will tell you lies enough to shingle a barn." Dunmore being thus put upon his *voir dire*, underwent a cross-examination on his genealogical reminiscences, which being ended, his master dismissed him with another dram of whiskey and the parting compliment of "It's all a pack of lies." When he had shut the gate after him, my kinsman remarked, that there was some truth in the old man's story. After all, the ancestral developments of Dunmore and his master did not prove to be of any great consequence, as will more clearly appear in the next chapter.

GENEALOGY.

The first stock of our family we take to be Adam and Eve. Not caring, however, to push matters so far back, we are content to begin with a worthy gentleman who came over, about the year 1700, from England. He located several thousand acres of land on the river before mentioned ; and by the culture of tobacco and

indigo, he came to be the master of a large fortune and a great number of slaves. He built Warwick-house, and several others on the river and ; his tombstone and that of his wife I found half covered with sand in the garden. About the time of the siege of York, Lafayette encamped at Warwick with a division of the American army. Lafayette, with his staff and suite, had his head-quarters at the great-house. Dunmore had the honor to brush the general's boots—gold and silver being very plenty, he got a guinea for his share. Lafayette had with him two servants, a negro and a Frenchman. The head of Warwick-house at that time, the great grandfather of cousin Bob and me, was a good whig, but his wife, who happened to be the daughter of a former governor of the colony, unfurled a tory banner. The merits of the revolution was frequent matter of debate at table and by the fireside, the family upon such occasions forming a sort of domestic committee of the whole house upon the state of the colonies. My great grandmother, dear old lady, was remarkably eloquent upon these occasions, (the opposition always is,) and seldom failed to have the last word ; but, in spite of her efforts, she was pretty generally thrown into a minority. In one of these political conclaves it was moved and carried, my great grandmother contradicente, to discontinue the use of tea. The old lady entered a formal protest against the whole proceeding, declaring that she would drink her cup of tea in spite of general Washington, congress, and the continental army to boot. She kept her word, drank her dish of tea in her closet, and, after the war, declared that nothing could add such a flavor to the herb as to think it was treason to drink it.

HAREWOOD.

By this name I shall distinguish one of the old plantations on the James River. The river is three miles wide there, and from the opposite side the front of Harewood appears to be white—the effect of the white pillars of the porticoes—but on a nearer approach, it proves to be a heavy square edifice of brick, with a sharp roof, and rows of dormant windows, as old, perhaps, as the time of Charles the Second. Well built store-houses and offices of brick shew that this was a plantation of consequence in the old colonial times. In the hall may be seen the family coat of arms, and several portraits, one of them of the founder of the house, a youth in robe and sandals. In the dining room also are a number of portraits, some of them, perhaps, from the pencil of Sir Godfrey Kneller ; and over the mantel is carved the family escutcheon, under which hangs a design from Hogarth. In the drawing room is a full length portrait of General Washington, standing by a brass cannon, thoughtful ; a servant holding his horse—in the back ground is Princeton College, and a party of British prisoners of war. A print of Bunker Hill battle, and the fall of Montgomery at Quebec ; and a series of illustrations of Homer,

“Videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas
Atridas, Priamum—que et ævum ambobus Achillem.”

Portraits, prints, chessmen, books, battledores and an antiquated harpsichord, complete the catalogue.

My favorite part of the house was the blue room, up stairs, to which belonged two closets full of books—a

miscellaneous mass accumulated during several generations—containing a little of every thing, from Plato to Peter Porcupine.

From the windows of this room the James lay in full view ; sometimes smooth and clear—purple clouds reflected in its glassy bosom—or swollen and turbid, bearing on its foamy tide hay-stacks, timber trees, heaps of cornstalks and floating brushwood ; and again a stormy day would toss the white caps, and curl the green and ridgy waves. Ships lie at anchor, taking in tobacco and cotton ; and the cry of the sailors at work, is heard across the water ; and occasionally a steamer passes by, the parted waters heaving a rippling surge to the shore.

In spring, the fruit trees shower their blossoms, the flowers bloom, and the bee, humming, “quaffs his nectar from the cups of gold.” The mocking-bird, perched on the top of a cherry tree, repeats his mimic recitativo, while the oriel, like a bolt of fire, darts warbling through the foliage, and the butterfly revels in the sunshine, or reposes amid beds of flowers. A broad wheat-field waves, its bearded stalks bending to the breeze ; and a corn-field hangs its silver tassels in the sun, and luxuriant clover spreads its rich carpet. Here and there a beech tree or an oak has been spared for its beauty or its shade. The negroes are at work in the field ; the overseer seated hard by on the fence, whittling a stick.

Occasionally the uniformity of a country life is varied by a dinner party—a dinner, a ham-drum affair, a nuisance, a bore. After the first glass of wine gone round, the ladies retire, cigars are now introduced, the decanter circulates, conversation proceeds in an easy, slipshod mood—politics, horses, crops. The ladies in the meanwhile in the drawing room ; some play at battledore, or strum on the old harpsichord, or look over a book of prints—and others discourse of weather, health, children, fashions, sermons, flowers, new novels, &c.

The sun is now descending the western sky—coaches are wheeled up to the door ; silks rustle ; adieux are exchanged ; and Harewood is left to its accustomed solitude.

AN ESSAY.

Pythagoras, it is said, imposed absolute silence on his disciples for a number of years. We may presume to doubt whether this philosopher ever carried his scheme into effect. However that may be, the singular system of Pythagoras was undoubtedly based on a great truth. Suppose a man of liberal education should suddenly find himself immured in a naked, unfurnished room, without books, or society, or any single external resource left him. Imagine that he could endure a life of this desolate sort for a considerable length of time, supplied with food by an unseen hand, and that he should have the fortitude to retain a firm and constant mind in this lonely apartment ? Perhaps the case just hypothetically presented, has in all substantial points occurred, (and not unfrequently too,) in real life ; as when Raleigh was the second time, (after his unsuccessful expedition to Guiana,) closely confined in the tower of London ; or Galileo, when imprisoned in Italy, or Cervantes in Spain. As far as the gloom of confinement would permit, an energetic mind would not wait

long before it would begin to inquire what stock of resources it still had left within itself; deprived now of all extraneous helps, it must hang "suis ponderibus librata," on its own centre, poised. Objects of sensation being now narrowed down to a small number, the mind is almost wholly occupied by reflection,

"Et sola in sicca secum spatiat arida."

The first subject which would engage his thoughts, would, no doubt, be his confinement, its causes, the persons who had brought it about, its probable duration, and the like. When this matter was settled in his mind, so that no farther action of the mind could possibly result in deductions more satisfactory than those already attained, he would naturally turn the current of his reflections into some other channel. He would recollect the various events of his life, from his childhood to the present hour. The scenes of past life would probably come into his mind, disconnectedly, at different times, and without reference to chronological order. Incidents would turn up in the mind, when least looked for, and most remote from the thoughts immediately preceding, by an involuntary process of memory. He will recall the books he has read; familiar passages will recur—he will remember precisely the page or the part of the page where they are found. He will no doubt muster up such pieces of prose or verse as he may know by heart; and reciting them aloud, contrive to vary, by the sound of his own voice, the gloomy silence of his prison. In his mind's eye he would revisit the countries in which he has travelled, the habitations in which he has lived, the school house, the village church, the play ground, the scene of his youthful loves, all associated with his earliest thoughts and tenderest feelings. As the fancy of Milton seems to have soared to a more heavenly pitch, after the world was shut out by loss of sight; so, perhaps, the conception of the person we have supposed will assume a new vigor in his confinement, and images will stand out from the canvass, in a bold and palpable basso relievo, hitherto unknown. After a time, such an one will have surveyed the whole circumference of his mind, and sounded all its depths; and he will then discover with surprise, perhaps, how small a stock of knowledge is really his own, appropriated, inherent, and absolute. He now retains no definite, available idea of subjects, which before he had always supposed to be completely within his grasp. He has now no friend or book to refer to, and what he cannot find in his mind, he is conscious he is ignorant of. He can now form a just estimate of his own intellectual calibre, and strike a balance between his supposititious knowledge and the genuine; the chaff being blown away, he can now securely measure the grain that remains. The mists which at once obscure and magnify, being dispelled from the mind, it would appear in its true light; the circle of mental action would be contracted to its just extent—but what might seem lost in bulk, would be found to be more than made up in density. An humble estimate of our powers is not only consistent with, but, perhaps, indicative of mental faculties of a superior order. Sir Isaac Newton said that he was "only a child on the margin of an ocean, gathering here a pebble and there a shell."

TO A BACHELOR OF ARTS, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

BY A BROTHER A. B.

I did not think, when last we met,
My well remembered cromy,
Thy heart so soon would pay its debt
To love and matrimony.
But truth was ever prone to vie,
With fiction's strangest hue;
And Byron's words are proved no lie,
John S——n, by you.

How could you, John, how could you tear
Those laurels from thy head,
The which have cost as much to wear,
As Jacob paid—to wed.
'Tis not a thing to be despised—
A Bachelor's degree;
And though by you 'tis lightly prized,
I'll keep it long by me.

Mayhap, howe'er, I put the case
Unfairly—let us see:
Wishing, perhaps, to prove your grace
Entitled to A. B.,
You built the syllogism on
Your skill in sieging hearts;
Thinking success would doubly crown
You—Bachelor of Arts.

Alas! we read in Holy Writ,
When Samson tried to show
His strength diminished not a bit,
He died to let us know:
And thus, to prove how seemly peered
Your brow the laurel under,
You left its freshness waste and seared,
And tore the wreath asunder.

Go! like a leper—crowned with shame!
No more presume to fix
The honor to thy recreant name,
Of eighteen thirty-six;
And should again thy comrades tread
Our old familiar hall,
We'll drink to thee, as to the dead,
And blush to own thy fall.

What tho' with minstrelsy imbued,
She sings, as if the tree
Of Cashmere's vale had been her food,
Whose juice is melody?
A different warble waits thine ear—
No zephyr's gentle sigh—
Which will, as year succeeds to year,
"Increase and multiply."

Oh! worst of evils 'neath the sun!
Styled, truly, dear delights;
Who tax, for all they give of fun
By day, our sleep o' nights.
What shape of ill—what mortal strife—
So direful as their squall?
A smoky house—a scolding wife—
Or both—'tis worse than all!

Thrice happy, happy is the wight,
 Who such a doom escapes :
 Yet even now, methinks, you cite
 The fox and sour grape.
 We often slight what enters not
 The circle of our gains,
 And deem unworthy to be sought
 The bliss beyond our pains.

Well—if, indeed, from Hymen's fane,
 We pluck so rich a boon,—
 A nameless rapture, that will wane
 Not with the honey-moon—
 Then be it thine ; but ever mind,
 Thy state extremes are given ;
 'Tis wo complete, or joy refined—
 A taste of Hell—or Heaven.

And she, whose love's unvaried flow
 Is constant as a river ;
 Thy moon in weal—thy sun in wo—
 Thine, only and forever—
 Oh ! cherish, love, and honor her !
 Yet why this charge to thee ?
 As Isaac and Rebecca were,
 My prayer is—ye may be.

And sure I am, that with a heart,
 Faithful, like thine, and true,
 God's blessing, until death do part,
 Will rest upon you two :
 And if the first of woes to fall
 On thee, should be a son,
 I charge thee, by my ditty call
 Him—

WILBUR HUNTINGTON.

Camden, S. C.

THE WIDOWER'S SOLILOQUY.

She's gone ! and I am left alone !
 How sad the moments fly.
 I've heard the doleful turtle moan ;
 And, as she mourns—so I.

Unhappy bird ! I sympathize
 Most deeply in thy wo ;
 And while I listen to thy cries,
 My inward sorrows flow.

Thy mate perchance you'll see again ;
 E'en in thy worst distress :
 But, ah ! that hope to me is vain—
 With angels now she rests.

I've seen the childless mother weep,
 With bitterness untold,
 To see her husband's image sleep
 In death, so pale and cold.

Her pangs I easily could bear,
 And ten-fold more if need—
 If my Eliza still were here,
 To see my bosom bleed.

And what is human bliss, my heart ?
 A rainbow—beauteous, fair :
 A shadow which will soon depart ;
 Its dwelling place nowhere.

S.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

'Twas the beautiful thought of a sage of old,
 That o'er each springing flower and plant
 A guardian angel reign'd and watch'd,
 Forever vigilant.

For now I may look on the simplest flower
 That opens its eye in sun or in shade,
 And think that its angel hovers around,
 Until that flower shall fade.

I have been watching, as night came on,
 The yellow cups of the evening rose,
 Which gently bloom when all other things
 Have gone to their repose ;

As if with the stars, and the evening breeze,
 Its angel had come to that sleeping flower,
 And warn'd it, by an unseen touch,
 Of the dewy twilight hour.

And as if it had started from its sleep,
 And felt its silent energies,
 As, one by one, unfolding fast,
 Each petal greets our eyes ;

And, as if entranc'd in silent prayer,
 It look'd up to the stars all night,
 While fall their rays into a heart
 That asks no fuller light.

The evening dews upon it rest ;
 The night wind whispers in its ear ;
 And it sends its delicate fragrance out,
 For all who wander near.

Sweet flower ! to the holy star-light dear ;
 A lovely type to me thou art,
 Of many a grace and virtue hid
 In the depths of the good man's heart.

Faith—that trustingly comes forth,
 And blooms amid the darkest hour,
 And yields most fragrance when unseen—
 Is like thee, fearless flower !

Hope—that through the long sultry day,
 For the eve of life waits patiently,
 And brightens as the night comes down,
 Sweet flower—is likest thee !

And Love—what a type thou art of Love ;
 Giving to all thy odor and hue :
 And Resignation—looking up
 From a tear-like drop of dew ;

And rapt Devotion—kindling as
 The stars come out in the smiling heaven,
 And feeling an answer to its prayer,
 In the falling dew of even ;

And Meekness—purity of soul—
Content—and sweet Humility—
And virtues, many more than these,
May find themselves in thee.

Oh! if an angel attends thy form,
And writes such lessons of truth on thee,
Will not some pitying spirit come
And minister to me?

And make me speak, through all my life,
A true, consistent lesson too;
That I may teach my fellow men
Their Father's will to do?

For life, though like a flower at best,
Can yet, like flowers, instruction give:
O! may some angel, sent from Heaven,
Teach me like them to live!

C. F. C.

REMARKS,

On the Essay entitled "*Washington and the Patriot Army*,"
published in the August No. of the S. L. Messenger.

The author of the above article holds this language—"I deny that that army were ready to clothe any man with the imperial purple: I repudiate the idea that such was for a moment their intention."

To this bold assertion, the biographer of Chase replies thus, and relies on Sparks' Washington, vol. I, p. 381 to 383, where it is thus written:

"The discontents of the officers and soldiers, respecting the arrearages of their pay, had for some time increased; and, there being now a prospect, that the army would ultimately be disbanded, without an adequate provision by Congress for meeting the claims of the troops, these discontents manifested themselves in audible murmurs and complaints, which foreboded serious consequences. But a spirit still more to be dreaded, was secretly at work. In reflecting on the limited powers of Congress, and on the backwardness of the states to comply with the most essential requisitions, even in support of their own interests, many of the officers were led to look for the cause in the form of government, and to distrust the stability of republican institutions. So far were they carried by their fears and speculations, that they meditated the establishment of a new and more energetic system. A colonel in the army, of a highly respectable character, and somewhat advanced in life, was made the organ for communicating their sentiments to the commander-in-chief. In a letter elaborately and skilfully written, after describing the gloomy state of affairs, the financial difficulties, and the innumerable embarrassments in which the country had been involved during the war, on account of its defective political organization, the writer adds—'This must have shown to

all, and to military men in particular, the weakness of republics, and the exertions the army have been able to make by being under a proper head. Therefore I little doubt, that, when the benefits of a mixed government are pointed out, and duly considered, such will be readily adopted. In this case it will, I believe, be uncontroverted, that the same abilities, which have led us through difficulties, apparently insurmountable by human power, to victory and glory—those qualities, that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of an army—would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother paths of peace. Some people have so connected the ideas of tyranny and monarchy, as to find it very difficult to separate them. It may therefore be requisite to give the head of such a constitution as I propose, some title apparently more moderate; but, if all other things were once adjusted, I believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of KING, which I conceive would be attended with some material advantages.'

"To this communication, as unexpected as it was extraordinary in its contents, Washington replied as follows:

"Newburg, May 22, 1782.

"SIR: With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, that no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations, than your information, of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs, that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and as far as my powers and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself, or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.

"I am, sir, &c.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Such was the language of Washington, when, at the head of his army, and at the height of his

power and popularity, it was proposed to him to become a king. After this indignant reply and stern rebuke, it is not probable that any further advances were made to him on the subject."

Does the writer now repudiate the idea that such for a moment was their intention? Will he believe the father of his country, when he produces the very original document itself containing the proposition? With this historical fact before his eyes, it is clear that the essayist does not belong to "The Old Maryland Line," but rather to the militia; rashly plunging in the most heedless manner, into a contest, from which no valor can extricate him. I leave him to settle this part of the case as he may, after perusing the above extracts.

Second. "Look (says he) at the great charter of our liberties—He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to the civil power,' therefore it is not correct, (as maintained by the author of the sketch of Judge Chase,) that such an offer was ever made to Washington." *A non sequitur, sir.* That very Congress who proclaimed the above sentiment, on the 4th July, '76, before an admiring and awe-stricken world, did, in the latter part of December, of the same year, invest Washington with absolute and dictatorial powers. Sparks, 1st vol., p. 223 to 225, after enumerating the unprecedented powers with which he was now clothed by a formal resolve of Congress, says, "These powers constituted him in all respects a military dictator. They were to continue six months, and in his exercise of them, he fully justified the confidence of Congress, as expressed in the preamble to the resolve, in which it is said they were granted, in consequence of a perfect reliance on his wisdom, vigor and uprightness." Here then, the military was made independent of, and superior to the civil power, for a limited time, by the solemn and deliberate act of that august body of patriots, who had, five months before, sworn on the altar of their country, to make war on the king of England, because among other violations of law he had elevated the military above the civil power! Yet no one ever doubted the patriotism of that Congress; nor is the virtue of our army to be doubted, because of the offer to make their chief a King. History tells us that the fact exists; and that Washington did really exercise the powers of dictatorship so granted, notwithstanding the previous declaration of independence, on which the essayist relies. His position is thus shown to be untenable.

Third. It is said that the halo of glory which surrounded the head of Washington, is not increased in splendor or extent, by his refusal of the offer of imperial power, at Newburg. Why not? "Because the measure of his fame was already full." I answer, if any act was yet wanting, to finish the illustrious character of that unequalled

man, it was this very refusal. Why did he reject the proposition with unmitigated scorn? He looked not back on his well spent life, which was "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing;" nor did he repose, for a moment, on the unbidden admiration of a world, astonished by the splendor of his deeds; on the eulogiums of orators and statesmen, or the high toned and chivalric feeling of his troops, who, in the twinkling of an eye, would have drawn ten thousand swords to avenge even a look that threatened him with insult. All these were of no avail with him, when he wrote the letter of May 22, 1782. Love of country alone animated his heart on this as on all other occasions: glory had no concern with it. He was never before placed in so awful a situation, yet did he poise himself on his own lofty integrity, and declared to the army, that he was "at a loss to conceive what part of his conduct could have prompted the address." It seems then, from his own testimony, that his character had been misunderstood by his soldiers. It was, therefore, necessary to undeceive them in this particular—to develop the truth, that he could not be reached by such an offer, and therefore his fame was increased by the rejection. The measure of his glory was not full prior to this event; or why did the chief preserve the correspondence at all, if it were a matter of so little moment as the Annapolis reviewer supposes? Cincinnatus had acquired boundless fame, before the purple was offered to him at his plough, yet who will say that such an act does not constitute the highest gem in the crown of his glory? Why should not Washington receive equal praise as the amiable Roman, for a similar deed? Had Napoleon been at Newburg, would he have replied to the army, as did the American chief, conceding that he had acted on the same theatre with Washington? No, no! Look at his brilliant career, from the bridge of Lodi to the plains of Waterloo, and no one act of his life, can induce us to believe, that he would have rebuked the soldiery in the terms of the letter before quoted. Why? Because ambition alone ruled all his plans and actions. Did it not then elevate Washington to the loftiest pinnacle of fame, when he thus demonstrated that ambition formed no part of his character? True it is, that during his presidency there were not wanting political foes, who endeavored to detract from his character, by charging him with aristocratic and monarchical views. How proudly could he have pointed to the letter of May 22, 1782, in vindication of his honor! To me, it is evident, that this very document would, *per se*, have put to flight the foul accusation, and so was necessary to the preservation of his glory, while it evinced its exaltation.

Lastly. The authority of Lafayette is invoked to sustain the essayist. No man admires that dism-

terested and patriotic soldier more than the biographer of Judge Chase. He loved him from the cradle to this hour. It is said, that he denied the fact in an address, which he delivered on the spot, when paying his last visit to America; and, therefore, the reviewer says it is certainly incorrect, and of course becomes an undesigned imputation on the patriotism of his fellow-soldiers. Be that as it may, the testimony of Washington cannot be set aside; the very letter of the highly respectable colonel, acting on behalf of his constituents, is before our eyes—it contains the distinct proposition, which is rejected by the father of his country in most decisive terms. The case is closed. These documents—canonized by the lapse of more than fifty-six years—sent down to posterity, by him whom the nations of the earth universally call great, as abiding proof of his lofty and incorruptible integrity and patriotism—cannot be nullified by the unsupported assertion even of the excellent and noble Lafayette. *He was mistaken: no more.*

THE BIOGRAPHER OF JUDGE CHASE.

Frederick, August, 1838.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY C. M. F. DEEMS.

It was the holy hour of evening:
The sun had set behind the western hills,
Yet daylight, ling'ring, kissed their lofty tops,
And bathed their summits with its mellowed light.
The earth sent up to Heaven its vesper hymn,
Upon the pinions of the evening breeze:
The little streamlet gently rippled on,
As tho' it would not break the harmony,
Whose modulations hung around its course.
It cannot be that such sweet melody
Would make a discord in the other world,
Where angels tune their golden harps to praise.
The softness of its notes would mingle with
The hallowed sounds that float amid the groves
Of Paradise, but as a younger sister.

It was at such a holy hour as this,
That a fond mother bent her o'er the couch
Which held the body of her dying child.
If on this earth there be a love so holy,
That 't would not stain a sainted soul in Heaven,
It is the deep devotion of the heart
Of a fond mother for her first-born child.

There lay the infant in the arms of death.
It did not seem as though the mortal change
That tears the fair inhabitant of this
Poor, wasting clay, from its frail tenement,
And leaves it desolate, had come upon it.
It seemed as though a mild and gentle sleep
Had thrown its thin veil o'er its infant form,
And the light images of some sweet dream
Were sporting in their fairy revelry.
The veins that coursed their purple streams across
Its little temple, seemed the shadow of
A gossamer's web upon the lily's leaf;

And its thin eye-lids fell so gently o'er
Those deep blue orbs of vision, one would have said
That the sweet babe was listening to the notes
Of sweetest modulation, falling from
The lyres of cherub bands, that waited there,
To waft its pure, unspotted soul to Heaven.
Its tender arms were twined around its mother's,
As if there were one tie the spirit felt
Too strong to sever in a moment's space:
But as the light of life grew dimmer still,
Its little arms relaxed their hold, and fell
Upon its breast.

The mother lowly bowed,
To catch the last breath of her dying child.
It oped its glazed eye to gaze again
Upon the visage whose sweet smiles had been
The sunshine of its life. There came again
A heavy sigh, and the dear babe *was dead!*

The mother gazed upon her lifeless child:
Her fondest hopes had just begun to bud;
But the cold breath of icy Death had swept
In desolation o'er them. The lone tear
That trickled down her cheek, and the deep sigh
That seemed to rend her heart, most eloquently told
Of grief we name, but never can describe.

October, 1838.

NOTES ON THE WESTERN STATES;

Containing Descriptive Sketches of their Soil, Climate, Resources and Scenery. By James Hall, author of "Border Tales," &c. Philadelphia: 1838.

By far the greater part of the region of country, of which this work is descriptive, once belonged to Virginia. This single fact, would of itself impart an interest to this volume, among the inhabitants of the "Old Dominion." But there are other considerations of deeper import, which give an importance to all that relates to the west. It is there, that in little more than half a century, an empire has sprung, not only into existence, but a vigorous manhood. The west can hardly be said to have had a youth. Within a period, less than is usually required to take the first steps in planting a colony, an extended region has been peopled with millions of inhabitants, free, enterprising and independent. An immense *avalanche* of human beings, gathered from the Atlantic states and from Europe, has been gravitated upon the valley of the lakes, the Ohio and the Mississippi, carrying with them the intelligence, the arts and the social comforts of communities, highly elevated in the scale of civilization. If the agriculture, commerce and manufactures—the systems of education, moral and intellectual—the roads, canals, and numerical strength of this region, be viewed in connection with the period that has elapsed since the smoke of the lone wigwam proclaimed that its soil was pressed by none but a savage foot, the mind is lost in amazement. In vain may the history of nations be searched for a parallel case: the record of the world contains nothing that may be compared to it. More than this need not be said, to invest every attempt to depict the great and growing west, with a deep and abiding interest.

The work before us, is embraced in one volume of 300 pages. It makes no claim to present a scientific exposition of the geography, history, or physical condition of the country which it describes. Its chapters constitute a series of familiar sketches of the soil, climate, resources, scenery and business of the west, drawn principally from personal observation—the author having, we are informed, resided in different parts of the west, for near a quarter of a century. These sketches, written with that spirit and gracefulness of manner, which are characteristic of the author's pen, abound with just that kind of information which is acceptable to the general reader, and especially important to those—the number, we are compelled to say, is far from being a small one—who, taking leave of other lands, are pushing their barks into the great tide of western emigration, and seeking, in the fair and fertile plains of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, a new and more inviting field of active enterprise. We shall endeavor to sustain our opinion of the value of the work, by such short extracts as may properly be crowded into an article for a monthly magazine. In speaking of the soil and mineral resources of this region, the author says:

"Nekher is there any supernatural fertility in our soil, which yields its rich returns only under the operation of careful and laborious tillage. It is the great breadth and continuity of our fertile surface, which gives to the west its superior advantages. It is the accumulation within one wide and connected plain, of the most vast resources of agricultural and commercial wealth; and the facilities afforded by our country, for concentrating and using an unlimited amount of wealth, and bringing into combined action the energies of millions of industrious human beings, on which are based the broad foundations of our greatness. With the breadth of an empire, we have all the facilities of intercourse and trade, which could be enjoyed with more limited boundaries. Our natural wealth is not weakened by extension, nor our vigor impaired by division. The riches of soil, timber and minerals, are so diffused as to be everywhere abundant; and the communication between distant points is so easy, as to render the whole available. The products of the industry of millions, may be here interchanged with unparalleled ease and rapidity; and when our broad lands shall be settled, there will be a community of interest, and an intimacy of intercourse, between myriads of men, such as were never before brought under the operation of a common system of social and civil ties."

A passage, descriptive of the upper portions of the Ohio river, will give the reader an idea of the graphic manner in which our author portrays natural scenery.

"The river Ohio, for some distance below Pittsburg, is rapid, and the navigation interrupted in low water by chains of rocks, extending across the bed of the river. The scenery is eminently beautiful, though deficient in grandeur, and exhibiting great sameness. The hills, two or three hundred feet in height, approach the river and confine it closely on either side. Their tops have usually a rounded and graceful form, and are covered with the verdure of an almost unbroken forest. Sometimes the forest trees are so thinly scattered as to afford glimpses of the soil, with here and there a mass, or a perpendicular precipice of grey sandstone, or compact limestone, the prevailing rocks of this region. The hills are usually covered on all sides with a soil, which, though not deep, is rich. Approaching towards Cincinnati, the scenery becomes more monotonous. The hills recede from the river, and are less elevated. The bottom lands begin to spread out from the margin of the water. Heavy forests cover the banks and limit the prospect: but the woodland is arrayed in a splendor of beauty, which renders it the chief object of attraction. Nothing can be more beautiful than the first appearance of the vegetation in the spring, when the woods are seen rapidly discarding the dark and dusky habil-

ments of winter, and assuming their vernal robes. The gum tree is clad in the richest green; the dogwood and red-bud are laden with flowers of the purest white and deepest scarlet; the buckeye bends under the weight of its exuberant blossoms. The oak, the elm, the walnut, the sycamore, the beech, the hickory, and the maple, which here tower to a great height, have yielded to the sunbeams, and display their burning buds and expanding flowers. The tulip tree waves its long branches and its yellow flowers high in the air. The wild rose, the sweet-briar, and the vine, are shooting into verdure; and, clinging to their sturdy neighbors, modestly prefer their claims to admiration, while they afford delightful promise of fruit and fragrance."

In depicting the surface of the country, we find the following general remarks:

"The traveller who visits our valley for the first time, advancing from the east to the Ohio river, and thence proceeding westward, is struck with the magnificence of the vegetation, which clothes the whole surface. The vast and gloomy grandeur of the forest; the gigantic size and venerable antiquity of the trees; the rankness of the weeds; the luxuriance and variety of the underbrush; the long vines that climb to the tops of the tallest branches; the parasites that hang in clusters from the boughs; the brilliancy of the foliage, and the exuberance of the fruit, all show a land teeming with vegetable life. The forest is seen in its majesty; the pomp and pride of the wilderness is here. Here is nature unspoiled, and silence undisturbed. A few years ago, this impression was more striking than at present; for now farms, villages, and even a few large towns are scattered over this region, diversifying its landscape, and breaking in upon the characteristic wildness of its scenery. Still there are wide tracts remaining in a state of nature, and displaying all the savage luxuriance which first attracted the pioneer; and upon a general survey, its features present, at this day, to one accustomed only to thickly populated countries, the same freshness of beauty, and the same immensity, though rudeness of outline, which we have always been accustomed to associate with the idea of a western landscape. I know of nothing more splendid than a forest of the west, standing in its original integrity, adorned with the exuberant beauties of a powerful vegetation, and crowned with the honors of a venerable age. There is a grandeur in the immense size of the great trees—a richness of coloring in the foliage, superior to any thing that is known in corresponding latitudes—a wildness, and an unbroken stillness that attest the absence of man—above all, there is a vastness, a boundless extent, an uninterrupted continuity of shade, which prevents the attention from being distracted, and allows the mind to fill itself, and the imagination to realize the actual presence, and true character, of that which had burst upon it, like a vivid dream."

The fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth chapters treat of the prairies of the west, which certainly present one of the most striking features in the formation and aspect of the country. The author goes somewhat at large into the theory of the prairies, examining the suppositions of various writers upon the subject, and advancing his own upon their formation. Without entering upon this mooted question, we may quote the latter.

"The prairies afford a subject of curious inquiry to every traveller who visits these regions. Their appearance is novel and imposing; and he who beholds it for the first time experiences a sensation similar to that which fills the imagination at the first sight of the ocean. The wide and unlimited prospect, calls up perceptions of the sublime and beautiful; its peculiarity awakens a train of inquisitive thought. Upon the mind of an American especially, accustomed to see new land clothed with timber, and to associate the idea of a silent and tangled forest, with that of a wilderness, the appearance of sunny plains, and a diversified landscape, untenanted by man, and unimproved by art, is singular and striking. Perhaps, if our imagination were divested of the impressions created by memory, the subject would present less difficulty; and if we could reason abstractly, it might be as easy to account for the origin of a prairie as for that of a forest."

"It is natural to suppose that the first covering of the earth would be composed of such plants as arrive at maturity in the shortest time. Annual plants would ripen and scatter their seeds, many times, before trees and shrubs would acquire the power of reproducing their own species. In the meantime, the propagation of the latter would be liable to be retarded by a variety of accidents—the frost would nip their tender stems in the winter—fire would consume, or the blast shatter them—and the wild grazing animals would bite them off, or tread them under foot; while many of their seeds, particularly such as assume the form of nuts or fruit, would be devoured by animals. The grasses, which are propagated both by the root and by seed, are exempt from the operation of almost all these casualties. Providence has, with unerring wisdom, fitted every production of nature to sustain itself against the accidents to which it is most exposed, and has given to those plants which constitute the food of animals a remarkable tenacity of life; so that although bitten off and trodden, and even burned, they still retain the vital principle. That trees have a similar power of self protection, if we may so express it, is evident from their present existence in a state of nature. We only assume, that in the earliest stage of being, the grasses would have the advantage over plants less hardy and of slower growth; and that when both are struggling together for the possession of the soil, the former would at first gain the ascendancy; although the latter, in consequence of their superior size and strength, would finally, if they should ever get possession of any portion of the soil, entirely overshadow and destroy their humble rivals."

The grasses, as our author supposes, having originally the ascendancy over the trees, would maintain it, by the fires which annually sweep over them destroying all the young timber within their range. The fact that along the small streams which run through the prairies, trees are found, is explained on the supposition that the herbage in such places remains green until late in the fall, and the soil being wet, the fire is prevented from taking effect. Thus the shrubs and young trees would escape from year to year, and finally the margins of the streams would become fringed with thickets of trees that would eventually destroy the grass, and thus grow up into forests.

Those of our readers who have never seen a prairie, will be pleased with the following description, while such as have revelled amid their thick grass and brilliant flowers, will be struck with the faithfulness of the picture here given.

"The scenery of the prairie country excites a different feeling. The novelty is striking, and never fails to cause an exclamation of surprise. The extent of the prospect is exhilarating. The outline of the landscape is sloping and graceful. The verdure and the flowers are beautiful: and the absence of shade, and consequent appearance of a profusion of light, produces a gallery which animates the beholder. It is necessary to explain that these plains, although preserving a general level in respect to the whole country, are yet in themselves not flat, but exhibit a gracefully waving surface, swelling and sinking with an easy slope, and a full, rounded outline, equally avoiding the unmeaning horizontal surface, and the interruption of abrupt or angular elevations. It is that surface, which in the expressive language of the country, is called *rolling*, and which has been said to resemble the long heavy swell of the ocean, when its waves are subsiding to rest after the agitation of a storm. It is to be remarked also, that the prairie is almost always elevated in the centre, so that in advancing into it from either side, you see before you only the plain, with its curved outline marked upon the sky, and forming the horizon; but on reaching the highest point, you look around upon the whole of the vast scene. The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature—it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape, and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest

beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas, like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path, and then again emerges into another prairie. When the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while, at another time, the prospect is enlivened by groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert. If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dew-drops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail dropped, is sneaking away to his covert with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of nature; and the grouse, feeding in flocks, or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface—the males strutting and erecting their plumage, like the peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of the dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the surface of a tambourine.

"When the eye roves off from the green plain, to the groves or points of timber, these also, are found to be at this season, robed in the most attractive hues. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the dogwood, the crab-apple, the wild plum, the cherry, the wild rose, are abundant in all the rich lands; and the grape vine, though its blossom is unseen, fills the air with fragrance. The variety of the wild fruit, and flowering shrubs, is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety. The gaiety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of loneliness, which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveller in the wilderness. Though he may not see a house, nor a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of men, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is travelling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental, seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene. The groves and clumps of trees appear to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape; and it is not easy to avoid the illusion of the fancy, which persuades the beholder that such scenery has been created to gratify the refined taste of civilised man. Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen, which they have been accustomed to admire, in the old world; the lawn, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are there produced by art, are here prepared by nature; a splendid specimen of massy architecture, and the distant view of villages, are alone wanting to render the similitude complete.

"In the summer, the prairie is covered with long, coarse grass, which soon assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest. Those who have not a personal knowledge of the subject, would be deceived by the accounts which are published of the height of the grass. It is seldom so tall as travellers have represented, nor does it attain its highest growth in the richest soil. In the low wet prairies, where the substratum of clay lies near the surface, the centre or main stem of this grass, which bears the seed, acquires great thickness, and shoots up to the height of eight or nine feet, throwing out a few long, coarse leaves or blades; and the traveller often finds it higher than his head as he rides through it on horseback. The plants, although numerous and standing close together, appear to grow singly and unconnected, the whole force of the vegetative power expanding itself upwards. But in the rich undulating prairies, the grass is finer, with less of stalk, and a greater profusion of leaves. The roots spread and interweave so as to form a compact, even nod, and the blades expand into a close thick sward, which is seldom more than eighteen inches high, and often less, until late in the season,

when the seed-bearing stem shoots up. The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers; the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size, these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colors upon the green surface; and still later, a larger and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure. A fanciful writer asserts that the prevalent color of the prairie flowers, is in the spring, a bluish purple; in midsummer red; and in the autumn yellow. This is one of the notions that people get, who study nature by the fireside. The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains, is clad throughout the season of verdure, with every imaginable variety of color, from 'grave to gay.' It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint, except the green, which forms the beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of color, observed at the different seasons, arise from the circumstance, that in the spring the flowers are small, and the colors delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent, a harder race appears, the flowers attain a greater size, and the hue deepens; and still later a succession of coarser plants rises above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers. As the season advances from spring to midsummer, the individual flower becomes less beautiful when closely inspected, but the landscape is far more variegated, rich and glowing.

"In winter, the prairies present a gloomy and desolate scene. The fire has passed over them, and consumed every vegetable substance, leaving the soil bare, and the surface perfectly black. That gracefully waving outline, which was so attractive to the eye when clad in green, is now disrobed of all its ornaments. Its fragrance, its notes of joy, and the graces of its landscape have all vanished, and the bosom of the cold earth, scorched and discolored, is alone visible. The wind sighs mournfully over the black plain; but there is no object to be moved by its influence—not a tree to wave its long arms in the blast, nor a reed to bend its fragile stem—not a leaf, nor even a blade of grass to tremble in the breeze. There is nothing to be seen but the cold dead earth and the bare mound, which move not—and the traveller, with a singular sensation, almost of awe, feels the blast rushing over him, while not an object visible to the eye, is seen to stir. Accustomed as the mind is to associate with the action of the wind its operation upon surrounding objects, and to see nature bowing and trembling, and the fragments of matter mounting upon the wind, as the storm passes, there is a novel effect produced on the mind of one who feels the current of air rolling heavily over him, while nothing moves around."

The author examines in detail, the soil, water and timber of the prairies, and the question how far the want of the latter is likely to interfere with the agricultural occupancy of these treeless plains. The chapters upon the wild and domestic animals, the birds, reptiles, agricultural products, fruits and vegetables, possess much valuable information, and present many facts well calculated to invite immigration to that region. One of the longest and most elaborated chapters in the book, is that which treats of the public domain, by which is meant the lands belonging to the general government. This subject is embraced under these two heads—the title of the United States to the public lands, and the policy pursued in disposing of them. The intelligent reader must be already familiar with all that relates to the history of the former. The proper disposition of these lands is a matter of much importance, and for several years past has occupied the attention of Congress, where it has caused much angry debate, and elicited many conflicting opinions. Judge Hall favors the plan of Colonel Benton, to graduate the price of the public lands, by offering them periodically at reduced prices—the highest being one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre—and the lowest twenty-five cents; but he does not favor the proposition to cede to the states, respectively, the lands lying within their

boundaries, nor to divide the proceeds of the sales of these lands among the state governments.

The twelfth chapter, which treats of western steamboats, presents, perhaps, as forcible an illustration of the wonderful growth of the west, as any other in the book. In 1794, four keel boats, carrying twenty tons each, were sufficient for the trade between Pittsburg and Cincinnati. These had an armed force on board to defend them, and were pushed up the stream by poles. Down to the year 1817, nearly all the business on the western waters, was carried on in keel boats and barges. At that period "about twenty of the latter, averaging one hundred tons each, comprised the whole commercial facilities for transporting merchandize from New Orleans to the 'upper country;' each of these performed one trip down and up again to Louisville and Cincinnati within the year. The number of keel boats employed on the upper Ohio cannot be ascertained, but it is presumed, that a hundred and fifty, is a sufficiently large calculation to embrace the whole number. These averaged thirty tons each, and employed one month to make the voyage from Louisville to Pittsburg, while the more dignified barge of the Mississippi made her trip in the space of one hundred days, if no extraordinary accident happened to check her progress."

There are now, 1838, not less than four hundred steamboats navigating the western waters! Comment is unnecessary. The mind is lost in astonishment at the wonderful revolution that has taken place in twenty years, throughout the valley of the Mississippi. The thirteenth and last chapter of the work, relates to the trade and commerce of the west, embracing the exports and imports for a series of years—a list of the banks in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois—some statistics of the Miami canal, and a list of the steamboats navigating the Louisville and Portland canal during the year 1837, amounting to four hundred and twelve, and passing in the aggregate, during that year, fifteen hundred times through the same; another fact illustrative of the vast resources and business of the west.

The length of our extracts from this interesting and valuable book, leave us no room for further notices of it. Although not in point of literary merit equal to some other of the author's works, it is written with sufficient accuracy and care for a series of popular sketches of the region which it describes. It bears its own evidence of coming from the same pen which conducted the Illinois Magazine, and wrote the "Legends of the West," "Harper's Head," and "The Border Tales;" all of which have been widely circulated in the United States, and have placed the author among the most spirited and popular writers of the day. It would seem, by the bye, that Judge Hall is most indefatigable with his pen. He has been for some time, and still is, engaged, in conjunction with Col. McKenney, in writing the biographical sketches, which accompany that splendid gallery of Indian portraits, now in progress of publication in Philadelphia; and yet, in the midst of all his literary labors, he is performing the duties of cashier of one of the principal banking institutions of Cincinnati. It would appear, indeed, as if the men of letters in the United States, were resolved upon convincing the world that literature and the every-day business of life are not antagonist professions. Paulding is at the head of the Navy—Bryant is engaged in

that most unpoetical of all human pursuits, the editing of a violent politico-partizan newspaper—Halleck is still in the "sugar and the cotton line," footing up accounts for John Jacob Astor—Kennedy is making out briefs, and looking after the President's sub-treasury bill in Congress—Fay is playing Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James—and Hall is signing bank notes and drawing bills of exchange in Cincinnati. Verily, the time cometh, and now is, when the foolish popular prejudices, which has obtained some currency in this country, that the cultivation of a literary taste, unfits a man for the forum, the desk, or the counting-room, must be added to the "receptacle of things lost upon earth."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF LIVING AMERICAN POETS AND NOVELISTS.

No. V.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, ESQ.

It is the lot of the American poet to be cradled in the lap of the sublimest scenery on the globe. From infancy to manhood, his path is beside illimitable lakes and majestic rivers, whose shores are granite mountains, and he hunts his game along hillsides whose summits are resting places for the thunder-cloud. If all that is grand and magnificent, or soft and beautiful in nature, has power to expand the human heart, enlarge the intellect, strengthen the imagination, refine and spiritualize the fancy, and fire the whole man with the loftiest and purest poetical images—if the contemplation of the poetry of the universe, will make poetry to spring up in the heart, then should America be the Eden of poetry, and her poets princes in the empire of song.

But from the study of *natural scenery* alone, the poet cannot derive inspiration; it were the contemplation of the statue of Prometheus before animated with celestial fire—the arch of the rainbow without its colors. There must be perched on the ragged pinnacle, hovering on the mountain's brow, suspended from every crag, and dwelling in glen and fountain, the magical charm of past-time associations, around which the memory can linger—there must be a *genius loci* every where present, for natural scenery, however grand and picturesque in itself, to produce its natural and legitimate poetical effect on the mind.

This *genius of the place* is wanting to American scenery: the blood-stirring border song; the wild traditionary legend of love and chivalry; the wondrous tale of superstition and fairy, and the thousand romantic associations, that hover like ghosts from the spiritual land of minstrelsy, about the vallies and mountains of the old world, inspiring his tuneful sons, are wanting as auxiliaries to the American muse: without these, the wand of poetry

is nearly powerless; its harp tuneless; its spirit tame; its wing unfitted to sustain either a long or bold flight into the regions of the imagination: without these, poetry, like too much of our native poetry, becomes, of necessity, a mere assemblage of agreeable words and pleasant sounds; a wilderness of beautiful verbiage; piles of fern and flowers destitute of fragrance—the mere abstract only of all that is beautiful in nature, wherewith the imagination is pleased, without being improved, while the heart remains untouched.

It is from a consciousness of this deficiency of historical and traditionary interest, that some of our best poets have imitated or assumed the English and Italian school, not only in the direction and application of their powers, but also, (which herein need not have been) in their natural images. How often and familiarly are the nightingale, the field daisy, the sky lark, the harvest moon, the turtle dove, with castle, knight, and troubadour, drawn into the service of what is meant to be legitimate American verse, when they are exclusively foreign figures and subjects; and how frequently is the "olden ballad" the prideful theme of our native poets!

If America is ever to rank high as a land of poetry, (which from an inspection of its elements we do not believe it ever will do,) and should cultivate the native muse, pruned from foreign shoots and grafts, it is in moral and didactic, rustic and lyric poetry, she will found her claims to distinction. The lofty epic, and the legitimate ballad, have no place in her native muse: the former is now found only in the pages of the historical novelist; the latter being, *genuinely*, a metrical relation of some ancient tradition, can have no place in a land yet too young for gray tradition and hoary legend. In the progress of these sketches, we shall enter more fully into this subject; at present, lyrical poetry, the last of the four just named, alone comes under our consideration in this paper.

To lyric poets, and lyric poetry, America is mainly indebted for much of her existing fame. We have neither space nor leisure, here to support by the facts that are by us, this bold assertion; but any one who will impartially review the history of our imaginative literature for the last half century, will find the proofs numerous and satisfactory. Since Moore's elegant and graceful muse has elevated modern lyrics to a dignity in literature, they had not enjoyed from the days of the troubadours, poets, tuning their lyre to song, have sprung up on both sides of the Atlantic. One among the few in the United States, whose verses are household words, and whose numbers have become a part of the language, is the gentleman whose name we have placed at the head of this sketch.

Col. Morris has long been connected with American literature, as editor of the New York

Mirror, and a frequent contributor not only to its columns, but also to the pages of cotemporary magazines. So early as his seventeenth year, he wrote several fragmentary pieces, which he published anonymously, and which attracted, at the time, much attention. One of the earliest of these juvenile productions, and the only one that he has preserved, in a volume of poems recently published, is called, "The Miniature." This we shall copy, when we come to notice the book in question. In 1822, his name first became known to the public through the Mirror, which, this year he commenced, under circumstances, every way discouraging to the success of this species of literary property. At this period, beside one or two reviews, there was not a periodical in the United States devoted to light literature. The "Port Folio," the "Athenæum," the "Olio" of the day, whose pages were loaded with heavy political and philosophical essays, and devoted to the discussion of puzzling queries in science, and the dismemberment of metaphysical subtleties, whose poetical department shone with elegies, ditties, sonnets, and acrostics, and whose "amusing head," delighted readers with riddles, conundrums, aphorisms, and stale anecdotes of the court of Charles II—periodicals to which we cannot now turn without a smile—had had their day, and were forgotten. They were followed by other ephemera, which likewise lived their day—and died. When the New York Mirror was established, periodical literature in the United States was such only in name. To Col. Morris is due the honor of being the pioneer in almost every thing relating to this species of literature. He was the first to foster and encourage American genius, and to him we believe, we are indebted for several of our younger literary men, who in all probability would never have written, or, at least, would have laid down their pens, but for this vehicle for their fugitive compositions, and for the kind encouragement offered them by its editor. One of these instances is Theodore Fay, Esq., who, in his dedication of the "Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man," which is addressed to the subject of this biography, says, "I can never forget, that but for your encouragement and liberality, these light sketches never would have been written. Many indeed, worthier than I, have experienced the benefit of your unwavering exertions to employ talent already established, and to infuse confidence into the timid and inexperienced."

At the time the New York Mirror was established, there were not ten men in the United States who lived by their pens. At the time we write, their name is "legion." At that period Samuel Woodworth, Esq. then more popularly known as the author of the "Champions of Freedom," was the American poet. In a recently printed book, entitled "Specimens of American Poetry," before

me, the author records more than one hundred names, against which he has written *American poet!* Posterity may draw on this capital only a very small dividend perhaps, but still they all belong to the present day, and their names are familiar to every one at all conversant with light literature. How far the establishment of the New York Mirror, has gone toward producing this result, it is difficult to say, but that it has contributed very materially to this increase in the ranks of literature, will not be denied even by the most cavilling. It is not our purpose to go into a history of the establishment of the Mirror: we have alluded to it as a work that has done much for the poetical literature of the country, and which for ten years was under the sole editorial direction of Col. Morris. Recently he has resigned its editorship, successively to John Inman, Charles F. Hoffman and Epes Sargent, Esq's, contenting himself with remaining an occasional contributor to its columns. The last of the above named gentlemen, now fills the editorial chair, and the later numbers of this valuable periodical, show, that although so long identified with the name of Col. Morris, (whose good sense and modesty, will not be offended with what follows,) it possesses the seeds of perpetuity *without* it.

In 1827, Col. Morris, wrote a drama, in five acts, founded on events of the revolutionary war, called "Brier Cliff." This piece was a great favorite with the public, and at the Chatham Theatre, then a playhouse, of no mean celebrity, it was produced under the direction of Mr. Wallack, and had a run of about forty nights. At one time during its triumphant career, it was performed on one and the same night, at four theatres in New York, namely, the Park, the Bowery, the Lafayette, and the Chatham theatres; a thing unprecedented in the theatrical annals of this country. The piece was attributed to Noah, Halleck, Woodworth, and the other popular dramatic writers and poets, of that time; and more than one aspiring gentleman "who would win fame, without work or wit," confident in the preservation of the author's incognito, came forward, and boldly claimed the authorship. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we are able to state that Col. Morris, is the sole, and unassisted author, of "Brier Cliff:"—for on one occasion we remember his saying to some friends at table, who rallied him on the subject, "Gentlemen, that play is entirely my own; I am not indebted to any one for a single line or comma, if I except Mrs. Caroline Matilda Thayer,* on whose story it is founded. If it belongs to any one else, however, I wish he would come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take it away."

Besides "Brier Cliff," which has never been

* One of the earliest contributors to the New York Mirror, and now, and for some years past, principal of a female seminary in Clinton, Mississippi.

published, Col. Morris has written much and successfully for the stage, in the shape of odes, addresses, epilogues, &c. During the visit of Lafayette to this country, he composed a popular ode, which was sung eighteen nights successively at the theatres in New York, by all the company in appropriate costume. There is an *on dit*, that general Lafayette was so delighted with the lines, that he himself was in the habit of humming them whenever occasion offered. In the composition of songs adapted to popular airs, Col. Morris has shown himself exceedingly happy. He wrote songs and addresses, from time to time, for Mrs. Entwistle, Kean, and other well known performers, all of which possessed an enviable popularity and are embodied with the musical literature of the day. Of these we shall speak when we come to notice the volume of poems he has recently published.

As a prose writer, he has repeatedly distinguished himself, holding a flowing, graceful and humorous pen. His "Sketches from the Springs," in "The Atlantic Club Book," of which also he was editor, are in a vein of admirable humor. We give an extract to illustrate the style to which we allude.

THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN.

Ah, ha! my little Frenchman! That fellow is a character. I will tell you a story about him. I stopped at West Point, not long since, and found the hotel crowded with visitors. It was late in the evening when I arrived, and being almost worn out with the fatigue of the journey—for I had been the inmate of stages, rail road cars and canal boats, without closing my eyes for the last two days—I repaired with all convenient haste, to the solitary couch that had been assigned me in the basement story, in the hope of passing a few comfortable hours in "the arms of Morpheus." But one glance at the "blue chamber," convinced me of the utter folly of any such expectations. I found it nearly crammed with my fellow lodgers, who, if I might judge from the melancholy display of hats, boots, socks, and other articles of wearing apparel, scattered over the floor in most "admirable disorder," had evidently retired with unbecoming eagerness to secure their places to themselves, and thereby guard them against the possibility of intrusion from others, doubtless believing, that in this, as well as similar cases, possession is nine-tenths of the law. As the apartment was very confined, and all the inhabitants wide awake, I thought I might as well spend an hour or two in the open air, before going to bed, and was about to retire for that purpose, when a voice called, "If you do not wish to lose your berth, you had better turn in." Observing that nearly all the cots, sofas, settees, chairs, &c., were occupied, and hearing that several of my fellow passengers were sleeping

on the housetop, and in the halls, I deemed it prudent to follow the advice just given to me, so at once commenced disrobing, and was soon stowed away in a snug corner, and it was not long before I found myself gradually and imperceptibly sinking under the power of the gentle god. I began to congratulate myself—to commiserate the unhappy condition of my less fortunate companions, and to bid good night to all my cares, when that short, thin, merry little Frenchman, came dancing into the room, and after cutting a pigeon wing or two, humming a passage from a popular opera, and skipping once or twice around the vacant beds, sat himself upon the most commodious, with the exclamation, "Ah, ha! I find him—this is him—number ten,—magnifique! Now I shall get some little sleeps at last." Again humming part of a tune, he proceeded to prepare himself for bed. After divesting himself of his apparel, and carefully depositing his trinkets and watch under his pillow, he fastened a red bandanna handkerchief around his head, and slid beneath the counterpane, as gay and lively as a cricket. "It is superb," he once more exclaimed aloud. "I have not had some rest for six dozen days, certainment—and now I shall have some little sleeps. But, waiter!" bawled he, suddenly recollecting himself. John came at the call. "What is it o'clock, eh?"

"Nearly ten, sir."

"What time de boat arrive?"

"About two."

"When he do come, you shall wake me some little minute before?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you shall get some de champaign and oysters all ready for my suppare?"

"Very well, sir; you may depend upon me, sir," said John, as he shut the door, and made his exit.

"Ah! très bien, now for de little sleeps." Uttering which, he threw himself upon the pillow, and in a few seconds was in a delightful doze.

The foregoing manoeuvres and conversation had attracted the attention of all, and aroused me completely.

"D——n that Frenchman," growled a bluff old fellow next him, as he turned on the other side, and went to sleep. Most of the other gentlemen, however, raised their heads for a moment, to see what was going on, and then deposited them as before, in silent resignation. But one individual, with more nerves than fortitude, bounced out of bed, swore there was no such thing as sleeping there, dressed himself in a passion, and went out of the room in a huff. This exploit had an electric effect on the melancholy spectators; and a general laugh, which awoke all the basement, was the result. For some minutes afterward, the merriment was truly appalling. Jokes, mingled with execrations, were heard in every direction, and the uproar soon became universal. Silence,

however, was at length restored; but all symptoms of repose had vanished with the delusion that gave them birth. The poor Frenchman, however, whose slumbers had been sadly broken by the nervous man, had actually gone to sleep once more! He began to breathe hard, and, finally, to snore—and *such a snore!*—it was enough to have awakened the dead! There was no such thing as standing *that*. The equanimity of his immediate neighbor—a drowsy fellow, who, on first lying down, said he “was resolved to sleep in spite of thunder,” was the first to give way. He sprang bolt upright, hastily clapped both hands over his ears, and called out at the top of his compass, for the Frenchman to discontinue “that diabolical and dreadful sound.” Up jumped the red night-cap, rubbing its eyes in mute astonishment. After hearing the heavy charge against it, with “a countenance more in sorrow than in anger,” and making every apology in its power for the unintentional outrage it had committed, down it sunk once more upon the pillow, and glided away into the land of Nod. But new annoyances awaited my poor Frenchman; for scarcely had this event happened, when the door was flung open and in came a gentleman from Cahawba, with a fierce-looking broad brimmed hat upon his pericranium, that attracted general attention, and struck awe and consternation to the hearts of all beholders. He straddled himself into the middle of the floor, thrust both hands into his breeches pockets, pressed his lips firmly together, and cast his eyes deliberately around the apartment, with the expression of one who intended to insist upon his rights. “Which is number ten?” he demanded, in a tone which startled all the tenants of the basement story. “Ah! I perceive,” continued he, approaching the Frenchman, and laying violent hands upon him. “There’s some mistake here. A man in my bed, hey? Well, let us see what he is made of. Look here, stranger, you’re in the wrong box! You’ve tumbled into my bed—so you must shift your quarters.” Who shall depict the Frenchman’s countenance, as he slowly raised his head, half-opened his drooping organs of vision, and took an oblique squint at the gentleman from Cahawba! “You are in the wrong bed,” repeated he of the hat—“number ten is my property; yonder is your’s; so have the politeness just to hop out.” The Frenchman resigned himself to his fate, and gathering his limbs together, transported his lengthy person to the vacant bed, without the slightest resistance, and in eloquent silence. It was very evident to him, as well as the rest of us, that there was no withstanding the persuasions of his new acquaintance, who had a fist like a mallet, and who swore that he always carried loaded pistols in his pocket, to be ready for any emergency. The inhabitants of the basement, would have screamed outright this time, but for prudential

considerations; for the gentleman from Cahawba, realized the description of the “determined dog,” mentioned in the comedy, who “lived next door to a churchyard, killed a man a day and buried his own dead.” Was this then a man to be trifled with? Certainly not. Better to cram the sheets down your throat, and run the risk of suffocation from suppressed laughter, than to encounter the displeasure of a person who wears such a hat. They are always to be avoided.

But to return to the Frenchman. He was no sooner in his resting-place, than John came to inform him that his champagne and oysters were ready. Like one in a dream, he arose, sat upon the side of the bed, and slowly dressed himself, without a single murmur at his great disappointment. He had hardly finished, when the steamboat bell sounded among the highlands, and he received the gratifying intelligence that in consequence of the time he had lost in dressing, he had none left to eat his supper—and that if he did not hurry, he would be too late for the boat! At this he arose—yawned—stretched his person out at full length, and with the ejaculation—“I shall get some little sleeps, nevere”—bid us good night and slowly took his leave.

The prose writings of Col. Morris, if collected, would make several volumes, and we trust that, for the entertainment of the public and in justice to his own reputation, all unambitious of authorship as he may be, he will, at no distant day publish them in this shape. The tale entitled the “Monopoly and the People’s Line,” and the racy *jeu d’esprit* called “The Little Frenchman and his Water-Lots,” are two of the prose sketches from his pen, which are fresh in the memory of every reader. There is nothing superior for wit and humor, to these two tales, in the works of any American writer. Their universal acceptance by the press on both sides of the water, speak decidedly in favor of their intrinsic merit.

Our author’s miscellaneous literary history, must be one of intense interest, associated as he has been, by his station, for so long a period, as editor of a leading literary periodical, with most of the literary men of this country, and also many of those of England, who have, from time to time, visited America, all of whom have frequently borne testimony to his genius and worth. For the drama and its professors, for literature and those who pursue it, he has doubtless done as much as any other American living; and we see that Mr. Dunlap in his “History of the Arts and Artists,” has bestowed on him unqualified commendation for what he has done for the fine arts. These facts we can only allude to in passing, it being our object throughout the remainder of this article, to view Col. Morris alone as a poet.

“*The Deserted Bride, and other Poems*,” is an elegant thin octave volume put forth by our author

early the present year; and though his name has long been familiar, his songs sung from Louisiana to farther Maine, it is the first time he has come bodily before the public, in a "bounden booke." In putting this book together, he appears to have been governed more by the quality than the quantity of his pieces. His numerous poetical effusions written within the last sixteen years, doubtless would have made six such volumes as the present. Many of these fugitive pieces are beautiful, and we regret that his fastidiousness of taste should have led him to deny a place among them, to several popular songs that bear the stamp of the genuine spirit of minstrelsy, and which should have been preserved as valuable additions to this volume. We observe that nearly all that he has seen fit to sanction in the book before us, have been stamped by the public approbation.

The volume contains only thirty poems; but as the poet has seen fit to found his claims, as such, altogether on these, we shall not go out of the way to look after any thing he has rejected, whatever might be its merit, but from what he has given us under his name, alone decide upon his claims to poetic rank. Although the "Deserted Bride" holds the first place in the volume, it is surpassed by four or five other pieces, in the lyrical grace and delicacy of sentiment (though not in harmony of numbers,) that are the marked features of our poet's productions. The exquisite passage in Sheridan Knowles' "Hunchback," where Julia (whose coquetish indiscretion has caused her betrothed husband Sir Thomas Clifford, to desert her,) soliloquises on his conduct, suggests the poem.

"Love me?

He never lov'd me! If he had, he ne'er
Had given me up! Love's not a spider's web
But fit to mesh a fly—that you can break
By only blowing on't! He never lov'd me!
He knows not what love is—or if he does,
He has not been o'er chary of his peace;
And that he'll find when I'm another's wife.
Lost!—lost to him forever! Tears again!
———what have I to do with tears?"

Knowles.

The poem founded on this passage is too long for transcription, nor, compared with many other pieces in the volume, does it merit it. If precedence were regulated by intrinsic worth, the "Indian Poem" should have taken the lead. There are herein, nevertheless, some fine lines, and one or two entire stanzas of great beauty. We extract two verses, which are characteristic of the musical cadence that gives a peculiar charm to almost every thing from the pen of this poet.

"Wrecked and wretched, lost and lonely,
Crush'd by grief's oppressive weight,
With a prayer for Clifford only,
I resign me to my fate.
Chains that bind the soul I've proven
Strong as they were iron-woven.

"Deep the wo that fast is sending
From my cheek its healthful bloom;
Sad my thoughts as willows bending
O'er the borders of the tomb.
Without Clifford not a blessing
In the world is worth possessing."

We quote one more stanza, which has just struck us with the harmony of its numbers, the womanly and spirited tone that he has given to every line.

"Titles, lands, and broad dominion,
With himself to me he gave;
Stoop'd to earth his spirit's pinion,
And became my willing slave!
Knelt and pray'd until he won me—
Looks he coldly now upon me?"

The second article, is a short poem entitled "WOMAN." It is a just, manly and deserved compliment to the sex. What a touching and beautiful thought is that when the heart turns back to departed mother or sister, and finds both to live again in the wife!

"But when I look upon my wife,
My heart-blood gives a sudden rush,
And all my fond affections blend
In mother—sisters—wife and friend!"

There are some common-place expressions in the poem, but a liquid ease gives a polish even to the tritest phrases. The concluding stanzas redeem it, however, from mediocrity or tameness:

"Were I the monarch of the earth,
Or master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman! half the price of thee!"

Our poet has the graceful talent necessary to the success of all lyric writers, of expressing the commonest and most familiar thoughts, in a way that shall make them touch the heart, and hang long afterward about the memory. His lines are always poetical, though exceedingly simple in their construction, and are almost always either playful or touching, and aimed at the feelings rather than the fancy. It is talents like these that constitute the lyric poet. His pen is in poetry what the harp is in music,—gentle and soothing, light and graceful, shedding a twilight over the soul, rather than dazzling it with the splendor of sunlight.

"LINES, AFTER THE MANNER OF THE OLDEN-TIME," is the third article in the volume. It is an exquisite poem throughout. In justice to the poet it should either be copied here entire, or left un mutilated. We will, nevertheless, that some further idea may be formed of the style, quote a few passages. The thoughts and often the language, are of the olden time: if the antiquated orthography were also assumed, the illusion would be successful, and one might believe he was perusing a "newly-discovered manuscript poem" of Chaucer or Spenser:

"Love vibrates in the wind-harp's tune,
With fays and fairies lingers he—
Gleams in the ring of th' watery moon,
Or treads the pebbles of the sea:
Love enters 'court and camp and grove';
Oh, every where we meet thee, Love!

"And every where he welcome finds,
To cottage-door, or palace-porch—
Love enters free as spicy winds,
With purple wings and lighted torch;
With tripping feet and silvery tongue,
And bow and darts behind him slung!

"He tinkles in the shepherd's bell,
And charms the village maiden's ear;
By lattice high he weaves his spell
For ladye-fair and cavalier.
As sunbeams melt the mountain snow,
So melts Love's rays the high and low.

"Oh, boy-god, Love!—an archer thou—
Thy utmost skill I feign would test;
One arrow aim at Lelia now,
And let thy target be her breast!
Around her heart, oh fling thy chain,
Or give me back my own again!"

In the third stanza above quoted, several figures are introduced, (appropriately here in imitation of an old ballad) which serve to illustrate the use of foreign images, alluded to in the commencement of this article; these are, namely, "shepherd's bell," "lattice," and "cavalier," (and perhaps "lady-love,") when neither are known in the United States. We are surprised to discover in the writings of one usually so accurate as our author, in the second line of the last stanza the use of the verb "feign," for the adverb "fain," which means gladly, and is the word that is wanted here. We are not given to hypercriticism, and should have passed this instance by unnoticed, were not this a very common error, among both American prose and poetic writers.

The next article in the book, is the popular song entitled "THE OAK." It was suggested by a touching incident, which the poet relates in the "notes," which form entertaining and humorous addenda to the volume. A friend of the writer returned in after life to visit his paternal abode, now passed into stranger hands. It was shaded by an aged "roof-tree," under which he had played in childhood. Just as he came in sight of it, the owner was sharpening his axe, preparatory to cutting it down. "Why do you do this?" he gasped. "I am getting old, the woods are far off, and the tree is of some value to me to burn." "What is it worth for fire wood?" "About ten dollars." "If I give you that, will you let it stand?" "Yes." "Then give me a bond to that effect." The paper was drawn up, it was witnessed by his daughter, the money was paid, and he left the place with an assurance from the young girl, "who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe," that

the tree should stand as long as she lived. We would, if our limits permitted, here quote the exquisitely touching ballad this incident suggested. Under the title of "Woodman, Spare that Tree," it can, however, be found in every music-store and on almost every piano in the country. No American song, we believe, has ever been received with such approbation, as this has universally met with. It has been repeatedly parodied here and in England, which is one of the strongest tests of unequivocal popularity. On this delightful little lyric, and two or three others, will Col. Morris's reputation as a lyric poet principally rest.

"Rosabel," is next in order, after the "Oak." It is a graceful production, but neither remarkable for originality or that concentration of thought and conciseness of expression, which lyrics call for. There is repetition and "profuseness of wordiness" in it, a tissue of pleasing numbers, gratifying the ear, but seldom interesting the feelings. We quote what we consider the best stanza. It is marked with that sweetness of versification which never deserts the poet, which smoothness, though desirable in odes and ballads, where strength and energy of expression are misplaced, in sterner themes it must be exceedingly difficult for the author to divest himself of, that he may give the necessary vigor to the subject.

"I miss thee every where, beloved,
I miss thee every where;
Both night and day wear dull away,
And leave me in despair.
The banquet-hall, the play, the ball,
And childhood's gladsome glee,
Have lost their charms for me, beloved
My soul is full of thee!

* * * * *
A sad and weary lot is mine,
To love and be forgot,
A sad and weary lot, beloved,
A sad and weary lot."

In the last stanza, which is the last one of the poem, the second and fourth lines should change places, to give force and finish to the whole; thus:

"A sad and weary lot, beloved,
To love and be forgot."

Instances of this inattention to sounding his verses, are, however, rare in this author; and from their infrequency strike us more forcibly when they do occur. An ode "ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL DELEVAN," is martial and spirited and highly creditable to the head and heart of the poet. As a poem, its unity and purity are destroyed by the introduction of the name of the deceased—always, in such cases, brought in with very questionable taste. Consequently, the two concluding lines,

Thy epitaph, oh Delevan!
God's noblest work—an honest man!

are the two weakest in the poem. Willis has

avoided this in his noble ode on the burial of his classmate, "Arnold," and thereby made universal the thoughts which otherwise must have borne a limited and inferior signification.

The next poem is one that vies in popularity with "The Oak," while it equals it in harmony of numbers and elegance of diction. In a note the poet says, "those who have heard the exquisite manner in which Miss Horton renders Mr. Horn's adaptation of this plaintive and touching air, scarcely recognise a far famed negro melody,* with which the hills, vallies and streams of the west have been vocal these many years." We transcribe this song entire, while we present our thanks to the poet for clothing, in such graceful drapery, so sweet an air. We believe it was Mr. Weeley who sagaciously adapted religious words to the licentious airs of his time, and introduced them into his church, in lieu of the lugubrious melodies that had descended from the sad visaged round-heads, saying that "If he could help it, the Devil should not have all the best tunes in the kingdom." To Col. Morris we would say, let not the African minstrel monopolize the sweetest, simplest, and most touching airs that are extant: this which you have rescued, is but one of many that cheer the boatman, as he rows his laden barge beneath the southern moon—the ploughman, as he treads his furrow—the woodman, as he wields his axe—each making water, field, and forest, vocal with wild and touching melody.

"A SOUTHERN REFRAIN.

"Near the lake where droop'd the willow,
Long time ago!

Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow;

Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherish'd,
By high and low;

But, with autumn's leaf she perish'd,
Long time ago!

"Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago!

Bee and bird and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know!

While to my fond words she listen'd,
Murmuring low,

Tenderly her dove-eyes glisten'd
Long time ago!

"Mingled were our hearts for ever!
Long time ago!

Can I now forget her?—Never!—
No, lost one, no!

To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow;

She's the star I miss'd from Heaven,
Long time ago!"

* The poet doubtless alludes to the classical lyric commencing,

"As I was gwine down Shinbone alley,
Long time ago!
Dere I meet ole cousin Sally,
Jumplin' Jim Crow."

For touching pathos, gentle versification, delicacy and purity of fancy, this little lyrical gem is not surpassed by any thing on the other side of the Atlantic: even by the divine Moore himself. This is one of the greenest leaves in our poet's garland.

The "ANNIVERSARY HYMN," (Fourth of July,) is a bolder effusion than we have yet met with in the volume. Its ease and spirit will be shown by the concluding stanza, as well as afford an exhibition of the poet's powers in a different vein than his wont—for it is of "the boy-god, Love," and "lovely woman," he most delights to discourse—twenty out of the thirty pieces in the volume, having love and ladies for their theme—a theme which has enlisted the most gifted geniuses since Apollo first made the groves vocal with his lyre, and which, through his Laura, gave Petrarch an immortality to which otherwise his name could never have descended. We quote the last stanza of the hymn which suggested these remarks:

"Heirs of an immortal sire,
Let his deeds your hearts inspire;
Weave the strain and wake the lyre
Where your altars stand!
Hail with pride and loud hurrahs,
Streaming from a thousand spars,
Freedom's rainbow flag of stars!
Symbol of our land!"

"LINES FOR MUSIC," are very musical lines, but contain no very striking passages that would bear us out in an extract. It is too long for a song and is wanting in that closeness of thought and a certain concise vigor, without impairing its grace, necessary in the lyric, in which a new change should be rung on every line. Here a chord is boldly struck at the outset of a stanza, which is made up of its subsequent vibrations that die faintly away in the last line.

"STARLIGHT RECOLLECTIONS," contain several of the light and graceful passages that characterize our poet:

"Your love on my heart gently fell
As the dew on the flowers at eve,
Whose bosoms with gratitude swell,
A blessing to give and receive."

It has been wedded to the most delicious harmony by Charles E. Horn.

"RHYME AND REASON," is an apologue, in which philosophy and fancy are combined in delightful verse. It reminds us of Collins, and is not unworthy of any body. The story is that Rhyme and Reason were twin-boys, and grew up together playmates. By and by—

— "the boys
Left their native soil—
Rhyme's pursuit was idle joys,
Reason's manly toil:
Soon Rhyme was starving in a ditch,
While Reason grew exceeding rich.

"Since that dark and fatal hour,
When the brothers parted,
Reason has had wealth and power—
Rhyme's poor and broken-hearted!
And now, or bright or stormy weather,
They twain are seldom seen together!"

"Wearies my Love of Letters," "When other Friends are round Thee," "My Mountain Bride," and "Silent Grief," are the titles of well known songs, set to music by Horn. They are all characterised by the lyrical ease of the poet. That commencing

"When other friends are round thee," is fully equal to any thing from his pen. "Bessy Bell," "Love Thee, Dearest!" (set to music by Horn, and sent to a friend on the day of his marriage,) "The Day is now Dawning, Love," are all neatly turned songs. The versification and syllabic flow of the latter is remarkably harmonious.

"THE MINIATURE," is in the best vein of the poet. The epigrammatic turn, with which it closes, is one of the neatest in the language, and is only equalled by the grace and skill with which the thought is executed. This little piece has travelled all over Europe, and been translated into the Spanish, French, German, and Italian languages. It was supposed to be the production of Moore, until claimed by the author.

"THE MINIATURE.

"William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife—
Fresh, as if touched by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace and life.
He almost thought it spoke:
He gazed upon the treasure still,
Absorbed, delighted and amazed,
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true:
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you.'
'And has it kissed you back, my dear?'
'Why—no—my love,' said he.
'Then, William, it is very clear,
'Tis not at all LIKE ME!'"

"THE RETORT," is in the same vein. We quote it to show the versatility of the author's powers:

"THE RETORT.

"Old Nick, who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was as stubborn as a mule,
And she was playful as a rabbit.

"Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country-polished life,
And prim and formal as a-quaker.

"One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Jenny sadly miss'd him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slyly stole and fondly kiss'd him!

"The husband's anger rose!—and red
And white his face alternate grew!
'Less freedom, ma'am!'—Jane sigh'd and said,
Oh, dear! I did not know 'twas you!'"

The fragments of an "INDIAN POEM," exhibit our poet's trying his muse in a new field. Some of the passages are vigorous and highly poetic, but the full vigor of many lines is lessened by a lyrical polish which has become habitual to his pen. We will quote the second stanza:

"See their glittering files advancing,
See upon the free winds dancing
Pennon proud and gaudy plume:
The strangers come in evil hour,
In pomp and panoply and power,
To plant a weed where bloom'd a flower,
Where sunshine broke to spread a shower,
And, while upon our tribes they lower,
Think they our manly hearts will cower,
To meet a warrior's doom?"

"LINES TO A POET," are good, and marked for the smoothness of its verse. It was originally addressed to Prosper M. Wetmore, and (which goes to illustrate what we have before said in reference to the introduction of sir-names into a poem,) began,

"Prosper Montgomery Wetmore!
There's music in the name."

The poet himself has borne testimony to the equivocal taste of this, by rejecting, in his later edition of the poem, the first two lines, and substituting the following:

"How sweet the cadence of thy lyre!
What melody of words!
They strike a pulse within the heart
Like songs of forest birds,
Or tinkling of the shepherd's bell
Among the mountain herds."

The last stanza is very fine:

"Then blessings on thee, minstrel—
Thy faults let others scan:
There may be spots upon the sun,
Which those may view that can;
I see them not—yet know thee well
A poet and a man!"

A playful sonnet, a humorous tragi-comic effusion, entitled "The Dismissed," which is sufficiently expressive of its character, and a graceful song, beginning, "What can it Mean?" close the lyrical portion of the volume. We give the first and last stanza of this:

"I'm much too young to marry,
For I'm only seventeen;
Why think I then of Harry?
What can it mean—what can it mean?"

* * * * *

* Originally written "Wetmore," for "minstrel."

"I'M NOT IN LOVE!—Oh smother
Such a thought at seventeen;
I'll go and ask my mother
What it can mean—what it can mean?"

Three addresses, for the benefit of William Dunlap, James Sheridan Knowles, and Henry Placide, Esq's, conclude, with the addition of a few pages of entertaining notes, the volume. These addresses are humorous, epigrammatical, and exceedingly appropriate. They contain many passages of high poetic merit. We quote a portion of the address written for Placide, that we may exhibit the poet under a new phase:

"Oh ye, who come the laggard hours to while,
And with the laugh-provoking muse to smile,
Remember this! the mirth that cheers you so,
Shows but the surface—not the depths below!
Then judge not lightly of the actor's art,
Who smiles to please you, with a breaking heart!
Neglect him not in his hill-climbing course,
Nor treat him with less kindness than your horse:
Up hill indulge him—down the steep descent
Spare—and don't urge him when his strength is spent;
Impel him briskly o'er the level earth,
But in the stable don't forget his worth!
So with the actor—while you work him hard,
Be mindful of his claims to your regard."

The beauty of this passage is self-evident. The last four lines, but two, clothing in new language an old adage, have recently been adopted by an English sporting journal for its motto, than which nothing can be more appropriate.

We have now, as far as our limits would permit, shown on what foundation Col. Morris lays claim to rank among American poets. That he holds the first rank among them, we neither assert nor believe; but that he is entitled to a distinguished place among the few who have been "tried and found worthy," will not be questioned by any one who has impartially read this article, and seen fit to exercise his judgment with regard to the merits of the poet.

The characteristics of Col. Morris's poetry, are delicacy of perception, elegance of expression, liquid flow of syllables, and pervading smoothness of versification. The characteristic feature of the poet's mind, seems to be gentleness, tenderness of feeling, playful humor, and a fancy, warm but chaste, that delights in picturing Love under his thousand varied and beautiful shapes, in dallying with his locks, in sporting with his bow and arrows, and with graceful reverence adoring him in his own fair temple—woman—flinging upon her heart, his altar, the votive offerings of his gentle muse. He is not a poet of nature, but of the heart! As a man of the world, he displays an acute and humorous insight into character, an instinctive perception of the ludicrous. He tells an admirable story and possesses an inexhaustible fund of amusing anecdote. His wit does not sparkle, but glows

and warms the heart with its genial and laugh-exciting influence. As a member of society, few men are more beloved or universally esteemed; and his amiability of heart and kindness of manners, have drawn round him numerous and attached friends. As a literary man, he is without professional envy, and we regret to say, also without sufficient ambition to urge him to labor for the name which his genius and talents, if industriously exercised and properly directed, should win for him. It is to be hoped, that disburthened of the cares of editorship, he will devote his literary leisure to the production of something more elaborate than he has yet attempted, which will give him a substantial place in the foremost line of American poets. Col. Morris, as well as a literary, has long been a military man. After passing through the several grades of rank, he has recently been appointed general of a New York brigade of artillery. When colonel, he was of essential service in quelling the formidable riots of 1834.

Colonel, now general Morris, is a little under the medium height, his person inclined to portliness, his face full, his complexion ruddy, his eyes dark and exceedingly fine, with a laughing expression, indicative of the humor that constitutes a prominent trait in his character. His forehead is high, fair and well shaped, showing, phrenologically, prominent developments of the imaginative and inventive powers; the organs of thought and reflection being less apparent. Though somewhat heavy, his head is decidedly intellectual: altogether, our poet would be called a "handsome, dark-complexioned, stout gentleman," thirty-eight years of age, or thereabout. He has been married twelve years, and resides at a delightful seat, called "Undercliff," among the highlands, on the banks of the Hudson, and in the midst of the grandest scenery in America, where he enjoys, we trust, that "otium cum dignitate," so congenial with the feelings of the poet.

THE WORLD.

The world presents an infinity of aspects. Shakespeare called it a stage, and men and women the players. The merchant regards it a great bazaar, in which every thing is an article of trade—the physician deems it a great hospital, the preacher looks at it as a church, mine-host fancies it a tavern on the great highway from nothing to eternity, and to the black-leg life seems a game, in which death holds all the aces and trumps and takes whomsoever he pleases. It is a school-house to the pedagogue, a ball-room to the dancing-master, and a prison to the turnkey. The sportsman views it as a great field, on which Death is the wily Nimrod and men and women his game; while the theological piscator deemeth it a wide fish pond, in which all, from the whales to the minnows, are nibbling and biting at the gilded baits which the Devil throws in.—[*Hesperian*.

The following tribute of affectionate remembrance and sympathizing friendship, has been delayed to this late period by family afflictions and the protracted indisposition of the authoress. In transmitting the lines the writer accompanied them with a request that the obituary notice inserted in the "*Southern Religious Telegraph*," a few days after the afflictive dispensation, should be republished with them in the *Messenger*. We could have no hesitation in complying with this touching and reasonable request. Indeed the *Messenger* would have been a most appropriate place for this deserved tribute to the memory of one whose worth and excellence could only be fully known and appreciated by her surviving partner, and his bereaved family. But he shrunk from obtruding his griefs on his readers, knowing that nothing but the sustaining hand of Providence, and the prospect of an endless reunion, could impart consolation to his lacerated feelings. Time may alleviate or mitigate his sorrow, but cannot banish from his remembrance one who was emphatically his companion, his counsellor—ever ready to console and support him in the hour of adversity—and a faithful and devoted partner in sorrow and in joy.

—
LINES IN MEMORY OF

MRS. MARGARET ANN WHITE,

Who died in Richmond, Va., December 11, 1837—aged 43 years.

Oh, holy is the place
Where rest the ashes of the sainted dead;
Angels of grace,
Their viewless wings in ceaseless vigils spread;—
Most holy is the place—there, lightly, lightly tread!

Hope cheers their long repose;
There spirit-minstrels chant celestial lays
To Him who rose,
And by His power their slumbering charge shall raise,
And cause the grave's seal'd depths to burst with songs
of praise.

And she, whom now we mourn,—
That angel-one to whom the grace was given,
While pains were borne,
And nature rent and soul from body riven,
The symphonies to catch, and sing the strains of Heaven;

She, too, with songs shall wake,
And that, now nerveless hand—its torpor o'er—
The harp shall take,
And from its tuneful strings such sweetness pour,
As only they can wake who sing "earth's sorrows o'er."

Till then, thou blest one, sleep!
And lingering love, by that green grave of thine,
Long, long shall weep,
And myrtle wreaths with rosy garlands twine—
Emblem of fadeless love—to grace that sacred shrine.

And with the mourning band
Who to that hallowed haunt their offerings bring,
A stranger-hand
Would o'er her urn a simple tribute fling;
Tho' but a forest-rose—frail, fading thing!
Love consecrates the gift,—'tis friendship's offering.

Maria.

ELIZA.

From the Southern Religious Telegraph.

Died, at her residence, on Shockoe Hill, December 11, 1837, Mrs. MARGARET ANN WHITE, in the forty-third year of her age, wife of Mr. Thomas W. White, Editor and Proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

The deceased had been twenty-seven years in married life and was buried on her marriage day, the 13th December.

She had become a member of the visible church in this city, and it is more than hoped, of the invisible church, about sixteen years ago, under the ministry of the lamented Dr. John H. Rice, then Pastor of the first Presbyterian church, Richmond, and afterwards Professor of Christian Theology in the Union Theological Seminary. Doubtless a happy meeting has taken place in the upper sanctuary between the Pastor, and this lamb of his flock, and this too in the presence of the Master Shepherd.

Her religious awakening was of a very strongly marked character, and her distress on account of sin was perhaps unusually deep and long continued; but when she felt the principle of rebellion and unbelief subdued, and found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, her religious enjoyment was equally marked and decided.

Occasional doubts she had in the earlier periods of her christian experience, but they were all gradually dispelled, and disappeared in the course of a prolonged experience of growth in grace; and long before her spirit took its upward flight, her faith could say "abba, father," with as simple a certainty as her natural memory could recall the parents of her youth. "He that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not; and we know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness."

During the visitation of the cholera, in the fall of 1832, she was called to the painful trial of surrendering her only surviving son, a promising young man of nineteen years, in which affliction she was greatly supported, and to which she was greatly reconciled, not only by the reflection that this was her heavenly Father's will, but also by the fond hope that this was his chosen mode of calling some of her loved household to a saving acquaintance with himself. The feeling she aimed to cherish was, "here, Lord, am I, and the children whom thou hast given me."

One year ago last August, an inquiry into the causes of her declining health, and peculiar sufferings, satisfied her physicians and herself that recovery was hopeless; and that she must gather in her strength and fortitude, and call all her piety to the task of patiently enduring the slow torture, and finally becoming the subject of the certain triumph of an internal cancer. Blessed be God—this was not the commencement of her acquaintance with Him. She knew Him long before—and knew Him to be "a very present help in trouble."

She was resigned from the first—her mind was delightfully exercised—"her peace was like a river." Her suffering came daily like the person and countenance of death in her chamber, but her earthly physician came faithfully with his skillful alleviations, and then her heavenly physician was never absent, making her daily more happy than the daughters of health and bloom, and "giving her songs in the night."

Her decline was uninterrupted, though unexpectedly slow: her bodily sufferings apparently on the constant increase, as was also her experience of that "peace which passeth all understanding." It was always good to visit her sick room, at least in the experience of all those who love to breathe the atmosphere of heavenly communion; and long will her pale and smiling face, and the quiet apartment where she lay, be the picture of hallowed recollections.

Towards the last, her spasms amounted to convulsions, and they followed in such rapid succession, that only at short intervals, and far between, was she able, apparently, to command her thoughts at all. For two weeks before she breathed her last, her body seemed to be given into the hands of her disease, which kept it unceasingly upon the rack; but there is no necessity from this to believe that her spirit (the link of sympathy being partially broken,) was not the meanwhile in quiet anticipation reposing on the bosom of its heavenly friend. A lucid interval was allowed her to give the affectionate farewell embraces to her husband and her daughters and servants. Her death at last was apparently but a soft and easy cessation of the labor of living. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labor."

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.*

One of the greatest enjoyments of a European residence, to a person of natural or cultivated taste, is derived from the opportunity which it affords, of hearing the best music, by the best performers. Without pretending to the exquisite ear or exalted passion, of a professed *dilettante*, I can truly say that I deemed this one of the greatest of my privileges and pleasures. It was in Paris, where I resided during the first years of adolescence, that I chiefly enjoyed the gratification of which I speak. The Italian opera there is constantly supplied with the most eminent artists, and was during the greater part of my time, under the direction of the celebrated *Maestro* Rossini himself. He was not exactly the manager, the *impresario* as the Italians phrase it; but a sort of general superintendent who directed the choice and the getting up of the performances, which were composed, chiefly, of his own pieces. This was obviously a great and rare advantage. It was like Shakspeare or Moliere, superintending the production of his own immortal works. It may not be a little curious to know, that so far from presenting the refined or intellectual appearance which we would be apt to attribute to him, the great composer is of a rubicund, jolly countenance, and of gross corporeal proportions. His tastes and habits are in accordance, for he has the reputation of being one of the greatest epicures or rather *gastromomes* of the day. In the quaint language of Charles Lamb, he is a great lover of "the delicious juices of meats and fishes." It diminishes our interest in eminent musicians, to learn that their minds and habits are, generally, but little in harmony with the ethereal character of their pursuits. They are certainly with many honorable exceptions, apt to be intemperate, and are rarely intellectual, though I am not disposed to judge them so harshly as Dr. Johnson, who observed, if I am not mistaken, that Dr. Burney was the only musician he ever knew, who was not a fool. The former unfortunate propensity may, perhaps, be explained by the necessary conviviality of their habits, and the latter defect attributed to the absorbing character of their studies. When alone, a musician, instead of thinking, hums an air, or sings with his mind, to employ with some modification a celebrated figure of Milton, who says "the hand sang with the voice."

To return to the Italian opera in Paris, the celebrated female performers in my time, were Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Pisoni, and Cinti; of the other sex, the

most distinguished were Rubini, Galli, Tamburini, Garcia and Zuchelli. There were many other secondary performers of great merit who would have ranked in the first class elsewhere, but whose talents were here eclipsed by superior luminaries. The edifice, appropriated to the opera, (which was burnt to the ground the other day, when the acting manager, Severini, lost his life,) was of moderate dimensions, constructed chiefly with a view to musical effect, and ornamented with taste and characteristic propriety. It was the resort of the best company of the metropolis, who always made their appearance *en grande toilette*, which is not the custom in French theatres, except at the first representation of new pieces, and on benefit nights. This promotes the enjoyment and profit of theatrical entertainments not a little, by the absence of restraint, and by obviating the necessity of tedious or expensive preparation. The spectacle presented by the audience of the Italian opera, was always exceedingly striking and attractive. The *élite* of Parisian society, not to speak of distinguished strangers, was always to be seen assembled there. There was something exceedingly fascinating, nay, intoxicating, in the spectacle of so much distinction, beauty and fashion, heightened by the ethereal strains of music,

"Which into souls doth creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven."

Some of the most beautiful women, both French and foreign, I ever beheld, frequented the *Salle Favart*, as it was called, and contributed much to the gratification of the audience. Among these, two Spanish ladies, Andalusians I believe, always attracted much attention. They were "high damas," of stately form and rather massive proportions, with the raven hair, proudly flashing eyes, and soft brunette complexion of their country, and an almost imperceptible down, slightly shading the upper lip, as I have often observed in Spanish women, which adds to the imposing character of their faces. But the "observed of all observers" was a young English lady of rare beauty. She generally made her appearance late, in company with a fine looking married sister, and her entrance was always announced by a murmur of applause from the whole assembly; an involuntary, but respectful homage, to the power of beauty. Fair, with the fresh, yet delicate complexion and slightly expanded form of her countrywomen, she possessed that indescribable refinement or rather purity of air, which imparts something angelical to the whole person. She was always attired with simple elegance, *simplex munditiis*, and wore her hair, which was almost of the hue and transparency of amber, (the *flaxus* of the ancients, the *capelli d'oro* of the Italians,) parted *à la Madonna* upon the forehead, on which was placed, in accordance with the fashion of the day, a gem of antique fashion, supported by a single strand of those delicate Venetian chains, light and exquisite as frostwork. As I gazed, enchanted, upon this beautiful creature, how often did I wish for the "art that can immortalize" of a

* We are indebted to a distinguished literary gentleman, now a resident of Washington city, for these truly interesting and brilliant recollections of the Italian Opera. But, in the store from which these strains proceed, there must be a thousand others, and of every description, lingering behind. Such a memory must be a treasure, that abounds in riches of various sorts. Give us reminiscences of scenes and persons, of literature and art—the stock cannot be easily exhausted, and the favor he will confer upon the public cannot be too highly appreciated. We ask it for ourselves—we ask it for others.—*Ed. So. Lit. Messenger.*

Titian or a Lawrence—but I have her portrait vividly painted upon my mind, I cannot say my heart, for I did not know her, and worshipped her only as a Chaldean would a star. She was to me a cynosure.

Among the company which frequented the opera were always to be distinguished the professed amateurs, or *dilettanti*, as the Italians call them. These persons are invariable attendants, occupying always the same places, from which they could scarcely be missed without a loss of *caste* or reputation. They are characterized by an air of intense, yet chastened enjoyment, which rarely exhibits itself in boisterous applause. The chariness of their praise renders it the more acceptable to the performers, whose reputation and success depend very much upon the fiat of these gentlemen, who are "nothing if not critical." They are, for the most part, Italians, who, all the world over, are recognized as arbiters in such matters. Byron has a very amusing description of one of these *judicial* gentlemen, in the following lines from Beppo, the happiest specimen of the serio-comical or Pulci verse in the English language, if we except the Rape of the Lock, which, however, is rather a poem of the mock heroic order.

He was a critic upon operas, too,
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin;
And no Venetian audience could endure a
Song, scene, or air, when he cried "seccatura."

His "bravo" was decisive, for that sound
Hush'd "academia" sigh'd in silent awe;
The fiddlers trembled as he look'd around,
For fear of some false note's detected flaw.
The "prima donna's" tuneful heart would bound,
Dreading the deep damnation of his "bah!"
Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wish'd him five fathom under the Rialto.

Distinguished from these again are the enthusiasts; the passionate admirers, who are very aptly termed musical fanatics, *fanatici per la musica*. They make up by intensity of enjoyment for the less fastidious delicacy of their taste, and are more anxious, or capable, of feeling a great deal, than of judging with extreme nicety. Their habit is to go into ecstasies at every touching note or brilliant passage, and to exhibit the varying, impassioned effects, attributed, by Dryden, to the divine Timotheus. Their delight seems to be absolutely convulsive, and their sensibility to music the true *hysterica passio*. One elderly gentleman of this class, used to amuse me, particularly. His appearance was distinguished by nothing but a singularly long, flexible nose, which seemed to be the receptacle of a vast quantity of snuff. This *Slaukenbergius redeivius* of most unromantic aspect, regularly accompanied the *prima donna* with the tap of his hand upon the box, increasing constantly in vehemence as she proceeded, until he lost all control of himself, and would throw his body backward and forward and laterally, like a person with St. Vitus' dance; and then at length, absolutely overcome by the violence of his sensations, would fall back, and explode in a storm of *brava bravissimas*, gradually dying away in faint murmurs of palpitating emotion, like one tickled into a fit.

When I arrived in Paris the celebrated Pasta was the reigning *prima donna*. But first, let me tell what a *prima donna* is. A *prima donna*, then, is the high priestess of music; a sort of profane St. Cecilia, who is absolutely deified and worshipped by the devotees to the "concord of sweet sounds." If she be handsome, which is gene-

rally the case, for it requires a rare combination of advantages to assume this exalted position, the enthusiasm with which she inspires her admirers, is unbounded. She is the favorite of kings and princes; she has the nobles of the land in her train; she never appears, unless thronged by a crowd of impassioned devotees. Wealth is poured at her feet like water; the most costly presents, from every source, are heaped upon her; jewels without number, "pearls and barbaric gold" are literally showered upon her laurelled head.* Her attendant is a prince; her humblest servant some haughty ambassador. She feeds upon the perfumed breath of applause, and lives and moves and has her being in the "purple light of love." Duels are fought for her; suicides are committed on her account; she has her faction which divides the state, with the zeal and bitterness of Whig and Tory, Democrat and Federalist. Beware, in a mixed company how you disparage her merits, or exalt her rival: you may receive a cartel upon the spot, and the dawning light of the morrow shine through your body. Such a life must indeed be a fascinating one, to a proud and beautiful woman, but it has its drawbacks and disadvantages like the humblest condition. It is difficult to maintain a position of such giddy height, and the necessity of sooner or later descending from the pedestal, and retreating again among the undistinguished multitude, must be humiliating, not only to submit to, but even to think of. This was the fate of the distinguished Fodor, shortly before the period of which I speak, who was deprived of the powers of her voice, which, not even a residence in the pure and balmy air of Parthenope, could restore.

To return to Pasta, though not precisely handsome, she was a woman of most noble face and figure, formed by nature to personate the queenly characters which were generally allotted to her. She was considered, by many, the first tragic actress of the age, nor was there much exaggeration in the estimate. There was something high and majestic in her air, and it might be said of her, as of Venus, by Virgil "*inaccessa patet Dux*"—her gait bespoke the goddess. Her voice, which, if I recollect right, was what is called a *mezzo soprano*, that is, one embracing the intermediate portion of the female scale, was of great volume, force and flexibility, though in its lower notes a little husky (*velate*) which very defect, however, she was skilful to turn to dramatic effect. Never shall I forget her personation of the queen in Rossini's noble opera of *Semiramide*, the finest, in my humble opinion, of his serious works. Pride, ambition, love, remorse, despair, were depicted, as if felt, in turn, with a fervor and force, to which music seemed to add tenfold expression and power. So highly was she esteemed by her admirers, that they gave her the title of *la ditta*, the divine, which became the customary prefix to her name. This recalls to my mind, the profane enthusiasm of the admirers of a great singer, who were in the habit of exclaiming "one God, one Farinelli!" In the sublime opera of *Mosè in Egitto*, I once had the rare good fortune to hear Pasta, in com-

* I think it was Sontag, who, before her marriage, exposed to sale the various presents she had received during her short, but brilliant career. The quantity of jewels, watches, rings, chains, necklaces, &c. &c.; of cashmere, and bone, and embroidered handkerchiefs, and ermine cloaks, and boxes of conical perfumes, and packages of gloves without number, &c. &c. was incredible.

pany with Cinti, Rubini, Galli, Zuchelli and other artists of distinction, a combination of talent which made an impression not easy to be effaced.

Cinti, whom I have just named, was a beautiful Italian, of rather diminutive height, yet slightly massive proportions, whose clear, melodious and graceful *soprano* was always listened to with delight. In the French opera of *Le Rossignol*, in which she "trilled her thick warbled notes" in emulation of the nightingale, her performance rose to the highest grade of art.

I shall never cease to remember, the first appearance, in Paris, of the inimitable Sontag, whose early retirement from the stage, to quote with slight modification Johnson's remark upon Garrick, eclipsed the gaiety of the musical world. It was the day before I set out upon a tour to Italy, and I made no small effort to be present, upon the eventful occasion, the "dramatic solemnity," as the French phrase it. She came, preceded, indeed, by a brilliant reputation, but which had not yet undergone the severe test of a Parisian audience, composed, as it is, of distinguished *connoisseurs*, from all parts of Europe. The opera chosen for her *début*, was *la Cenerentola*, in which, as is well known, the heroine makes her first appearance in a rustic dress, to which and to domestic drudgery, she has been condemned by her proud, unfeeling sisters. The first tones which streamed from her lips, clear, brilliant and dashing, electrified the house, and at once insured a success, which went on increasing, until she quitted the scene of her uninterrupted triumphs. Her voice cannot easily be defined, or even described. It was one of unrivalled power and compass; clear, full and sweet; of rare flexibility and wonderful precision. Her *staccato* notes were particularly striking and came sparkling out, with the clearness and brilliancy of the diamond. The management of her voice was admirable. She would run up and down the chromatic scale with wonderful rapidity and distinctness; dashing in quick transition between the most distant notes; jumping whole octaves at a leap, yet lighting upon the most remote points, with an agility and accuracy which seemed to be the effect of magic. Her execution of the variations of Rode, in the piano scene of the Barber, was a rare *tour de force*, a perfect *legerdmain* of the voice. She was, withal, a lovely woman, with the simplicity, yet not the coarseness, perhaps erroneously attributed to the fair of Germany; of sweet manners, modest deportment and perfect propriety of life. These attractive qualities, proved a general misfortune, for they won her the hand of the young Count Rossi, Piedmontese minister, I believe, at the court of Berlin, which she is said to adorn by her talents, beauty and virtue. This marriage, which was for a long time kept secret, at one time threw a cloud upon her character, as she was compelled to retire for some months from the scene, for a reason which nothing but matrimony can justify. The scandal, however, was at length happily cleared up, by the avowal of the honorable connection. I never fail to smile, when I recollect a conversation, which I had with a Frenchman, who sat next to me, at her reappearance after this event, and before the *éclaircissement*. He applauded her with peculiar vehemence, as he told me, for that very cause, because it would secure her services to the public, as long as the duration of her delightful talent. He maintained with true French

philosophy, that virtue was a vice in an actress; as it rendered her liable to be married by some man of rank or opulence, to whose private gratification the pleasures of nations were thus sacrificed. "*C'est le plus affreux des monopoles*," "it is the most detestable of monopolies," he exclaimed, citing to me at the same time, the instance of the singer Naldi, who married the Count de Sparre, and that of the beautiful dancer, Mercandotti, the Taglioni of her day, who became the wife of the rich Ball Hughes, or Hughes Ball, I forget which, more generally known as Golden Ball; not to mention other examples.

It was my good fortune to hear Sontag, several times in company with Malibran, whose organ was perhaps, not so extraordinary, but, who excelled her distinguished rival, in passion, expression and dramatic talent. She made her *début* in America, with great applause, and sheathed her maiden sword, if I may be allowed the figure, upon the boards of New York. Here she was induced to contract a marriage with an old French merchant, who proved a bankrupt, a few days after the completion of this ill-starred and ill-assorted union. Availing herself of some informality in the procedure, she succeeded in getting the marriage annulled by the French tribunals, when she bestowed her hand freely, upon de Beriot the violinist, who was so much censured, by the English public, though perhaps unjustly, for his alleged insensibility after her melancholy death. Her first appearance in Paris, though indicating great talent, was not decidedly successful. She had the good sense to retire for a season, and improve her wonderful faculties by thorough training, the consequence of which was, that at her reappearance, she at once captivated all ears and hearts, and placed herself in the front rank of performers. She was indeed a genius in the truest sense of the word. All the powers and effects of her voice seemed to emanate from the soul within. Every thing which she did, appeared to come from inspiration; like the Pythonesse, she seemed, agitated, rapt, possessed. When kindled by the enthusiasm of her nature or the passions which she represented, she would often produce effects as surprising to herself as to others, and which seemed ever new and inexhaustible. She seemed to give herself up, *se laisser aller*, to the illusion of the moment, and really, feel all and more than she represented. She had all the qualities of soul and person to make a great actress. She was literally consumed by enthusiasm, and the harsh treatment of her father, together with the events of her early life, had made her deeply familiar with tragic emotions. Her ambition, too, was so great, that she would sometimes actually faint upon the scene, from the earnestness of her efforts and the intensity of her feelings. Her face was faultlessly classical, with a chiselled definiteness of outline, and her figure chaste and graceful as those sometimes seen upon an antique vase. Every year added to the talent and reputation of this unsurpassed queen of song, until she perished at length, amidst the smoke and steam of Beotian Manchester, in the full blaze of her fame, a victim to the enthusiasm of her temperament and her devotion to the sublime art of which she was so illustrious a votary. "Whom the gods love die young." Melancholy consolation! May flowers of softest hue and sweetest fragrance spring from the dust of her who was the pride and delight of

nations! Fit emblem and mourner, may the nightingale warble sadly among the branches which shade a tomb, so often moistened with "melodious tears." Alas, poor Malibran!

I must not omit to mention Pisaroni, the most celebrated *contralto* of her day. Her voice, which was full, strong, and solemn, might not be unaptly called a female bass, and she generally appeared in male characters, many of which were written expressly for her. She was as remarkable for ugliness as talent. Her face, which was broad, coarse and swart, and distorted by the most horrible grimaces when singing, was in keeping with her low squat figure—whose attitudes, to make use of an inelegant comparison, reminded one of those of a cow. There could not be greater evidence of her talent than the high gratification which she uniformly afforded, notwithstanding such repulsive disadvantages. She had much intelligence—combined with sensibility, which qualities were exhibited with the greatest effect in the fine character of *Arsace*, in the opera of *Semiramide*, to which I have already alluded, and in which I several times heard her sing with Pasta. The unfeminine character of her low, rich, sonorous voice, no doubt contributed not a little, to her success. I cannot forbear to relate an anecdote regarding her, which I had, but the other day, from the person who is the principal subject of it. An American gentleman who fills with distinguished ability an honorable station in his native state, was travelling a few years since, from Bologna to Venice. Upon entering the coach, at the former place, he observed among the passengers, a lady, whose singular ugliness made a very disagreeable impression upon him. The purity of her accent and elegance of her conversation combined with her engaging manners, soon however reconciled him to her appearance, and they were not long together ere she became quite a favorite with him. To while away the tedium of the route, my friend, among other expedients, proposed singing, to which the lady, after some hesitation consented, archly, however, making it a condition that he should take the first turn. Mutual pressing and bantering ensued, and the worthy Virginian, who probably did not know of a bull's foot, in music, (as the schoolboys say,) was upon the point of favoring the company with a specimen of transatlantic vocalization, when fortunately for himself and the musical reputation of our country, the coach reached the bank of the Po, where it was detained a few moments by the preparations for passing the ferry. Here the accidental sight of her passport, revealed to the astonished Virginian, that it was the famous Pisaroni, whom he was about to favor with a song by way of encouragement! Upon re-entering the coach, he expressed to her his gratification at the good fortune which had thrown him into the company of so celebrated a person, good-humoredly upbraiding her, at the same time, for the ridiculous position in which she had nearly placed him. She acknowledged his compliments with becoming politeness, observing that she preferred maintaining her *incognito* in travelling, as it saved her from much embarrassment, and the prejudices of those who had no tolerance for her vocation.

A little incident of harmless scandal may not be out of place here. Emulous of the success of Sontag, a countrywoman, Mademoiselle Heinefetter, came to

Paris, having eloped from the court of the Grand Duke of Hesse Cassel, to whose chapel she had been attached. She was a remarkably fine, luxuriant looking person, which circumstance, though she possessed considerable professional cleverness, gave her for a short time, a success, to which perhaps the order of her talent did not entitle her. But what excited the public strongly in her favor, was the circumstance, that the Grand Duke caused his resident in Paris to insert a publication in the papers, complaining in so measured terms of the treachery of her *escapade*, and it was even hinted that a formal demand for her, was to be made to the government. The French, who immediately suspected, that the regrets of his Highness proceeded from a cause more tender than her voice, (whether excited by retrospect or anticipation, it was hard to say,) made themselves very merry at the expense of the petty German prince, and swore stoutly that he should not have her back without her consent. "*Ce n'est pas là une affaire du ressort de la diplomatie.*" "This is not a diplomatic matter," they exclaimed; "his Serene Highness is very ridiculous in endeavoring to captivate a lady by such means." What became of her, I do not know. Not having met with success equal to her expectation, I think it probable that she finally listened to the solicitations of the Duke, and returned to delight the stately court of Hesse Cassel and its susceptible master.

Of the gentlemen I will not speak particularly. Tamburini, whose name is a very appropriate one, is the first bass of his age, if Lablache whom I have not heard, be excepted, and Rubini without comparison, the best tenor.

It was indeed a privilege, a rich banquet for the soul, to hear the graceful melody of *Cimara*, the touching notes of *Peisello*, the unearthly strains of *Mozart*, and the rich, various and brilliant music of *Rossini*, executed by such accomplished artists. Often when exhausted by excitement, or vexed by the turmoil and cares of life, have I soothed my ruffled feelings, and recruited my jaded spirits, by a resort to this highest and most intellectual of the pleasures of the sense, if music can be so called. Of all my enjoyments abroad, (I speak of mere enjoyments,) that which I best remember, and most regret, is the one I have just described.

Before I close, though not strictly in accordance with my subject, I must say a few words about the celebrated Paganini, who has attracted so much attention in the last few years. I had the pleasure of hearing him before he left Italy, and can truly say, he is the most wonderful person I ever met with. I cannot mistrust the impression he produced upon me, because it was made before I had heard of his reputation or even his name. During a short residence in Florence, with boyish curiosity, I managed to obtain admission to the morning rehearsals at the opera. On one of these occasions, Paganini who, as I said before, was entirely unknown to me, presided at the repetition of a concert, which he was to give in the evening. I think I was the sole auditor, besides the performers, vocal and instrumental. The instant he touched the violin, I felt the effect of his wonderful talent. I have heard the most celebrated violinists in Europe, but he is beyond all comparison with them. In his hands the instrument becomes something else and more. The manner is

which he places it under his chin and left ear, (which seems to listen intensely to its softest breathings,) and grasps it with his long, bony fingers, is very peculiar. He draws the bow over the strings with long sweeps, sometimes very gently, and at others as if he would crush all beneath it. The effects which he produces are as various as they are extraordinary. Now exquisitely delicate and soft; then brilliant, animated and graceful; and at times wild, thrilling and unearthly; he passes in rapid transition from one to the other. Sometimes you seem to hear the soft breathings of an Eolian harp; then, the gay notes of a merry company; anon waftings of heavenly music that call to mind,

"That undisturbed song of pure concent
Aye sung before the sapphire-color'd throne;"

terminating at last in

"Lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream,"

such wailing sounds as startled the ear of Dante, when he approached the gates of eternal misery.

Quivi sospiri, planti ed alti gural
Blonnavan per l'aer senza stelle,
Perch'io al cominciare ne lagrimal,
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,
Facevano un tumulto. *Dante—Inferno: Cant. III.**

So clear and round are Paganini's tones that they seem to proceed from an instrument stringed with glass. Independently of his execution he possesses genius in the highest degree, which seems to master and tyrannize over his soul. He is the mere instrument of the spirit within. When executing his musical improvisations, the expression of his eye becomes intense and fitful, his frame shudders, and his arms and fingers act with an apparently convulsive motion. He has then the air of a galvanized corpse. It is at these moments, he produces those wild, thrilling and tempestuous effects, which cannot be listened to without emotion too intense to be agreeable. A fierce demon seems to agitate his frame, and it is when in this condition, that his instrument has been compared to a wild beast, which gnawing his vitals, draws from him those wailing and agonizing sounds. His appearance adds, not a little, to the effect of his extraordinary powers. Tall and gaunt, with a cadaverous face, sunken eyes of hectic transparency, hollow cheeks, and long, lank, dark locks, falling down to his shoulders, he is an admirable personification of that enthusiasm of which he is the victim. He is, or was, very much like the portraits I have seen of Irving, the mad Scotch preacher, who set all London in a ferment, some years ago. It is said that such is the effect of his performance upon his nervous, excitable temperament, that it often incapacitates him for some days after. There is no affectation about him, but rather an awkward stiffness, and his bow is so constrained and uncouth, that it has been facetiously observed to be just such a reverence as a

lobster might be supposed to make. His performance on one string, I look upon as a mere *tour de force*, an object of vulgar curiosity, and would not mention it, but for the story by which it is generally explained. It was reported and generally believed, that he had suffered a long imprisonment for having assassinated his wife. His sole resource was his violin, and having but a small supply of catgut, as the story goes, in order to economize it, he learned to dispense with three of the usual number of strings. This melo-dramatic tale, added much to the curiosity and interest which he inspired. People looked upon him with a mysterious dread, as a sort of demon incarnate. He was perhaps the devil who played for the sleeping Tartini. The magic artist never deigned to contradict the story, until walking one day, on the *boulevards* of Paris, he saw in a shop window, a picture representing himself with a fiend-like countenance, plunging a dagger into the bosom of the imploring Mrs. Paganini. He could not stand the joke carried thus far, and accordingly addressed a letter to one of the public journals, declaring that there was not the slightest foundation for the tale, and appealing to respectable persons, who had known him from infancy, for the truth of his averment. From this letter, it appeared that he had been a musical prodigy from his infancy, and that his whole life had been devoted to the cultivation of his divine art. In fact, he had never been married. Little Miss Watson, who eloped with or rather to him, does not seem to have regarded him as a monster. The story however is founded upon a fact, which occurred in Italy, partially as represented, more than a century ago. I heard Paganini several times in Florence in the presence of the court and brilliant audiences, upon which he always produced the most extraordinary impression.

There is nothing more remarkable than the difference in the musical talent and passion of nations. The English are perhaps the most unmusical of civilized people. The French have more passion for music, but the national taste is a vicious one, and their language worse adapted to it than any other cultivated tongue. The Germans, with scarcely an exception, have a profound musical passion and they excel all other nations in instrumental skill. Their music is tender, romantic, rich and solemn. Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and a host of others, are composers of unsurpassed excellence. But Italy is the very seat and throne of the musical empire. There, are found the greatest number of celebrated composers, and thence come nearly all the great singers. There must be something in the climate and air very favorable to the voice, for when impaired in other countries, it is often restored by a short residence in the mild region of Ausonia. Music, there, is a universal passion, and even the common people excel in it. I have often, in a moonlight night, followed groups of laborers, who were executing with fine taste, and admirable unison, passages from the popular operas. I shall never forget the agreeable surprise I once experienced upon entering a silk manufactory in the neighborhood of the royal residence of Caserta near Naples, at finding, perhaps a hundred neatly dressed peasant girls, seated in rows in a large airy hall, all singing at their work, in harmonious chorus, under the direction of a leader of their own sex. It was a most charming spectacle, and strongly expressive of the national taste and passion.

* Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans
Resounded through the air pierc'd by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds
Made up a tumult, &c.

But I must stop, ere I have exhausted my subject, for fear of wearying my readers, if I have not done so already. These reminiscences must be pardoned for their vagueness and inaccuracy, as years have elapsed since the impressions were made, and I have no notes to aid my memory. I must also crave indulgence for any erroneous use of technical terms, into which I may have fallen, as I do not pretend to be a *connoisseur*.

J. L. M.

THE LAND FAR AWAY.

BY ELORA.

There are bright homes mid bowers of deathless glory,
There are blue skies o'erbending them in love;
Sweet winds that never sighed round ruins hoary,
Or sung the Autumn requiem of the grove.
There are fair flowers by crystal waters springing,
That never bore the semblance of decay,
On the soft air their perfumed incense flinging,
In a land far away!

There on the mountain tops, the day declining,
Hath never caused a twilight shade to rest!
Each height, an altar to Jehovah, shining
With sunlike brightness o'er the vallies blest.
And there are dwellers in those scenes of gladness,
O'er whose pure being death can have no way,
Whose voices utter not a note of sadness,
In a land far away!

Cherub and seraphim of glory, bending
With holy raptures at a throne of light;
Angels and saints their songs of triumph blending;
These are the dwellers in that region bright.
And some have walked with us the path of sorrow,
And felt the storms of many a wintry day;
But, oh! they wakened on a blissful morrow,
In a land far away!

And shall we weep for those to joy departed?
Or shall we mourn that they shall grieve no more?
Sick as we are, and sad and weary-hearted,
Shall we recall them from that blessed shore?
See where they dwell—the forms we loved and cherished;
From age, dim-eyed with hair of silver gray,
To the fair babe that like a blossom perished—
In a land far away!

Thou, best and dearest—ever-gentle mother,
Who soothed me in thy circling arms to rest,
Still the cries which would have vexed another,
By folding me with love upon thy breast—
Green o'er thy grave for years the long grass sighing,
Hath seemed to mourn above the mouldering clay,
But well I know thy spirit dwells undying,
In a land far away!

And He whose brightness suns and stars are veiling,
Whose form once seen would blind our mortal eyes—
With Him who bore unmoved the scoffers' railing,
And died to give us entrance to the skies—
Father and Son and ever-blessed Spirit,
There with their presence make eternal day!
Oh! glorious are the homes the good inherit
In a land far away!

Philadelphia, October, 1839.

TOUCHING TREES & TREE TOPICS.

"Noble placeant ante omnia sylva."—*Virgil*.

Since my last article was written, where can any one have lived in comfort, who had not trees to fly to for shelter, against such heats as have prevailed? Oakwood has been Eden all the while—Eden without a tempter: yet unlike the sacred garden, became decay-stricken, like every thing else decreed to man by Omnipotence. Even now we see around us, as we course through the wood-lanes, on our evening and morning rides, a crimson oak leaf here, and there a yellowing maple. But what delicious sun-sets, and what heaven-sent breezes come in with this change of season! And then the fruits,—that ripen by the same influences which make sere the foliage and gild the wavy corn-ribs,—the downy peach, the purple plum, the blushing nectarine, the crisp water-melon, and luscious cantelopo. Is it not true that Thomson, the seasons' poet, hath said,

"These are but the varied God?"

Come, then, at the springing, the verdant, or the falling leaf, and you shall have a welcome in these woods. What matters it when? What saith Pliny?

"Frutetis et arboribus dilapae folia."

And here, you can readily realize what he means. Yet is the fall only incipient as yet. The leaves dilapae but here and there; the leaf of the lemon-clingstone is yellowing faster than the fruitage, and more brown oak leaves fall than ripening acorns. The sycamore is early dying, and its foliage comes earthward with its loosening bark; the seed-vessels of the acacia grow daily a deeper brown, and the white stems of the slender birches shine more silverly among their yellow masses. Another month, and what wood-glory will be here! But I will not anticipate it. When the time comes, I will tell you of the gorgeous change; though I may see it painted in the forests of a more northern state. It will yet be the same in all its features: and Nature is Nature still, with all her thousand charms, view her where and when, and whence you may.

Two months only would I gladly spend in the city. I am not so sylvan as to eschew every thing urban, and forever. But I should sooner tire of town than country, and am of the mind of Tacitus in this: "*Nemora vero, (says he,) et luci, et secretum ipsum, tantam mihi affurunt voluptatem, ut inter precipuos carminum fructus numerem, quod nec in strepitu componuntur.*"

The forgetfulness of the noisy world, which the lover of retirement soon finds occasion to experience,—I mean the oblivion into which he, not the world, passes, when he secludes himself from the latter,—is with many a great bug-bear to scare him from the indulgence of a sylvan taste. He gains the greater good, however, who gives up the town, and, with Horace,

"Inter sylvas academi quaeret verum."

How beautiful Beattie expresses this preference, while choosing a spot for his last pillow!

"Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown;

In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where Night and Desolation ever frown!
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrawn,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave:
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!"

Virgil, in his second Georgick, has the same idea. Listen to the liquid flow of the language in which it is conveyed:

"Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorias—
— Oh qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ."

Sotheby has made four fine lines out of this,—but oh, how far short come they of the original! The "sylvasque inglorias," and "gelidis in vallibus Hæmi,"—where are they? Here is the translation:

"Oh may I yet, by fame forgotten, dwell
By gushing founts, wild woods, and shadowy dell!
Hide me, some god! where Hæmus' vales extend,
And boundless shade and solitude defend!"

But neither in foreign nor in mother tongue, neither in time of eld, nor by modern muse inspired, has any thing in this vein been written, like that which I am now about to transcribe, from a rare but rich old volume, (that I will not lend!) worth twice its weight in virgin gold. It is called "The Vow for Retirement," and is from the pen of Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, who lived late in the seventeenth century. This exquisite effusion was written in the year 1695.

"Grant me, O indulgent Fate!
Grant me yet, before I die,
A sweet, but absolute retreat,
'Mongst paths so lost, and trees so high,
That my unbroken liberty
Never may the world invade,
Through such windings, and such shade!
Here let there reign a soft twilight;
A something betwixt day and night;
Amid these thick-grown shades be found;
While here and there a piercing beam
Scatters faint sun-light on the ground,
Spangling with diamond-points the gloom around,
A holy, pleasing, melancholy gleam!
And never may the world invade
Through such windings and such shade!"

"Let no intruders hither come,
Who visit but to be from home,
None who their vain moments pass,
Only studious of their glass.
News, that charm to idle ears,
That false alarm to hopes and fears,
That common theme for every fop,
From the grave statesman to the shop,
In these coverts ne'er be spread,
Where the heart to peace is wed.
No, never let the world invade
Through such windings and such shade!"

"Courteous Fate! afford me there
A table spread without my care,

With what my garden can impart;
Whose cleanliness be all its art.
When of old, the kid was dress'd,
(Though to make an angel's feast,)
In the plain unstudied sauce,
Nor truffle nor morilla was,
Nor could the mighty patriarch's board,
One far-fetched ortolan afford.

Courteous Fate! nay, give me there
Only plain and wholesome fare:
Fruits may kindly Heaven bestow,
All that did in Eden grow;
All—but the forbidden tree,—
Would be coveted by me;
Grapes, with juices so crowded up,
As breaking through the native cup,
Figs, yet growing, candied o'er,
By the sun, a tempting store,
Cherries, with the downy peach,
All within my easy reach;
While, creeping near the humble ground,
Should the strawberry be found,
Springing wheresoe'er I stray'd
Through those windings and that shade.

"Give me there—since Heaven has shown
'Twas not good to be alone—

A partner suited to my mind,
Solitary, pleas'd, and kind;
Who, partially, may something see,
Preferred to all the world in me;
Slighting, by my noiseless side,
Fame and splendor, wealth and pride.
When but two the earth possess'd,
Then were happiest days and best;
Nor by business, nor by war,
Nor by aught that quiet mars,
From each other were they drawn;
But in some grove or flowery lawn,
Spent the swiftly-flying time;
Spent their own and Nature's prime,
In love—that only passion given,
To smoothe the rugged path to Heaven.
When comes, at length, the closing hour,
Here may it find us in this bower,
Without one anxious fear or sigh,
Pleas'd to live on—prepar'd to die;
And be the debt of nature paid
Amid these windings and this shade!"

I think you will agree with me that that is as good, at least, as the average of the original poetical contributions to the Southern Literary Messenger.

In my last article, I took occasion to describe to you the scathing of a fine old oak by lightning, in the immediate neighborhood of Oakwood. I had not then met with the following beautiful lines, or I should have given them as appropriate to the subject. They are from a pen accustomed to coarser work,—that of no greater and more respectable, and, at the same time, no less notorious, a personage, than old "Dennis the Critic," and were written in the year 1695. The idea is noble and admirably sustained.

"Ages had seen yon deep-scathed oaks remain,
The ornament and shelter of the plain:

With their aspiring heads they dared the sky;
While their huge arms the loud winds could defy:—
The tempest saw their strength, and, sighing, pass'd them by!
'Till Jove, unwilling they should more aspire,
Launched on their giant heads his forked fire,
Then, from their trunks, their mangled arms are torn,
And, from their tops, their scatter'd glories borne.
Now, on the heath, they blasted stand, and bare,
And swains, whom erst they sheltered, now they scare!"

Adieu, for another month!

Oakwood, Va., Sept. 1, 1836.

J. F. O.

THE CURSE OF THE FORSAKEN.

Go! and when o'er thy faithless heart,
Thou traitor to thy vows and me,
Joy flashes with a phantom's art,
Like lightnings on a raging sea—
Then turn and cast a burning thought
On her whose wrongs thy doom have wrought.

Forgive thee! yes! who stoops to hate
The viper that infests his path?
Its venom may our veins dilate,
But cannot swell our souls to wrath:
Thou wert the viper to my rest;
Thy fang—not malice—goads my breast.

Forgive thee! yes! but never can
Self pardon self, for yielding trust
To one whose semblance was of man,
But yet whose spirit was of dust;
Here!—take my pardon—let it fall,
The wormwood to thy cup of gall.

Forget thee! would I could forget!
Alas, oblivion has no stream,
Like storied Lethé, where to wet
The heart, and it from shame redeem:
It is, when woman once has fell,
Her curse to need no after hell.

But, thanks to memory's madd'ning torch,
The flame that mocks me with the past
Can pierce the future's misty porch,
And tells a doom for thee at last;
While God upholds in Heaven his sway,
Sin stalks not here a thornless way.

Go! seek oblivion's iron hand,
On earth's remotest shore—in vain!
Forever wilt thou bear the brand
That seared the heart and brow of Cain:
But Cain's remorse can never bow
The soul of one so hard as thou.

I will not die—but cherish life,
As vestals watched their holy flame,
Till it shall soothe my frenzied strife
To see mine buried in thy shame:
Then sink—'twill be the sting of hell
That we *together* there must dwell.

Camden, S. C.

B. W. H.

MEMORY.

ADDRESSED TO STUDENTS.

Memoria excolendo agetur.

In limine, we beg of the youthful reader of the Messenger, who for the sake of pleasure rambles through its pages, which like a pleasant *parterre* are strown with the choicest flowers of literature, not to start back from the perusal of this article under the apprehension that it is to be very analytical or metaphysical; on the contrary, even if we were endowed with the power of analysis, we would, for the sake of utility, make our observations of a practical character.

We are no advocates of a *born* equality of mind, or rather, in more correct language, as we think, of an equality of mental susceptibility at *birth*, chiefly because we never yet saw a mother who believed it, and her opinion is entitled to as much weight, as that of the mere speculative philosopher, since she is capable of letting herself down, of becoming herself once more a child, for the purpose of conversing with and amusing the nascent mind of the infant prattler. The *senses* are the conductors of ideas to the mind, and without their existence there could be no ideas; but the senses do not act until birth; therefore anterior to birth there is no mind, or rather no ideas as yet impressed upon it, and as the major includes the minor, or the whole the part, of course no memory; but the inference that is sometimes drawn from this, that every infant starts in life with a mental apparatus equally qualified for success, and that with the same system of culture it will always remain the same in every individual, is not a fair inference, for each individual may commence his education with a different degree of susceptibility, and it is immaterial to our purpose whether this difference dates its existence anterior to, at, or subsequent to birth. Dr. Franklin and others, have compared the mind, before the reception of ideas, to a *blank* piece of paper; now, it is evident that one individual may have a broader sheet or tablet than another, or, to use the technical language of the printers' art, one may have a more *receptive*, another a more *tenacious* paper. Again, in farther illustration, take two measures, one a bushel and the other a half bushel measure, both empty; though they be *empty*, they are nevertheless measures, and no person will say that because they are empty, they have the same *capacity*.

However strong the argument may be against any existence, or at least any exercise of mind before birth, it applies with still stronger force to the memory, for memory relates to things past, and implies experience: how then can there be a memory of that which has been neither heard, seen, touched, tasted nor smelt? There seems also to be less disparity in the susceptibility or capability of memory, in different individuals, than in any other mental function; this appears probable from its very great degree of *teachableness*, its quality of receiving *mechanical* or *arbitrary* help, which indicate that it is less dependent on original constitution for excellence, than its sister functions of mind. It is related of Woodfall, the publisher of the Letters of Junius, that about the last quarter of the eighteenth century, he reported the speeches delivered in the Bri-

tish Parliament, from memory only. Mere auditors have frequently been known to repeat correctly from memory long speeches, some time after they had heard them. In Germany, a young Jew has brought his memory to such a degree of excellence, that he is now astonishing several of the European capitals by reciting from it the seven folio volumes of the Talmud, from beginning to end, and afterwards from end to beginning. Indeed, whatever may be the speculations of mankind on this subject, they *act* as if they believed the truth inferred from the preceding paragraph, for whilst they resent, as an insulting imputation, any reflection on their *other* mental powers, because it would imply that God had given them less of these qualities than to other men, they not only receive good humoredly any impeachment of their memory, but even sometimes take a delight in railing against it themselves. We infer from the premises, that if memory do not exist anterior to birth; if the degree of its susceptibility or impressibility be the same or nearly the same in different individuals; if it be *docile* beyond the other faculties, no person need despair of making his memory all that is desirable.

We now proceed to vindicate the dignity and importance of memory in the intellectual system. It is not our intention to resolve all or several of the components of mind into memory, but adopting the admitted truth that all the divisions of the states of which mind is capable, are closely connected with and dependent upon each other, to show that if it be not the foundation stone, or the sustaining arch, it is something more than an embellishment of the mental fabric, and as such can not be neglected without greatly weakening that reciprocal and blended strength and beauty which the several parts receive from each other. The prejudices against the importance of memory, and even the belief that a high degree of it is inconsistent with the strength of the kindred faculties, are not confined to the ignorant, but have sometimes made their appearance in books of merit. The wise ancients thought not thus. They made Mnemosyne, or Memory, the mother of the Nine Muses, or the arts, of which they are the presiding deities—the severe one of history, the stately one of the epic, the laughing one of comedy, and the weeping one of tragedy.

Felicesque vocat pariter studuq; locique
Mnemonidas. *Ovid, Lib. V., Fæb. IV.*

Plato seems to make all knowledge consist in remembrance, and Diodorus Siculus ascribes to memory the art of reasoning. An examination of the process of ratiocination will show that there is some truth as well as poetry in this latter opinion, viz: the reasoner proposes to prove something which is commonly distant from his premises, and to do it by a series of arguments, which, as they are mutually connected and dependent, are compared to the links of a chain. The danger is, that, in the ardor or confusion of the process, he may omit, transpose, or repeat some of the links; from this nothing can protect him but memory, which sits by, a faithful prompter, and preserves to him the collocation which he has elaborated in his closet, or other circumstances of leisure.

If memory be so necessary to the mathematical or philosophical inquirer, it is still more so to the orator;

for, besides its use in eliminating his argument, it has to him still additional and important uses. Reason, stern and severe, perhaps acts the more important part: she presides at the helm; but memory stands by, a faithful servitor, and hands over to her the stubborn statistics, the apposite quotation, and beautiful allusion; she never deserts her post, not even when he is in the most inflamed state of feeling or highest degree of mental exaltation, of which his mind is capable. She kindles and strengthens with the orator's rising ardor, until she seems to embrace upon her chart the whole broad expanse of the past; and, gathering up almost in one moment of inspiration the garnered wisdom of more than six thousand years of experience, she presents it, to be wielded in the cause of truth and justice. Hence it is evident that of two orators, *ceteris paribus*, the one who has the readier and better stored memory, will possess an immense advantage. Innumerable examples might be adduced illustrative of this position; we will, however, only refer to the case of an ex-president of the United States, who frequently overthrows a finely constructed argument, or breaks the force of an eloquent appeal, by the quotation of a formidable array of authorities and stubborn facts from that inexhaustible treasury—his memory.

It is a thought which we do not remember to have seen prominently set forth, and one which may aid us in placing a proper estimate upon this noble faculty, that it snatches from annihilation one third of the domain of time—the *past*; but for it, we should be left with the unsatisfying present, and the inexorable future. It is to this wonderful capability of the human mind, that we are indebted for whatever of wisdom or warning, virtue or valor, is afforded in the history of the *past*, and which without it would have perished in the very moment of their exertion. In vain for us, would the inspired bard of "Scio's rocky isle" have arranged his thoughts in beauty, and uttered them in music—in vain would the noble Socrates, the ken of whose mind almost supplied the want of revelation, have invited us to virtue by his matchless colloquial eloquence, and the sweetly attractive current of his life—in vain for us, would the first Brutus, standing over the corpse of beauty and chastity, for his altar, have uttered the first vow, and struck the first blow for rational and regulated liberty—if tradition, the dependent offspring, or rather another name for memory, had not preserved the recollection of these events, until a writer arose, received the precious charge, and bequeathed it, in perpetuity of possession, to all coming time. But for this conversion, this reproduction of the past, for the wants of the present, it is evident we should be condemned to a stationary state; but by its help, each succeeding generation stands upon the heads of the preceding, and by the elevation of their station command a more extended horizon, and see as much farther down the stream of time, as the one is higher than the other. As the means of preserving materials for history, are so abundant at the *present* day, in exhibiting the connection between tradition and memory, it is not intended to claim for the former, that degree of importance which it had in the *infancy* of society, when it was the most common and useful source of history. In tracing out this connection, it is hoped we have avoided the inference of perfect identity of the two. There seem to be several circum-

stances which distinguish them. Memory relates to *individuals*, tradition to the aggregation of mankind into generations—there can be memory without tradition, but no tradition without memory. In nations destitute of the means of preserving records, the memory of one generation, handed down to the succeeding, becomes tradition.

Memory assumes no less importance, considered in its connection with experience. Such is the high estimate placed upon this mental possession, that it has been called the mother of wisdom. We define experience to be the memory of past occurrences, mixed with that power of turning them to advantage, which arises from a careful observation and collation of them. This power of careful observation and comparison is wanting in many persons—from which it would appear that there may be memory without experience, but no experience without memory.

If the young enthusiast after knowledge, has accompanied us thus far, we hope that, like ourselves, he has been impressed with a desire to improve this noble faculty. Obviously the best mode of improving the memory, is by properly exercising the attention, on which it mainly depends, and the strong or weak exertion of which accounts for the various degrees of memory which we observe in different individuals, rather than any difference of susceptibility at birth. When we hear that everlasting complaint of the young, "I have a bad memory—I have no inducement to study any thing, for I cannot remember it," we are apt to inquire into their habits of attention—which inquiry commonly results in the knowledge, that attention is considered as an affection of the mind, that is scarcely worthy of education.

We will now, after the fashion of nostrum venders, give a sovereign recipe for the formation of a good memory, and the cure of a bad one:—Direct the attention upon the beginning, and continue it throughout the delivery of every sermon, speech, lecture, and recitation, made in your presence, however abstruse the subject, or dull and uninteresting its expounder. It is objected that a discourse of the nature supposed in the apodixis of the foregoing sentence, produces an insupportable irksomeness; well, we do from the bottom of our heart pity the luckless wight who is doomed to the merciless infliction of some articulate savage, who redeems his cruelty with no perspicuity of reasoning, no eloquence of diction, no flash of fancy, or sparkling of wit. But into such bloody hands every one is liable to fall, and is not compliance with the advice just given the best salve? For when the mind is closely engaged in the subject, it cannot suffer greatly, whatever may be the faults of him who handles it; besides, *perseverance* in the course recommended, gradually diminishes the necessity of painful effort, until it results into habit of attention; and it is to us one of the kindest arrangements of the benevolent Being, that our habits beguile much of our toil and minister to our virtuous pleasures. Labor *ipse voluptas*. Authorities, no less than reason, sustain the views taken of attention. Many of the luminaries of the world have left it on record for the benefit of youth, that much of the superiority which is attributed to genius, belongs to a proper exercise of the power of attention. The mind of the man who has acquired the power of fixing it at all times and places, and under all

circumstances, never flags—it becomes the slave of the possessor; let him will it any particular duty, and the performance easily follows the act of volition. With such a mind, he can turn his thoughts inward, concentrate his ideas, shut out the external world, or, at least be but little affected by its distractions, marshal his powers for action, and bring them to bear like a Macedonian phalanx upon the positions of his adversary. There is no error more common or injurious than this of the young student, who supposes that when he has prepared the subject of a recitation or lecture, he has no farther interest in giving his attention to the instructor in his elucidation of it to others. Hence results the inability in after life to accompany a close piece of reasoning through all its stages, and a wretched imbecility and servile dependence of mind. It follows from the rule just given, that all translations and high cuts to the lesson must be avoided, since these render close and long continued attention unnecessary.

The connection of several of the states of the mind with memory, and their partial dependence upon it, have been traced. We will now close with a few observations upon the *pleasures* of memory, and, under this head, its connection with some of the *moral* emotions will be pointed out. The exercise of *conscience* implies a recollection of our past acts, with a feeling of approval or disapproval of them, in proportion as they are conformable or unconformable to the standard of right: how then could there be this review and judgment upon our past acts, if they found no abiding place in the memory? If they did not, we could not preserve the "*mens conscia sibi recti*," which, as a good angel, enables a man to bear up under the abandonment of friends and fortune, the impeachment of his motives, and the assault of his character. This is the only reward which thousands of the unappreciated and unrequited virtuous ever obtain. The bad man considers it a poor remuneration, but it is a richer possession than Alexander or Bonaparte ever knew, since the resulting happiness is extended through this life and renewed in eternity. It is true, another office of conscience is prospective in its operation, as when we say, "my conscience will not let me do so and so." But still this enlightenment of conscience, which enables us to decide correctly on the propriety or impropriety of a contemplated action, has been taught or at least improved by the feeling of condemnation or approbation consequent on our past acts: *ex. gra.* a money lender lends a sum for *usury*, without any conviction of impropriety at the time; but a sense of guilt *subsequently* arises; and when a proposition is again made to lend money on similar terms, his conscience, as men say, will not let him do it. In this restraining conscience, nothing more is discerned than a painful *recollection* of the first transaction acting on his virtuous sensibilities.

Gratitude, the least alloyed of human virtues, equally with conscience, seems to have a dependant connection with memory. Indeed, gratitude has been beautifully called the *memory of the heart*; but, in more correct language, it is a vivid recollection of past kindness, with an emotion of love to its author, as its consequent. It is memory, then, which preserves this heavenly, pure feeling—frequently the only requital which the destitute can make to the clother of his nakedness, the feeder of his hunger, and the enlightener of his

ignorance. But for this the recipient might be depressed by an overwhelming sense of the irrepayable weight of his obligation; but with this emotion gushing in perennial streams from the fountains of the heart, he feels that he is not altogether unworthy or destitute of every power of requital. A good man will never desire any other reward for his alms, and thus it is that charity bleaseth him who gives and him who takes.

The pleasures of *hope* have often been analyzed by the philosopher and sung by the poet, whilst the more chastened and unobtrusive pleasures of memory have seldom been a theme; but hope was not the only boon that remained behind in Pandora's box: the domain of memory—the past—is more emphatically ours, than that of hope—the future.

Who that is contending with a slanderous and envious world, does not feel that it is his purest pleasure to send his mind back along the track which he has thus far described in his pilgrimage? In this retrospective journey, each retraced step shows more lovely and bright than the position which has just been left; all along the path of retrogression arises some remembered and innocent joy, until the mental traveller arrives at the only elysium known on earth—the virtuous home of childhood. Here then the weary wrestler has arrived at a point, when love and hatred and ambition had never agitated his breast—nor selfishness and deception poisoned his philanthropy—when he scarcely suspected the existence of vice in the world, because he found none in his own home. Here he fondly but dimly calls up the beloved forms of the hoary sire—the care-worn mother—the laughing sister, and the fond brother. None but he who is incapable of such a retrospection dare say, that memory is not a friend to virtue, and, therefore, to happiness. Even the recollection of those sad events, which have been engraven on our mental tablets with the *iron stylus of affliction*, is softened and mellowed by the lapse of time, as distance of space takes away from objects their rugged points and revolting features. Of all our mental faculties, it is probable, that we shall carry memory with us in the greatest perfection into the eternal world. Hope will be swallowed up in fruition—for, how can there be any hope where such is the fulness of glory and happiness that nothing is left to be desired? We have imagined that, when this earth shall have been rendered once more without form and void, the beatified spirit will delight, by the help of memory, to revisit the scene of its probation, remembering each drop of water that it put to the parched lip, and each wanderer that it pointed to the road of bliss.—*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

University of North Carolina.

SOLITUDE.

I know not why I often feel
A pang of lonely sadness steal
Into my heart, 'midst crowds and mirth,
And then I feel alone on earth—
As if there were no sympathy
In any, breathing life, for me;
Then quick the unbidden tear-drops spring
Forth from the source such feelings wring,
Until I force them back again,

And bind them in their sad domain;
And strive to wear a smiling mein,
From careless eyes my grief to screen.
I look around and see no trace
Of care on others' brow, or face;
They all confide in some loved heart;
Their vows are pledged "till death shall part."
And they are happy—for they know,
Should sorrow come, or want, or wo,
To tried affection they may cling,
Which draws from grief its fatal sting;
Their tenderness can banish care,
And sunshine bring e'en to despair.
But, there are none whom I can cheer,
None who for me would shed a tear.
I meet with civil words and smiles,
But little these the heart beguiles.
I may not meet the truth and love,
Which nobler natures only prove;
And though such thoughts I strive to flee,
Alone my heart must ever be.
But oft I chide this selfish mood,
So framed of dark ingratitude,
And though by sympathy unblest,
I strive to feel—not feign—at rest—
Yet oft the thought will still return,
"No heart to thine shall ever yearn—
No sympathetic love be known!"
And then I weep—alone—alone.

L. M.

Tennessee, Nov. 1, 1838.

THE EMIGRANT TO HIMSELF.

I left my native land to toil for gold,
And I have won it. Years have o'er me fled,
And never more on earth sha! I behold
Some that I loved, yet *left!* for they are dead!
It was not mine to hear the last request,
In the faint murmurs of their dying breath;
With one fond parting farewell to the blessed,
Or with my presence soothe their bed of death.
And years are lost to me, with those who live,
Of sweet communion. Is the voice I heard
In childhood's happy days, no more to give
Its music to my ear, even in one word?
My own loved brother! are our sports forgot?
Those sports our infancy and manhood shared:
I view with memory's eye each well-known spot,
By thoughts of thee and of thy love endeared.
I had no feeling which thou didst not know;
Love, anger, joy, unfolded were to thee;
In the same channel did our wishes flow—
Dost thou recall all this in thoughts of me?
Vast plains and pathless forests part us now:
Thy children know me not—my hand, the chain
Of intercourse hath broken. Man may bow
At fortune's shrine for bliss, but all in vain.
Can wealth repay me all I left behind?
Friends, brothers, sisters—every hallowed tie
That life first knows, when the young heart and mind
Are warm with hopes, the ardent and the high?
It cannot—would it might! for I am gray,
And time none again recall. My parents lie

Where the green willows weep, far, far away ;
 And there would I breathe forth my latest sigh.
 But here—with few of those I love, to pour
 The tears of sorrow on my lonely tomb—
 Here must I die, for wealth can ne'er restore
 Young years, nor can it gild the spirit's gloom.
 It cannot bring again lost social hours ;
 The heart's best treasures—friendship, love and truth ;
 It cannot soothe one grief that may be ours,
 Or give us back one blessing of our youth.

Thus mused the emigrant, as twilight's shades
 Fell o'er his wide domain. Around his heart
 Sad images had gathered—thoughts of some
 Long, long unseen, now sleeping where no sigh
 Or tear is their's—within the quiet tomb !
 And some still left in life, whose smiles no more
 Shall beam for him. Health is not now his own,
 And weary travel he may not endure.
 Beside him, silent sat his pensive wife,
 With head reclined and gazing on the skies.
 Thoughts throng her mind of bright and early days ;
 Of friends and kindred she can ne'er forget—
No golden idols fill their place to her.

E. A. S.

November, 1838.

LITERATURE OF VIRGINIA.

TO PROFESSOR TUCKER OF THE UNIVERSITY.

The caption of this letter has been assumed, not because the writer cherishes invidious feelings towards the northern or eastern section of the United States. He rejoices, that letters have been cultivated on the banks of the Hudson, and that Irving, Paulding, and Sands, have anticipated the southern people in elevating the mental character of their country, both at home and abroad. The works of Channing and Mrs. Sigourney, have met with some measure of approbation, even from English critics ; and whilst writers in foreign countries have welcomed their productions, it is not probable that in any part of America, such productions would be received with disdain. Nor is it my intention to exclude from our warmest wishes, those portions of the country which may lie more to the south than Virginia. We are sensible of the fact, that Dr. Ramsay devoted his life not only to condensing information contained in voluminous writers, but partially to original works in historical literature. The intellectual character of Grimke was one which the writer esteemed, and the conductors of the Southern Review will not soon be surpassed in erudition. The parliamentary speakers of South Carolina have been equalled only by men of the first order, and her soldiers were early in the field when our independence was to be achieved. The question then can be promptly answered, why a title to this letter has been fixed on, so sectional in its nature. It has been chosen for no other purpose than to give distinctness to our views, to prevent needless details, and to keep steadily in sight the object at which we aim. With these preliminary remarks, permit me, respectfully, to engage your attention for a few minutes on the illustration of the following points :

1st. Has Virginia such a literature as she is under obligations to possess ?

2d. Are the means within her reach, of improving her indigenous literature ?

3d. Would the benefits of literature repay her for the time and expense which would be involved in its attainment ?

On the first question, the position is assumed that the State is under obligations to possess a literature of the highest grade ; and upon this assumption the question must be answered in the negative. However mortifying the confession, truth declares that we have no such literature. When assaulted by foreign critics, we might be induced to soften the asperity of their representations by any circumstances that might serve to extenuate our negligence ; but among ourselves it is noble to acknowledge our short-comings. It is not intended, however, to say—that mind has not been active in this State—that beneficent works and useful schemes have not been undertaken by its influence—that jurisprudence has not been studied—that the heights of political wisdom have not been scaled—that every department of professional life has not been respectably filled—that academies, colleges, and universities, have not been founded and endowed. These statements are capable of proof, and not one in the sisterhood of our confederacy has excelled Virginia in legal acquirement, in political tact, or in forensic or pulpit eloquence. We are evidently in the first stages of literary effort, and large calculations may be made, and sanguine hopes may be indulged, from the fact that we have begun to disperse widely the elements of education. But, at the present, nothing can be more easily demonstrated than the position assumed ; for we assert, without the danger of being contradicted, that there is not in existence a history of Virginia worthy of the name. It is true that "Smith's History," is interesting to all who like to contemplate an infant colony, or courage, when brought into contact with savage borders, or adventure and enterprise equal to any in the annals of chivalry. Its minute and topographical descriptions are valuable ; but important events have transpired in two hundred years, to which justice has not yet been done. The same estimate in some respects will apply to Stith, Beverley, and Burk, each of whom undertook a record of events which had taken place in our State. The documents furnished by Marshall are truly valuable ; but as the Chief Justice was without doubt the most eminent jurist in America, it could scarcely be expected that he should have been at the same time the most conspicuous historian. But it has been said, that the historians have done all that lay in their power with the events ; and that when imposing events shall be furnished, they will be recorded in an imposing way. That august actions serve to inspire the writer who is employed in their contemplation, we hold to be self-evident ; nor is it possible that events, diminutive in themselves, can become great by the manner in which they are represented. It is the province of the essayist to play with those on-dits which so often ruffle a superficial society, to depict the caprices of fashion, and to catch the lights and shades which glide over the manners of the people. But the pencil of the historian encircles the commonwealth, and finds distant causes at work among diversified passions, whilst the causes and

the consequences demand dignity of description. Is it then reduced to a certainty, that our commonwealth is totally destitute of materials suited to one of those glowing historical memorials, from the perusal of which our legislators, jurists, and planters, might rise with augmented wisdom? So far from this, we seriously doubt whether Livy, in describing the foundations of Rome, was possessed of materials better adapted to history, than those which have long been inviting the attention of our men of letters. Our origin is not obscure. We are not dependent on marvellous circumstances to excite the wonder of the multitude. It demands no credulity from the people; but, as the Indians believed that the Spaniards who first visited this continent, came from the sun, so our origin, historically speaking, is transparent as the light. Our settlement here is interwoven with the history of England; but no writer of Virginia has ever explored with minuteness the causes, which were at work in the parent country to produce the colonization of America. But though the connection between England and Virginia be so intimate, it is clear that no one but a native of our soil would be competent to write our annals. The face of the country is different. The modes of society—our domestic relations—our civic arrangements—our language, and our laws, though derived from England, have been modified by circumstances which have introduced a contrast. But especially in treating of those events in which we were brought into conflict with the mother country, we could not look for impartiality from any historian whose mind was biased by foreign political institutions. Ex-president Jefferson was of opinion that Botta's History of the Revolution was the best which had been written. Botta certainly adopted the classical writers in this department as his models, and he admired the Italian republics; but his style is remarkably irksome. But allowing this to be the best record yet given of the revolution, this by no means proves it to be the best which may be given, or which ought to be given. The field of competition is still open, and that Virginian will deserve the laurel crown who shall first celebrate the national deeds of which our State was the cradle, in that kind of melodious language which the muse of history is wont to inspire. He will deserve a plaudit as warm as patriotism has power to utter, who will display, in its true lights, the character of James I. of England, of Powhatan, of Opechancanough, and Pocahontas. That females have filled a large space in history, is evident from the bare mention of Zenobia, Boadicea, Cleopatra, Christina, Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, the Maid of Orleans, and Lady Jane Grey. Some of these individuals, however, have been stained with crimes at which the heart revolts. But a purer and more disinterested character does not exist in history, than our own Indian princess; and to her benignity we are indebted for those broad lands which we occupy—for those rivers on which are seated the marts of our commerce—and for those homes which are chained in serene captivity to mountains, which were once the barriers of her own imperial principality. But it is not my intention so much to descant on the variety of our materials, as to remark that those materials are at present in an immature state. In the same crude condition, precisely, were the facts and documents which relate to the discovery of America, until Irving

collated and arranged them, and threw over them the fascination of his style. The author of the British Spy contemplated at one time the preparing of a Virginia Plutarch. This work, though biographical, would, from the lives of those entitled to a place in it, have partaken very much of the nature of a political history. And, indeed, from the present attitude of things in our State, it is to be feared that some time will elapse before politics and literature will be divorced. We mean to say that politicians may, to some partial extent, be men of letters; but that there is no necessity why men of letters should desecrate their calling by becoming politicians. The talent displayed in the "Letters of Curtius" might have been turned to an important account, in some other department than politics; but, in that department, the feelings of the author became absorbed in the ardor and exaggeration of the partisan. Politics are so much in vogue among us, that if an individual is to be chosen, on any occasion, to address our colleges or universities, the uniform inquiry is, has he been a member of congress, or a foreign ambassador, or a secretary of state? If so, he will answer our purpose exactly; when, at the same time, the retired scholar who makes academical learning an object of generous pursuit, might be much more apt to confer honor on the institution to which the appointing power appertains. We further take occasion to say, that in our colleges belles-lettres chairs are either not founded, or, if founded, are considered as subordinate to those of political economy. The object of the belles-lettres, however, is not to reduce strong sense, but to give it the amount of polish which it may be able to sustain, and to adapt the style of mental execution to that field of intellect, in which we may be called to act, whether parliamentary, or forensic, or in ecclesiastical and popular assemblies. Goldsmith has remarked of himself, that his taste was literary rather than scientific; but this statement may be reversed in application to Virginia, for hitherto our taste has been utilitarian rather than ornamental. It is a question, however, whether we have thought sufficiently of the various uses to which elegant literature may be applied. We are aware, that many have spoken in disparaging terms of this species of attainment, and no one more contemptuously than the late Robert Hall of England. As a counterpoise, however, to such distinguished authority, permit me to say that the mind of Hall was decidedly classical and mathematical. He could not, therefore, be a competent judge, because he was a stranger to that luxuriant literature which arose out of the middle ages. In this department he was satisfied with gleanings, and cannot, for this reason, be ranked among sturdy reapers. His opinions, consequently, are of no more account than the opinions of any other would be, about the complex figures and the beautiful diagrams of the mathematics, who had never advanced beyond the knowledge of fractions. Polite literature is not at all inferior to science, in the point of its infinitude. It has a multitude of vales—the flowers of which wave in the inspiration of the muses—and a multitude of heights, on which imagination is burning at all times its fragrant and inexhaustible incense.

It would be needless to prosecute inquiry into other departments of our literature. If history has not advanced beyond the simplest annals, it is not probable that other branches have been more extensively or success-

fully pursued. It is nothing but justice, however, to say that several works have been written by Virginians, which have no special connection with the State. "Lee's Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department," can interest Virginia very little more than as she is a member of our confederacy. Had it been left in a finished form, it is certain that "Lee's Life of Napoleon," would have been the best work of the kind ever written by a Virginian. Your views and mine coincide precisely in the estimate you have given of this history, in your treatise on "American Literature;" but the work is disfigured by attempts to seek points of unessential discrepancy with Sir Walter Scott. It would seem as if he thought that the baronet stood in his way, and that it was necessary to kill him, on the same principle that some Indian chief must be sacrificed, that his antagonist may become possessed of the ornaments which made his rival so conspicuous. But Henry Lee was not the man to fall heir to the mental wealth of Sir Walter Scott. In his controversy with ex-president Jefferson we can overlook acrimony, because it seems to be an ingredient in political excitement; but in literature it is important to keep clear of feuds. The feuds between Pope and Addison, Byron, Bowles, and Southey, have created a blemish in their lives. But in these remarks let no one indulge the suspicion that we intend to depreciate Virginia. She has been the parent of great men. The qualities of Lycurgus and Alfred were more than combined in the father of this country—and we have seen Sir Matthew Hale in the person of Chief Justice Marshall—and the sage of Montpelier may well be compared with any of the ancient lawgivers. But it is in vain we inquire for our Miltons, and Baccans, and Spensers, and Johnsons, and Addisons, and Petrarchas, and Dantes.

"We may call spirits from the vasty deep—
But will they come when you do call for them?"

They will not—and the reason is obvious, because they have never been here; and illustrious shades are not accustomed to appear even under the spells of the imagination, unless they come to receive the award bestowed by posterity on their works. It must be conceded, however, that the people of Virginia have had a huge wilderness to reclaim, and men are not apt to betake themselves to refined pursuits, whilst engaged in executing works of utility. Two centuries ago, and that which is now Virginia was the land of Powhatan. Between our colonization and the present time has intervened the revolution, which agitated to an unusual degree the minds of men. This was a period in which philosophical and literary leisure yielded to that gigantic action which was necessary, before glades could be hewed out in the wilderness, to be filled by the large and brilliant forms of civil, political, and religious liberty. But in relation to our literature, the prospect may be more pleasing than the retrospect.

We shall proceed to a few suggestions on the second interrogatory: Has Virginia the means within her reach of improving her indigenous literature? To this question we shall return an affirmative answer. The Virginians have hitherto been lovers of English literature, and it was perfectly natural that their taste should have taken this direction. English history, jurisprudence, politics and manners, have been subjects of study

for more than two centuries. The influence of Hume has been astonishing in forming the opinions of young men, especially barristers, throughout this State; and this is the more to be wondered at, when we recollect that republican views of government have been universal. It has arisen doubtless from a predilection for every thing appertaining to the country from which we have so legitimately derived our descent. Attempts have been made to introduce a preference for the authors of France; but they have pre-eminently failed. The English literature is easy of attainment; it is highly cornucopian in its nature, and blends itself naturally with all our mental associations. And if we must relinquish the hope of raising a literature of our own, we know of no country that could supply us with better models than England. There are gaps in the line of her kings, but there are none in the line of her poets; and the muses were more propitious when Cromwell ruled, than when Alfred reigned. Then Milton presided over the national lyre; and from the volume of melody which his hand dispersed among the nations, eventually descended the form of freedom to ransom in our deserts the captives of the English monarchy. As Virginians, we care but little for the vulgar greatness of any English king; but we cherish a filial reverence for England, because she has been the mother of arts, of law, of learning, of statesmen, philosophers, and poets. It would be superfluous to speak of her philosophers, and what they have accomplished—or of her statesmen, and of that wide arena on which they have so often contended; or of her artists, and those productions which they have suspended in the gallery of the world. The fountain of poetry excavated by Chaucer, and colored with Italian hues, has flowed among all her shires, gladdening her obscurest hamlets, and ennobling her imperial cities. But the perfection of English literature should not divert attention from the incipient state of our own, and to that point we will return.

It has been made a question, whether men of letters ought to select subjects at home or subjects abroad. At first, Milton thought that his own country would have yielded him a theme for that song which he had promised to distant ages, but the muses overruled his determination. They saw, that even the best materials of English history could furnish no foundation broad enough to sustain the superstructure he designed to rear. For this reason they transferred his meditations to the vicinity of the Persian gulf, where they opened to his footsteps the leaved gates of Eden, and there he completed a picture, to the perfection of which the world contributed its multitude of rural sights.

It is one of the fables of antiquity that the city of Thebes, from rude materials, was charmed into proportion by the lyre of Orpheus; but it is no fable, that from the leaves and herbs, the rills and minerals of Eden, Milton reared a temple in which innocence might worship. Among the elementary disclosures of the book of Genesis, his imagination planted its watch-tower; and he drew around him the rarest objects to augment the beauty of Paradise. Every rural sound known to the ear of earth, murmured among the chords of his harp; whilst before the tide of its glowing eloquence, all trees and herbs became warm with animation. The plants that shiver in the Arctic zone were obedient to its call, as well as those gorgeous flowers

with which the sun enwreaths the waist of our world. It is equally certain, that Camoens and Tasso sought distant materials for the structure of their immortal works. But then the human mind had taken an oriental direction in consequence of the crusades; and the imagination of the poet saw camels winding in the meadows of the west, and Persian gazelles ranging in English parks, and the palm-tree surmounting the oaks of Britain. In consequence of the commercial intercourse of nations, it is scarcely possible to settle any standard on this subject; but one thing is certain, that all distant materials lie as near to the imagination of the Virginian, as to that of the Briton, the Frank, or the Italian. There is, however, a species of home-literature, which is highly to be valued, though it may descend from that epic heaven, to which we are elevated by Milton, Camoens and Dante. In this kind, the English Parnassus is redolent from the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, to the Task of Cowper; whilst this long, intervening space, is filled with specimens too numerous to be mentioned. The wits in the reign of Queen Anne, for the most part, chose their materials on English ground, and many are the pictures of English life, which they executed, in that familiar style, of which Addison was the Coryphæus. Virginia has received, with a smile of approbation, all those works which have a reference to her own scenery, manners, or institutions. This is true of "Jefferson's Notes;" for that work, with the exception of its religious views, contributed to the popularity of its author in the state. It is true of the "British Spy," and of the "Old Bachelor," and of the "Life of Patrick Henry." It is true of "Swallow Barn," of "Letters from the South," of the "Mountaineer," of "George Balcombe," and of the writings of President Dew. It is true of the Southern Literary Messenger, and of many other productions. It is pre-eminently true of the ballad entitled "The Waggoner," which, in the judgment of the writer, is the best piece of poetry ever written south of the Potomac. There is in it a graphic power, and a cheerful, contented, and buoyant gaiety, which Wordsworth would not disdain to own. It is to be remarked, however, that Wirt was unequal in his performances, and the difference arose from the mixed nature of his pursuits. His *Spy*, constituted him the father of polite literature in Virginia. We may say of him what Johnson said of Gray—had he always written thus, he might have bade defiance to criticism. This charming work is Virginian in its structure. But in the *Life of Henry*, his attempts to vindicate the title of the orator to greatness, have led many to doubt that greatness who never disputed it before. The defect of the work lies in the glare of the words, and in the confusion of its figures. We cannot help believing, from the success which attended the *Spy*, that Virginia is admirably adapted to the production of that domestic literature which corresponds with a comparatively infant state of society. The seclusion in which many of her inhabitants live—the rites of hospitality so generously exercised—English customs still lingering in our homes—the fidelity of our servants—are enough to inspire Irving to depict scenes like those in his "Bracebridge Hall." Men may become tired of epic grandeur, but there is no sense of weariness in this kind of literature. The descriptions of life and manners in the works of Ramsay, are as fresh as ever to the native of

Scotland; and such a literature may be formed among us as rapidly as among the people of North Britain. In history, Hume, Robertson and Russell, simultaneously appeared; in philosophy, Reid, Stuart, Beattie, and Brown; in poetry, Grahame, Burns, and the Ettrick Shepherd; and, in fiction, McKenzie, Wilson and Sir Walter Scott.

If the face of a country has any influence in the formation of taste, then Virginia has a right to look for this quality in her children: for, where shall we find more natural curiosities or such redundant scenery as lies along the Blue Ridge. That mountain seems always as if it were a long drawn line of poetry, which the Creator had inserted into the otherwise prosaic volume of the State. Our climate, too, is soft as the most sensitive could demand. We are aware of its being a disputed point whether climate has much effect on literature. The question might be argued abstractly; but an appeal to facts would warrant the belief that its influence is but slight. Sismondi has traced the flight of the muses from the Mondego to the Ægean sea; but the Russian poets have excelled all others in sublime views of the Deity. Plutarch, Pindar, and Epaminondas, rose from among the mists of Bœotia. Literature has opened its wells to the peasants of Iceland, as well as to the caravans of Arabia. The haunts of the muses have embraced the extremes of heat and cold, from the Arctic to the Antarctic circle; but if there be any advantage in climate, then ours is not one

"Where genius sickens, and where fancy dies."

It is probable, that our literary men will be obliged to draw some portion of their materials from those Indian tribes that had pre-occupancy here before 1607. The "Last of the Mohicans," by Cooper, "Traits of the Aborigines," by Mrs. Sigourney, and "Yamoyden," by Sands, are works founded on our connection with these tribes. Southey, at one time, gave us the promise of making our country the scene of a work; but as he has outlived all his republican notions, it is probable that we shall not be honored by his muse. Campbell, however, has more than supplied the desideratum, by a poem as remarkable for pathos as any within the range of letters. But the wigmaws of Virginia have scarcely been entered by our writers, and yet we know not whether they be best suited to the researches of the philosopher, or to the investigation of the poet. The mysterious origin of these tribes—their mounds, fortifications, and cemeteries—have perplexed the most profound philosophers; whilst their costume, their ornaments, their relentless passions, their feuds, their devotedness to war and the chase, might entertain the most fastidious of our bards: and thus these tribes might become to our men of letters, what the highland clans have been to the writers of Scotland. But the field in the didactic, historical, and philosophical departments, is just as open to us, as to any other people. Among the ancients, husbandry has been taught through the medium of poetry, and large portions of history have been distributed among the people through the medium of verse. Through the same channel, Armstrong has instructed us in the art of health, and Falconer in that of navigation. In the same way we have been taught the pleasures of the imagination, of hope, of memory, of temper, and of religion. But the most important

inquiry, as connected with this subject, relates to the way in which our men of letters are to be supported. We have no king to bestow bounties on the indigent scholar. We have no pensioned men among us, like the tragedians of France, or the English essayists, or the Italian philosophers, or the German critics, or the Flemish artists, or the Hindoo brahmins, or the Chinese mandarins. The forlorn scholar contends against wind and tide, and finds that without the discovery of a literary steam-power, his skiff is not likely to reach any haven with velvet shores. It is not probable that literature for a long time will constitute one of the divisions of labor, though the wealth of the State might be augmented, by raising such a department of mental industry. In this dilemma, Coleridge advises all men of letters to study a profession, and most sadly did he feel the want of some calling to supply his family with bread. The muses fed him on nectar, but it was not so well adapted to subsistence, in a world where the sweetest flowers are overwhelmed by the bitterness of noxious weeds. The same theory, in substance, is advocated by Gulian C. Verplanck, in his "American Scholar;" and it must be confessed that his reasons are weighty, why men of letters in this country should become utilitarians. Thus, Burke, and Fox, and Sheridan, Brougham, McIntosh, and Jeffrey, may be regarded as specimens created on this scheme. But the professional character will invariably absorb the literary, or the literary will produce the same effect on the professional. There will be a master passion, and literature demands devotedness in order to reach excellence. Homer, Milton, Camoens, Tasso, and Dante, were beggars; and Virgil would have been in the same predicament except for the munificence of the Cæsars. These bards might have been utilitarians; but then they would never have scaled the summits of Parnassus, and been hidden from the approach of vulgar men, in that distance which they have created between themselves and the species to which they belonged. But to the cultivation of letters, Virginia has it in her power to apply some incentives, and if her legislators will decree that the first Petrarch who may arise, shall be crowned in her capitol, she will not long be destitute of Petrarchs worthy of the coronation.

The third interrogatory, whether Literature will repay the State for the time and expense involved in its attainment, will now claim a moment's attention.

This question is rather formally stated, for we contend that Virginia would be repaid a thousand fold for all her liberality in the cause of letters. Literature has created a difference among nations; and to see the contrast, nothing more is necessary than to inspect the map of the world. The map of the world may receive the same gloss from the hand of the artist; but the lights of knowledge and the shades of ignorance introduce points of discrepancy not to be misunderstood. The student can single out Egypt and the northern shores of Africa, and contemplate them with emotions different from those with which he looks into the interior of that peninsular continent. He can contrast the dignity of the Carthaginian senate with undisciplined hordes that roam destitute of the arts of life. It is true he meets with proofs of fallen greatness. The pyramids are defaced. The astronomer plies not now, as formerly, his nightly task: nor does his mind join itself in communion with the stars, as they meet in

caravans among the mazes of a wilderness composed of moons, and rings, and suns, and systems.

But we must look to other causes for the downfall of nations, than to that literature which led them forth from barbarism to refinement. Greece has lived many centuries on her ancient renown. Her books, her exploits, and her sculpture, have been disseminated through the world. The forms of free government have passed away from her; but they have been revived in other lands. Her statuary, and all the ornaments of Pericles, have decayed; but the minds of her citizens have become immortal in their works. When invaded by Persian hordes, her bards chanted those odes, the influence of which led her armies to victory, and the last voice for freedom was lifted up in the tones of her thundering eloquence. Erasmus is said to have introduced the study of Greek into the University of Oxford; and in this way Greece has not been without influence in moulding the politics of British youth, who have gone forth from beneath the monastic towers of that institution. It is true, England retains the appendages of monarchy; but she is essentially free. It seems to us Virginians a mystery, how men like Brougham and Wellington can be ruled by Queen Victoria; but it is probable, that such men pay her homage only as she turns over the sibylline leaves of the constitution, or as she waits with vestal watchfulness around the altars of freedom. But the king of England is a cypher, and her forms of government comparatively immaterial. The foundations of her happiness were laid in her schools, her colleges, and universities. Her divinitaries, indeed, have never produced such a dramatist as Shakespeare, or so practical a linguist as Dr. Carey, or such a preacher as Baxter, or such an essayist as Goldsmith, or such a novelist as Sir Walter Scott. But these men rose from among the people, and are deviations from established laws. It seems to be one of these laws that mind shall incite mind, when the intellectual powers are brought into contact, and from these seats of learning have gone forth men who have become the pillars of the English government—the ornaments of law—the patrons of popular education—and the lights of the world. From one of them Sir William Jones went forth to establish English law in India; and though we wish the Hindoos to be free, yet if they must be slaves, we would rather they should be slaves to England than to the Russian autocrat. To those universities we owe all the light which Newton, and Locke, and Bacon, and Butler, have shed on the framework of nature—on the arcana of science—on the structure of the mind, or on our moral relations. The declension of Greece can form no objection to her literature, because her literature is living, though its parent be deceased. She no longer nurses on her lap those heroes who threw lustre over her marble mountains and her olive vales; but her example produced those heroes who wrought out our independence, and gave rise to such patriots as Macomb and Scott, McDonough and Perry, whose deeds constitute the raw material out of which the muse of history will weave a robe of glory beyond the power of time to consume. The sandals worn by Lord Byron in his pilgrimage through Greece, at every footstep sunk deeper and deeper into her ashes—while the bard felt the obligation of providing in his own poetry, an urn in which those ashes might be embalmed.

The literature of Italy was the truest reflection ever

made by the mirror of Greece. It was considered a high effort of genius, when an ancient artist so depicted fruit that birds mistook the imitation for reality; and in the mental fruits that grew on the banks of the Tiber, there was a striking resemblance to the rhetoric, the philosophy, and the poetry of Greece. Rome, from a few huts, inhabited by barbarians, became an imperial power, taking in the deserts of Gaul, the forests of Germany, the sands of Numidia, and the cliffs of Albion, and passing over the Pyrenees and the heights of the Caucasus. The downfall of this power was not effected by literature, for it was among the last offices which literature performed, to scourge, as with a whip of scorpions, the growing vices of the empire. The empire fell by its own weight; and it was the voice of its own ruins, at the twilight hour, which admonished Gibbon that the sun, which had set forever, needed an historian to record his race. But when Rome was overwhelmed by barbarians, her literature was eventually transferred to Spain, to France, and Switzerland. It was subsequently revived on the soil where it had first taken root, and free governments arose in time from its influence.

Literary men may accomplish much for the preservation of liberty, though devoted for the most part to peaceful employments. Some of them, it is true, have obeyed the summons, when called to the defence of their country. This may be affirmed of the Greek tragedians, of the Welsh bards, of the writers of Spain in the Moorish wars, and of some of the Polish poets in the aggressions of Russia. But, for the most part, their attention has been directed to whatever can soften the manners—refine the taste—subdue the passions, and augment our social pleasures. When Napoleon was subjugating continental Europe, the scholars of France and Germany were in retirement. Chateaubriand was in America; the Baroness De Stael was a prisoner at Copet, on the Lake of Geneva; Cuvier was silently enlarging the empire of man over the birds of the air, and over the shells of the sea; Goethe and Schiller were waiting anxiously for the flowering of the olive tree of peace, that the nations might partake in its shade, of the mental repast which they had provided. The pursuit of letters is necessary to counterpoise the fierce passions of men, and the value of poets cannot be calculated on the score of attaching a peaceful peasantry to their homes. Had Burns fulfilled his intention of emigrating to the West Indies before enriching his country with his works, then Cuba or Hispaniola might have gained all that Scotland would have lost. He would have left a blank on the face of his country, that is now filled up with all the humor—the tenderness—the rural contentment—and the moral sublimity of Scotland. And why may not men arise, who shall endear to Virginians their native state, a land which the writer loves:

"Although no son of thine I
Yet I have climbed thy mountains, not alone,
And made the wonders of thy vallies mine."

We have adopted a form of government unparalleled by any nation in the history of man. The defects which are visible in the republics of Greece, of Carthage and Rome, of Italy, Holland and Switzerland, have been avoided, whilst their excellencies have been combined in our confederacy. It was owing to the light and intelligence of the people, that our states have met together as harmoniously as a galaxy of

stars takes its position in the world of nature. Among the bonds which are to hold together a constellation so imposing, the chain of a common language and literature will prove one of the strongest, and we believe that Virginia will be prompt to create a multitude of its firmest and brightest links.

To these views might be added some remarks on the aids which morals and religion have received from literature: but such a discussion would lead to an article as long as that which we are about to close. But we cannot consent to conclude before observing, that should any reader suppose that the writer arrogates to himself any literary pretensions, he would entertain a suspicion altogether unfounded. The title of a man of letters would be a misnomer indeed, applied to an individual whose professional studies are vastly more than a match both for his bodily and mental powers. But the writer has volunteered in this cause, because his client has often been unjustly arraigned, and occasionally by some of his own sacred vocation. An Athenian orator once undertook to appear for a female, but his pleas could make no impression on her obdurate judges; he became dumb, however, and simply pointed to the assemblage of her charms, and his silent eloquence prevailed to her acquittal. The writer deems himself to be engaged in studies, that will end in results far more important than any that will ever be found on the milky way of science, or on those paths of literature that wind around all the mental beauty, with which the imagination in all ages has been redolent. We think it is Coleridge who remarks, that he relinquished the dreams of Plato for the realities of Paul—and, may we not add, for the songs of the patriarchs—for the raptures of the prophets—for the melody of Hebrew bards, and harps chorded by celestial choirs? *

B.

* Our author has struck the vein with a master's hand. Cannot we prevail upon him to prosecute his labors, to open up the mine of literature, to develop more of its treasures, and to animate other laborers in the same goodly work?

Ed. So. Lit. Messenger.

CHON-NE-LAR,

THE CREEK MAIDEN—WHO REFUSED TO EMIGRATE.

By Henry Thompson, A. M.

Child of the Eagle Chief! why lingerest thou here?
No lov'd one is with thee—no warrior is near.
Like a bird from its flock, that is soaring alone,
With plumage unsullied, o'er mountains its own,
Thou wand'rest dejected, all lonely dost roam,
Heart-broken to answer—"I'm an exile at home!"

And wretched, forsaken! I would be forgiven,
And repose in the earth decreed us by heaven,
And part not forever from the home I revere;
But roam till I perish o'er the graves that are here.
For a brother now sleeps in this hallowed spot!
A son of the forest! O awaken him not!
O awaken him not—nor his lov'd one despoil,
Or thy blood, *E-sta-hat-ke*,* will crimson the soil.
For the Creek is abroad! ah! yet unsubdued,
And the eye of the eagle is still on his brood.

By yon lake, now thine own, from which we are wean'd,
Our fathers in council, have often convened;

* White man—pronounced East-tu-hat-ka.

But the torchlight is out—and the war-song is o'er!
 To the voice of *Ma-na-wa** we listen no more.
 But the whoop, and the yell, and the games of the hill,
 Are lingering too sadly in memory still!
 But the young bird I lov'd, from his eyrie hath flown,
 And left his Chon-ne-lar, to wander alone!
 Never more to return to the land of his birth,
 Nor to tread the green haunts of this beauteous earth;
 Nor come with the Wampum,† affection arrayed,
 To lean on his rifle—when Chon-ne-lar is laid
 With her dead, by the stream, where the waters will curl
 Their murmuring eddies o'er the desolate girl,
 Who wanders dejected in the land of the Creek,
 'Mid a language discordant, her tongue cannot speak!
 But 'tis well! she is here in her own native place,
 And forsaken, will perish—the last of her race!

* Head Chief—pronounced Min-nor-way.

† A worked belt: a maiden's gift to her warrior lover.

THE GRAVE IN THE FOREST.*

By the author of "Atlantis," &c.

"We had ridden about twenty-three miles, having left the Indian hovel where we slept, by daylight, and our path for the better part of this route had lain over a single horse-track, and through a dense forest which had never been dishonored by the axe of the pioneer. The day began to grow exceedingly sultry towards noon, and my father proposed that we should ride some few hundred yards into the wood, where the trees were loftier, and the underwood less dense and tangled. Among some of the long vistas which gleamed upon us continually on either hand, we did not doubt that we should find a pleasant breeze stirring, which we could not hope for, where the trees were small, and the shrubbery thick, and almost matted together by the rank growth of that fertile region. A little hill, on the right hand, particularly invited our attention. It was covered with pines of the largest size, and so closely set that the mingling branches at the top almost entirely excluded the sun; this probably being the reason of the deficient undergrowth below. Little glimmerings of his light alone appeared, dispersed and fleeting among the far recesses, giving a most spiritual aspect to the spot, and inviting the fancy to that sport which it so much loves, among vistas seemingly interminable. The cool shadow wooed us, and we were glad to break through the bushes which environed our path, and ride quickly up the gradual ascent into its shelter. Once there, the heat no longer oppressed us, but the stillness of the scene, its moral desolateness, and the constant whisper of the breeze, as it fitfully rested upon the tops of the pines, which yielded and bent beneath its passing pressure, induced that desire for repose which the previous heat and our fatigue rendered eminently grateful. We let our horses free to crop the tender herbage, not caring to fasten an animal that seems quite as conscious, when in strange places, of his dependance upon his master, as the latter can possibly be upon him; and seeing them

engaged to their satisfaction in the midst of a plot of towering grass, we threw ourselves down to our own repose. I was scarcely conscious of having slept at all, when my father awakened me with an intimation that it was time to renew our journey. We had rested full two hours, and the wigwam of a Choctaw half breed, fully twenty miles off, was our destined resting place for the night, and the only one within possible reach.

"You have slept soundly," said my father, after I had risen—"more so, I think, than if you had known where you had made your couch."

I turned, at these words, and discovered, for the first time, that my place of rest was the hillock of a grave. The shape of it was still perfect, though a pine tree had grown up at the foot, one of the roots of which ran out of the mould, and partially along upon the surface of the grave.

"An Indian's—some Choctaw chief, perhaps," was my remark.

"No! a christian's. The Indians seldom make individual graves so conspicuous, unless they bury in the tumulus of the tribe—they are more apt to conceal the burial place than ostentatiously to reveal it. I am not satisfied that any of the American tumuli belong to the ancestors of the present race. They certainly do not to themselves. But this grave is that of a white man and a christian. While you slept, I drew up the stake which was at the head of it, and partially concealed beneath the long grass. It lies at your feet. It was once a cross. The arms of the cross are wanting, but you may see where the groove has been made with a hatchet to receive, and where the nail has fastened it. The nail has been eaten out with rust, and the cross has fallen down in consequence. But the groove and hole are there; and there is yet other evidence. Look—your eyes are younger than mine—look, and see if there is not a letter upon the head of the stake. It seems to me that there is, or was. Can you make it out?"

"It is either an M or an H, but which? The two columns are there necessary to both letters, but the connecting strokes are too imperfect for detection."

"It matters not—we should know nothing, even if we knew all; and yet our desire to know is natural enough. But if we knew the name of the inmate, it would not content us; we should be for asking more questions. His family, his fortunes? Where was he born—whither was he journeying—by what means did he come to his end? Your own blood may have circled in his heart, for all we shall ever know of the matter."

"True, sir,—yet these are only a few of the questions which a very natural curiosity would ask, without even hoping for reply. Was he young or old—happy or miserable—did he long for life, in the moment when it was taken from him—was he prepared for death when he found it inevitable? What, next, is the feeling of his connections in his absence—was his fate ever known to them? Perhaps, even now, there is a fond mother, or a devoted wife, that looks for him day by day, and still wonders that he does not come."

"Perhaps—these are inquiries which may be made every day in tracing out the histories of our western pioneers. And yet the probable fortunes of the sleeper here, may be conjectured from his place of burial. He was a discontent, or he would not have been here;

* From "Southern Passages and Pictures," a volume in preparation by the author of "Atlantis," devoted to the illustration of traits, scenes, and traditions of the south.

most certainly, one of those restless, impatient mortals, something like myself, who are forever blazing trees and making tracks for their neighbors. He has distrusted the world—wronged it, perhaps; or—which is worse, and however strange you may think it, far more common—has been wronged by it, in its ignorance of his claims or its recklessness of his rights, and been driven by it into exile. When you grow a little older in the world, you will meet with this history at every step. It is, perhaps, no unfitting termination to the fortunes of such an one, that way-farers should find his body by the roadside, and scooping out for him a shallow grave, have laid him in it, and hurried away from the spot, seeking solitudes yet wilder, and a destiny quite as sad."

As these words were spoken, my father led the way to the horses, his manner evidently indicating a desire to escape from the subject. But I was young and had no such dread of it. The evils of life were the convictions of his experience; to me, they were, as yet, only topics for imagination; and, long after my father had ceased to speak of this little incident, I was revolving it in my mind in connection with a thousand fancies not the less sweet, because they were unavoidably serious. In this manner I strove to search out, and to trace the probable history of the occupant of that lonely grave in the unbroken forests. Who were his friends and parents? Doubtlessly, there was a time when he had been blessed with the love of both. Childhood had surely brought with it many sweet fellowships. Did they cease to be sacred—had the pledges of either been violated? From his playmates in boyhood he had sport and sympathy. How melancholy was the thought that manhood had preserved no testimonies of youth—that neither friends, nor playmates, nor parents, may have been beside him in the last agony! There was something terrible in this conviction, and I strove to drive it from my mind. Could it be, that, when the earth seemed to reel beneath him—when the skies grew suddenly dark, and the light began to fade; and the impatient death, whom he could baffle no longer, grappled with him in all his terrors, and hurled him, stiffening as he fell, to the unfeeling earth—could it be that there were none of all those whom he had known in boyhood, to compose his distorted frame—to smooth his agonized features, and wrap him decently in the concealing pall for his final slumber? Were they strange men, whom he had never before seen or known, to whom his cruel fortunes surrendered this sacred office? Was it a passing way-farer like himself, who happened at nightfall upon his insensible body, lying across the road; and who with a bald humanity, gave it a shallow grave by the wayside; thinking of his own probable need while he did so, and otherwise, utterly unmoved by any feeling for his brother? This was the suggestion of my father, and according to his experience it was doubtlessly true. Such is the every-day history of thousands who wander off into the solitude, far away from man, and too frequently, perhaps, seeking to escape from God. But I could not bring myself to believe, that such was the case in the present instance. There had been some care manifested in preparing the rude memorial of the sleeper, by which we knew that friends must have buried him—that friends must have been with him in his last moments. The rude cross, and the imperfect initial were proofs of this. He was neither

alone, nor without commiseration when he died. This conviction secure, my fancy proceeded to other proofs in tracing out this history. There must have been one who strove for his recovery—who brought him the cooling draught, and the sedative medicine—who cheered him by accents of comfort through the long and weary night of grief and sickness! I felt assured too, that this fond attendant must have been a woman. Such duties are seldom well done by men. I fancied that I beheld her as she smoothed down his pillow, and bathed his head with an officious zeal that brought a smile into the patient's eye, and a pleasure to his heart, even though he may have felt all the while, how utterly unavailing was all such attendance to save. Then came the crisis—the parting agony; and the shriek which announced her desolation, seemed almost to sound within my ears. The next movement of my fancy brought with it a terror. Where was she—the survivor? What was her fate? I turned hastily from the scene and the subject. I feared lest I should find for her, a destiny even more dreadful than that which my imagination had traced out for him."

From MS. "Personal and Literary Memorials."

THE SAME SUBJECT.

[The reflections above written forced themselves frequently upon me in after-days, when more various wanderings had led my footsteps to other graves, and were at length embodied in the verses which follow.]

Death takes not his abode, alone, where crowds
Gather for many purposes—where pride
Erects his habitation, and the rout
Of spirits, schooled against austerities,
Meet in licentious revel;—but even here,
Where the deer stalks in safety, and the wild,
Unruffled of its rich virginity,
Is ruled by sov'reign nature as at first—
Here Death hath built his melancholy shrine,
And the small mound of turf that now extends,
Defacing the plane surface at our feet,
Hath proof that he hath claim'd his sacrifice,
And, monarch of all time and every place,
Hath made life render up his trembling staff,
And, like some outlaw, reckless of accomplice,
Hath eased him of his burden.

Shall we ask—

What were thy fortunes, sleeper?—who wast thou?—
What were thy name and lineage? In what part,
Foreign or native, of earth's wilderness,
Didst thou begin thy journey? Was thy life,
Honor'd by gifts of goodness—smeared by guilt;
Baffled by fortune—hard beset with foes,
Or, cast away in thy own recklessness,
By profligate waste of days?

All in vain,

This idle quest—yet not to virtue vain,
If from thy grave, an upward voice might rise,
To give us answer. Nothing may we know
From thy sealed lips and silent dwelling place!—
My own blood may have circled in thy heart,
Yet know I naught of thee, and cannot know.

Yet may the general aspect of thy lot
Be traced in this thy sepulchre! Thy thought,

Was one that kept thee sleepless. Thou hast hoped,
 With an unyielding, vexing discontent,
 For wealth or honors; those delusive gauds,
 That dazzle the best eyes, and still defeat
 The wisest aims of greatness!—or hast sinned,
 Beyond forgiveness of thy fellow. God,
 The prince of infinite power, if thou hast prayed,
 Will grant what man denies thee. Thou hast sinned
 Against thy neighbor's greatness. Thou hast dared
 Be bold against him, when the power was his
 To crush thee with a finger. Thou hast fled
 His keen pursuit of vengeance, and the doom
 Of exile has been writ against thy name,
 Being thy moral death: The rest is here!

I read the story of thy folly here—
 Thy folly, or thy fortunes. Thou hast wronged
 Thy fellow, in denying him thy trust!—
 Thy nature asked for confidence—its laws
 Commanded thy dependance. Thou wast bade,
 Be humble in thy aim, and love thy kind,
 Even when it wronged thee. Hast thou yielded love,
 Or trust, to him that sought it? Didst thou yield
 Meek deference to thy better—to the wise,
 Having the nation's rule? Or didst thou shake
 Thy bold hand in defiance, and depart,
 Calling down vengeance in red bolts from heaven,
 To do thee justice in consuming flame?
 Wouldst thou could answer! It may be, thy tale
 Were of the world's injustice—the worse wrong,
 That of the many striving 'gainst the one.
 Thou couldst unfold a grievance which should bring
 A pang to hearts of honor—a damp sweat
 On brows, that feel thy argument was theirs—
 Thy cause, the cause of freedom. He who stands,
 As I, above thy forest-sheltered sleep,
 May read thy story in thy dwelling place.
 Thy steps were from thy home of many hours,
 From time of youth's first blossoming. Thy grief—
 The grief which stretched thee on thy bed of death—
 Came with thy exile. Thou wast banished all,
 And death, that met thee, was a comforter,
 To guide thee to a dwelling, and prepare
 A couch, and give thee shelter from the night,
 Fast coming on; and storm that followed close;
 Pursuing thee, as still the storm pursues
 The banished and unfriended. Thou hast sunk
 To thy last sleep, untroubled by the cares
 That throng about the city bed of death—
 No idle tramp of men has followed thee:
 A hurried hand—perchance, a thoughtless heart—
 Hath scooped thee out a grave some three feet deep,
 And left thee in the solitude to God!

The heart hath better hopes. Humanity
 Springs up beside the wayside, like a flower,
 That takes the wasteness from the wilderness,
 And sweetens its bleak waters. I have hope
 Thou wert not all untended at the last.
 Some hand hath smoothed thy pillow, when disease
 Kept thee awake through the long, dreary night.
 Thy birth had friends and parents. Childhood came,
 And brought with it a livelier fellowship;
 And boyhood gave thee sympathy and sport.
 And were there none of all thy fellowships—
 Was there no parent in thy last sad hour,
 Nor she thou lov'dst in childhood—nor the boy,
 Who mated out with thee in roguish play,

The measure of thy laughing pranks erewhile,
 Beside thee when thou groand'st in agony?
 And in the trying moment, when earth reel'd
 About thee, and the skies began to fade,
 And darkness fill'd thy chamber, and gaunt Death
 Dragg'd thee about and wrestled with thy frame,
 Already overborne—and hurl'd thee down
 Never to rise—was it a friend long tried
 Who decently composed thy stiffened limbs,
 And spread thy pall above thee; or strange men,
 Whom thou hadst never seen, and couldst not see,
 To whom thy fortune, most unnatural,
 Gave up this mournful office? Did they take
 Thy frame, and scooping out a shallow bed,
 That gave thee scarce a shelter from the rain,
 Consign thee, with a word, unto thy tomb—
 With vague conjecture, scanning all the while,
 Thy hopes, thy fortune, and thy loneliness?
 Had all deserted thee that loved before?
 Or wast that thou, in wilfulness of mood,
 Self-banish'd, fled the many who had loved,
 Deplore thy error still, and weep thy loss?
 Did none come near to give thee medicine,
 Or smooth thy pillow down, support thy head,
 Watch by thy midnight couch, and still attend,
 With an officious tenderness and zeal,
 Which makes the patient smile through every pang,
 And bless the malady, however deep,
 That brings along with it such pleasant cares?

And all that infancy and boyhood brought—
 Mother and mistress—schoolmate, brother, friend—
 Thy manhood took from thee, even in the hour,
 When most their cares had help'd thee! 'Twas not thus
 Thy feeling, when in manhood's health and strength,
 Thou fledst from the proud city, with a pride,
 That made thy errors look like nobleness,
 And kept thee in them. In that hour of death,
 Feeble and prostrate, what a mockery seem'd,
 That spirit-exulting which had led thee forth,
 Into self-written exile. Thy faint heart
 Pray'd then for that humility—that hope
 It then rejected in thy hour of strength;
 And thou hadst given the torturing pride of years,
 That fed upon thy heart, and all its hopes,
 For one poor hour of love—for those sweet smiles,
 Of her, whose heart looked out from tearful eyes,
 Still hoping for thy soon return, yet sad
 As with a mournful presage of thy fate.

That fate, perchance she shared. She fled with thee,
 Blind to thy vices, to thy errors blind,
 Flying from all beside, and glad to own,
 A dwelling in thy heart,—alone abode,
 Where thou couldst love her. Thou didst build her cot
 Beside yon thicket, near yon rippling brook,
 And reared the jasmine round her cottage door,
 And trained the wild vine o'er it. Thou wast blest,
 Deep in the forest, happy in the all,
 Rich in the little spoil thou robb'dst from man.

And where is she? Thy dwelling place is lone—
 Thy cot in ruins, and the tangled vine,
 A thicket where the yellow serpent glides,
 And the green lizard creeps. Where is the bud,
 That made thy cottage beautiful—that soothed
 The desert to thine eye, and fill'd thy heart
 With such abundance of her treasured sweet,
 That man's hate was forgotten in her love?

She answers not. Her voice like thine is still,
In these wild solitudes! What deeper shade,
Conceals the grief it never may subdue?
Her fate—if such it be—is worse than thine—
To live beyond the loved—outliving all
Those choice plants of affection, which the eyes,
That brighten'd while they watch'd them, wet with tears,
And, train'd too well, forebore not flowing still,
Though all had wither'd they had cherish'd long.

She did not perish when she saw thee die,
Else had they made her grave where thou art laid,
And that were merciful. No flower is here
Which she has planted; and the weeds have grown,
Untended, like thy fortunes, thorny and wild,
Meet emblem of thy fate. Methinks,
If there was nothing sweet to bless thy days,—
If youth had no enjoyment—childhood no friend,—
Manhood no home—the love of country nought,
To make a venerated shrine a charm,
More sweet to age than all the joys of youth—
If but affliction clung to thee through all,—
It had not been a misplaced charity,
Of her, or the sad seasons, to have left
One flower above thy grave, poor desolate!

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the *Franklin Literary Society of Randolph Macon College, Virginia*, June 19th, 1838, by *D. L. Carroll*, D. D., President of *Hampden Sidney College*.

Such is the title page of a pamphlet of very neat exterior, just thrown upon our table. On the second page we are apprised of the subject matter of the address, thus—"In what more appropriate way can I occupy your time, on this occasion, than by pointing out to you some things in our condition, as a nation, which show that we are yet to have a *literature of our own*; and then specifying some of the duties of educated men on this subject?"

The circumstances instanced are these:

1st. *The intellectual character of the men who founded this nation, and the influence of the institutions which they established.*

2d. *The bold and diversified natural scenery of our land.*

3d. *The vast physical resources of this nation.*

4th. *The increased interest now taken in the cause of popular education.*

5th. *The peculiar excitability of American mind, and its susceptibility of being turned to account in the formation of an American literature.*

The duties of educated men at such a time are delineated under the following heads.

First—*To give impulse and direction to the existing movement of American mind on this subject.*

Second—*To cherish enlarged and liberal views respecting the literary institutions of our country.*

Third—*By their own acquisitions and example to elevate the standard of intellectual excellence—and*

Lastly—*To bring the influence of the Bible to bear on the formation of our literature.*

Dr. Carroll is one of our fine writers, and although the address before us, bears but few marks of deep research, or hard thinking, it is nevertheless a happy and well-timed contribution to the great cause it espouses—the advancement of a literary ambition in our American youth.

There is something handsome in the two neighbor institutions, 'Randolph Macon' and 'Hampden Sidney,' looking so neighborly. The President of the one, addressing by invitation the young men of the other, and they providing the reading rooms of both institutions, and the reading public, their common patron, with so neat an edition of the address.

We hope this mutual confidence and good feeling will long continue. Most heartily also do we wish success to the patriotic work of the formation of an American literature, whether that be an independent literature, elaborated out of pure American materials—or merely a general and generous literature *in America*—the offspring of an American *literati*, honorable and eminent in the sight of all lands.

But absolutely, it is right humiliating that as yet in the Old Dominion, the literary shepherd of our youth has to goad the popular patriotism, by telling them of the ridiculousness of "an edifice of brick and mortar, put together in the coarsest manner, and covering an area of a few feet—a fragmentary collection of shattered apparatus, a few old volumes, received by donation, as a library, a few varieties of limestone and quartz rock, as a cabinet of minerals, and then a faculty gathered fortuitously from the walks of business or of ordinary professional life," and all this "constituting the beau ideal of a college." Tell it not in Europe, publish it not in the streets of foreign cities, &c.

But every thing like a national literature is the work of time. Perhaps we are a little too young yet as a nation. Our warriors, patriots, statesmen, and divines, are not mean in the comparison with those of any other age or clime. But "distance lends enchantment to the view" of human characters, as well as of mountains. Our emigrant forefathers are worthy enough of immortal verse, but they are men as it were of yesterday. Our institutions are excellent, but without the sanctity of age. Our nation's birth was subsequent to that of gun-powder, of course we have no walled towns, and the story of a siege is not likely to be laid in this land. American states came into being under the light of christianity—of course, we have no old heathen temples among us, tumbling into ruins. Our architecture is all the creation of ordinary, social necessity, and rather of hurry than otherwise; of course, we have no huge castles, pillars, or pyramids, or such like; and our little displays of architecture in its various orders, Corinthian, Ionic, Doric, Gothic, &c., are rather small scale displays of pedantic servility, than any thing magnificent and original. Our history is all the story of a noon-day scene; there are not many lights and shades about it; no obscurity, unless it be the work of slanderous rivalry of inventive disputation. It does not extend back into the dark ages. It has no mythology worthy of the name—no ruins to form the starting place of conjecture; of course, poets pine and starve here, even if like fairies, they demanded nothing but superstitious and wondering attention. We are in the light of the Baconian era. This is an age of utility—ours is a nation of business, (if we can overlook the broad blots of mere idleness and vice.) The unclassic western maxim, "go ahead," is gilded on the head of the flag-staff of this people. These are fundamental facts that must lie at the foundation of our literature; and the simple superstructure must go up upon them—the absolutely peculiar mone-

ment of American originality. We have come upon the stage of this world too, as a nation, under the dynasty of science. Astrology was the delusion of other days and of distant lands. Our youth are learning the matter-of-fact science of astronomy. Alchemy was the hallucination of the eastern cloister, in a barbarous age. We have the universe of matter before us, under the slow and small beginnings of chemical experiment. Necromancy, soothsaying, witchcraft and fable at large, all in their turn marred the incipency of the literature of other days and other nations, but they were all exploded before our oldest college edifices were built, or charters enacted, and our literature dates since their death. Light and immortality, come to light by the gospel, shone upon the wilderness when our forefathers landed. Here then is the pedestal of American society, government, genius, literature, character, and fame. The obstructions in the way of all, are manifest enough. We have too much public domain still unappropriated. The waves of emigration roll too conspicuously toward the wilderness. Wealth is too near under the gaze of every body, as a bait to exertion. We have too many long rivers to navigate. We have rather too sparse a population every where as yet, and too little division of labor in all departments; too much bustle, and too little leisure—and, more than all, as a people we are not much more Americans as yet, than we are an assemblage of emigrants and their children from other nations, *in America*. If some power of heaven, or earth, or both, had come and civilized the red men of the forest, gathered them into friendly society, organized them into states, gave them religion, and warmed their minds and bosoms into that fruitfulness of thought and feeling and invention, out of which a literature springs—if institutions had sprung up thence from the seeds of truth, and under the bounties of heaven—that would have been all and purely American. As it is, it will no doubt be a long time before any thing that is American will be entirely original.

But let the question of originality take care of itself—we need not vex ourselves about it. The point really important is the intellectual and moral advancement of our population. This is a field as open before us, as the skies above, or the wilderness westward. And he is a benefactor of our race, and the nation's friend, who does any thing towards this object, whether it be in thought, word or deed.

But, in conclusion of these hasty observations, we must be contented to select one consideration from the many that rise to view, and that one, of course, ought to be the most important one of all. It is this—*religion* is indispensable to a dignified, uniform and permanent literature. On this point let every national literature that the annals of time bear, be produced as witness—God and nature can not be obscured nor divorced from each other. Of this the bosom of every man, not yet a demon, is conscious. Give the people religion, and give it to them early, and give it to them always. It will make them orderly, moral, thoughtful, intelligent, aspiring, enterprising and “ready unto every good work.” Then schools will arise and learning will advance. Every nation has a soil of its own, and an atmosphere and a sky somewhat peculiar to itself, but God has given one Bible to the race; and, in the language of an old heathen poet, quoted by the Apostle Paul, “we are all his offspring.”

On this main point, let Dr. Carroll speak:—

“It would be doing injustice to this subject not to notice briefly, in conclusion, the duty of educated men to bring the influence of the Bible to bear on the formation of our literature. An attempt has been made in our own country, on a small scale, to break the alliance between religion and learning, and to divorce the Bible from our academic institutions. It is difficult to decide whether such an attempt offends most against sound philosophy, good taste or correct morals. Coleridge, a profound mental philosopher and a good poet, has somewhere said that ‘an intense study of the Bible will prevent any writer from being vulgar in point of style.’ He perhaps never uttered a sentence, that gave him a better claim to philosophical discrimination than this. To illustrate the beauty and sublimity of the holy scriptures, and to show their salutary influence on the formation of a national literature, would demand limits far more extensive than the present address will allow. Besides giving us an authentic account of that tremendous moral overthrow in Eden, which has so deeply influenced the phenomena of our present condition, the Bible presents the most touching and tender scenes of the display of the domestic affections—the unsophisticated friendships of the earliest and simplest stages of human society—those agitating extremes of elevation and depression of fortune, in the history of *real* life, which far exceed, in high-wrought and tragic interest, the plot and the catastrophe of the drama or the romance; it presents an analysis of moral character the most critically exact, and furnishes the most perfect models of *true greatness*; it contains poems pervaded with an imagery that familiarizes the mind to those general forms of beautiful nature which are unfading and immortal; and it discloses the stupendous realities of a future world, amidst a sunlight and a scenery sufficiently resplendent and sublime to be the more immediate residence of the Deity. Now these are objects of inspiration and of classic allusion, that infinitely transcend the entire machinery of pagan mythology, and all the incidents of profane history. The source from which the Nazarene and the Jewish fishermen derived their imperishable code of morality, far exceeds in riches and depth, and will more amply repay modern investigation, than that from which Plato and Socrates collected their splendid fragments. And who can doubt but that the fountain from which David and Isaiah drank, contains waters more calm, and clear, and deep, imaging the azure above, and reflecting the pearls beneath, on which they sleep, more brightly than the Pierian spring or the Castalian fount of classic memory? Does not ‘Mount Zion above,’ whose summit is gilded with the beams of an unsetting sun, and whose foot is lavied by ‘the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal,’ with ‘the trees of life, on either bank,’ in their perennial green, and their golden fruit, afford richer and more ample materials for the muse, than can be furnished by the fabled Parnassus, peopled with every form of beauty with which the unassisted imagination can invest it?

Whoever will examine the adaptation of the objects disclosed in revelation to the original susceptibilities of our mental constitution, can see, without prophetic precience, the sway which the Bible is destined to have over the intellectual character of our race. True, as yet there is scarcely an approximation to a Christian literature in the most refined nations of the earth. But it will not *always* be so. The triumphs which the Bible will yet gain over the human intellect, and its power to lead captive at its chariot wheels the genius and the learning of the world, are as certain as those splendid conquests which it has begun to make, and is pledged to complete over the moral nature of man.

Who can compute the influence which it may yet exert on the literature of nations, or how much has been lost by the absence of that influence on the ages that have passed away? How different would have been the literature of the Augustan period, had it been pervaded by the spirit of the Bible! The monuments of pagan genius and taste of that era, have indeed won the admiration of the world; but it is that kind of admiration which we feel in contemplating the proportions and symmetry and beauty of the statue, with the concurrent conviction that still it is *cold and lifeless*. The body of the intellectual products of that age, has the stature and the proportions of manhood, but it wanted *inspiration* to ‘breathe into its nostrils the breath of life,’ that it might ‘become a *living soul*.’ This the Bible is destined to do for the literature of future times. Whether our educated men will avail themselves of its influence in the formation of ours, or not, divine revelation will yet transmute its light and purity and vivifying spirit through the literature of all nations. The sacred volume will not always be excluded from the empire of mind. Genius shall yet pay its homage and reverently worship at the shrine of the holy oracles. And when this world shall have completed that grand moral cycle, in the calculations of prophecy, which is to bring it nearer to the central light of heaven, all nations will have a literature, pure and chaste and sparkling with the dews and the sunbeams of the millennial morning.”

CHARITY.

It is the duty of a man to love his greatest foe,
And shield the arm that late was raised to work his direst woe:
Just as the scented sandal tree, in all its pride and bloom,
Sheds on the axe that lays it low a sweet and rich perfume.

DESULTORY SPECULATOR.

LIFE.

I look upon life as a sickly and feverish dream. Its highest enjoyments are transient and fluctuating, and its realities painful and rapid. The poet of nature has with great truth exclaimed, "How dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable, are all the uses of this life." To him who has passed its meridian, and descended into the vale of years, its uses will indeed appear "dull and unprofitable." He looks back upon the irregular and devious path he has trodden, and perhaps remembers with regret, the few flowers he has culled and left to perish, and looks forward to the barren waste that lies before him. He may recall the joyous feelings of his youth, when fancy dipped her pinions in the rainbow hues of hope—when all the breathing scenes, and gorgeous and living pictures of this world, were "beauty to his eye and music to his ear;" but, while he remembers them, he sickens at the thought that they were but the "baseless fabrics of a vision"—the glittering and evanescent baubles of fleeting enjoyment—which have

"Gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were."

And what is life?

"A summer's day!
That dawns bedewed with icy tears;
Youth glitters like the orient ray,
Till busy, toilsome noon appears:
Then as the sultry sun descends,
The dim horizon shadowy grows,
While nought but gloom and care remain,
To veil the scene at evening's close."

But what is life? To the great majority of mankind it is, after all, but a mere struggle for existence—a constant effort to procure a modicum of food and raiment. To this end, man labors through life—passes off, and is succeeded by others, who pursue the same dull and beaten path. In civilized, as well as savage life, man is propelled by the same impulses, and struggles after the same object. They, indeed, who are born to opulence, are not governed by the same necessity; but are stimulated to action by another motive—the love of pleasure, power, or fame. But action of some sort is essential. To all, the great Creator has issued his mandate, that virtuous action is indispensable to human happiness. The motionless and unagitated lake, may please the eye by its apparent placidity and repose, while its waters are putrid and its particles pregnant with the seeds of pestilence and death. He who labors for mere subsistence, gives strength and activity to his body, and consequent energy to his mind; and he who seeks fame, or wealth, or power, must be intellectually, if not physically employed. He feels the stimulus which gives him pleasure, and he bounds forward from cliff to cliff, in his ascent, till death closes all his exertions, toils, and hopes. Disappointment does not always arrest his career, but sometimes adds new ardor to his pursuit and fresh vigor to his efforts.

"Man never *is*, but always *to be* blessed."

He lives and acts in the anticipation of future good; and when all the sickly realities of human life have been en-

joyed, and have passed away, he still looks forward to more substantial and enduring happiness beyond the grave. All human pursuit and human exertion terminate in this common boundary.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And when, at the close of life, and he is about to plunge into the fathomless ocean of eternity, he casts back his eye upon the varied scenes through which he has passed—the toilsome and painful march he has accomplished—the unsubstantial pageants he has sighed for, and the melancholy ruins of blasted hope or of wild ambition, he must exclaim, in the language of Pindar, "We are shadows, and the dreams of shadows are all our fancies conceive!" Abdulraman, the third Caliph of Cordova, had full experience of the vanity of the world, when he pronounced the memorable summary of the days of happiness he had enjoyed: "I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies—riches and honors, power and pleasure have waited on my call—nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to *FOURTEEN*!—Oh, man! place not thy confidence in this present world." How very few can say even this. Fourteen days of happiness out of fifty years of existence, are more than fall to the share of the great mass of mankind. What is life after all? A fitful dream or a painful reality. Misfortunes embitter, miseries sour, and guilt poisons its enjoyment. Who would wish to live over the years he has numbered? To pass along the same path—to feel the same emotions—to witness the same sickly pageants, and to experience the same ingratitude, contumely, oppression, and wrong? It is made up of moments that are wasted—of days that are misspent—and of years that only fill up the brief span of life, and leave but the memory of the past behind.

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death."

Let man then regard this world merely as a preparatory stage to a future and eternal state of existence. Let him consider his misfortunes, sufferings, and miseries, as intended to prepare him the better for a world of undying glory and happiness, and let him persevere in a course of virtue and usefulness, in contempt of the malignity of his enemies, and the storms of adversity that beat around him, and he will infallibly attain to that perfection and happiness hereafter, which should constitute the only true end and aim of all human exertion and pursuit.

"Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch high the grave above, 'that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude:' we gaze around,
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplored:
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot."

Washington City.

G. W.

CROSS READING.

One of the first specimens of cross reading was given by the celebrated Cardinal RICHELIEU, in a letter to the French Ambassador at Rome, dated the 23d of November, 1638, in which he gives a true character of a person who had been soliciting him for some time, for a recommendation to that functionary. It is as follows—

"Master CAMFY, a Savoyard by birth, is the man who will present to you this letter. He is one of the most vicious persons that I ever knew; he has long and earnestly solicited me to give him a suitable character, which I have accordingly granted to his importunity; for, believe me, sir, I would be sorry that you should be mistaken in not knowing him well, as some worthy people have been, and those among the best of my friends. I think it my duty to advise you, to take especial care of this man; nor venture to say any thing before him, in any sort. For I may and really do assure you, there cannot be a more unworthy person in the whole world, I well know that as soon as ever you shall become acquainted with him, you will thank me for this my advice. Civility obliges me to desist from saying any more upon the subject.

friar of the order of St. Benedict, the notification communicated by me in discreet, the wisest, and the least among all that I have conversed with: to write to you in his favor, and together with a letter of credence; his merit rather than to he deserves infinitely your esteem; and wanting in serving him, from being I should be afflicted if you were so, on that score; but now esteem him Wherefore, and from no other motive, that you are most particularly obliged to show him all the respect imaginable, that may either offend or displease him, truly say, I love him as myself, and convincing argument of a mean and than to be base enough to injure him; are made sensible of his virtues, and will love him as well as I do, and The assurance I entertain of your urging this matter on you further, or I am, sir, your affectionate friend,

RICHELIEU."

I wonder if our present worthy President has ever thought of this scheme. It would have been useful to him in the palmy state of his popularity.

While on this subject I must not omit another specimen of this species of ingenious deception. It is taken from an old history of popery, published in 1679, and called the Jesuits' creed in England, and will suit either catholic or protestant.

" Pro fide teneo sana	Quæ docet Anglicana,
Affirmat quæ Romana	Videntur mihi vana,
Supremus quando rex est	Tum plebs est fortunata,
Erraticus tum Grex est	Cum caput fiat papa,
Altari cum ornatur	Communio fit inanis,
Populus tum beatur	Cummenoa vina panis.
Assini nomen meruit	Hunc morem qui non capit,
Missam qui deseruit.	Catholicus est et sapit."

Washington City.

I hold for faith	What England's church allows;
What Rome's church saith;	My conscience disavows.
Where the king is head,	The flock can take no shame,
The flock's misled,	Who hold the popa's supreme.
Where the altar's drest,	The worship's scarce divine,
The people's blest,	Whose table's bread and wine.
He is an ass	Who their communion flies,
Who shuns the mass,	Is catholic and wise.

G. W.

G O D.

BY C. M. F. DEEMS.

His power!—a word, and from the deep
This earth, with beauty rife,
Shook off the incubus of sleep,
And started into life.

He spake: and radiant floods of light
Came streaming o'er its gloom,
And sweetest flowers spread to the sight
The richness of their bloom.

It measured out the billowy sea,
It piled the mountain high;
His power has caused the stars to be—
"Tis written on the sky.

His voice!—when gently breathes the morn,
The voice of God is there;
Its accents, too, are softly borne
Upon the evening air.

The deep-toned cadence of its wrath,
Speaks in the thunder's roar,
When strides the storm-sprite o'er his path,
And shakes the trembling shore.

But, oh! its deepest melody
Breaks on the troubled soul,
When first it sets the spirit free,
And makes the wounded whole.

His presence!—if there were a spot
Of earth on which we dwell,
Where it were said that God is not,
That spot would be a hell.

His presence fills the heaven of heaven
With its supreme delight,
And from his dazzling throne is given
The glory of its light.

Creation quakes beneath His frown,
Worlds fly before his nod;
The boundless universe must own
The presence of its God.

FRANCIS ARMINE—A ROMANCE.

BY A NOVICE.

CHAPTER VII.

'Tis a time

For memory and for tears. Within the deep
Still chamber of the heart, a spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope and Joy and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. Geo. D. Prentice.

Why turns her brow so pale—why starts to life
That languid eye? What form, before unseen,
With all the spells of hallowed memory rife,
Now rises on her vision?

Anon.

How mournful is it to realize the truth that Death, the slayer, has laid his cold finger upon the young and beautiful, and swept them from the earth forever. It is mournful at all times! but when his dread wing has been flapped over those with whom we were associated by the deep feelings of natural affection, or the tender ties of love, it is doubly mournful! How mournful and how bitter is it to enter the darkened chamber, and mark the awful change that has passed over forms which, perchance, on yesterday moved gaily and happily down the great stream of life—to behold the lip on whose words we lingered, mute and still—the heart, whose beatings were all in unison with our own, motionless and calm—the hand, with whose every touch we were familiar, dull and heavy—the pulse that swelled in warmth and freedom, throbbing no more—the eye, whose glance had often met our own, glazed and fixed—the smile that once interpreted our lightest wish, departed—the brow cold—the breath choked, and the frame pressed in the mouldering coffin, where the worm will feed upon it, and where the cold damp earth will rot and decay it.

There was sorrow and death in the dwelling of Morton. It was a strange contrast between the joy and brightness of the outward scene, and the gloom and sadness of that house of mourning. Sweetly and beautifully had the light of another day trembled from the distant portals of the east upon the earth. That light streamed through the closed curtains of the chamber, and fell upon a bed on which lay the unconscious dead—the father and the child. Though the death of the former had been a violent one, he seemed to have passed away without much pain. His features were calm and settled—the hands, that had performed many kind deeds, hung heavily at his side—the eyes, that had looked love and affection, were dull and rayless—the form, that had moved among the living but a few hours previous, in manly pride, had returned to senseless clay: and the young girl, that Francis Armine had innocently robbed of life and sent to her long resting place ere the world had withered her affections, seemed as though she had fallen into a gentle slumber. How many sweet thoughts went down with that beautiful child to the voiceless grave! Thoughts of home—of happiness—of joy, and peace,—thoughts, that may not yet have burst forth, and awaited but some genial touch, to make them flow like cooling waters from the rock of old,—thoughts of love and affection, that had not yet clustered around that pure mind—and that, alas!

will know no voice until awakened in a brighter world. Peace to that young heart—rest to that fair form!

The wife and the mother sat there. She was so no longer. Many trials had she gone through—these were the heaviest,—many afflictions had she passed by—these were the bitterest. The window at which Mrs. Morton sat, commanded a view, which at that hour might well have attracted her attention. But her thoughts flowed in a far different channel. The themes on which she mused, were dark and melancholy; and as they, one by one, glided before her, and gave way but to new doubts and fears, the tears of affliction gushed from her eyes, and swept, drop by drop, down her pale cheeks. There comes an hour to all, when hope, though an evergreen, blooms in vain—or blooming, as it springs up is withered by the hot winds of despair!

It was the morning of the day on which she was to witness the remains of her husband and her daughter placed in the grave. Many were already gathered around the house. As she sat in the recess of the low window of the room, and looked forth upon the people beneath, their words reached her ears. They were speaking of the child's death, and alluding to its guiltless murderer.

"Of what country was he?" inquired one.

"An Italian," was the answer.

"What was his name?" asked another.

"Francis Armine," was the immediate reply of many.

Mrs. Morton heard no more. At the mention of that name, a sudden dizziness came over her, and she swooned away.

The funeral procession swept on. First came the bier, drawn by two black horses, and surmounted by dark and gloomy plumes; then followed the principal mourner, with the relatives of the deceased. The venerable clergy, with whom Morton had been associated, came next, with slow and measured tread. Next came a great number of little children, the acquaintances and schoolmates of the deceased daughter, chanting, as they walked along, a low and plaintive song, and at moments changing the air to one thrillingly sweet and touching, which sounded like tones of hope bursting on the despairing mind; then could be seen an immense multitude of citizens drawn together in sympathy for the survivor.

And thus the procession moved on. It had swept through the streets of Paris—thronged with awe-stricken spectators—and wherever it moved, the gay laugh of life was stilled, and the hum of business was hushed. Already had it passed through the city and reached the heights of Charron, on which is situated that quiet resting place—the last and silent home of the illustrious and noble dead—Père la Chaise.

That funeral train was a melancholy spectacle. The dreary bier with its death-like plumes—the mourners—the clergy—the children, and the long line of citizens, as well as the perfect silence that reigned around, rendered it sacred and solemn to the most unfeeling spectator. The song of the children had ceased—the cry of the mourners could not be heard, and the whisperings of the assembled multitude were hushed. All was still—awfully still—within the city of the dead. The

mourners stood around the graves—the coffins were lowered—the earth was dropped upon them, but its hollow sound could scarce be heard amid the loud and piercing lament that then went up as if from every lip.

And now the vast crowd of carriages and foot passengers moved homewards—stream upon stream rushed from the heights of Charron, down towards Paris, and in a short time nearly all of that dense and crowded crowd had disappeared.

But Mrs. Morton, overcome with fatigue and sorrow, sat in her carriage alone, and moved slowly towards the city. She seemed lingering to gaze upon that spot to which the living never turn save in sadness. At this time a change came over the scene. The clouds that had before passed along silent and unnoticed, now swept swiftly over the southern part of the sky. A low yet distant thunder was heard—the air, before refreshing, now became sultry and oppressive—and then suddenly the bending pines gave warning that the tempest would follow. And it did come. Masses of thickened clouds rushed in gloomy ranks up the heavens, and contended, like giant gladiators, in the savage and convulsive struggle—nearer and nearer shouted the thunder—swifter and swifter flashed the many-forked lightning, and darkness mantled the outstretched wall of heaven—above and about the earth it descended in one far-spreading intense banner of gloom—when the spirit of the tempest moved abroad, and shook out his rainy shroud upon the earth, and fast and fiercely it poured and fell. It lasted but for a short time, and ere it came again, a horseman dashed by the carriage of Mrs. Morton. As he passed, the whole earth was lighted up with an intense and brilliant glare. That light enabled Mrs. Morton clearly to see the horseman. As she did so, a gladness beamed upon her melancholy countenance. Her heart was in her eyes; and as they gazed, the warm tears of joy fell unconsciously from them. "Do I dream? No—no! It is him! That form, I could never forget it! Would that he were nearer! Would that I could again hear his voice! I will!—I will!"

At that instant the carriage struck violently against a huge rock in the road, and suddenly overset. The boy driver, escaping unhurt from the vehicle, hastened to assist Mrs. Morton, and found her thrown some distance from the seat and senseless.

CHAPTER VIII.

My mind misgives

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin this fearful date.

Romeo and Juliet.

Since I came hither I have heard strange news.

King Lear.

"Softly, softly—here approaches the captain. Should he witness your mutinous arm raised so high, be sure he'd tear it off and beat you to death with the bloody stump," said a little man, evidently of the lowest order, to one of the same stamp, as they stood in the door of a small house on the road side, near Paris.

"Hist!" returned the companion, looking at the captain, who was near the house; and sinking his voice, "Allen, you sly dog, the captain may be tyrannical, but

he would'nt make such a sorry spectacle of a friend who has served him like a brave fellow through all his little spees, and so forth, on the road."

"He would though. To be sure he was very easy, when our company first selected him; but splice me if he has'nt become the tightest rogue that ever backed a horse in the glance of old Oliver.* He shot that great preacher the other night who was buried to-day; and, I'm told, has said that he intended to quit us. France is getting too hot for him, and he'd better leave it."

The robbers became silent, for the person of whom they were speaking, had joined them. He was about the middle height, of a sinewy frame, and presented altogether a brave and chivalric bearing, well calculated for the situation of captain of the followers of Robin Hood.

"Ha! Captain Montanvers."

"Well, my merry men, how fares the lady since I left her?"

"Better, far better, captain," replied Allen.

"Hush! hush, man—not so loud. Go you Allen to the common yonder, and inform me when any traveller comes in sight. I have suspicions that some one has blabbed on us—go you—quick."

And he departed, chanting such rude ditties as this, as he walked along—

"Much sweeter than honey
Is other men's money!"

Some time elapsed ere Mrs. Morton was conscious of her situation. During the night she had talked and raved and suffered—she had, in her delirium, spoken of events and named names, which none but the captain of whom we have spoken knew, and which of course none but him understood. When she awoke, daylight was streaming into the window of a room of which she was the only occupant. She looked around, and wondered where she was, and then her recollection returned, and all the grief that had weighed upon her spirit again came rushing back like the chilling waters of some mighty stream.

"Where am I?" cried she, rising from the bed. "My brother—my brother—surely I have seen him. No!—it was but a dream!"

A man entered—it was Allen.

"Your service, madam," said he, bowing low. The captain asked me to thank you for your condescension in honoring his humble roof, and says your carriage is now at the door, which, thinking you might wish to return to your home early, he had sent to the village and repaired."

"Thanks—many thanks—it is already late, and I will start immediately. To whom do I owe this hospitality?"

"Why, madam, it was nothing but right—seeing that the night was dark and stormy, and your carriage broke down. I hope your ladyship was not hurt, although you looked awful pale when we found you. This is captain Montanvers' house, and I am sure that any one in distress is welcome here."

"Could I see that gentleman, and thank him personally for his kindness?" asked she.

"Oh! no, madam: the captain is—is unwell;" and as he spoke he walked towards the door. The lady fol-

* The moon.

lowed, and was soon in her carriage and on her way back to Paris.

Montanvers stood in a side door where he could not be seen, and watched the receding form of his guest, until the carriage moved away.

"I would not see her," muttered he, "fearful that she would know me. Now for Paris. My brave men," said he, addressing some dozen men who were lolling on the green sward before him, "I am about leaving you for a short time, and when I again join you I trust that all suspicions, which have arisen of late from our bold manœuvres, may be lulled, and that I may return, favored by that fortune which always favors the brave and the bold." So saying, he took up his way towards the city.

CHAPTER IX.

Then might my breast be read within,
A thousand volumes would be written there.

Earl of Sterling.

There hath arisen betwixt us
An immortality of hate. Old Time
Shall sink to dotage and forget himself,
And pity cling unto an usurer's breast,
Ere he and I grow friends. *Berry Cernoeil.*

Heard you that?
What prodigy of horror is disclosing? *Lillo.*

Behold Montanvers in the full flush of Parisian life! Full of crimes and vices he had again been elevated to that station which he had before forfeited. His brightest hopes had been realized, and encaased as was his conscience in a hardy stoicism, which even the sharp tooth of remorse sometimes fails to penetrate, he again moved among the great herd and seemed above them. Again in the society of the refined—respected by the men—sought after by the women, we turn to contemplate him.

And some will ask, did none of those crimes that stood out boldly on the pages of the past—crimes of manifold natures, which the mind would shudder to contemplate—did they never arise before him to check the full tide of his longings, or sweep away the aspirations of a reckless and a darkened heart, and a rayless and perverted mind? They did! Vice is, has been, and ever will be, pursued by that un pitying monitor, memory, or haunted by that scourging avenger, conscience. When we err for once, we err forever. When we commit one dark crime, we secure to ourselves a doom more terrible, a fate more awful than he who signed the death-bond with his reeking blood. And why is this? Because the memory is undying, and the images which it brings up, for good or for evil, are its only "still small voices" to comfort or to damn the possessor—to the one, it brings sweet incense—on the other, it inscribes in every lineament, as with the fangs of scorpions—"Beware." Montanvers had passed the Rubicon of crime, with a bold and daring stride, and was now an outlaw of virtue, to be shunned by mankind, as the brave mountaineer shuns the evil shape of the omened wraith.

Henry Montanvers had been reared in the midst of opulence. He was an only child, and was remarkable, when a boy, for quickness of invention and consummate

hypocrisy. At that age, when the flower of the heart had not been cropped by the influence of debased associates, he had displayed a cunning, which at school won for him a reputation among his classmates, which, with the natural bent of his mind, tended to unfit him in after life for that straight path which alone leads to happiness and peace. Was there an orchard to rob, or a bird's nest to plunder, or an "affair" to manage, Henry was the chosen one. In his eye was the subtle fire—in his tongue was the oily eloquence—and in his arm was the ready movement, which suited well the leader of a band of reckless schoolboys. At twenty-one he had grown prodigiously vain—swore that youth was the time for pleasure—old age the time for repentance and soberness—that England was too small for an ambitious gentleman—that the world—the great and boundless world, was the fit arena for any but a coatless curate, or a simple squire; for such as him, the drawing-room of the world, and the huzzas of crowds, the only scene, and the only triumph. He accordingly scorned all occupations, wherewith to gain an honest independence, and travelled. As a matter of course his purse grew as light as his conscience, both of which were melting away very fast. In a little time he was seen in Florence, without money, and of course, from his former habits, without friends.

Every day his situation was becoming more unpleasant. He was in the midst of plenty, and lived from hand to mouth, until starvation stared him in the face. One evening, at the solicitation of his only remaining acquaintance, (the rest had cut him—Oh, money, thou god!) he was induced to enter a well known *roulette* club in Florence. He sat down, and lost and lost again; and borrowed and lost again. He was now in debt several hundred pounds. To extricate himself he borrowed again, and again lost. He was not only bankrupt; he was deeply involved, and in a strange and friendless city. What was he to do? He looked around the room and all shunned him. Delirious from his many losses he left the club, sought his own room, and opening his pistol case, loaded one, with which he was about to blow out his brains, when it was wrested from his hands. He turned, and beheld in the intruder, his acquaintance of the club.

"Montanvers," said he, "I have come to relieve you. You are deeply in debt—you want money. An old gentleman of wealth has just been informed of his wife's illness in a neighboring town, and starts to-night to see her. He carries a large quantity of money with him—the night is dark."

He consented to accompany him, and share the spoils. He went—the robbery was committed—the old man, who had once been an intimate friend of his, recognized him, and threatened him with exposure—it cost him his life; and with that deed commenced a long series of crimes too appalling for narration.

And now behold him moving among the polished and the refined. Success had crowned his villainies, and he was again enabled to throw aside the costume of the outlaw robber, and assume that of the humble citizen—his former mode of life unknown and unsuspected, save by one—and to silence that one, was one of the objects of his present disguise.

On the day succeeding the date of our last chapter, Henry Montanvers (we will not trouble the reader

with his various aliases,) was to be seen moving through the most solitary part of the suburbs of Paris. The path which he had selected was private and secluded, and passed through a thick and dark wood. He had strolled alone for some time, with seeming carelessness, and was then near the centre of the wood, when he espied a hat hanging on a bush—he approached with a slow and noiseless tread, and beheld through the thick clustering trees the object of his search, Lucien Andeli, laying on the grass, in so deep a study as not to notice his approach.

Andeli was alone, and was unconscious of every thing but his own thoughts, when suddenly a ball aimed by an unseen hand, whirled by him and lodged in the trunk of a tree by his side. He turned to the place from which he heard the report of the pistol, as it was discharged at him, and beheld a tall athletic figure, but the place was so dark that he could not recognize the features, and could scarcely see the face of his foe. He did not wait for a deadlier aim, but sprang forward, and in another instant that foe staggered from the effects of a heavy and well directed blow, and fell to the earth. A glance sufficed to show Andeli that he stood before Montanvers.

"I spare you, sir," said Andeli, in a tone that went to the heart of his foe—"I spare you, sir, as much as you deserve death, to reflect, ere you again stain your hands with blood. From me you have nothing to fear; but I warn you now to urge me no more to arrogate to myself that diviner power which sooner or later must overtake you. Great Heavens! I pray that this unhappy man may have atoned for his many errors and crimes, ere he enters the presence of an awful but a just God! Go, Montanvers! go, and search the dark labyrinths of crime and sin, through which you have already passed, and pause amid the desolation and the ruin that you have wrought, and be warned by one who was once your best friend, of the miserable doom that awaits you in another world. Pause and reflect, if but for an instant, and you are saved!"

"Lucien Andeli," was his only reply, spoken in a harsh and hoarse voice, as he glared upon him, "I have failed this once, but your doom is fixed! Look—look! I swear it!"

Montanvers had arisen, and was retracing his steps from the wood, when he turned and gazed in the face of Andeli.

"Remember, Lucien Andeli," he said, in a voice almost choked with passion, "your doom is fixed. By Hell! I will have your heart's best blood! I have sworn it!"

And he moved away. His hatred towards Andeli had not been of a moment's growth. They had in early life been rivals, and Andeli the successful. It was a hatred that one day will not bring forth, but like the poisonous flower that grows in the east in the darkest caves, requiring years to unfold, slowly, but surely, its deadly leaves. It had sprang up in the lonely recesses of a morbid heart, and was kept there unconsumed and nourished in the general wreck, as the mother might nourish her youngest idol in the darkness of a remorseless pestilence. Andeli knew this, and despite his bravery almost shuddered as he heard that voice.

The day was drawing to its close when Montanvers

proceeded back to Paris. Who can tell the fearful thoughts that came over that stern man, as he threaded his way through the streets of that city? Who can say what were the elements that then struggled in that fierce heart? Who can paint the terrible passions that nerved that fore-dooming hand? None should try it. Those fiery and savage passions were raging within, concealed by a mighty effort, and traced not on a haughty brow and a reckless lip.

"Andeli, Andeli!" muttered he, as he walked along. "Curses on him! He knows me well, and has already upbraided me. Ever since that fearful deed, that he alone knows of, that accursed name has been a dark cloud upon my life—the blighter of my sweetest dreams—the destroyer of my brightest aspirations. Andeli! how the very name festers upon my tongue—it rings in my ear like a death knell! It must not be. He dies! Another, and yet another, to the long list, and I can live undisturbed. To kill him—to take with his own another's life—paha! it were easier to—down, conscience! He must die! Will I do the deed? And she—ha! I will have most sweet revenge! If he lives I am forfeited to eternal disgrace. I'll crush him—but the means—the means."

He entered one of the news-rooms, to be met with in almost every street of Paris, and had scarcely seated himself, when the *Evening Courier*, one of the best papers of that day, was thrown into the door. He snatched the paper up—in those times as in the present, newspapers were the only link that connected mankind with the great, tumultuous, ever-changing world—and had glanced over the columns, when the following words met his eye:

"ARRIVAL OF FRANCIS ARMINÉ.

"Most of our readers are, perhaps, aware that this distinguished gentleman has arrived in our city. For a more complete notice of his arrival, we refer them to an editorial in yesterday's paper, detailing all the circumstances that occurred to him, as well as the accident near L'Etoile, which, at that time, created the deepest sensation amongst our citizens. We are, however, happy to learn, that the excitement then evinced has passed away, and sincerely trust that it shall not become our painful duty to notice, as public journalists, any further outbreak of our citizens against the innocent offender, whom, with a complete knowledge of all the circumstances of the accident, we do not hesitate to pronounce entirely guiltless.

Postscript. Since the above was in type, we have learned from a secret source that the object of the present visit of this talented gentleman is, if possible, to hear of a sister whose mysterious disappearance from her home we recorded some five years since. It was then supposed by some that she had been murdered, and that measures had been taken to thwart all endeavors to find out her fate. We trust, however, that those suppositions were incorrect, and that the brother and the sister may yet be united."

Montanvers read this over several times, and with the names and events spoken of by Mrs. Morton, during her delirium at his house, revolved over, he arose from his seat. When he did so it was with a prouder tread. A sudden hope had flashed across him—the dark frown departed from his brow, and his whole

countenance was animated with a glow of triumph. Fate did indeed befriend him!

"Ha! well counselled," thought he, gliding from the room into the open streets again. "The means I have. Andeli, from you I will indeed have nothing to fear. I crush that one, and the vine that has twined its tendrils around it, falls too. Tremble thou, Andeli, for now thou art doomed."

Plot on—plot on—dark man! Weave the web around the innocent, but be sure that thou art not thyself caught! Fly swiftly on the wings of mighty mischief! Make sure thy footsteps on the topmost crag of the precipice; for if thou fallest, farewell ye laurels, and a long farewell ye myrtles!



CHAPTER X.

They met, all innocence—and hope—and youth:
And all their words were thoughts,—their thoughts pure truth:
Every new day that pass'd, pass'd them the faster,
And hours though sweet, were chased by hours still sweeter:
Love had adopted them. *The Garden of Florence.*

A tale of thine, fair Italia!

A tale of sorrows—for e'en on thy bright soil
Grief has its shadow, and care has its toll.

L. E. L.

It was a lovely evening. On the velvet turf, and spangled with the dew of evening, lay the manifold flowers of every hue and fragrance, with which the rich bottom lands of the Seine abound. The tall trees were clad in summer's brightest foliage—among which the bland air stole—

"Making sweet music while the young leaves danced;"

and those green, green leaves, were vocal with the hum of insects and the song of birds. Far, far away, opened one of the richest landscapes of that lovely clime, valley and plain, and woods and waters, bounded by a faint, blue outline of numerous vine-clad hills, which lay in quiet relief against a most brilliant sky. And that sky, that unrivalled, deep blue sky, was without a mist or color—save where in the far west it touched a bed of clear and limpid water—and there it was glowing with those purple and golden tints, which, reflected over that enchanted earth, add much to the beauty and loveliness of a sweet summer evening.

On such an evening Meta sat with Andeli in their cottage. The little fountain still threw up its sparkling waters, that fell in showers upon the rich and odorous turf near the door of the cottage, and the bright stream still swept through woods and vales, and groves, and wending gracefully around the home of the lovers—as if it too desired to sweeten the moments of such pure and hallowed loves—wandered on to yield its tribute of waters to the imperial Seine.

Her lover sat at Meta's feet, and gazed up to that sweet and child-like face, whose every feature seemed yet breathing the song, which a voice marvellously clear and sweet, had just warbled to the accompaniment of a harp. Ah! those were happy, happy moments! They were both young—both the children of the summer. And that fair, bright creature, how deeply, how fondly she loved—how breathlessly she hung on every tone of that voice! Never—oh, never!

too, had he loved so wildly as he did now—never, as the young painter-boy, had he dreamed over a gentler or a warmer feeling than that which now intoxicated him!

"Mine own Meta—my beautiful—my adored," whispered Andeli, drawing her small and snowy hand within his own. "Your song is sweeter than when you sang it in the golden past."

"Why should it not be? It is sung to you—and saving you I have none to cling to in the wide world."

"None—none! Your's may be a bitter fate, Meta."

"Not while you are with me."

"And have you never tired of me?"

"Ask the flower if it wearies of the light."

"I am happy indeed."

"And I am doubly so."

"But come, dearest, let's to yon shadowy banks and enjoy the hour."

And they sallied to the spot that Andeli had remarked. The sun was sinking in the west, and poured its golden light along the tops of the tall and noble trees, leaving the mossy turf beneath shadowy and pleasant.

"What a delightful evening is this!" said Andeli, "how calm—how lovely! There—there, by that light you look younger than ever." They had seated themselves on the fresh turf under the shadow of the old trees. Before them was the little white cottage—the cottage of love. Ah! if those walls had tongues, how sweet the tales they'd tell. Around them arose the murmur of nature, sweeter than love's first whispered tones—the breath of leaves—the tinkling sigh of the sparkling waves—what music for the young lovers was here!

"Meta," said Andeli, drawing that slight and beautiful form nearer to him, "I remember that on such an evening as this, some two months gone, you promised me your history—I fain would hear it now, sweetest."

"Yes, Lucien, yes! it is right that you should hear it," replied Meta, "and now, even on this lovely spot, and by this softened light, I'll tell you. I will not dwell long, dear Lucien, upon such painful memories—my life is all sunshine now."

She looked sweetly up from the breast of her lover, on which she had cast herself, and thus began:

META'S HISTORY.

"I was born on the borders of Tuscany. You might have traversed all Italy for a more beautiful spot in vain. Nature seems to have enriched that region with the loveliest objects in her great store-house—bright, green earth—perfumed air—transparent water—dream-like skies.

"After a youth spent in travel and dissipation, my father returned to his home, and married the daughter of a noble house, whose lands adjoined his own. Some two years after their marriage they left their first residence, and chose for their retreat the spot on the borders of Tuscany, where I was born. At my birth my mother died, and my father—who desired that the first of his children should be of his own sex, and entertained, from the moment that I saw the light, the most bitter feelings for me—was plunged still deeper in his dislike by her death. Never after that event did he wed another, but living in seclusion and privacy, strove to forget that world in which he had once mingled as

one of its gayest and happiest citizens. There comes to some an old age of the heart, darker and more desolate than the real winter of a long life!

"I pass over my childhood. I was educated by an old tutor at my home, which I scarcely ever left, but spent what should have been the happiest hours of my existence, in idle study or endeavors to win that love from my father which he wrongly withheld from me. All was in vain. Every effort that I made was repulsed, and often, often have I, when I left him, retired to my own room, and lifted up my voice to Heaven to reconcile him to me—to grant me his friendship, if not his love. Such are some of the memories that come upon me as I turn to survey that childhood. I hasten over them. At the urgent solicitation of the relatives of my father we removed to Florence. I was at that time fifteen, and an heiress. The latter consideration was enough of itself to attract the butterflies that swarm in that fair city. I was, however, cold to their homage, and heartily despised the common-place affections of those who aspired to my hand. It will seem strange that one in my isolated situation should be so indifferent to the love of others. It was still stranger to mark the carelessness with which I received offers of marriage, and the cool indifference with which I rejected them. It must be that my dark and desolate condition caused me to throw aside the flowers that were strewn along my path, and dream of the roses of that elysium of love in which I now repose! At length came one rich and noble—he poured forth his adoration—he followed me wherever I went—at the opera, in the dance, and in the parlor, on every occasion, for months, he proffered his suit. He too was rejected. On the day that I rejected him, a note from my father, stating that he had watched my course and had disapproved of it—told me that I was the betrothed bride of Sir Henry Montanvers."

"Sir Henry Montanvers!" echoed Lucien.

"You start—you shudder!" cried Meta. "You know him—do you not?"

"Go on—go on, Meta."

"I was the promised bride of one whom I had never seen and could not love. I struggled to break the unhallowed pledge that my father had given, and I was laughed at. I threatened my own life rather than leave the altar as his wife—he smiled, and told me to prepare to meet Montanvers. *And I did prepare to meet him.* I prepared to meet him as a legitimate daughter of Italy should meet the man she hated. Lovely, lovely Italy! And thou loveliest portion of Italy, beautiful Tuscany—ye gave me the glowing feelings—the restless imagination, and the ardent and fiery spirit. Fatal—fatal gifts! Montanvers came. I threw off all hypocrisy at once, and repulsed him. It would not do. He urged my father's vow. My hatred grew stronger, and in its greatest extremity I abhorred, and almost cursed that father. No, no! I could not—I did not curse him. Although he had taken away hope and happiness—although he had crushed all my desires—frustrated all my wishes, I still endeavored to look beyond the clouds that surrounded me, and trace a calmer, perhaps a brighter scene for the future. I was seated one evening in a bower in a distant part of our garden, musing upon the troubles under which I labored, when on hearing a slight rustling among the

leaves near me, I turned, and Sir Henry Montanvers stood before me. My first impulse was to fly, but it was impossible.

"Meta, dear Meta," he said, "hear me for this once. You have wronged me deeply. Why do you hate—why do you despise me? Again, I ask you to hear me: and if you can, against the wishes and prayers of your father, reject me again, do so."

"Sir Henry Montanvers," I replied, "you have stooped to actions beneath the dignity of any gentleman. Do not force me to speak more freely to you. Why do you again proffer the hated suit that I have more than once sworn never to accept?"

"But you may change."

"No, sir, never! I have said it!"

"Proud girl, you shall be mine!" he returned, with a smile of triumph, which I shall never forget. "You shall be mine, or you are both houseless beggars. Your father's estates are mortgaged to me for debts contracted no matter how, before his marriage. To liquidate which debts he has pledged yourself. Meta, I know that you despise me—you shall do so no more with impunity—you shall be mine!"

"No more—no more, sir," I replied. "Your words convince me how base and contemptible you are. I have said that I would never wed you, and I now swear that no circumstances will ever induce me to change that resolution. Out of my sight, sir."

"I go, haughty girl," he said, "I go, but what I have said shall be fulfilled," and he disappeared. I heard his retreating steps no more, ere I sought my own room. Pale and breathless—stunned by the intelligence I had received—overwhelmed by the meanness of my pretended lover, and the baseness of my unnatural father, I threw myself on the first seat I met. I had sat there perhaps an hour when the door of my room was gently opened, and a too well known manner told me that my father stood before me. I shall never forget the sternness of his countenance, when, for the first time since our removal to Florence, he entered my chamber. He seated himself by my side, and spoke in tones of tenderness that I had never before received from him. He urged me, as I valued my happiness and his feelings, to forget the hatred which I entertained for Montanvers, and accept his suit. He urged, but it was to a cold ear.

"Father!" I said, "your request cannot be complied with—I will not wed Sir Henry Montanvers."

"Then hear my commands!" were his words, spoken in an agitated and passionate voice. "You have withered my hopes—you have blighted my prospects—you have been despised since your birth. Our house has fallen—our home, mine no longer. I am an exile and you are the destroyer. May the fountain of your life be tainted—may you wander alone, and despised on the earth—may the ruin which you have wrought, forever haunt you. I, your father, invoke this curse upon your head. Forget your relation to me—and thus devote you to a life more terrible than death. Leave me—leave me immediately and forever! I will not spare, and may I never more see you. Away—away!"

"With that curse still quivering on his lips, I left him. I had dreamed of hope, and now my dream was broken. Convinced of the deeply rooted hatred of my father, without considering of the future, I resolved to obey his command never to see him more. At dusk, when no

one would be moving abroad, was the selected time to put that resolution into execution. I was afraid that Montanvers might observe, and frustrate my plan, and therefore chose that hour. Accordingly, when it came, I noiselessly left my room—descended the stairs—and was soon beyond the outer gate—standing alone in the silent streets of Florence. I had walked some distance in safety, when I heard a voice well calculated to terrify me—it was that of Montanvers.

"Why, how now, my young rover; whither do you hurry at this hour? I'll be sworn there's some intrigue on foot," he said, as he approached me. I turned to escape—it was too late. His attendants overtook me, and were tearing aside my veil as he came up.

"Ha! sweet fortune, at last you befriend me. Hush, fellows! We have a rich prize. Away with this girl to the cottage on the Appenines." From that instant I heard no more.

* * * * *

"How long I was unconscious I know not. When I awoke, I looked around. It was night, and the surrounding objects were scarcely perceptible. I was in the 'cottage of the Appenines,' as he had called it. It was an antiquated building, and rather dilapidated. The room in which I had slept was covered with tapestry, and the walls with shining arms and rude dresses. An immense oak table, with some huge chairs, were its only furniture. A pine torch was burning on the hearth, but it gave but little light, and as I was looking at it a gust of wind put it out. All was darkness. I arose and went to the casement of the cottage. A glorious landscape was stretched out beneath me. The dark and tall Appenines threw up their sky-cleaving peaks on high, and ever and anon I could hear the rush of distant mountain streams sweeping through ravines and over precipices. There was something magical in the sight that caused me for a time to forget my true situation. I was thus gazing on that strange and majestic scene, when I heard a tread near me which caused my very blood to stand. It was Montanvers.

"'Meta,' he exclaimed, 'I have said you should be mine. Lo! you are. You have heard—who has not—of Lovett, the terror of all Italy—the very recital of whose daring exploits has so recently alarmed you. Before you stands that robber chief—around you behold his faithful band sleeping within their own fortress—above you gaze upon his well-tried sentinels, the eternal Appenines.'

"These words—the place—the hour—the silence around—all conspired against me. I trembled before the man whom I now despised.

"'Now,' said he, with his usual smile, 'now thou art mine. What a companion thou wilt be to roam with along those mountain sides. What an eye thou hast—let it laugh on—it will encounter many a lovely sight. And that form—what a form to contemplate in the clear waters of yon star-lit stream! Farewell—my bride—farewell! I will return ere day shines over yon mountain's peak.'

"Waiting for no answer, he passed on, closed the door and locked it. I was a prisoner in the robbers' haunt, with that impassable barrier, the Appenines, like evil omens between me and hope. But I did not despair. I have said that the walls were covered with rude dresses. Hastily I tried them off, and found one

to fit. In a moment almost I was dressed in the garb of the robbers. From the many arms that lay around me I selected two pistols, fearing that I might be forced to use them, and being determined to escape, or at least never again enter that house. A rope ladder was near. Every thing favored my escape. I jumped into the window, flew down the ladder, and had approached within about twenty feet of the ground, and found that I had reached the end of the ladder. Here I was at a loss what to do—but resolved to escape, I consigned myself to the care of God, and let go my hold. I was for some moments stunned by the fall, but recovering, looked around me. I had alighted on a gloomy and rugged spot. A horse was loose near me—I sprang with a single leap on his back.

"'Seize her, my men! Seize her!' shouted a man, starting from a thicket of densely massed trees; and, in another instant, I discovered four or five dark forms in the back ground. I had scarcely time to breathe again ere the men rushed up, but the horse saved me; for becoming frightened, away he flew like the lightning. A ball—another and another whirled by me—but at every leap my horse gained additional speed, and I was soon beyond the further pursuit of the robbers. On, on, we flew. Suddenly the horse quivered and snorted, and again the faithful courser quivered dreadfully with fast failing limbs and glassy eye. Again it sprang fiercely onward—spurred the ground with conscious pride—staggered from exhaustion, and dropped down dead. I was alone, and leaning over the once stately steed, when I heard the sound of approaching steps. I was certain that they were those of the pursuing robbers. I was then on a peak of the Appenines—a deep ravine was beneath me—this was my only chance of escape. I had no one to sigh for me in this world, and death I thought preferable to a life of misery. The footsteps came still nearer. I knelt down in that scene of solitude, and offered up a weak prayer—in that magnificent temple of worship, with the outstretched Appenines as its altar—the surrounding firs its groups of kneeling worshippers—the tall white cataracts, thundering from their deep and invisible depths, its mighty organs—the cry of eagles and strange wild birds—the shriek of the jackal and fox—the roar of the fell avalanche—its solemn choir—and all the stars of heaven its sacred and perpetual lamps.

"Nearer and nearer came the footsteps; and bidding an eternal farewell to this beautiful spot of earth, enchanting Tuscany, I leaped forward! A dizzy recollection of chasms and ravines came over me—my brain spun around—my eyes closed. I fell.

* * * * *

"A musical and thrilling voice awoke me. It yet sounds in my enraptured ear! Amid the gloom of the wilderness a light broke forth! In the night a star had arisen! I loved, I loved from the moment that I awoke. Yes, my deliverer, my benefactor, from the moment that I awoke, through joy and through sorrow I have loved but *thee*, Andeli. It was my *first*—it will be my *last* love. My history is told."

She ceased, and Andeli then knew in his heart, if he had ever doubted it before, that he was beloved.

Ah! ye young lovers, if your historian pauses for an instant on your past history, it is that he knows the future has no bright fates in store for ye! If he lin-

gers—and it has been but for a moment on your un-earthly loves—it is because he knows such beautiful affections hath but a little abiding place on this thorny and troubled earth, ere they wander to the peaceful heavens. He turns from the ideal to the real—he turns from the quiet vales and the unclouded skies, to the cloud, the mountain, and the avalanche! and yet he would fain listen to the gushings of your young hearts, ere he portrays the harsher and the sterner passions of this noisy world. In bitterness, and in loneliness, he turns from ye, and fain would longer dwell on that rare and gentle affection, which, when it burns no longer, will cause every nightingale to pine, and every angel to weep!

STANZAS.

I.

A dark-eyed flower with leaflet pale,
I found it in a shady vale,
Afar from vulgar gaze it grew,
And I, alone, the pathway knew.

II.

A quiet sky its shelter made,
And gadding vines its home arrayed;
And near its realm of bower and tree,
Were mansions of the bird and bee.

III.

These, when the summer sun was bright,
Had lays of love, and plumes of light—
And songs were ever in the vale,
And sweetness on the swelling gale.

IV.

Yet not for love of these I sought,
The sacred and the shelter'd spot—
I heard no song of bird or bee,
Unless that flow'ret heard with me.

V.

From worldly toils and worldly view,
To seek that flower my feet withdrew;
And, day by day, a wanderer still,
I swam the stream and crossed the hill.

VI.

It was a worship led me there,
For love is still a thing of prayer—
And thoughts of truth, and hopes of Heaven,
Are to its humblest fancies given.

VII.

And in my soul that dark-eyed flower
Possess'd a spell of sacred power,
Nor had I pluck'd it from its rest
Unless to shrine it in my breast.

VIII.

Nor had I placed it there to gain
A simple healing for my pain,
Unless, with purpose, pure as true,
To make it whole and happy too.

IX.

And still I came, but dared not speak;
My heart was full, my tongue was weak—
I came to worship—to implore,
Yet left her, silent as before.

X.

Yet wand'ring far mid crowds of men,
My spirit was not absent then—
My thought was in that vale—my heart
Found, in its meanest leaf, a part.

XI.

And with that worship, as I burn'd,
Back to the flower, my footsteps turned—
Still bright and beautiful it grew,
As when at first it met my view.

XII.

Then came a power upon my soul
That would not bear nor brook control;
I felt no more the sweet alarm,
A fire was in my heart to warm.

XIII.

No longer could I keep the flame
Close hidden, which I did not name—
I bent my knee—I burst the thrall,
My tongue was loosed—I told her all.

XIV.

And she—Heaven bless the maid!—she smiled,
And wept, until my heart grew wild—
Her hand was in my own—her waist,
Within my folding arms embraced—

XV.

And then she spoke, and I was blest!
Ah! wherefore need I tell the rest—
That dark-eyed flower is mine, yet none,
Of all that lovely vale is gone.

XVI.

There still the bird and bee are gay
With glee some music all the day,
And if they pause, 'tis but to hear,
A sweeter voice upon the air.

W.

POPULAR ERRORS.

1. That a contract, made on Sunday, is not binding.
2. That those who are loudest or most unceasing in their professions of regard for the People, are the People's truest friends.
3. That genuine courage is shown by vapor or bravado.
4. That it is consistent with the character of a gentleman, to smoke in a stage-coach.
5. That green, or unseasoned wood, is as good for making fires, as dry, or seasoned wood.
6. That, in order to exclude a child from a share in his father's estate, the father's will must give him something, however small; or mention him, in any manner.
7. That hot bread, or any bread less than twenty-four hours old, is wholesome.
8. That excessive familiarity is not dangerous to friendship. When I hear two men, whose intimacy does not date from childhood, calling each other "Tom," and "Nat," I look for a speedy, and perhaps a violent death to their friendship. True friendship is not only shown, but strengthened, by mutual respect.
9. That a lawyer, to succeed in his profession, is obliged to utter falsehoods.
10. That those who are constantly talking of the dishonesty of other people, are themselves honest.

11. That the citation of many books, or the use of learned words, is a sign of learning.

12. That persons who clamor for *practices* as better than *theory*, and are celebrated by themselves and their friends as practical men, are always more trustworthy than those whom they deride as "theorists." The former have usually no guide but their own (often narrow) experience: the latter sometimes have the lights gathered by a thousand clear and active minds, during ages of diligent and enlarged observation. A properly constructed theory is the methodized, the digested result, of what has been seen and done by hundreds of "practical men."

13. That a *first love* is necessarily purer, or stronger, than a second, or third, or fourth love.

14. That keeping the door open in cold weather, is conducive to health.

15. That other people have not as many, or as great causes of unhappiness, as ourselves.

16. That any simpleton will do for a legislator.

17. That a man, whom his neighbors would not trust with a hundred dollars of their own money, is fit to be trusted with the most important public interests.

18. That *education* consists only in being sent to school; or in book learning.

19. That political consistency is shown by adhering constantly to the same men, through all their changes of conduct and opinion.

20. That it is *inconsistency*, to think with one party on some points, and with an opposite party on other points.

M.

'Twill soothe when I am gone.

I.

'Twill soothe when I am gone,
And sad my sleepless lot,
To know, though but by one,
That I am forgot—
That one remembers yet,
Though far and fast I flee,
And it shall chase each sad regret,
If thou art she.

II.

Give me thy lingering thought,
Give me thy latest prayer;
Oh! let thy heart be taught,
To hold mine ever dear.
Watch o'er me in thy dreams,
A guardian spirit prove,
And bless my fortune with the beams
Of thy true love.

III.

As with thee in thy bowers,
Oh! let thy hand entwine,
For me, the guardian flowers,
More beautiful as thine:
And bid their fragrance bloom
To cheer our lonely lot,
Still sweetly whisp'ring, through life's gloom
"Forgot me not!"

G.

A LECTURE

Delivered before the Richmond Lyceum, on Friday evening,
July 12, 1836—by James E. Hoath.*

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Lyceum:

Had I taken counsel of prudence, I should probably have declined the honor of now addressing you. My pursuits in life for some years past, have not qualified me for occasions of public display; and I am altogether unpractised in the arts of oratory. You have informed me, however, that the design of your institution, is to encourage literature, science, and general morals; and I feel that I should be recreant to duty, to refuse my humble contribution to so noble a cause.

You were pleased to refer to my own judgment, the selection of a suitable topic upon which to address you, and I have chosen one, which, without possessing the charm of novelty, is at least interesting to us all. I propose to call your attention to the PRESENT CONDITION OF OUR COUNTRY, AND ITS PROBABLE FUTURE DESTINIES; to point out the DANGERS WHICH AWAIT US, and THE ONLY PROBABLE MEANS BY WHICH THOSE DANGERS MAY BE AVOIDED. This, you will perceive, is a boundless field of investigation; one, which has often been explored by philosophers and statesmen; and, if I cannot hope to present to you any of those ripe and excellent fruits which have been gathered by them, I may perhaps be fortunate enough to pluck here and there an idle flower, or to point out some sunny or shaded spot in the landscape, which may not have attracted the observation of more adventurous spirits.

In describing the present condition of our country, it will be necessary to notice some of the more striking peculiarities which distinguish it from other civilized nations. It is foreign to my purpose, however, and would occupy far too much time, to compare it with those great classic states of antiquity, familiarly, but I think erroneously, styled the Roman and Grecian Republics. Such a comparison would be the more unprofitable, since the extraordinary changes wrought in the structure of human society, have left between those nations and ourselves few points of resemblance. The sublime dispensation of the christian religion,—the conquests and settlement of the Gothic nations in Europe—the introduction of the feudal system,—the reformation in the 16th century, which emancipated the human mind from a long night of bondage,—the discovery of the art of printing, and the use of the mariner's compass,—with the important consequences which followed each of these events, have effected a mighty revolution in the moral, political, and social condition of man.

It is not without its benefit however, on every suitable occasion, to study the history of those extraordinary

* We trust that our readers will find in the merits of this discourse, an abundant justification for its republication; though it has been circulated already, by the newspaper press. Its chaste and perspicuous style is a fit vehicle for the valuable truths it conveys: and a happy augury may be formed, of the future usefulness of the young association which has elicited a production so much calculated to excite thought, and to prompt virtuous effort. In mentioning the novelists of America, Mr. Hoath of course omits himself; but what modesty forbade him to do, justice exacts of us—namely, to remind our readers that he is the author of '*Edgemoor*,'—ranked by Professor Tucker, in his address, (for which see our last February No.) among the best of American novels.—[Ed. So. Literary Messenger.

nations to which I have referred. They shine so conspicuously in the twilight of ancient story—they were so remarkable in their origin, progress, and mournful decline, that we cannot fail to deduce from them highly useful lessons, if properly considered and applied. Their example teaches us at least one great truth,—the mutability of all human things, and the emptiness of all worldly grandeur. Greece, which though surrounded by barbarism and ignorance, sprung suddenly like her fabled Minerva, into the maturity of wisdom and power,—Greece, whose volatile and ingenious people, by a sort of inspiration, carried the fine arts, in a short period of time, to the *ne plus ultra* of perfection; Greece, so renowned for her sages, heroes, poets and philosophers, what is she now? Awakened it is true—recovered somewhat from the stupefaction of centuries of slavery and degradation,—but no longer the land of Homer and Demosthenes,—of Aristides and Phocion. Where now is the once powerful Carthage, the descendant of ancient Tyre, whose dominion is said to have extended 2,000 miles into Africa,—whose commercial spirit penetrated every known region; and whose power and riches attracted the envy and hatred of imperial Rome? Where is Carthage? So utterly extinct, that even the curious antiquary is puzzled to trace the spot where that proud and magnificent city once stood. And what is Rome, imperial, gigantic Rome?—that haughty and luxurious nation, which once bestrade the earth like a Colossus, and carried its victorious eagles into every land and among every people who dared to resist its lordly edicts? That great nation—at once so renowned for virtue and infamy, wisdom and folly, splendor and misery, has passed from the earth like a shadow, leaving behind her, it is true, a mighty name—and impressing modern society with her laws, language and literature. A new Rome indeed sprung up after the empire of the Cæsars, which, arrayed in its bloody tiara, and sustained by the thunders of the Vatican, exerted a powerful influence on the destinies of mankind: but behold her now—a feeble and tottering state—almost shorn of her spiritual as well as temporal power; the resort it is true of the classical and fashionable tourist, but immersed in sensuality and crime, scourged by a desolating malaria, and exhibiting all the symptoms of a speedy decline. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

We turn to a far more refreshing picture, in the contemplation of our own favored land. The first thing which strikes an observer, in glancing at the map of the United States, is its immense territorial extent. Stretching from the British possessions, and the great lakes of the north to the extreme southern cape of Florida, and extending from the Atlantic coast to the territory of Oregon, it presents a frontier line of nearly 10,000 miles, and comprehends an area of about a twentieth part of the habitable globe. Equal in dimensions with Russia in Europe, this great domain is ten times more extensive than the kingdom of France, and sixteen times larger than Great Britain and Ireland. It includes within its boundaries every variety of soil, and almost every degree of temperature in climate; and its surface is variegated by magnificent forests and beautiful prairies, and intersected by noble rivers and majestic chains of mountains. Its mineral resources too, are inexhaustible in amount, and incalculable in value. But, remarkable as are the natural riches and prodigious

extent of our country—no less wonderful has been its progress since the days of colonial dependence, in everything that constitutes the greatness and power of a nation. Its population, which may now be unquestionably estimated at seventeen millions, has more than quadrupled in fifty years. Its commerce and navigation, which for several years after the revolutionary war, were very inconsiderable, have reached an amount in imports, exports and tonnage, not exceeded by any other nation on earth, Great Britain only excepted. What seas or oceans have not been furrowed by the keels of our daring navigators? What region exists into which the genius of American commerce has not penetrated, whether from Greenland to Cape Horn, or from China to California? Nothing is more common now than to see an American ship strike into the path of the setting sun, and following that burning luminary, as it dips its “glowing axle” in the wave of the Pacific, rise finally on the eastern horizon, after having circumnavigated the globe. What nation can boast a body of men more bold and hardy, more skilful, enterprising and patient under suffering, than the south sea whalers? What country in the world, without exaggeration, has furnished a marine, both naval and commercial, more adventurous, intelligent and patriotic, than that of America?

The rapid advance of our country in the mechanic arts and manufactures, is no less extraordinary. It was the selfish policy of England, when she held us in colonial subjection, to confine our labors to agriculture. Our workshops were on the other side of the Atlantic: in Sheffield, Birmingham and Manchester; and it was the boast of her statesmen, that not a hob-nail should be manufactured in America. Our planters and farmers, of that day, were compelled to despatch their orders to the mother country for the plainest articles of clothing, and even for the common implements of agriculture; and their wives and daughters were decked almost exclusively from foreign looms. But mark the extraordinary results which have been produced by commercial as well as political independence! The inventive ingenuity, and untiring industry of our countrymen, have raised us to a rank which not only threatens formidable rivalry, but absolute supremacy over our ancient mistresses. If it be not invidious to discriminate, we may remember with pride, that Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, (worth millions to the cultivators of that article,) and Fulton, who first successfully applied “all-conquering steam” to the uses of navigation, were both citizens of the United States. The products of our looms and spindles, not only supply materially our home consumption, but are wafted on the wings of commerce to the uttermost parts of the earth. We exchange them for the silks and teas of China, the precious metals and costly gems of South America, and the fragrant spices of the Indies. Our natural waterfalls, which in the solitude of past ages, might have been the favorite haunts of the Naiads, have yielded their delightful murmurs to the more useful, but less melodious, hum of countless manufactories:—despite political and sectional hostility, that great branch of national industry has been steadily advancing, and has now reached a degree of perfection, whether we regard the quality or value of its fabrics, which would be utterly astonishing to those who are not familiar with the de-

tails. It would consume far too much of your time, to dwell upon those details; but it is worthy of remark, that Mr. Webster, in a speech recently delivered in the United States Senate, estimates, upon satisfactory data, the annual value of the manufactures of Massachusetts alone, at upwards of one hundred millions of dollars. If this be true, and there is no reason to doubt it, what surprising proof does it exhibit of the creative powers of American industry!

Next in order, may very properly be considered the almost magical effects which a few years have produced in the condition of the country, and in the facilities of intercommunication by means of railways and canals, and the employment of steam power in navigation. Scarcely thirty years have elapsed since the first steam-boat was launched upon our waters, and now, of our numberless rivers, bays and lakes, where is there one, which does not bear upon its bosom these winged messengers of commerce? A few years ago, and a railway was not even known by name to one in ten thousand,—now, it is estimated that there are nearly one hundred, either finished or in a course of completion, besides nearly three thousand miles of canal navigation in the whole Union. States and cities, which were once far asunder, and knew each other only by report; are now brought into constant and easy intercourse. Barriers and obstructions, apparently insurmountable, have been levelled and removed. The ardent, and almost profane, wish of the lover, that time and space might be annihilated, in order that he should be brought to the object of his idolatry, seems not so extravagant as formerly; and the famous carpet of oriental fable, on which, he who stood, might be suddenly transported to distant regions, without any other effort than simple volition, appears not so much the figment of romance, as it did in the days of childhood.

What mighty efforts have been made, particularly in the last quarter of a century, in the cause of American education, science and literature? At the era of independence, there were not more than six or seven universities and colleges in the United States,—now, there are at least fifty. At that time education was almost exclusively confined to the wealthy,—now, it is diffused in a thousand channels by means of academies and primary schools, and sheds its influence alike upon the cottage and the palace. In New England alone, with a population of about one-sixth of the Union, there are no less than ten thousand free schools in active operation.

Next to the pulpit and the school-room, the newspaper and periodical press may be said to exercise an all powerful influence on the feelings and opinions of men. During the revolution, it is ascertained that there were only thirty-seven newspapers published in the United States, whilst, at this time, the lowest estimate would reach two thousand. In periodical literature, our progress has been equally remarkable. A century has not passed since Benjamin Franklin attempted to establish a magazine in the city of Philadelphia; but even under that great man's auspices, it lingered through a feeble six months' existence. Even at the commencement of the present century there was scarcely a publication of the kind deserving the name; whilst now, in the various states of the Union, there are a hundred at least, and many of them liberally sustained, and con-

ducted with great ability. Our own Commonwealth, so long neglectful of ornamental literature, may now boast of a periodical, which has concentrated the rays of some of the finest intellects in the country. Of the multiplication of American books and authors, it would be tedious to speak. Some years since, it was tauntingly asked by the *Edinburg Review*, "Who reads an American book?" That question was propounded, however, in the spirit of petulance, and not in the sincerity of truth. There is not a department in science or literature, in which our young and vigorous republic has not produced her competitors for fame. In *Metaphysics* and *Divinity*, the name of Jonathan Edwards alone is a tower of strength. In *Philosophy*, who has not heard of Franklin and Rittenhouse, and of Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant, to say nothing of others, both living and dead, who have won distinction? In *Jurisprudence*, the opinions of Chief Justice Marshall, and the legal disquisitions of Story and Kent alone, (if these were all the illustrious names in that department,) would be sufficient to redeem us from reproach. In *History* and *Biography*, a long catalogue of distinguished authors might easily be adduced if necessary. The *Life of Washington*, by Jared Sparks, is one of the most pure and beautiful specimens of biographical writing, ever produced in any age or country; and Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, will be read with admiration even in the immediate vicinity of the *Edinburg Review*. The various departments of *Natural History*, have been explored with untiring zeal and talent, by native Americans, and Audubon alone, by his great work on *Ornithology*, has placed himself side by side, with the best naturalists in Europe. In the field of *Romantic Fiction*, if it be true, that we have produced no one writer who can dispute the palm with Sir Walter Scott—none who can rival the masterly sketches of character—the loftiness—pathos—and inexhaustible fertility of that Shakespeare of novelists;—we may, nevertheless, boast of names which have won golden opinions even from the British public. The graphic pictures of Cooper and Kennedy—the polished style of Irving—the humor and truth of Paulding, and the simple but pathetic morality of our country women Miss Sedgwick and Mrs. Sigourney, have, each in turn, been applauded by the literary world; nor should the name of Bird by any means be omitted, whose historical novels, descriptive of the conquest and scenery of Mexico, have certainly never been surpassed in this country, nor probably, by the great Scottish magician himself. In *Poetry* too, who can deny but that some of our bards have evinced decided excellence? Which of you have not been occasionally soothed by the pensive muse of Bryant, or thrilled by the splendid lyrics of Halleck, or charmed by the sparkling effusions of Willis? It is true, that America never has, and probably never will produce a Homer, a Shakespeare, or a Milton; but these were mighty men who stand alone in creation, luminaries of genius, around whom lesser orbs are destined forever to revolve.

With respect to the growth of the fine arts, in a soil so long supposed to be uncongenial, let those who are curious to inquire into details, read the lives and labors of American artists, as depicted in the volumes of Dunlap. England owes much of her own reputation, as a patroness of the arts, to the genius and perseverance of

our Benjamin West; and the young British Queen we are recently informed, has not disdained to have her features transferred to the canvass by our countryman Sully.

But it is in eloquence, in its most comprehensive sense,—in the powers of oratory, as displayed in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the senate—that divine art, which carries captive the passions, and enchains the reason of men—that magical spell which enabled Demosthenes

“To wield at will the fierce democracy.”—

that wonderful faculty, by which the immortal Tully persuaded and controlled an empire, or by which Henry dispelled the illusion of British invincibility—it is in eloquence, that America, by her free institutions, has acquired an undisputed pre-eminence. The hired emissaries of England, who, after enjoying our hospitality, have returned home to revile our institutions and ridicule our manners, have some of them had the candor to acknowledge that American orators were almost equal to the same class of men in Westminster Hall and the two Houses of Parliament. They think that our Clay, Webster and Preston, are not altogether contemptible; and this is an important concession, coming from that quarter.

But whatever opinions may be entertained here, or in civilized Europe, of the merits of our orators and statesmen, our poets and philosophers—all will concede, that America has produced one man, whose equal, in every respect, has never been recorded in the annals of time. Of him, it might be said, without poetical exaggeration, that he was

“A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

Of him, it may with truth be said, that human nature, uninspired of Heaven, could not have reached a higher degree of excellence. If his fame was not so brilliant as that of Alexander, Cæsar or Napoleon, he had a title to greatness which they did not possess, in a life so spotless, that even suspicion has never tarnished its purity. How pre-eminent indeed must have been the character of Washington, who, though he had wrested from England the fairest jewel in her crown, extorted from British statesmen the tribute of admiration! In the language of the illustrious Fox, “he derived honor less from the splendor of his situation, than from the dignity of his mind; before him all borrowed greatness sunk into insignificance, and all the potentates of Europe became little and contemptible.”

Such then, gentlemen, is the rather imperfect sketch which I have endeavored to present to you, of the condition of our country up to its present period of existence. Before I attempt to lift the veil of the future, or venture a prediction of what we shall be, even in the lifetime of some of the youngest of my hearers, permit me to point out some of the more striking peculiarities by which we are distinguished from modern civilized nations.

And, 1st. Our institutions differ essentially from those of Europe, in the principle of self-government, or popular sovereignty. The right of the people to build up, modify, or totally destroy the political fabric, is here recognised as a part of the organic law. It is true, that in

all ages and countries, the multitude have occasionally exercised the right of dethroning their rulers, and overturning their governments, but this has generally been attended by violence and bloodshed; whilst here, on the contrary, the people, if they choose, may pull down their government, as a man may demolish his house; and, indeed, with no better reason; for the power is the same, whether it is thought that the foundations are rotten, or the architecture merely distasteful.

2d. In the principle of perfect political equality, by which we mean, not that equality that fanatics and visionaries have imagined to exist, but the equal participation in legal and constitutional rights. In Great Britain, where there is far more political freedom than in the rest of Europe, there are, nevertheless, odious distinctions in rank and privilege, which doom one portion of society to perpetual inferiority.

3d. In perfect religious liberty, and the entire separation of church and state. In some parts of Europe, there exists what is called toleration; but this is in fact not the opposite, but the counterfeit of intolerance. To permit the existence of what are called heterodox creeds, implies a pretended right to enforce uniformity, when required by state policy or caprice. In America, we reject all right of interference whatsoever by the civil magistrate in matters of conscience.

4th. We differ from Europe, including Great Britain, in the almost unlimited freedom secured to the press and to private individuals, in animadverting upon the conduct of our rulers. We hold the doctrine that error of opinion may be tolerated, when reason is left free to combat it. Free as England is, a publication there, intended to bring monarchical government into contempt, would be treated and punished as a libel; whilst in America, we may if we choose, hurl the thunders of the press against republicanism itself, with perfect impunity.

5th. This country is particularly distinguished by the freedom it allows in private pursuits and professions, and by abolishing all distinctions in the transmission of property. Even in Great Britain there are regulations innumerable which shackle the efforts of industry; and their laws of property devolve the estate upon the eldest son, though an idiot, in exclusion of younger brothers and sisters.

I now call your attention to the probable future destiny of this nation, and the dangers which await us. What shall we be at the end of the next half century—a mere span in the life of a nation? Can we penetrate the mysterious veil which hides from us the future? Can we unroll the sibylline leaves, and read the history of unborn generations? There are some things, undoubtedly, which, without the aid of prophecy, may be termed the predictions of reason and experience; and these, if they do not reach, nearly arrive at absolute certainty. From the well known augmenting principle of population, for example, in a country whose capacity to produce the means of subsistence is almost unlimited, we may safely conjecture, that at the end of fifty years from the present time, our boundaries will contain at least seventy millions of people. Reasoning either from the past, or from well established principles of political economy, there is every probability of such a result. It is almost morally certain that our increase in wealth will be commensurate with the march of population. Agriculture will improve, and bring forth her immense

nable products for the sustenance and convenience of man. Commerce will expand its power and resources, and pour into our lap the riches and luxuries of every clime. Manufactures will go on extending and multiplying their powers of production, and adding materially to the national wealth. The various portions of the country will be linked together by railways, and canals, or by some other as yet undiscovered means of connection, in a degree, which may be easily inferred from the hitherto rapid progress of internal improvement. Palaces will rise on the borders of the great northern lakes, and flourishing cities will lift their spires in the now pathless wilds of Iowa and Oregon. Richmond will be larger than Baltimore now is; Baltimore will swell to the dimensions of Philadelphia, and Philadelphia and New York will surpass London and Paris in wealth and population. These are not idle reveries, but sober substantial calculations. We shall also, undoubtedly, increase in knowledge; for whilst I do not belong to that Utopian school, which believes that there are no limits to human improvement, it is clear that the vast regions of science are not yet fully explored. The inventive ingenuity of our countrymen—especially in applying the principles of philosophy to the useful and mechanic arts—will as much surprise succeeding ages, as we have been surprised at its past rapid development. It is also beyond all question, that if effects which flow from their natural causes are not counteracted by some strong antagonist principle, the increase of power and riches will be followed by an increase of luxury, and its train of attendant evils.

"Increase of power begets increase of wealth;
Wealth, luxury, and luxury excess;
Excess—the acrofulous and itchy plague,
That seizes first the opulent—descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated scale
Of order—from the chariot to the plough."

It is a lamentable truth, that in the constitution of man, the blessings by which he is surrounded are capable, if misused, of being turned into the bitterest curses. In the natural world, we perceive that the elements which sustain life and enjoyment, may become the active agents of destruction. The sun itself, the fountain of light and heat—the very atmosphere we breathe—the gentle breezes of summer—may become the sources of pestilence. So in the moral world—the choicest gifts of Heaven, if ignorantly or wickedly perverted, are frequently changed from healthful aliment into consuming poison. What, for example, can be a more precious boon to man than liberty;

"'Tis liberty
Which gives the flower of life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it."

And yet how thin is that partition-wall which divides rational freedom from licentiousness and anarchy, and how quick is the transition from anarchy to despotism! Look at that "chartered libertine," the press, whose exemption from all restraint is considered as at the foundation of Republican Government. With all its purifying and enlightening tendencies, how often does it cast a malignant and disastrous influence upon society? If, when conducted by honorable and virtuous men, it maintains the cause of truth, and fearlessly ar-

raigns the powerful transgressor; we find it also, when in evil hands, the frightful engine of falsehood and corruption—scattering abroad its envenomed shafts, and shedding its blighting mildew on the fairest reputations. Even learning—another name for wisdom—philosophy—science—even that has been sometimes perverted to the worst of purposes. Assuming the specious guidance of untrammelled reason, it has frequently dethroned reason itself, and inculcated principles totally subversive of human society and morals. So far from being, as it should be, the "vital fluid of organized liberty," it has sometimes become its deadliest bane, by enlisting in the unholy cause of infidelity. It has not only been employed as the instrument for severing the social bond, but of weakening that adamantine chain which binds the soul of man to its Creator.

I know it is thought by some, that there are certain unmixed benefits which are neither attended nor followed by evil. The easy, extended, and general intercourse, for example, which in progress of time, will prevail, between wide-spread portions of the Union, by means of internal improvement, has been considered as promising unadulterated good. I cannot entirely concur in this opinion. Great and obvious advantages will doubtless be the result. Asperities and prejudices which now exist in different sections of the Union, will be softened down and subdued. The comforts, necessities, and luxuries of life will be more generally diffused, and the stock of useful and practical knowledge will be greatly increased. On the other hand, there are evils to be anticipated from the perpetual locomotion and friction of society, which will probably counter-balance all the advantages. It will engender a restlessness of spirit—a constant desire of change—habits of expense disproportionate to means—an aversion to labor—and especially agricultural labor, which repays so tardily. It will introduce strange fashions and new vices into regions which are now untainted, by reason of their seclusion. It will, perhaps, rob domestic life—

"The only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!"—

of much of its quiet, security and repose.

From what has been said, you will probably infer, that I consider the continued existence of our Republic as uncertain. I do. I cannot subscribe to the oft-repeated dogma, that it is treason to despair of our free institutions; on the contrary, I think it is folly to expect that they will escape the common destiny of created things. It is far better indeed for their immediate security and preservation, to consider (paradoxical as it may seem) that they must ultimately perish. Individual man, is conscious of his own mortality, and why therefore should he think that the mere work of his hands is immortal? The knowledge that the term of natural life is limited, obliges us to adopt all the means and precautions which usually conduce to longevity. So ought it to be with the political body. A conviction that the Republic will sooner or later perish, will, if any thing will, stimulate us to the use of all those powerful means and checks which are likely to prolong its existence. The merest tyro in history and politics, knows that a people can only continue free, so long as they continue virtuous; and the experience of mankind fully demonstrates, that nations, as well as individuals, have sometimes passed from a state of

comparative innocence, to the opposite extreme, with a degree of rapidity, which has baffled all human calculation.

That a Republic, based upon the union of law and liberty, is the best government for man, seems an undeniable truism. But it does not follow that because it is most conducive to our real interests and happiness, it is therefore the most permanent. There is no doubt that the universal prevalence of the christian religion, would convert the earth into a perfect Eden. Order, peace, justice, charity, and the long train of moral virtues, would prevail over fraud, injustice, outrage, and the equally long and hideous catalogue of human vices. Even government itself might be abolished as useless and cumbrous, if men were inclined to yield voluntary obedience to the precepts of christian morality. But who is credulous enough to believe, that on this side of the promised millennium, such beautiful visions will ever be realized. Who does not know that so long as man exists in his present state, his passions and follies will too often prevail over the dictates of reason and justice. It is, in truth, a gross, though common error, to suppose that Republican government is, of all others, the most simple and natural in its structure. On the contrary, I consider it the most wonderful and complicated of all human contrivances. A watch is apparently a very simple machine, and yet if examined, we shall find that its parts are exquisitely adapted, and fitted together by the highest mechanical skill. Happy would it be for us, if the mechanism of our free institutions, when violently thrown out of order, could be as easily repaired as our watches; but there are no mechanical principles which can be applied to the regulation of human conduct. Man, as a moral being, is not subject to the same laws which govern inanimate matter. There is no philosophy which can provide for the ever-shifting circumstances in which he is placed, or which can scrutinize the subtle phenomena of his motives, propensities and passions.

Is there no rational scheme then, by which the existence of our great Republic, the world's last hope, can be prolonged? No practicable plan by which the dangers that await us, if not entirely overcome, may at least be postponed? I answer, that much may be done by powerful, united and persevering effort; and this brings me to the last subdivision of my subject, already I fear, spun out too much for the patience of my hearers. Whilst I solemnly believe that Divine Providence is as active, if not as visible, in the affairs of nations, now, as in the days of the Jewish theocracy, when the children of Israel were led through the desert by the pillar of cloud and fire; yet, I also believe, that human agency in every generation, is employed by that same Providence to mould and impress the character, institutions and morals of those who come after them. It is, in truth, an unwavering trust in the Supreme Being, and a profound conviction of moral accountability, which constitute the strongest cement of free institutions. It was, undoubtedly, the prevalence of the Atheistical doctrines of Epicurus, which led to the rapid subversion of the Roman empire; and the reign of terror and bloodshed, in revolutionary France, was not consummated, until infidel Jacobinism had demolished the altars of religion, and proclaimed that the grave was the place of eternal rest. Free, voluntary, and

general support, therefore, of religious institutions, is absolutely essential to public and private virtue; and, without these, Republican government cannot possibly exist. In the language of Cowper, whom I have already quoted—

"The pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers,)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause."

Next to the maintenance of religious institutions, the adoption of wise systems of education, and popular instruction, will be greatly beneficial; and there is no part of education, which, traced to its ultimate consequences, is of higher utility than the early and careful culture of the female mind. It is one of the happiest characteristics of the present age, that woman is allowed to assert her just claims to intellectual improvement. Man, indeed, has found it to his own true advantage, to emancipate her from that inferior condition to which his pride and tyranny once doomed her; for when she has passed through the blooming period of girlhood, and assumes the important and responsible character of a matron, it is then that she becomes herself an instructress, and exercises a powerful influence on the rising generation. It is the voice of a mother which first electrifies the infant heart; and if that voice is attuned as it should be, to the accents of truth and virtue, its impressions are almost indelible. On the other hand, unless she who ministers at the domestic altar be qualified for the sacred charge, it is impossible to estimate the mischief which may follow. The tender plant of the nursery requires incessant watchfulness and care; for, in the language of the immortal bard of Avon,

"'Tis in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent."

The general diffusion of sound popular instruction is indispensable to our existence as a free nation; and it is far more important than appears at first view, that correct opinions of human nature should be inculcated as the foundation of all useful knowledge. Man is neither the perfect nor perfectable being, which poets and political rhapsodists sometimes represent him; on the contrary, though possessed of many noble qualities, he has some which continually tend to his debasement. If he knows much, he is ignorant of more; his strength is blended with weakness, and good and evil flow from the same fountain of his heart. If the mass of society were wiser and better, the demagogue would not venture to flatter their vices, or inflame their passions. Extravagant adulation is as false and ridiculous, when applied to the crowd, as to monarchs on their thrones.

Wise legislation may also accomplish a great amount of good. There is no maxim more common or more pernicious, than that a legislator should be a mere passive agent, to be moved only by popular impulse or caprice. On the contrary, he should study the peculiar genius and character of those who clothe him with authority. He should endeavor to promote every good tendency, and counteract every propensity to evil. If he be wise and virtuous, he will enlighten and improve society by the spirit and elevation of his views, and will be just as likely to impart as to receive instruction. If he perceives among his countrymen a keen, grasp-

ing and sordid appetite for wealth—a growing desire for luxury and ostentation—an inordinate craving for sensual, in preference to moral or mental enjoyment—an habitual disregard of social and religious duty—a tendency to faction and to violent extremes, whether of relentless hatred or idolatrous admiration of public men; if he sees any or all these things, he will endeavor to counteract them by every just and reasonable means, not incompatible with rational freedom.

But with all the labors of the Divine, the Moralist, and the Legislator, if the people of this country wish to preserve their freedom, they must take care how they elevate to office ignorant and vicious men. If such a practice should unhappily prevail, there will be no more certain prelude to political corruption and death. If profligacy and crime be rewarded by popular favor, virtue must either sink appalled into retirement, or listen herself to the seducing whispers of interest and ambition. If ignorance shall usurp the seats of wisdom, the schoolmaster's lessons will be needless, and the halls of learning will become desolate.

Indeed almost every man and woman in the Republic, in a greater or less degree, has some share in the responsibility of preserving it; and there is no rank or condition in society which has not its peculiar duties to perform in order to promote that object. The rich and educated classes especially, are bound by every obligation, to aid in the elevation of those who are less fortunate. Society must be improved and equalized, not by the agrarian process of reducing to the lowest, but by raising to the highest level. States, as well as individuals, must practise justice, cultivate harmony, encourage knowledge and virtue, suppress vice, and recommend simplicity and economy by example.

That our political annals should, occasionally, exhibit instances of gross departure from these sacred principles is deeply to be lamented; and among them all there is not one which will fix a more lasting stigma upon the American name, than the course pursued by our government towards the Cherokee nation. The conspiracy of kings, which led to the partition and ruin of Poland, was scarcely a more execrable outrage upon human right, than the mis-called treaty of New Echota, which was ratified by an American Senate, and by which, an unoffending and peaceful people, were sacrificed to the rapacity of a band of speculators.

It is hardly less to be wondered at, that that same illustrious body, (the United States Senate,) should still more recently have refused the grant of an acre of ground, for the erection of a monument to the father of his country. The lofty pyramid, it was thought, would obstruct the prospect from the capitol,—as if an American Congress could have constantly before them, an object more likely to purify and inspire their deliberations. Notwithstanding this slight to the memory of one who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," I would earnestly recommend to all who hear me, to study diligently the life and writings of that incomparable man. A visit to the falls of Niagara may awaken sublime emotions, but a pilgrimage to the shades of Mount Vernon will rekindle the embers of patriotism when almost extinct.

Finally, gentlemen of the Lyceum, if my humble voice can encourage you in your useful labors, I beg you to persevere. Your Society is a part of the great plan

for perpetuating our free institutions; and it is honorable to you to have set an excellent example to the youth of this city. We Virginians, though somewhat social in our habits, and fond of conversation, are not remarkable for associations exclusively literary. Clubs, we have innumerable; some to promote the pleasures of the table; some for acquiring, the dexterous art of throwing the discus; and others, for improving the breed of that noble animal, the horse. Our own improvement we generally leave either to solitary effort or the chances of fortune. Notwithstanding such discouraging examples, you have laid the foundation of a Society, which I trust will fully reward you by its benefits. In process of time, you will communicate a portion of your own ardor, to those who are now cold and indifferent; and it is not among the least gratifying subjects of remark, that your proceedings have already inspired an interest in the minds of the gentler sex. Go on then in the path in which you have been treading. Your example will kindle an honorable emulation in others, and we may hope that the day is not far distant, when our beautiful metropolis will abound in institutions, having for their object the intellectual advancement, true glory, and real happiness of our people.

MUSIC.

Mysterious Music! o'er the realms of feeling

'Tis thine to reign supreme: thy witching voice
On the charmed ear, melodiously stealing,
Can melt to tears, or bid the heart rejoice.

Some strains there are—may they be mute forever!

I would not hear them—it would seem profane;
They bring to mind the loved, the lost, who never
Shall in this world breathe sounds of song again.

With their soft notes, awakened mem'ries gleaming

With hues too strangely blended—sad, yet sweet—
Before me rise, of eyes once bright and beaming;
Eyes that on earth mine never more shall meet.

Tones of sweet voices hushed; the kindly greeting

Of hands once clasped in mine; soft cheeks of bloom;
Hours full of bliss, pure, exquisite and fleeting,
Now with the silent past, and in the tomb.

Thou hast, oh Music! ains the deep, the thrilling,

Meet for the spirit-stirring trumpet and drum;
With pride and hope each soldier's bosom filling;
That bid him to the combat fearless come.

And the slow dirge above that slain one, seeming

Fit requiem for the brave; though mournful, grand;
That breathes of noble deeds, of banners streaming
O'er those who died for their loved native land.

When the dark, crimson tide of war is pouring,

His country's battle-cry is in his ear,
With clash of swords and thundering cannon's roaring,
And death or conquest only can be dear;

The warrior feels the shrill-toned bugle swelling—

Its martial numbers, fires his gallant heart;
Before his vision floats his own loved dwelling—
His arm is steel—that strain hath done its part.

'Tis thine the bliss of youthful hearts to heighten,
 With lyre attuned to mirth's inspiring lay;
 The radiant eyes of beauty thou canst brighten—
 Make the dull cheerful, and delight the gay.

And thou canst o'er the soul, shed gleams of glory,
 In sacred sounds that bear the spirits high
 Beyond the earth; and to the gray, the hoary,
 Bring promise of a youth that shall not die.

Thy spells bring back sweet thoughts, young hopes, yet
 sadness

Blends with my joy, and most of all I love
 Those holy anthems, that in solemn gladness
 Arise in praises to the throne above.

Sill, Music, be it thine to wake devotion,
 To stir each virtuous feeling of the soul—
 All generous thoughts and every pure emotion,
 Be subject, power divine, to thy control!

November, 1839,

E. A. S.

POTOMAC RIVER.

"Dear native stream! like peace, so placidly
 Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek!

Scenes of my youth! the aching eye ye leave,
 Like you bright hues that paint the clouds of eve."
Coleridge.

Let us essay to discourse somewhat of the noble river which laves our shores, albeit we know it will be a feeble effort. Indeed, we never pass up and down the Potomac, (which is, happily, often our wont,) without being strongly urged by our feelings to "utter its praises." With its limpid sources in the highlands—its turmoil with the rocks—and its victory over the mountains, we are not *familiar*, though it has been our fortune to stand on Jefferson's Rock at Harper's Ferry, and spend hours at the Great Falls—both possessing, in their scenery, as much of the grandeur of nature, as, perhaps, any other two places on the continent—Niagara hardly excepted. But, when old Potomac leaves the hills, and ceasing to be obstructed by the obstacles which impede his course and lash him into foam, quietly expands into a broad and tranquil stream affected only by the winds and tides, almost until he, as quietly, falls into the ocean's bosom, *he is our own!*

If any one fond of nature's beauties—quiet beauties—wishes to indulge his taste, let him on some pleasant day in summer, when there is breeze enough to fan the waters and fill the sails of the vessels, ensconce himself on board one of the fine steamboats that continually plough the waves of this river, and there, taking his seat under the awning of the promenade deck, as he glides past the shores, "drink in with his eyes," all that he sees around, below, and above him, until his soul overflows with thankfulness to the Giver of so much that is calculated to soften, refine, and delight him!

There is no very bold and rugged scenery on the river, from the Anacostia down to its mouth,—but the general regular slope of the shores, both on the Maryland and Virginia sides, is agreeably diversified, at intervals, with lofty cliffs and promontories, wooded to

the water's edge, and casting their deep shadows far out, so that you often sail along for a mile, with the umbrageous green of the trees keeping the sun's rays, from your head, while just beyond they glance and sparkle in the waves. The Bluff above Fort Washington—the woody heights of Mount Vernon—the high banks at Liberty—the cliffs at Stratford, and many other points, present commanding views. Between these and similar ranges of hills lie extended for miles and miles, the fields gently sloping, as we have just said, to the water's edge, crowned during the summer season, with the "abundant harvest"—plantations of wheat, corn, and tobacco—looking rich and full, and betokening a land where nature has been kind and bounteous—and man not inactive—but where much yet remains to be done.

No river in the country possesses finer or more commanding sites for country seats on its banks, than the Potomac. These have often, with much good taste, been occupied, and adorned with mansions, where hospitality is dispensed with a liberal and generous hand. The tall and elegant Lombardy Poplar will often mark these sites, where the houses themselves are screened from view by the other trees with which they are surrounded. It is a luxury, indeed, to sit in the porticoes of these mansions—how often have we enjoyed it!—with the 'sun wheeling on its broad disk behind the Virginia hills'—and the fresh breeze blowing right from the ocean—to look up and down, the river rolling at your feet, as far as the eye can reach—your view limited only on the one side by the mountains which you can faintly distinguish like stationary clouds in the horizon, and on the other, never ending till the clouds and water seem to unite and mingle together, and the vision can pierce no farther!

The Potomac is a tortuous river, and its channel is more sinuous and winding than its course. Sometimes you strike out into a broad bay, where navies might ride with ease, the shores looking dim and hazy in the distance; then you approach a point, and doubling its shoal you run into deep water within a few yards of the beach, along which you sail, until again you shoot across the stream and reach the opposite shore. The skilful pilot 'threads his way,' boldly—for he, generally, has 'ample space and verge enough.' The 'Reaches' of the river, too, as they are called, are among its greatest beauties—such as Washington's Reach—Nanjemoy Reach, &c. Afar off the land appears to 'loek' on either side, and you would think the river abruptly terminated at the foot of a range of hills. Approaching nearer you find it gracefully curving a projecting bank, rounding which, another expanse of water opens to your view, and appears again to end in a similar manner. It is thus that the view is continually varying—'still beginning, never ending'—diversified with all that can please the eye or gratify our sense of natural beauty.

The river is not a solitary highway, where only occasionally the cars of commerce move in their trackless path. There are no prettier vessels any where, than the craft that dot the surface of the Potomac, and are seen skimming along, with their white sails spread to the wind, wherever the eye wanders. Cheerily the sound of the craftsman's song is heard across the water, and often he beguiles his silent watches with the music

of the violin, which, though rude, sounds not unpleasantly to the ear as it comes mellowed by distance.—These little vessels you meet constantly—you see them stealing out from the creeks that run far inland, and hovering about the shores as if afraid to venture out—and then you may follow them pushing boldly into the middle of the stream, spreading their canvass to catch the breeze, and often careening under its power, until they turn their very keels to view. Moving majestically in a fleet of these, you will meet the stately ship, heavily laden, returning to port, or departing on her voyage—a “Triton among the minnows”—or oftener still, the sea vessels of a smaller size, but yet far larger than the craft, wending their way through this great thoroughfare formed by nature.

Of the hundreds of beautiful creeks—many of them larger than the streams that are dignified with the name of rivers in Europe—that empty themselves into the Potomac, and add to its grandeur—though we have explored not a few—we design not to speak. Let our experience in “crabbing and fishing,” in the sheltered nooks they form, be “unwritten.” But Cameron, Pohick, Aquia, Ocoquan, *Chotank!* we know you all—we love you all—the last not least—nor, though not on our native shores, are we altogether ignorant of Mattawoman, Piscataway, Nanjemoy, and their fellow tributaries, from Maryland to the great Potomac.

When we write about this river, we “speak that we do know.” We have seen Potomac in all his moods and tempers—furious and boisterous—placid and gentle—clear and still—turgid and rapid—and in all there is grandeur and beauty. We have stood where the wide river stretches out into a miniature sea—five or six miles across from shore to shore—and listened to the waves as they gently rolled in and broke upon the beach, with a low and soft murmur, that seemed to lull them to rest—and, again, upon the same spot, we have heard the loud roar of the waters, as they rushed, white capped, upon the banks, shooting far up their surf and spray, and retiring with a like mad impetuosity, as if angry at being balked in their purpose of encroaching upon the land.

And O! the glorious sunsets that we have seen whilst passing up the river! Once we remember, just as we reached Mount Vernon, hallowed spot! a flood of glory was thrown over the scene which made it enchanting. The day expired in splendor. Wood and water were dyed a thousand hues, and the venerable mansion of the father of his country, stood out, as it were, from the heights, in the strong yet chastened light, with a distinctness unusual. Every eye was turned to it. A deep silence reigned; but we all stood uncovered, and even the sailors, catching the inspiration of the moment, leaned over the side of the vessel, and gazed in admiration at the scene. Slowly and gradually as we receded from the shores, the brilliant colors of the setting sun were lost in the approaching shades of night, and Mount Vernon became indistinct in the distance.

But enough of POTOMAC, for this once. Hereafter we may, if this is not too much of our “bald, disjointed chat,” fill another page, on the same theme.

E. S.

Alexandria, D. C., Sept., 1839.

LUCILE:

A NOVELETTE.

By the Authoress of “The Curse.”

CHAPTER VII.

Guide.—Ah, my life,
Flowers are all the jewels I can give thee;
I have no castle in whose stately halls
Vassals or kinsmen wait to welcome thee.
Lucile.—Oh! love asks nothing but the heart.

L. E. L.

LETTER FROM GREY TO LUCILE.

“Many, many weary weeks have elapsed, dear Lucile, since we last met. In vain have I haunted thy abode. I have watched for thee with a fevered heart, and when by accident I obtained a glimpse of thee, Victor was beside thee. I have seen, my beloved, that thy cheek is pale, and the tears were glittering in thy dark eyes, even when he was wooing thee to forsake thy chosen one and share the brilliant destiny which he offers to thy acceptance. Ah, Lucile! my heart is sorrowful for thy sufferings, but still it thrills with joy to think that the eye dimmed with tears cannot be dazzled by the splendor of the future, to which he calls thy onward gaze. He may bid thee send forth thy spirit over the dark waters of life, but like the dove of old it will find no land of promise whereon to fold the weary wing, and it will bring back no symbol of peace to thy sorrowful soul. And do I not love thee more deeply, more dearly for thy unswerving faith? Are not our souls knit together by a deeper, holier tie, than those whose Heaven is all sunshine? whose hearts ne’er knew what a hallowed thing unwavering love may become? My soul is filled with thee—Thy glorious beauty, and thy gentle nature have woven a spell around me, that is on my whole being. There is not an hour that thou art not ever with me in my thoughts. I have been painting a likeness of the mother and infant Jesus, and in the heavenly brow of that madona I recognize a resemblance to thee, my heart’s ideal; and again in the smiling mouth of the sleeping cherub thy expression breaks on me. I sit for hours before it, my hand hanging listless by my side, gazing on that smile, and dreaming of thee. How is this to end? To lose thee will be to lose the beacon light that guides me on to fame—to tear the mantle of genius from my soul, and trample it in the dust and mire. To win thee from thy home, to follow my weary pilgrimage, is to ask of thee to sacrifice the elegancies, almost the necessities of life, to brighten my otherwise desolate lot. And thy obdurate father: though he has no sympathy for me, or even for thee, his own, his only child, I cannot think of *his* desolation, deprived of thee, without shuddering at the thought of his lonely age—his solitary dwelling; yet the choice will be his to receive his lost treasure back again with pardon, or yield her to the protection of as true and loving a heart as ever was offered at the shrine of woman.

“I can no longer endure this life, Lucile. It unfit me for every thing, and I know that thou art not less unhappy than myself. End this suspense—decide thy fate and mine. In a few days I sail for America—the

home of my forefathers: I have an uncle there—a poor but a good man—he has written for me to come to him, and the little property that he possesses shall eventually become mine.

'A ship is floating in the harbor now,
A wind is howling o'er the mountain's brow
* * * * *
The halcyons brood around the foamless isles;
The treacherous ocean has forsworn its wiles;
The merry mariners are bold and free,
Say, my heart's *idol*, wilt thou sail with me?'

"Answer me, adored Lucile: weigh all thy present advantages against the vigilant affection which will suffer no sorrow, that love may avert, to fall on thy gentle heart; which will view thee as the shrined divinity of my home—an angel presiding over my household gods—and then choose thy destiny. I have health, energy, and hope; why then shall I not be enabled to win for thee a home in that far land to which I hasten, which if less splendid than thy native one, will be thrice blessed by the undying love which will brighten our lowly lot. Meet me to-morrow evening. I shall be in the pavilion when the moon is rising. Come to me with thy heart full of love, and thy soul nerved to endure the separation from thy early home—the severing of thy early ties for one which shall replace them all. Forgive my seeming presumption—I doubt thee not, because my heart has taught me the faith of thine. Adieu. S. G."

"And how have I deserved this trust?" murmured the unhappy girl, clasping her hands over her pallid brow. "I, who even now am expecting each moment the entrance of him to whom a few more days will give a husband's claim to my love. I have been weak; wavering where I should have been most firm. I will make one more appeal, and if 'tis fruitless, I can but lie down and die; for let me turn whither I will, there is no hope for me. On one hand the curse of a father hangs suspended over my head; and on the other, the madness of suffering Sidney to believe me false as weak."

She arose and paced the room wildly. In a few moments Victor entered. He looked at her an instant in surprise. "Well, my fair cousin, I am happy to see that you are at last wearied with your listless demeanor, and have concluded not to look as if hope was forever banished from your heart. Why, what has thus excited you, my beautiful?" he inquired, playfully touching her cheek, on which a spot of deep crimson glowed. She drew back haughtily—then suddenly throwing herself before him she exclaimed:

"Victor, behold me a suppliant at your feet: If you would not see me die here—if you have one spark of generosity or human feeling in your heart, be not callous to my appeal. Read this letter—it reached me by accident, for the wily priest dropped it, without intending it, when he came to me with a message from my father. I am your plighted bride; but you well know that I was terrified into becoming so, by the violence of my father. Oh, Victor! save me from becoming a loveless wife, or an accursed child."

Victor appeared affected, as he raised her from the floor, and placed her on a seat. "Dear Lucile, why make such an appeal to me? You know full well that I have no power to turn your father from his purpose."

"Do not make so pitiful an evasion," said Lucile,

scornfully. "There is at least one way of releasing me from this detestable bondage: by withdrawing yourself from this place, you can free me from the marriage, and your own presence at the same time."

"You are flattering, my pretty coz; but is truth you ask too much, when you expect me to withdraw myself from your presence or to offend my uncle by declining an alliance on which his heart is set; but, truth to tell, not half so much as my own. Grey cannot love you better than I, and the balance will be much in your favor by remaining under your father's roof. Excuse me, Lucile, but your pale cheek, and chilling reserve, since I have been taught to look on you as my affianced bride, have wearied me; and if I appear harsh or unfeeling, it is because I use the language of plain common sense; yet there is not the less of deep and true affection in my heart for you. I have too high a regard for your happiness, to permit you to wed Grey. If I do not marry you myself, your father will be offended, and cast me off. You will eventually elope with this painter, and leave me to wear the willow."

"You speak lightly, sir—as if happiness were a jest, and affection transferable at will."

"If I do speak lightly, Lucile," said he earnestly, "God knows I feel deeply. Do you suppose that your evident shrinking has not cut me to the heart? or that I have watched your struggles of feeling without bitterness? No—I should have been more or less than man could I have done so. Address your appeal to your father—if his consent can be won, I will resign you at once to my more fortunate rival, though in so doing I destroy my own hopes of happiness. At this moment I more deeply envy Sidney Grey, in his poverty and friendlessness, than I ever dreamed I should envy any man. Take back your letter, Lucile—I do not wish to read it—my course is decided. Yet I pray you do not think me intentionally unkind." He threw the letter on her lap, and hastily left the room.

"Oh, Heaven! what will become of me?" she exclaimed. "Is there no avenue of escape for me? Cruel! cruel Victor! to exact the fulfilment of the bond! Oh, God! be thou my friend, for hope has deserted me."

"Lady, you have a friend, if you have the courage to embrace his proposal," said a low voice at her side. She turned and beheld the priest.

"What is it?" inquired she, scarcely conscious of what she was uttering.

"To fly from tyranny, and reward the noble heart which would shed the last drop of blood that gives life to it for your sake. The letter was not dropped by accident. I promised that it should reach you, and you have it. Can you hesitate when you love him, and he woos you to become his bride? Another week will leave you no power to choose between the evil of hopeless love, or a heartless marriage."

"And my father?"

"Leave him to his own devices," returned the priest, with a scornful laugh. "If you are the light of his life—the joy of his eyes—he will recall you; if not, why let him live on in the solitude to which his stubborn pride will doom him, while you bring joy to the heart that is devoted to you. Say but the word, lady, and before your bridal day all things shall be in readiness for your flight. Read that letter once more, and then make your decision."

"It needs it not—my decision is already made," said Lucile, with a calmness that surprised herself. "Any destiny, however dark, were preferable to a separation from him. Repeat my words to him, and say that to-morrow evening will find me at the pavilion, without fail, ready to forsake all and follow him in exile or death."

The priest bowed low and left her. "The die is cast," she murmured. "A few more hours and my poor old father will be desolate. Yet he has driven me to it. Had he continued the same to me that he once was, I could never have abandoned him—not even for Sidney, truly as I love him."

Her once indulgent parent had indeed changed. Latterly she almost feared to go into his presence: he received her with frowns, and his lips seldom unclosed but to utter some sarcasm against her faded looks, or express bitter contempt for her absent lover. The kindlier feelings of his nature appeared to be embittered against all around him, and her consent to wed her cousin had been wrung from her in a moment of frantic passion, when the curse of an offended parent was trembling on his lip. The consent had no sooner been given, than her father insisted on the marriage taking place, so soon as preparations could be made to celebrate it on the magnificent scale he desired. Already was the mansion crowded with their "troops of friends," who had gathered around them for the joyful occasion, and many were the comments made on the depression and languor of the fair bride. The younger portion of the guests looked on the superb *trousseau* of their companion, and marvelled that the possessor of so much splendor, and the betrothed of the handsome Victor, should wear so joyless an expression. They little dreamed that a thrill of silent agony shot through that wearied heart, at every fresh proof of her father's ostentation, in thus decking the victim of his pride, while he refused to her even a few short weeks in which to reconcile herself to the new destiny that awaited her.

Victor would willingly have delayed the marriage until his cousin became less repugnant to it; but the imperious father had so long reigned over his household with despotic sway, that any hint of a proposal of the kind elicited such a storm of passion, that, fearing to offend him, and thus forfeit not only his cousin, but all hope of future assistance from him, he became the passive instrument of the irascible old man.

Victor was the only child of a younger brother, who had dissipated his slender patrimony long before his death, and from infancy he had been dependent on his uncle. General Montessor had spared no expense in giving him a fitting education; and while the two children were yet in their cradles, their future destiny had been decided in his own mind. His own observations had taught him that those who are reared together seldom become attached with other than the love of kindred, and to guard against this he had suffered his nephew to be educated in his native land, while his daughter grew in loveliness beneath his own roof. On the death of both his parents, within a few hours of each other, Sidney Grey had been adopted into his family, and it never occurred to the old soldier that the two bright creatures who played around him in infancy, should ever dream of being more to each other than brother and sister.

All the pride of his haughty nature centered in his daughter. She was the Peri of his house—the inheritor of her mother's matchless beauty; the heiress of his vast wealth, his unsullied name. He might have said in the tender and exquisite words of the poet:

"Her's was the voice that soothed my home;
She was my world, my life, my light;
The care, the charm that blessed my eyes,
That filled the day, and filled the night.

* * * * *
Her image mirrored back my heart;
My life's best days were on her brow,
One constant light of happiness."

Yet with all this love for his child, he saw her fading before his eyes, without entertaining a thought of sacrificing the cherished aim of his life. Conscious that he was inflicting misery where he desired to bestow happiness, he became morose and embittered toward every one. He had not sufficient self-command to repress his harshness, yet when he saw the tears his daughter vainly endeavored to conceal, he would have relented, had not his unbending nature impelled him to persevere in what he had once undertaken.

"Men have died, and worms have ate them, but not for love," muttered he; "aye, and women too—their hearts are made of sterner stuff than to break for a trifle. She will fret a little now, but soon the rose will come to her cheek, and those soft eyes will look with renewed joy on this beautiful world. She shall never miss the love I have denied her: my care shall be so unwearied, and Victor will be so devoted. Ah, no! she cannot long grieve for what is unattainable." And thus he silenced the "still small voice" that was whispering to him of a broken heart, and an early grave.

CHAPTER VIII.

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:

* * * * *
But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Othello.

The bridal evening came. It was as glorious a night as ever a bright moon shone on. The mansion flashed with a thousand lights, and the mingled sounds of music, and words of welcome, were borne forth on the still air of night, as group after group arrived at the door, and received the hearty greeting of their host.

Lucile was in her dressing-room, surrounded by a bevy of dark-eyed *houris*, who were to act as bride-maids to her.

"Well, Lucile," said one, "I believe your own taste is purest after all. Those simple orange flowers wreathed in your raven hair, are more beautiful than jewels; and that robe of embroidered muslin is certainly more elegant than this of lace and satin; but then you are so beautiful that you need not the 'foreign aid of ornament.' What will your father say to your simple toilette, when his wish was to see you not only the fairest, but the most sumptuously attired bride, that our island could produce."

"He will not have much thought to bestow on my

dress, and a few hours hence, I fear, it will matter little to him what I may wear or how appear. A few more brief moments and my destiny will be decided," she murmured in a low tone. "Oh, God! in mercy soften my father's heart in my favor."

Half an hour later a gay burst of music swept through the wide halls: the folding doors were thrown open to admit the bridal party, and to the surprise of every one the bridegroom alone appeared, with a face of the hue of death, and hastily advancing to General Montessor whispered something in his ear. He sank on a seat overpowered by his emotions; but instantly starting up, left the room and proceeded with hasty strides to the chamber of his daughter. At the door he met the terrified Agnes.

"Speak—tell me the truth, on peril of your life," said he, catching the girl by the arm. "Where is my daughter? your young mistress? Guide me to her this instant."

"Dead, sir—master—I doesn't know. She sent me out and axed the ladies to leave her alone a few moments 'until Mas' Victor came;" said the trembling negro. "Dead, I doesn't know where she went to."

"Liar," said the excited father; bending his white lips to the ear of the girl, he continued, "I know you are in her confidence—tell me where I can find her, and freedom is your's—aye, freedom—think of it—think of it. Refuse, and by the Eternal I will kill you where you stand."

The eyes of Agnes rolled in wild terror, and for an instant she seemed undecided, but her master tightened his grasp on her arm, and said in a low hissing tone, "Decide—freedom, or—you know the alternative."

She pointed to the garden. Dashing her from him, with hasty steps, he threaded his way through the tortuous pathway leading to the pavilion, preceded by Victor, who had no sooner heard the words of the girl than he rushed forward with the speed of a maniac.

"Thank Heaven, I am armed," muttered he; "and 'twill be hard, but I wrest her from him. To lose her now—to be the scoff of wittlings and fools, were worse than death. Mine she must be at any expense." And grinding his teeth with rage, he sped on with renewed activity.

The pavilion was not yet vacated by those who should have been far away. The moonlight was streaming through the windows on two figures, and a third one stood without. A white-robed girl supported by the wreathing clasp of her lover, as if about to move forward, and a stout heavy built man, who stood as sentinel at the door, appeared accoutred for the road. Tapping on the steps with his whip, he said—

"You had best hurry, señor—the carriage is waiting at the end of the avenue."

"Let us be going, dearest," said Sidney. "Your absence must soon be discovered."

"Ab, let me take one more look at my forsaken home. Before I leave it, perhaps forever, suffer me to waft back one more blessing to my old father—abandoned in his latter days by his only child. Ah, Sidney, were not my love as strong as death, as deeply seated as the foundations of my very being, I could not leave him thus."

"Put your trust in me, Lucile," murmured Sidney, in tones of such thrilling tenderness, that she felt at that

moment it were easier far to yield a world than the love of that noble heart.

"I do, fondly, faithfully, implicitly." She turned her farewell glance on the home she had left, gleaming through the trees like a fairy palace. A strain of music came on the wind. "Hark! 'tis the triumphal march with which the bridal party were to enter the saloon, and I am here. We must hasten hence or be discovered," and with a long, struggling sigh, she turned from her home!

They had proceeded but few steps from the door, when with one wild bound, Victor sprang in the midst of the group, and dashing the servant aside, endeavored to wrench Lucile from the grasp of her lover, while he presented a pistol to his breast.

"Yield her or die!" said he, as Sidney struck the weapon up with one hand, and with the other defended Lucile from his violence.

"Never—so help me Heaven. Back, foolish boy, and seek not to stain your soul with the crime of murder."

Victor ground his teeth with fury, and drew a second pistol from his breast—

"Hold," exclaimed Lucile, "'tis too late to claim me now. I am his in the sight of Heaven, as in the fervor of my own love."

"'Tis not too late to sever the bond," said Victor, firing as she spoke. The arm that supported her relaxed its hold, and Sidney staggered back against a tree.

"Oh, God—oh, God! what have I done to bring on me such extremity of wretchedness," shrieked the unhappy Lucile. "Back—back—touch me not thou demon of my fate. Till you came, I was happy—and hear me now swear before the God of my fathers, that if Sidney is the victim to your insane fury, I pour on you the curse of a stricken heart. Leave me, before madness comes and darkens the soul you have lain desolate." The roused soul that flashed from her dilated eyes, and lightened over her whole countenance, awoke her cousin into silence.

"Lucile, dearest Lucile! calm your agony," said Sidney, recovering from the shock he had received, "I am not wounded. Your dear image has been my guardian angel to save me from the weapon of you madman. Look," and he drew from his bosom a miniature which had been shattered. The gold setting had been a shield against the bullet of her kinsman, which but for it, had stretched him lifeless at her feet.

"Oh, God! I thank thee! any wretchedness I can bear but his loss," murmured Lucile, raising her clasped hands to Heaven, and bursting into a violent passion of tears.

For some moments General Montessor had stood a mute witness of the scene. He now broke silence, and in a voice which had lost none of its sternness said—"Tears well become you, and if they sprang from the right source, I might yet have some hope of recalling you to the sphere you have wilfully abandoned. Speak, degenerate daughter of my house—choose your fate—'tis the last moment of hope—abandon him to whom you cling—return to your home, and all shall be forgiven. Follow his fortunes, and I will never see you more—the pall of forgetfulness shall shroud your very being from my knowledge. Speak—decide."

"Oh, father! is there no hope? You will not cast me

off utterly—I am his wedded wife—forgive—forgive me, father.”

“Never—but on one condition. Those ties may be broken. Suffer them to become as though they were not, and I can clasp you to my breast once more as my daughter—but as *his* wife, never.”

Lucile raised her bowed head, and her fair cheek glowed with emotion, as she placed her hand in that of Sidney, and said—

“Then is my fate decided. I should be unworthy the name of woman—unworthy of the love which he bears me, could I forsake my husband. No, father: though you are loved deeply, dearly, my choice is made. I go forth to the world, to struggle, perchance, with difficulties of which I have not dreamed, but they will be sweetened by love, and may you not be haunted by remorse for the course you have pursued toward the child of her who lies in her silent grave. Adieu.”

“Hear me a moment, before we part,” said Grey. “General Montresor, you have treated me in this matter, as though I possessed not the feelings of a man, yet I forgive and I pity you; for you love your daughter better than your life, though your pride refuses to yield to her entreaties. If you can live without her, let your heart be at rest on her account. Her happiness shall be my first care, and though you have spurned my alliance, you know that you may confide her to my love with implicit faith.”

They turned away, and a turn in the walk soon hid them from view.

“Stop, we part not thus,” shouted Victor, maddened by the triumph of his rival.

“Forbear,” said his uncle, in a stern tone, at the same time laying a nervous grasp on the arm of his nephew. “Rather thank Heaven that you have not a human life to answer for. Let them go: a pair of love-sick fools—the dream will soon be over, and then you will be amply avenged.”

“No—a few appeals and you will forgive them—receive them again, and all will be forgotten,” said Victor.

“By my faith, no,” replied the old man with bitterness. “What I, who have so worshipped her, to be thus deceived, and forgive? Never was a father so devoted to a child. At night my last thought was of her; my last murmured word a blessing on that heart which has become estranged from me. When I awoke, it was with the glad thought that I should see her bright face smiling on me. I have followed her lithe and lovely figure with my eyes dimmed with the tears of affection and pride. She knew that she was the life of my life—the pulse of my heart—yet she has forsaken me. Can I forgive such base ingratitude? Never—never!”

Utterly overcome by his emotions, he sat down on the marble steps which led into the pavilion, and wept. A few words spoken at that moment in favor of his child, might have restored her to his arms as dearly cherished as ever, but the priest suddenly appeared.

“The company are still in silent wonder at your protracted absence,” said he, and lowering his voice he muttered something in the ear of his patron, which appeared to chafe his spirit anew. He arose, and after a brief struggle, regained his composure.

“Retire to your own room, Victor. That lowering brow is unfit for a scene of festivity. For me, my duty to myself calls on me to sustain my character before

those among whom I have dwelt for so many years.” In silence Victor obeyed—and stilling the mighty emotions that were wringing his heart, by the exercise of a pride, which by indulgence had become the master passion of his soul, he proceeded to the house.

“My friends,” said he in a husky tone, “you behold in me a forsaken father. My daughter has chosen to follow the fortunes of Sidney Grey. Henceforth I have no child. My nephew shall be unto me as a son, but the name of Lucile shall from this hour be an interdicted word. Let those who love me, or value my friendship, aid me in forgetting that I have a child. Our revels must not be interrupted by this untoward occurrence. Let us have music.”

And the sounds of revelry came from those walls, which, if nature had been allowed free course, would have echoed back the wailings of anguish for the loss of their youthful heiress. A hollow and unreal pageant was throwing its mockery over the aching heart, and burning brain, as if the sounds of mirth could bring the reality, or the spirit of melody could breathe into the soul its divine essence, and bid the warring passions cease—the sorrowful heart be joyful.

The priest, that dark and strange man, was standing under the shadow of the trees, and a mocking smile was on his pale lips as he stopped and listened to the mingled sounds which floated on the evening air.

“Aye—laugh—dance—ring out your joyous measures, but each note falls on *his* heart as a knell. Old dotard! to be played on thus, and by me—me, his dependent, his *spiritual* director—ha! ha! ha! I can laugh to think how completely this man, who lords it o’er his hundreds of slaves—who bows not his head to any man—is under *my* dominion: and if he knew *whom* he thus humbles himself before, Holy Mother! would there not be a reckoning between us! And I—what have I bound myself to his side for? Chained, Prometheus-like, with the vulture of the past preying on my soul. Heart of mine thou knowest I ‘bide my time,’ and ‘twill come ere long. I urged him to the unnatural course he has pursued toward his daughter. I played on the feelings of Victor, and used him as my tool. I performed the solemn rite which weds his child to poverty, and will bring him with sorrow and remorse to his grave, for he shall not relent. I will yet shew him *who* has done this, and *why* I have pursued him with relentless hate. Perseverance—perseverance—ha! ha! ha! what can it not accomplish? And now I go to view yon hollow pageant—to see the childless father throw over him the mantle of pride, which he fancies conceals the contortions of agony that convulse his soul; but he cannot deceive *me*.” And assuming his usual meek and quiet demeanor, he glided among the guests.

CHAPTER IX.

Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ban in my veins; I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true.

Shakespeare.

Are we not one? Are we not joined by Heaven?
Each interwoven with the other's fate?

Fair Penitent.

Grey and his fair bride were detained in Havana some days, before the ship which was to bear them to

their new home, was ready to sail. In the meantime Lucille had written several times to her father, but her letters were returned unopened. Her efforts to see him were also unavailing.

General Montrossor had liberated the girl who had been reared with his daughter, with the secret hope that the affection of Agnes for her young mistress would induce her to follow her fortunes. In this he was not mistaken. Agnes was the daughter of Lucille's nurse, and the affection and fidelity of the colored slaves, toward those whom they have watched over in infancy, is frequently as remarkable as that shown by the Highlanders to their foster children. The first thought of the old woman, when her daughter proclaimed her freedom to her, was, that she could now accompany her beloved child in her exile from her native land.

"Now 'member," said she, "if you is free from master, you is still de bounden slave of Miss Lucille. I b'longed to her mother 'fore she was ever married, and if it wern't for dat will leavin' de property to master as long as he lives, she would'n't be turned out of her father's house now, wid nothin' to bless herself wid; so if you wants me to die easy in my bed, you'll go wid her, wait on her, do ebery thing dat I'd do if I was free to go wi' her too. Does you hear me, Aggy, child?"

"Yes, mammy, and I is gwine to do so too. Miss Lucille's always been kind to me, and I is'n't gwine to forget it now, when her own father turns his back on her." That night Agnes joined her young mistress.

The wardrobe of Lucille was forwarded from her father's, and on opening her jewel box, she found in it gold pieces to the amount of several hundred dollars. A slip of paper was fastened to it on which her father had written "Make the most of this, for 'tis all you will ever receive from me."

That evening they embarked, and Lucille stood on the deck of the ship until the last tint of daylight faded from the sky, straining her vision toward the dim line on the horizon's edge, which showed where that isle of beauty lay; and when she could no longer see the land of her birth, she sat down and wept such tears as are only wrung from a young heart mourning over its first deep grief.

Gray sat beside her, and sought to draw her from the contemplation of the past, to view that future which was opening before them; and as she listened to the tones of that beloved voice, they brought comfort to her soul, and gradually her tears became less passionate—soon they had ceased to flow.

"I have never told you the history of my parents," said he, as they leaned together over the side of the ship, and looked into the clear depths below, in which the Heavens, with each bright and glorious star, were mirrored.

"No—I have never heard you speak of your relatives, except as children, when we went hand in hand to deck the graves of our mothers with flowers: and do you remember, Sidney, how I cried because the marble tablet over my mother's grave prevented me from placing the flowers on the earth which covered her, as you did on the more humble resting place of your mother? That incident has made a lasting impression on me: I would not be buried under one of those cold, dismal looking stones, if my own wishes could prevent it. No—let the sun shine on my grave, the dews moisten it, and the green grass wave above my last resting place. Marble well represents the repose, the

coldness of death, but earth's flowers, springing from the dust to which we have returned, are types of that other life to which we are taught to look with that love and faith which casteth out fear. I remember your mother; and you are strikingly like her. I can see her pale, subdued countenance before me now, as she sat at her sewing, with those long, slender fingers plying her needle with unwearied industry. I remember her death, and the prayer of my own gentle parent that you might be henceforth considered as the child of her adoption."

"And I well recollect all her kindness to my orphan boyhood. My mother was not born to the station in which you first knew her. She was the daughter of a Virginia planter, and, while her father lived, enjoyed every advantage which competence could command. At his death she was left destitute. Security debts to a large amount attested at once his own good nature and the villainy of those in whose honor he had confided. Her father resided near the Virginia University, and at the time of his death she was betrothed to one of the students. He possessed a small independence, and no sooner heard of my mother's unexpected change of circumstances, than he insisted on being united to her at once. He had no near relatives to control his wishes, and she became his bride.

"He left the University immediately, and proceeded to his native place to prosecute the study of medicine. I will lightly pass over what followed, for it is too painful for a son to dwell on. In ——— he became entangled with a set of dissipated young men, and, forgetful of the new tie which bound him, he gave himself up to the reckless enjoyment of the passing moment.

"The consequences were utter ruin, a broken constitution, and to my mother an almost broken heart. He left ——— and went to a distant village, but could get no employment, and for several years they endured the extreme of poverty. Many times, to lose the sense of his degradation and suffering, he would return to the first cause of his misfortunes, and for days would lie in utter oblivion of all around him.

"He had one brother, many years his senior, who resided in Philadelphia, and but for his occasional assistance rendered to my mother in the shape of small sums of money, sent as he could spare them, they must have perished in spite of my mother's industry. She many times denied herself the rest which exhausted nature almost demanded, that she might continue a few more hours at her needle. At length my uncle wrote that all his hopes of reformation on the part of my father had been abandoned; but he would still offer him an employment which would make no call on the intellect, that had been obscured, almost destroyed by his course of life. A wealthy planter, residing in one of the West India Islands, had commissioned him to procure an overseer, and he offered the situation to my father.

"The prospect of employment, which would bring him a comfortable support for his wife and child, restored him in some measure to his former self-respect. From that hour he drank no more; but the remembrance of what he was, and what he had once fair prospects of becoming, embittered every moment of his life. He was ever kind to my mother; but for hours have I seen him walk the floor of our humble abode, and tears would stand in his eyes as he looked on her and called her his suffering angel. He related to me what I have now told you, and made every effort to impress on my young mind a horror of everything

approaching to dissipation. He bade me think of the moral degradation which he had undergone—the humiliating consciousness that a highly endowed mind and cultivated intellect had been bowed before the debasing influence of dissipation, until he was the mere wreck of his former self. 'Think my son,' he would say, 'what I must have undergone, when I, who had been nurtured among the refinements of polished society, could accept the employment of slave-driver to any man, and feel thankful that bodily strength is left me to attend to my duties faithfully.'

"We had been in Cuba but two years when he died, and was followed within a few hours by my mother. My uncle is a humorist—he has managed in a money-making country to keep clear of the mania of trade or speculation. He lives on the small property which he inherited from his father—it suffices for his few wants; and he has invited me to come and reside with him. You will be a daughter to him, my sweet Lucile, while I will endeavor to show my gratitude by every means in my power, for enabling me to win you from your loftier prospects to share my destiny."

"Be assured that no effort shall be wanting on my part to contribute to the happiness of your uncle," said Lucile: "I will be as a daughter to him in duty and affection."

CHAPTER X.

"And for their loves?
Behold the seal is on them!"

"Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of the summer sea?"

Their voyage was prosperous, and they safely landed in Philadelphia. After establishing Lucile and her attendant at a hotel, Grey proceeded to look for the abode of his uncle. It was soon found, as the methodical old gentleman had given him the most particular information as to his 'whereabouts' in the city, but on inquiring at the door for Mr. Martin Grey, to his great concern he was informed that his uncle had been seized with a fit of apoplexy a few days before, which had proved fatal, and he had that morning been consigned to the dust. His informant added, that some gentlemen were now in his room, reading his will and putting seals on his property.

"Go in and inform them, if you please, that his nephew has just arrived from Cuba, and would be glad to be present at the opening of the will."

The woman went in, and immediately returned with a gentleman who introduced himself as Mr. McFile, the legal adviser of his deceased relative. He invited Grey to follow him, and in a few moments they were in his late uncle's apartment, which was occupied by three other gentlemen.

They all wore the most lugubrious expression of countenance as they shook the nephew of their lost friend by the hand, with the most sympathetic expressions on the great loss the country, and they in particular, had sustained in the defunct Mr. Grey.

"A man of ten thousand," murmured one.

"Ah yes—so benevolent—so kind-hearted," chimed in another. "The voice of distress was never unneeded." And thus they chorused the praises of their lost friend, until Sidney became impatient for them to proceed to business, for however gratifying the high

estimation in which his deceased uncle had been held, he could not still the fearful whisper which came to his heart, that this relative whom he had never known might in his last days have repented of his intended generosity, and left him destitute. His forebodings were too quickly verified.

The will was at last opened, and to his utter consternation the slow, monotonous voice of the lawyer read over an instrument, dated but a few days back, by which he bequeathed all his possessions to a certain benevolent society, to be appropriated to the erection of a church for the use of the German emigrants to the United States.

"There are a few lines below, written by my friend's own hand, which concern you, Mr. Grey. Shall I read them to you?"

"If you please, sir," said Sidney bowing.

He then read the following words. "To my nephew, Sidney Grey, I had intended to bequeath all my property; but learning from himself that he was about to commit the romantic absurdity of marrying a girl who has been reared in idleness and extravagance, merely because she has the most fleeting of all charms, beauty; and at the same time robbing his patron of his daughter; to show my utter disapprobation of such a proceeding, I hereby cut him off with one shilling, with which he may go and buy a rope wherewith to hang himself, for the mad freak of which he has been guilty will soon leave him no other alternative."

There was a pause of some seconds, which Grey interrupted by rising and bowing to the gentlemen as he said—

"As there can be no farther need of my presence here, gentlemen, I will bid you a good morning. I had anticipated a very different meeting here to-day, but fate has otherwise ordered it, and I must submit. I shall not interfere in any way with the settlement of the estate. Good morning to you."

"A clever young fellow," remarked one, as the door closed on him; "and uncommonly fine-looking. Well I'm sorry for his disappointment, and think our friend had better have left something to the poor young things to commence housekeeping with. It's likely he's very poor, for I've heard my late respected friend say that he was educated by that West India planter, whose daughter has eloped with him. Well, if charity did not begin at home, I believe I could find it in my heart to hunt him up, and try and find something for him to do."

"Do not give yourself that trouble, I beg," said a tall, noble looking man, with a slight inflexion of contempt in his voice. "If Mr. Grey's appearance does not belie his character, he shall not want a friend while I can assist him. I regret exceedingly that I neglected to ask him for his address. I shall seek him before night, and offer him such services as one stranger may without offence proffer to another."

"Well—well—let it be so—you can afford to be generous."

The man who thus spoke was a bachelor, with a clear income of some thousands, but without one spark of generosity, except at the expense of others, in his heart. The second speaker was one of the most successful merchants in the city, and had risen to the station he occupied by his own energy and integrity: his residence was one of the most splendid on Chesnut street, and he was surrounded by a young and lovely family; but amid his present prosperity he did not forget his

own early struggles, and the promptings of benevolence were never unheeded.

He had been deeply interested by the appearance of Grey, and his imagination rapidly sketched the probable sufferings which would result from the disappointment he had that morning experienced; his wish was to obviate them as far as possible, but his benevolent intentions were frustrated. He spent the remainder of the day in driving from hotels to boarding-houses in vain. There had been such a gentleman at the United States Hotel for a few hours in the morning, but he had departed at twelve o'clock no one knew whither; and baffled in his search, Mr. Edmonds was compelled to return home without accomplishing his benevolent intentions.

Stunned, bewildered by the unexpected occurrences of the morning, Sidney mechanically retraced his steps to the hotel, though when there he shrank from communicating to Lucile the misfortunes which had met him in the very outset of his career. All the accumulated difficulties of his situation stood in vivid array before him,—a stranger in a strange land, with but few dollars left after his travelling expenses were all paid—with no knowledge of business—possessing only a few paintings, whose merit he well knew was not sufficiently striking to attract purchasers—with a newly wedded wife, dependent on him for support. He felt that her brief sunshine of happiness was over—the darkened days had already commenced.

His intention had been to accept the home offered him by his uncle, while he diligently pursued the cultivation of his art, and by the study of the few fine paintings within his reach, correct as far as possible the defects of a self-formed and imperfect style. In the meantime, a portion of his attention he designed to give to portrait painting; and the resources thus obtained were to be devoted to the purpose of raising a fund to convey him to Italy—the land of his dreams—the wished for haven to which all the aspirations of his soul pointed. After a struggle for composure, he entered the room where Lucile was eagerly expecting him.

"Here you are at last, dear Sidney—I thought you would never return, my impatience has been so great to hear from your uncle. How is he? What said he? Was he pleased to see you? Tell me all in a word."

"It is soon told," said Sidney mournfully. "The old man is dead, and we are friendless." He then proceeded to relate what he had learned. Lucile listened in silence: she saw at a glance the full extent of the calamity which had befallen them—though he concealed from her that he owed the loss of his uncle's property to her consent to become his bride; but her spirit rose to meet the evil, and she looked on the future with an unquailing eye.

"Poverty is not the worst of ills, dear Sidney, as I well know," said she. "We are now entirely dependent on our own resources, and no false pride should prevent either of us from doing what is necessary to secure an independence however humble. I have contemplated the possibility of disappointment, and weighed the probable consequences of an union with you before I consented to link my fate with yours—therefore, my mind is not entirely unprepared for the difficulties which we are likely to encounter. Let us calmly examine our situation, and the extent of our resources—then decide our future course."

"I have but fifty dollars in the world, and some half

dozen paintings not entirely completed, which cannot bring me into notice without patronage of some kind."

"Your genius shall raise you up friends and patrons when you least expect it," said she playfully; "for the present, I am fortunately richer than you, and our united funds will support us very respectably until you have time to become known and appreciated. 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' as the old adage goes—so

"Prishee look no more so pale,
But list a new *Aeps* when the old doth fail."

"Who would refuse to listen to the whispers of hope when breathed in such a voice as thine, and enforced with such a smile?"

Lucile opened the dressing case and gave him the gold, which had been her father's last gift.

"Here," she continued, "are my jewels. They are not of great value, considering that I was the heiress to such vast wealth as my father possessed; but such as they are, they may become a resource to us if reduced to the necessity of parting with them."

"May heaven avert such distress as that would portend," said Grey fervently. "No, dearest—your jewels must remain untouched so long as any other means of subsistence are within my reach. In the meantime the sum before us will suffice until I become acquainted here."

"As you please," replied Lucile. "We must seek boarding in a less expensive house than this, and perhaps the keeper of the house will employ Agnes, and thus allow her to gain a support for herself without being separated from me?"

"You cannot do without her services, my love. What would become of you, with your creole habits, without some one to wait on you? These delicate hands do not look as if they could accomplish much. No—no—you must not part with Agnes."

"Oh, I can learn to wait on myself; and I think it would be positive injustice to Agnes to keep her with me, while I am unable to pay her the wages her services can command—and I know the faithful creature too well to believe that she would receive money from me which she saw I needed myself. So, dear Sidney, allow me to arrange this matter if you please."

"Well—as you will, my dear little wife. Why, from whence did you obtain all this stock of wisdom, *ma belle*?"

Lucile blushed and smiled. "It has been taught me, I suppose, by my affection for one who possessed few of the gifts of fortune. I can make any sacrifice, Sidney, sooner than suffer you to abandon the art to which your soul has so fondly clung from boyhood, to gain a pittance in some other occupation, in order to shield me from a few privations which my mind is fully prepared to encounter. Let us not despond—for believe me, I would not be elsewhere than by thy side; and heaven never linked two hearts in as pure a bond as ours, without pointing out to them the pathway which would lead them to happiness."

"Your faith is a consolatory one, Lucile, and I will e'en trust to it. My regrets are not for myself, but for you. I fondly anticipated bringing you to a comfortable home, where no harrassing anxiety and uncertainty for the future should dim a ray of your beauty, and the disappointment is proportionably severe."

"Think not of me. If you could look into my heart, and see there the happiness it gives me to be near you, with the consciousness that death alone can sever me

from your side, you would indulge in no fears for my future peace."

"Noble—admirable girl! I knew thee not till now! No lot can be dark which is brightened by such affection."

With a light heart, Grey proceeded to make his arrangements. He went into the bar-room, and looked over the numerous cards which adorned the walls; and after making a few inquiries of the bar-keeper, his selection of a boarding-house was soon made. He then called for a carriage, and driving to a retired street in the city, found the domicile of Mrs. Patton, a neat and unpretending mansion, in which he engaged rooms that promised to be very pleasant. Within two hours from that time Lucile was established in her apartment, the windows of which looked out on a green and shaded walk, which reminded her of the verdure of her own sunny land.

CHAPTER XL

In this wild world the fondest and the best,
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd.

Crabbe.

Good heaven! that sots and knaves should be so vain,
To wish their vile remembrance may remain!
And stand recorded at their own request,
To future days a libel or a jest.

Dryden.

Some months elapsed, and Lucile would have been perfectly happy, but for the continued silence of her father. She had not believed it possible that he could remain callous to her appeals. She still continued to write regularly, though the hope of forgiveness had almost faded from her mind: yet she had not repented her clandestine marriage. How could she repent, when the affection of Grey never slumbered? If he saw the faintest shadow on her brow, he would not leave her side until it was dispelled.

Grey had formed a few acquaintances among men of his own profession, and several of them had visited his studio. Their criticisms on the productions of his pencil were valuable to him, as they enlightened him yet more on the utter impossibility of a young and unknown artist, imperfectly trained in his profession, making any progress in public favor, until years of intense study and unwearied industry had given their last polish to his labors, and the question frequently recurred to him, how was he to exist in the meantime? Already was their pittance nearly exhausted, and he saw before him no means of replenishing his little store. In vain had he placed a sign on the most conspicuous part of his window bearing in goodly-sized letters the words, "Sidney Grey, Portrait Painter," and filled up the lower part of the sash with two of his best heads. The children and servants of the neighborhood admired and criticised them each day, but they brought no "human face divine" to the artist, to transmit to posterity, in all the glory which white lead and vermilion can bestow.

Many times did his spirit faint within him, and his hand fall nerveless by his side, as the possibility of failing in his efforts presented itself to his mind; and if such were his doom, to what a destiny had he chained the being, whose affection had been the solitary flower in his sterile path!

In addition to his other sources of uneasiness, he began to fear for his health. During the winter he had suffered excessively from the cold weather, and a severe pain in his breast had frequently compelled him to lay aside his pencil for days at a time. Yet all this was studiously concealed from Lucile; and when she expressed her fears that he was not as well as usual, he would seek to re-assure her by assuming an air of gaiety, and rallying her for indulging in such fancies.

Late in the spring he completed a fancy piece representing a gipsy girl in a storm. She was standing under the shelter of a tree, endeavoring to regain her bonnet which the wind had whirled among the lower branches; and in the oriental style of her beauty—the dark dilating eyes, and lustrous hair, might be traced a striking resemblance to Lucile. She smilingly remarked it.

"I saw you once in the same attitude," he replied, "and in truth that suggested to me the idea of the picture."

Through the interest of one of his friends, he procured a place for it in the public exhibition of pictures. The painter, unknown to all, mingled in the crowd and heard the strictures on what he considered his *chef d'œuvre*.

"What a glorious head," said a connoisseur with his blackened tube placed to his eye. "I do not know who could have executed it. I have never before seen such spiritual beauty in any face."

"Ah," thought the lover husband, "the original is yet more lovely than that;" and he fancied the radiant smile with which his return would be greeted, and mentally repeated the celebrated remark of the English statesman, that "the best part of beauty is what a portrait can never express." But his attention was recalled to the answer which was made to the first speaker.

"Yes—as you say, the head is glorious, but the rest of the picture is not at all in keeping. It is wonderful that the same hand should have executed both. The picture wants perspective, and the foreshortening of the arm is defective, the hand is good enough—nay uncommonly good, for a young artist, and ——— told me just now that this picture was executed by a young man from Cuba. He possesses uncommon genius, but his faults are many and glaring. The drapery is in very bad taste."

"True—but those flowers growing at the feet of the figure, and that sandalled foot, are exquisite. The painter has studied from nature alone, and where he has imitated her, he is unrivalled. A year or two in Italy would render him master of his art."

They passed on, and another group occupied the space in front of the gipsy. "A mere daub," drawled a fashionable exquisite. "Look at those folds—there is no grace—no elegance about them."

"But surely, there is beauty enough in the face to compensate for that defect," said a young girl, with a bright ingenuous countenance, who leaned on his arm.

"No,—Miss Wilmore, you mistake. The drapery of a figure is to a picture what fashion is to beauty—without it 'tis nothing. The man that painted that thing had better follow the example of that—a—a—what's his name—in the Disowned?—go and burn his picture, brushes and all, and——"

"And after giving up the art to which he has dedicated his life, I suppose he may die as the poor Werner did, 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung?' unless perchance he has an old parent, or a beloved wife to weep over the fate of the gifted. Ah, you little know the unmitigated anguish your words might have conveyed to the soul of the artist, had he heard them and believed you to be a true *Mecenas*."

"Really you are quite eloquent."

"Shall I tell you the reason?" said she. "I know something of the history of the painter—nay have seen him once at a distance. I am now having my portrait taken, and Westfield is well acquainted with Mr. Grey. He conjectures that his circumstances are not good, and he describes him as possessing more of the true spirit of genius—more enthusiasm for his art, than any one he has ever known. He is very young, and has a wife whom all agree in describing as the most beautiful of women. I should have called on her, but was told that both appeared to shrink from society, and she is seldom seen abroad until late in the evening, when she generally walks with her husband. If my papa will consent, I intend purchasing this picture with all its defects."

The gentleman shrugged his shoulders. "You will soon have a fine collection, if you intend listening to every romantic story that is told you about these painters, and patronize them because they happen to be poor, and have pretty wives."

"Those are not *exactly* my intentions," said the lady, "but 'tis useless to endeavor to make you understand them; for they and myself, must ever be to you as a sealed book." And they passed on.

As various as the characters who uttered them, were the comments made on the picture, and Grey returned home wearied and out of spirits. The next morning as he sat beside his easel, with scarce resolution sufficient to make an effort at completing the piece before him, a knock at his door aroused him, and an elderly gentleman entered, accompanied by the same young lady he had seen at the exhibition the day before. The old gentleman presented his card.

"Mr. Wilmere—and this is my daughter, Mr. Grey."

Sidney bowed; and after examining and admiring the various pieces that surrounded the room, Mr. Wilmere informed him that he had called, at the earnest request of his daughter, to purchase of him the picture of the gipsy girl, to which she had taken a great fancy. The price was named—the money placed in his hands, and both father and daughter departed with many expressions of good will toward the artist.

"I will never again despair," thought he as he placed the money in his desk. "I must now seek Lucile, and describe this noble-hearted girl to her."

A few days afterward a lady called on him to paint her portrait. It was the first call of the kind, and he soon learned that he was indebted to the same source for this patronage.

"Miss Wilmere," said she, "has shown me a fancy piece, painted by you, and she assures me that the *connaissance* says the head is quite the perfectibility of beauty."

"Mr. Grey, I wish you, in the first place, to paint my daughter—and I have brought you a picture of her taken before she died."

"You merely wish a copy then, madam?"

"No—not *exactly* a copy," continued Mrs. Brown, drawing a small picture, done in crayon, from her reticule. It represented a girl of about fifteen with her hair folded back from her temples, simply twisted and confined with a small comb. The features were very ordinary, and Grey wondered if the mother expected him to take a correct likeness from the slight sketch before him; but he soon found that she expected even more than that.

"I wish you, Mr. Grey, to paint my child from that, but give her a little more of the look of a woman, and put her hair up in the fashion. I cannot consent to have it drawn back from her forehead in that frightful manner. I should like to have it in ringlets."

"But surely, madam, no picture can be to you a resemblance of your daughter that is made to look some years older, and to alter the whole cast of the countenance by dressing the hair in a different style."

"Oh, as to that, I'm not particular, so it's a pretty picture, and looks fashionable. It looks well to have one's family portraits, and as my daughter died before we moved here, it doesn't signify whether it's a likeness or not, so it's pretty. Nobody'll be none the wiser about it's being a good likeness or a bad one, except ourselves, and we can keep our own counsel."

"Very well, ma'am. I think I can please you," said Grey.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, for I've been hesitating about sending over to London to have both her's and mine properly painted; but 'tis such a trouble, that I'm glad to get it done here."

"Yes, madam, a voyage across the ocean, merely to have a portrait painted, would be rather tedious."

"Deary me—deary me! you don't suppose I was going across the seas myself, risking my life in the terrible storms that take place—and all for a picture that could be done without me?"

"I did not understand you, madam," said Sidney, in some surprise. "I thought you wished a likeness of yourself, and of course presumed that you would wish to sit to the artist that it might be as correct as possible."

"And so I do want my picture," said the lady, with some asperity. "And I guess it can be imported as well as Mr. Brown's goods. It will come to order, I suppose, as his credit's good on that side of the water as well as this. I can send 'em word what sort of a face I have, and the color of my eyes and hair, and they can paint me, and put a dress on like the print of the last fashions, and I shall be very well satisfied."

Grey listened in silent wonder: he instantly perceived the sort of character he had to deal with. Mrs. Brown was one of the vulgar rich—ignorant, fond of show, and by the acquisition of wealth elevated to a position in society which she had not been educated to fill. Her blunders were a source of amusement to the society in which she had been transplanted; and knowing that she was liberal in her expenditures, Miss Wilmere had suggested to her the propriety of employing Grey to execute the long talked of portraits.

With renewed hope, Grey set to work the following morning, with Mrs. Brown by his side, watching the progress of his pencil; but before the pictures were half completed, he felt that the sum which was to be paid for them would be hard earned.

Her daughter she first wished him to paint as a

Hebe. A spirited sketch was soon drawn, but in the meantime the good lady happened to meet with an antiquated copy of the Children of the Abbey, and, strange to relate, that romantic story, which has drawn fountains of tears from young misses over the sentimental misfortunes of Miss Amanda Malvina Fitzallen, had never before fallen into her hands. The description of the portrait of the heroine's mother captivated her fancy, and the Hebe must be changed to a shepherdess so soon as the brush of the artist could accomplish the metamorphosis. After various alterations, he succeeded in completing a very pretty fancy piece, the principal figure in which resembled any one else as much as the person for whom it was designed.

However, the mother was satisfied, and it was sent home to adorn the walls of the newly furnished parlor; and that of the lady herself was commenced. Here Sidney found his difficulties increased ten-fold, for in spite of the evidence of her glass, Mrs. Brown persisted in thinking that she was still quite young enough to make a very fine picture; and her style of dress was fantastic to the last degree. In vain did Grey remonstrate—in vain did his good taste revolt from painting a figure tricked out in a style which might have rivalled the broadest caricature of the fashions: Mrs. Brown carried the day, and she was represented seated on a sofa, attired in a gown of scarlet velvet, with rings, chains and brooches innumerable, disposed about her comfortable person.

He labored at first to make the likeness as striking as possible, but in this he was likewise baffled by the vanity of the woman: "this feature must be softened—another more rounded—the eyes lacked brilliancy—the lips were a little too thick,"—in short he found himself compelled to make her portrait as little like the original as that of her daughter. The day on which they were completed was a joyful one to him.

That evening Mrs. Brown gave a large party, and the pictures were severely criticised by those who pretended to know any thing of painting. Caroline Wilmore was there, and her praises excited the irritability of an old gentleman who considered himself an indisputable judge, as he had once spent six weeks in Europe, had visited the Parisian gallery twice, and remained an hour each time.

"That a likeness! my dear Miss Wilmore," said he, scornfully pointing to the luckless shepherdess; "why you may as well tell me the engraving on my snuff box was designed for you, as that thing there for Kitty, or (as her mother has refined the name) Miss Kittina Brown. She was Brown in color as well as name—dumpy and pug-nosed. That figure is graceful, and the face is almost beautiful. Pooh—pooh! this *protégé* of your's may paint very pretty fancy pieces, but a *likeness* he never can accomplish. If proof were wanting of that you need only look at the mother, and see what a ridiculous looking figure he has made of her, without the slightest resemblance to the original."

"Well, we will not dispute about it," said Miss Wilmore, good humoredly smiling—"I am going to the springs to-morrow, and shall be absent all summer, but when I return I will have my portrait taken again to convince you that my *protégé*, as you call him, can succeed in taking a likeness of one who is willing to be painted with only the share of beauty which na-

ture has gifted her. Depend on it he was not allowed to be faithful in his delineation of our hostess, and I should never have recommended her to him had I not believed him to be in reduced circumstances, and thought her money would be as acceptable to him as that of any other person."

Miss Wilmore was absent four months, and when she returned, she had not forgotten her promise. She sought the abode of Grey, but was informed by the landlady that about a month before that time, he had left her house, and she could not inform her whither he had removed.

"He got very little to do, ma'am," said Mrs. Patton, "and I'm afraid all his money was pretty nigh exhausted before he left me; for he was very low-spirited at times. His health wasn't as good as it had been: the cold weather last winter seemed to be very hard on him, for he had a cough all the time, and his wife, poor thing, appeared to be miserable about him. I've many a time seen her start and turn pale when she heard that hollow cough, and my heart ached for her."

Miss Wilmore was deeply interested by this recital.

"Are you sure, madam, you can obtain no clue to their present residence?" she inquired.

"I do not think it will be easy to do so, but I can make the effort. When they came to me, they had a colored girl with them, who had been freed by Mrs. Grey's father, but she would not consent to leave her young mistress. I gave her employment until about a week before they left me, and she then hired herself in another part of the city, though she came every night to see Mrs. Grey. I sometimes see her, and perhaps she will inform me where they now are."

"I shall be much obliged to you, madam, to make the inquiry, as it may be in my power to render some services to Mr. Grey and his lady."

"Rely on me, my dear Miss Wilmore. I will do all in my power to discover them, for I have never seen strangers with whom I was more pleased."

All the exertions of the good Mrs. Patton, were, however, unavailing. She saw Agnes no more; and every clue to the 'whereabouts' of her late boarders appeared to be forever lost.

[To be concluded in the December number.]

TO CAROLINE.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

I would not say that thou art fair, dear girl,
Nor tell thee of thy graceful, comely form,
(Tho' in these gifts fond nature has been kind;)
For they are frail possessions, and may last
But the brief period of the transient hour.
Sorrow, or sickness, or relentless time,
May waste that frame, or mar those magic features;
But in the precious virtues of the heart,
(Where Love and Truth and Innocence abide,) Thy worth consists: these are enduring charms
Which dark Misfortune has no power t' impair,
But rather makes more radiant by his frown:
These are the founts of Peace, and may they flow
Unhindered forth till life itself shall cease.

M. W.

HOMEWARD BOUND—OR THE CHASE;

A TALE OF THE SEA.

By the author of "The Spy," "Red Rover," &c. Carey, Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

We welcome the wanderer back once more to the sea—the open, the grand, and stirring sea. Mr. Cooper has of late been traversing Europe in a stage coach, and whilst thus out of his proper sphere, his genius has not exercised itself in those delightful flights that formerly bore the author to eminence, and afforded to the public a new and graphic species of composition. We have often wondered how a man with an imagination so powerful, and naturally so healthy, could have toiled up the steep ascent of barren hills, when the broad and accustomed seas lay before him, where he could have freely sailed, the fearless and powerful describer of their glory. Truly then do we welcome him back to his element of fiction—right glad that he has given his flag to the wild breeze.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath 'him,' as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar!
Swift be their guidance, whereso'er it lead,
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale."

We have ever viewed Mr. Cooper as a national writer, who had borne in triumph—conscious of the great burthen—the grand features of his native land to the incredulous vision of Europe; and we had hoped that these features thus impressed, his mind would have preserved, pure and uncontaminated, from the petty vulgarisms of continental romance or sentimentalism. The indiscriminate praise that followed his earlier efforts, dazzled the quondam midshipman—and he rushed along his path, coruscating like a star that had limit neither to its brightness nor its orbit; and we felt proud that a light had arisen over our fields, and the willing heart of the American public was poured forth in tribute to its dazzling rays. That star of excellence shone in the "*Spy*," over the red field of battle, where lay

"Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent."

And we watched it in the "*Pioneer*" as it ascended over the snow-capped mountains, and silvered the locks of old Leatherstocking—dear and muscular hunter! Afterwards amid the everlasting but ever-changing cataracts we hailed its light, and the "*Last of the Mohicans*" walked abroad under its ray of magic, into the leafy solitude, and entranced our admiration by the softened tread with which he moved amid the mysterious gloom. It was not long after, that the "*Prairie*" was lighted from the same source—and who will ever forget that has read that powerful novel, the frightful picture of Ishmael, hanging in the windy night to the oaken bough, hung there by the stern patriarch of the wandering settlers? Again the figure of Leatherstocking, that exquisitely wrought picture, arises to our vision. We see him with his favorite rifle, and that sinewy and solitary dog, the faithful and the free; and we almost sigh for the trackless wastes, the shaded dells, and the rushing deer; and we muse joyfully—sad

upon the far walkings and independent life of that venerable hero. It was in those glorious times of fame, ere yet his foot had trod in love the land of the foreigner, while yet his heart lingered without spleen or satire upon his own free clime, that the star of his Amsterditz kept its warm place in the glowing skies. Why did Mr. Cooper ever abandon those sunny paths? Why did he turn abruptly to the dogmas and the doubts of the politician? Why leave the marble pavement of the temple to riot on the sanded floor of the miserable beer-shop? These are questions pertinent to his fame, and which we have a right to ask. Mr. Cooper's reputation is identified with the literary character of the country, for he has stamped the genius of American naval and descriptive romance upon the age, and he has opened a way of fiction that many have pursued with varied success. Mr. Cooper is the author of the peculiar marine style that has often delighted us in the "*Red Rover*," and when we opened "*Homeward Bound*," we felt assured from the title alone that he would preserve his reputation. Standing at the fountain head of American fiction, he should have felt like a brave knight, with buckler on, and lance in rest, ready to assert the purity of his lady-love, or in other and plainer phrase, to have kept up to the mark of his former achievements. We had a right to expect this at his hands; for, doubtless, he agrees with us in the opinion that romance, with moral ends, is a vast engine of activity upon an imaginative people, (who always have their peculiar sympathies to be affected by a peculiar school of writers,) for it stirs up their blood and fills their big veins with a noble enthusiasm, leading directly to the fruition of honor, liberty and law. We cannot stop here to lay before our reader the reasons that have conducted us to this opinion. To those who wield the attributes of this power, appertain many hopes that no lips have yet expressed, but which many hearts, studious of philosophic results, have felt. We confess to those dim and indistinct, but no less effective hopes, and our constant aim in the peculiar sphere in which we move, has been to do honor to the necromancers of fiction.

The public journalists of this country have of late years been unkind, but not ungenerous to Mr. Cooper. He has been lashed for his wasted manhood; and the victim of disappointment feeding upon vanity, he has turned upon the press and evoked the thunder upon its exposed and lacerated shoulders. This is not as it should be. A sailor, brave by profession, robust in mental resources by nature, he should have stood like Caesar's tortoise-shielded troops, in the face of a thousand arrows. The native press has been the means of his fame, and is yet willing to do honor to its arch traducer, if he will but abandon the low and grovelling ambition of the politician, and plume himself for a literary immortality. That much abused press will aid the eagle of our literature in his flight, and when it sees him perched upon "the difficult mountain tops," the loftiest alp of the world's applause, will cheer him with its judgment, and assist him in poising his reeling wings in an element that after all may be uncongenial to his nature. The work before us is full of direct abuse of the press, and we cannot find a word in the two volumes expressive of that gratitude for past favors, which, from a decent respect for the requisitions of society, he should have feigned, if he could not have felt. Though Mr.

Cooper is destitute of gratitude, he has genius. We did not need the "Homeward Bound" to prove that to us. The works to which we have alluded, in the opening of these remarks, bear testimony that a mind of high gifts had glowed over their pages, and that the creative power had built up in the wilderness of the prairie a monument in that behalf.

The "Red Rover" was the crowning work of Mr. Cooper, and though it is now many years since we read that glowing book, the impression of its beauties—of the great descriptions scattered over its leaves—is vivid upon our mind; for, then the author was innocent of argument—innocent of the French mania for politics and philosophy, and he swept the seas, and scattered on every Atlantic wave, gems as brilliant as their own pearls. We again thank him for this evidence of a return to his former realms, and take it as an earnest of repentance for past errors, and amendment for the future.

We will now proceed to a particular description of the work before us, "Homeward Bound," and we enter upon our task with the best feelings imaginable towards the author.

The story of this work, is the story of the sea, and tempest and battle are blended in the plot; and wherever the author has devoted himself to the description of these incidents, we recognize the hand of our own graphic Cooper.

A party of travellers, some of whom had passed through the sickly stages of European ton, are returning to the United States. There are the three Effinghams, two cousins, and a daughter, Eve Effingham, the heroine—Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt are incognitos, the one a private gentleman, the other one a baronet of England. Both these gentlemen through caprice or necessity have disguised themselves, and are quite necessary and interesting in the web of the drama. Mr. Blunt, especially, becomes a hero of no common order.

Mr. Dodge, editor of an American newspaper, and consequently no favorite with Mr. Cooper, is made to utter as much nonsense as should gratify Mr. Cooper's spleen for the balance of his life; but Mr. Cooper must reconcile the seeming incongruity of an editor, so ignorant as he represents Dodge to be, travelling over Europe and writing letters home, that are received with unbounded praise by the American press. The naturalness of the novel should march onward *pari passu* with its incidents, and with as much regularity as the progressive steps of history; and Mr. Cooper is culpable in a high degree, for introducing characters in his plot, that disgust by their grovelling ignorance, and yet puzzle by their *mal-apropos* brilliancy.

Captain Truck figures largely, and always appropriately in the narrative; and there are two or three others, mates first and second of the packet ship Montauk, (in which our heroes all are placed,) that help out the catastrophes, and mingle in the procession.

We will not anticipate the reader's curiosity, by sketching at length the history of the "Chase," for we have no right to forestall the public curiosity or impede the sale of the book. We are willing believers in the romantic power, and like to take our own perusal of all new works of fiction, in pretty much the same spirit that actuated the newspaper taker, who would never read a paper that had been handled before him.

under the impression that the news was news no longer. The virgin leaf of a novel is sacred to the true novel reader, and jealous is he of every type that dots the flight of the poetic mind—our's be then the province to glance at the beauties of these volumes, and discuss with their gifted author matters of taste. To praise is our delight, though censure is so common to the reviewing tribe, that we shall hardly be forgiven, if we blend not sarcasm with approval. We will have sufficient cause for both as we proceed.

In the first place the delineation of the heroine, Eve, proves that Mr. Cooper is ignorant of those delicate conceptions of feminine character, that should distinguish a novel writer; and she moves before our eyes the artificial boarding-school girl, ripened through the tortuous avenues of affectation, into the cold and stately patroness of prudery. She talks in pedantic sentences, and seldom or ever descends, save when frightened into it, to those soft and melting moods, in which women seem to us all angelic.

The story opens with Eve and her father, leaning over the side of the packet ship; and while they gaze upon the broad seas foaming afar, the parent remarks to his child, "We have seen nobler coasts, Eve, but after all England will always be fair to American eyes." She replies, "more particularly so, if those eyes first opened to the light of the eighteenth century, father." The eighteenth century lisped by a young girl in her teens! Now, to our ideas of remark and rejoinder, in a conversation held between parties so united, the response would have been eloquent with the white cliffs and the green fields of merry England—with any thing but philosophy—for there is a philosophy and a sarcasm too, in the reply, that no girl of Eve's age would utter to a father, without exposing herself to the charge of egregious pedantry.

This first remark of the heroine, does not prepare the reader for a very natural girl, speaking honestly and openly, and as a girl of the nineteenth century should speak.

"I have been educated, as it is termed, ('as it is termed!') what else could it be termed?) in so many different places and countries," returned Eve, smiling, "that I sometimes fancy I was born a woman, like my great predecessor and namesake, the mother of Abel. If a congress of nations," continues the philosophic heroine, "in the way of masters, can make one independent of prejudice, I may claim to possess the advantage. My greatest fear is, that in acquiring liberality, I have acquired nothing else." Now the iron of dislike has entered into our heart, and we cannot study the character of Eve with any degree of pleasure, and we turn away constantly from the cold and marble surface of her nature, that thus seeks every occasion to bewilder our senses, with far-fetched references to a congress of nations assembled on purpose to veto prejudice in a young girl's noddle, and to mother Eve, progenitrix of Abel, and why not of Cain, who was after all the hero of that mental reference?

Many pages are subsequently occupied by dull and heavy dialogues between the Effinghams—for we cannot call them conversations—a term implying an easy and unstudied flow of language and natural interchange of opinions—but dialogues, in which each party speaks as if by rote; and we regret to see that here Mr. Coop-

er's evil genius shines forth fearfully bitter. Ill nature, a violent and savage hatred of the press, constitute the monomaniac features of Mr. Cooper's mind in certain stages; and we turn, with a feeling of sickness, from the formal abuse of a literary man, uttered against his country, and against the cherished engine of liberty—the public, independent and unshackled press.

Passing from these heavy portions of the work, we approach a graphic and highly finished scene—the search among the crew and emigrant passengers; of the latter a large number were on board—by a police officer, and a lawyer from Liverpool, for a man who had married a girl against the consent of her uncle. The author has managed this scene admirably. We sympathize with the lovers, and enter into the full spirit of free-masonry that actuates the crew to conceal the parties. Every body aboard knows who they are, but yet not a finger is raised to point them out to the greedy ministers of the law. A little boy is asked by the cunning attorney if he knows "Robert Davis" the bridegroom, and the answer of the curly-haired urchin relieves the fear we felt, lest the flying lovers might then be handed up to the rapacity of the girl's uncle. But though bribed, the child denies all knowledge, and the little Spartan has our sincere respect for his fortitude.

It is at this point that the story commences to correspond with the title, and the regular fabric of the tale opens itself to the reader. The whole history of that long chase grows out of the stubbornness of captain Truck, in refusing to yield to the civil authorities of Great Britain the bride and the groom. There are other causes, that as yet operate darkly to hasten the captain of the packet into a course, that draws along with it the catastrophe of long sailing, through perilous seas, even to the "far Afric." While captain Truck is maneuvering so as to balk the pursuit for the "lovers twain," a man-of-war's cutter is seen approaching over the waters, and the captain supposing her to be connected in some way or other with the civil search, sets his teeth hard, and with *Vattel* in his left hand, and his trumpet in the right, American-like, puts every energy to work to outdo the "British." The cutter in vain attempts to overhaul the *Montauk*, and returns to the "man-of-war." Then comes the sullen boom of the signal cannon to the ears of the *Montauk* people, and her captain begins to suspect that a storm is brewing over the track of his return passage. After consulting with *Vattel* upon the laws of nations, the gallant Yankee tightens his ropes, and sets his canvass for a swift run, and is off for the new world, catch him who can. It is on such themes as those connected with the excitement of a naval adventure, that our author displays his power. We see at once the relative position of the man-of-war and the *Montauk*, and we hear the rush of each through the contending billows. Beautiful sight! Two dark and mighty vessels sailing through the far-surg-ing spray, and ploughing in hot haste the eternal and engulfing ocean.

In the conversations held between the passengers on the propriety of captain Truck's course, in fleeing from pursuit, Mr. Cooper introduces a considerable quantum of political balderdash, and compliments Mr. Dodge with its paternity. Now we are willing to wager a box

of segars with Mr. Cooper, that there is no man in America, particularly no American editor, who could utter sentiments so perfectly ridiculous, as those attributed to that unfortunate representative of our calling, brother Dodge! The common laborer of the land knows better, for he can read the *Almanac*, and knows his right hand from his left; and the educated mechanic of the free schools, would never, unless drunk, utter sentiments so false and foolish; and the more enlightened class are too well informed to commit the egregious errors that Mr. Cooper would maliciously have us believe appertain by virtue of their vocation to American editors. The reader of "*Homeward Bound*" will not be surprised at the severity of this language, which, if it be severe, is so because it is just, when he will reach that part of the work to which we refer.

A committee, at the ridiculous instigation of editor Dodge, is appointed to inquire into the position assumed by captain Truck, and they retire to deliberate upon the matters entrusted to their charge—and we leave them to their silly office, with feelings of not over warm admiration, for that genius, which is forced to resort to means so outrageous to common sense and common probability, to spin out his pages into a regular two-volume work, or for a purpose more malignant, to cast ridicule upon his literary brethren of the press. We would quote passages from the work, but that it would occupy too much space in a periodical not wholly of a review character, and deprive the readers of the *Messenger* of many of those effusions that from time to time ornament its pages, and throw a charm over the literature of the south.

The ships, for many days, continue their course across the Atlantic—the man-of-war, her *Britannic majesty's* ship, the *Foam*, hovering like an eagle by the side of the fleeing packet. In descriptions of the wild and grand ocean—the rushing waves—the foam tossing itself far over the decks—the tightened cordage, and the extended sails—and all the glorious excitement attendant on a ship, we hail Mr. Cooper as the most perfect and graphic of masters. No other writer of such matters can approach him in the activity that he imparts to these noble pictures. *Marryatt* is good at the coarse and the ludicrous, but he wants that courage of mind, that sublimity of purpose, that bears Mr. Cooper forth, when the thunder and the lightning are howling and flashing in the hurricane and tempest.

Day after day departs, and the captain of the *Montauk* steers onward without one token of submission, and the *Foam* follows greedy for its prey. But suddenly the *Foam* is lost sight of in a storm. We wish that we could here depart from our rule, and quote the account of that gathering tempest. The ship with her white canvass rides upon the sultry sea—blackness mingled with foam beneath, and clouds, thick and murky, gather above their heads. Suddenly, over the distant sea, is seen the wing of the wind, crushing the high waves—then is heard the ropes rattling like volleys of musketry, and in are all the sails, and with a plunge like a wounded barb, the vessel springs madly forth upon her fearful track. Our mind was filled with tremendous and beautiful images created by this wonderful describer—and when the *Foam* again is seen, a thrill of horror shook our very heart. Right in the wake of the *Montauk*, dashing with resistless speed,

she advances! Upon the crowding events of a second depends the fate of both crews. The sternest hold their breath, and captain Truck, with his gray hair streaming in the tempest, utters his orders. That voice of the veteran, familiar of storms, is heard above the roar of the elements, and once more the vessels steer apart! The scenes growing out of this "blow in the tropics," are, beyond comparison, the finest in the work; and we feel as if the same master hand that we so proudly recognized in the "Red Rover," was visible in the machinery of this stirring narrative.

During the long run that ensues, Mr. Cooper fills up the vacuum with dialogues; and how utterly does he fail in describing the high-toned, yet easy intercourse, that generally takes place between persons in an elevated sphere of life. His characters are caricatures of the originals, either stilted in the air, or grovelling in the dust; and even Eve is still unloved by the reader. To our imagination she seems a fine young woman, with an aquiline nose, muscular and spirited, standing amid a group of men, with politics or morals, national prejudices and governmental dogmas for her themes. There is no delicate play, no delightful badinage, to distinguish the beautiful daughter of fortune; but a haughtiness, which seems the only feeling *natural* to her, distinguishes this masculine heroine of the story. The atmosphere in which she moves and has her being, is unnatural and rigid, as if she kept her tenderness at home in an ice-house, and subject only to the mighty incantations of terror in fearful seasons of personal peril. She is the spoilt child of a doating father, to whom she imparts her ideas of liberty, law and government, in remuneration for his kindness. We refer our readers to pages 76, 78, and 79, in the first volume, and 225 and 243, in the second volume, for our justification and Mr. Cooper's censure.

Not to be able to sketch the glorious amplitude of woman's nature, sweet and beautiful, is not to be a poet. Of all the flowers that spring up for the enthusiasm of the novelist, none are so deserving of his care as that which God calls woman, and which man worships as angel. The deficiency of this power is the strongest proof of the uninspired mind, and we lament with great sincerity that our native author is subject to reproof in this important particular. To be sure there are some scenes in which Eve figures splendidly, and draws upon us for our warmest admiration, but it is the situation that produces the effect, and not Eve; for, were the humblest and most uninteresting waiting-maid placed as Eve is, with her rude parents, in the midst of shipwreck, our tears would flow freely for her vulgar griefs, sublimated for the moment into the grandeur of despair. We have, during our whole acquaintance, seen her artificial, haughty, and sometimes prudish, (that deadliest of all offences against modesty,) that we sympathize with her only when the terrible mingles with her fate, and bows her spirit down to agony and tears.

The plot of the story, which we have thought best to conceal from our readers, is as yet unrevealed. Two more forthcoming volumes are necessary to complete the catastrophe, and what that catastrophe will be can easily be seen, for it must result naturally from the events that have been already recorded. It is not for us to turn the sibylline leaves to the world, for then the

charm would be broken, and Mr. Cooper would little thank us for our officiousness. The plot, so far as we can see, is simple as a village story, filled up like an illuminated book of the fifteenth century, with brilliant capitals and gorgeous flourishes. The book is glorious in many parts, and dull oftener than we expected, though not oftener than we feared it would be, for Mr. Cooper has been estranged from the use of the delicate and imaginative pen, having of late so much worried both himself and a victimized public with political tracts, the effusions of his most untractable spleen.

Mr. Cooper has been called the Walter Scott of America. It could not have been, because their styles were similar, but because they were both master novelists of their country. Scott's delineations of women are magical beyond parallel, and his conversations from the lord and lady of the castle, to the gardener and the groom, seem as things that we have actually heard in some of the dim and indistinct periods of our lives. Cooper is a writer who serves the cause of courage, of hardships, of the wilderness, of the deep dell, and the stupendous steppes of the American prairies. He robes himself in a buffalo skin, and rifle in hand, he traverses the whole animal region, familiar with the beasts and birds, and fills our imaginations with ideas of bold enterprises and sturdy deeds. He is the very embodiment of mental fortitude, and he is only at home when he is in the voiceless solitudes of the lands or seas. In the latter, he steers his barque with unerring hand, even amid the spear-pointed breakers of the foaming beach. We recognize the hand of a Prospero, when clouds pall the heavens, and all the minute and general signs of tempest are upon the flashing face of the ocean. Then we yield to the tremendous powers of the natural painter, and he conjures up the giant billow, dark and white, like a huge warrior with his iron mail and snowy plume, rising in his stirrups amid a bloody fray. We hear the big voices of the winds, and when ploughing her way up over those magnificent waters, lo! the vessel, under reefed topsails, rushes in grandeur upon the scene.

How much romance there is attached to a ship!—and it was ever so. In ancient times Ulysses traversed, wife-searching, the limited seas of those times, in a high peaked barque; and a mysterious interest invests any fabric that tramps upon the earth, or ploughs the waters, as if the instincts of life were active within its vast machinery. People stop in crowds to gaze upon the thundering car, that swiftly passes before their vision, miracle as it is; but a ship, steering and turning, tacking, and fleeing up and down, straight forward and across, like a playful bird, without any visible cause why those huge sheets of canvass should so work, is indeed a thing of beauty and of wonder. Then can we be surprised, that genius has taken it in keeping, and poured forth its eloquence upon its journeyings? The sailor's life is full of incident, and his "yarns" are proverbial. Who will forget the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge, dread tale of supernatural and hellish sublimity? It is the dreariest and vastest story of the sea that ever fell inspired from the pen; and it swept over us like a ghastly visitant from deeps unknown, pale realms of awe and terror, and has its monument of praise amid our frightened dispositions. Mr. Cooper is an American writer by feeling, and we

would intreat him never again to leave, as a mean of inspiration, the land of his birth. We know at once and always, that he is at his forte in describing the rough seaman, the squatter of the west, the hunter, and the Indian. All the speeches of those persons are natural, because they suit the bold and rough mind that gives them life and muscle; but when he attempts the description of the finished gentleman, or the sensitive lady, he gives us pedantry for learning, and pride for refinement. For the present we take our farewell of Mr. Cooper.

ANOTHER REVIEW OF "HOMEWARD BOUND."

[After the preceding article was in type, we received the following review on the same work from another hand. Although it is a somewhat anomalous circumstance to publish two reviews of the same work, from different pens, in the same periodical, yet it may not be altogether without its advantages. It exhibits the different lights in which the same subject presents itself to different minds. This very diversity too is calculated to arouse the attention of the reader himself to the merits of the work, and to set them off better by the force of comparison. It is like two portraits of the same individual, with critical remarks attached. The variety of lights, in which it is exhibited, brings out in more striking colors the features of the original.

It is unnecessary for us to call the reader's attention to the merits of the following review. It will best speak for itself. But we may be excused for saying, that if we had not been deeply impressed with its beauty and force, we should never have ventured to introduce it to our readers, particularly after receiving the very ingenious and striking companion-piece which we now send along with it.]—*Ed. So. Lit. Mess.*

"To young writers, and to general readers, who are always young in literature, a reviewer may offer an important instruction when he commences his article, with condensing the chief rules of composition relating to the work he examines." This passage, taken from the preface to D'Israeli's "Miscellanies," though already garbled, needs further modification, before we can admit it in explanation of our plan for the present article. We propose to throw together, as a preface, a few loose observations upon some of the more obvious characteristics of good novel writing, without, however, pretending to give the chief rules of the art, or to bestow particular care upon method. Our main object is, fully to explain some of the opinions which, in the sequel, may be given of the work before us, which, in fact, has suggested most of the following preparatory remarks. Examples, where necessary to enforce the rules laid down, will be drawn chiefly from this work, and, indeed, our subsequent more particular notice of it will be, in great part, merely an extended illustration and application of these rules.

It is a prevailing notion, but as seems to us a very erroneous one, that a writer of fiction should follow nature, in all respects as closely as possible, in giving shape to the creations of his fancy. To most persons this doctrine, from long acquiescence in its authority, appears so obviously correct, that they do not care to examine it or seek for its verification. Yet we think that a few words may suffice to show its error, and to suggest a modification which will fix the true rule.

Nature must certainly be copied and closely copied

by every one pretending to success in the department of fiction. More than this, whenever she is copied at all, the draught should be as near like the original as possible, and must be very like in order to give satisfaction to the beholder. Therefore, the more acute observer of nature, other qualifications being equal, will be the better novelist. But in some respects, nature certainly ought not to be followed as a guide. All the materials of fiction must be drawn from her vast storehouse; but in the arrangement of these materials, the writer is not only allowed considerable license, but the *lex operis* imposes on him certain deviations from his pattern. The first part of our rule seems to admit of no exception. A novel cannot deeply interest the reader, unless its substance be taken from something existing without the author's fancy. It is true, that many stories, founded on what are called *supernatural* appearances and existences, are highly exciting; but, though called *supernatural*, these things have a being in nature—an ideal being in the superstitious belief or impressions of mankind. We here call *natural*, that, whether real or imaginary, with which the reader is familiar from observation, feeling or belief; and *unnatural*, that which exists nowhere but in the fancy of the writer.

The second part of the rule we shall illustrate more at large, and attempt to show, that, in the arrangement of a novelist's materials, it is necessary that he should often depart from nature, by mentioning some of the principal points of deviation; premising, however, that every such departure should be skilfully concealed—that is, that the joinings between the natural and unnatural should be so close as to be imperceptible to ordinary vision.

The deviations of which we speak are necessary to give completeness and boldness to fiction. Perhaps the most important of these lies in the selection and consequent concentration of material. The events of real life are always mingled, interesting and uninteresting, important and trifling, in the same train; and, on this account, produce little excitement in a mere spectator, and often as little even in the busy actors themselves. The thread of every story is embarrassed and tangled with a thousand different threads, crossing it in various directions, running with it in part, or hanging from it in loops and ends. These give it an appearance of complication, which forbids any attempt to unravel the maze; and though small portions of the plot may here and there be distinctly visible, the connection of the whole is not easily and at once discerned. Now the novelist must strip his tale of all uninteresting and unimportant appendages. In other words, the scenes which he describes should be made up of the most expressive pictures; the lives which he records should have no common-place incidents. And, if he ever leaves the direct path of his main narrative, he should take care not to wander so far as to make the return difficult, or to confuse those trusting to his guidance, in regard to its true course and bearings. And as with the events, so also is it with the personages of real life. The great mass of men have little interesting in their characters. It is only here and there that we see one distinguished from the common herd, by singular excellencies, great eccentricity, or unbounded wickedness; and we never meet with a number of strongly

marked characters, sufficient to people the scenes of a well wrought fiction, all thrown together, to contribute by their words and actions to the conduct of a symmetrical plot. Further, no man's true disposition or mental qualities appear at first sight, and in all that he says and does. A lifetime scarce serves fully to develop them. In fact, human nature is so complex, in each instance made up of so many different and even conflicting elements, that every day spent in the company of our most intimate companions must teach us something new in regard to their characters. All persons, too, say and do much in every situation that contributes nothing to our knowledge of them. But in fiction must be congregated, and put in harmonious action, a large number of highly interesting and strongly marked personages. No word or deed, not serving to illustrate some one's peculiarities, or to carry on the thread of the story, should be suffered to clog its course. Character must be so concentrated, that the reader may at once comprehend the whole, and experience, and, therefore, the most interesting characters are those in which some one or a very few striking peculiarities are personified. Such an one the reader is able perfectly and at once to understand, at the same time that he feels a great degree of self-satisfaction, with what he is apt to consider his own ready discernment, displayed in this act of comprehension.

When a person is acted upon by strong passions, especially when they operate to oppress and weigh down the spirit, it is unnatural for the feelings to be expressed in language. The stronger emotions of the soul, either because the inadequacy of words is felt, or because in moments of extreme agitation our relations with surrounding humanity are forgotten, or our sense is incoherent and confused, are generally lost in silence, or betrayed only by inarticulate or vague exclamations, or by mere bodily action—such as the working of the countenance. But in the drama, where the whole plot is developed in conversation, it is necessary so far to deviate from nature, as to make the deepest feelings and emotions find expression in language exactly significant and descriptive; and this is the most difficult part of the dramatist's task. The same departure from nature is also frequently required in the novel. For, conversation though not its only, is its most effective resource. An exhibition of mere dumb feeling will not always be enough: a deeper interest may be given to the narrative by dramatic passages—especially to the delineation of character.

Every fiction should have a moral, not formally set forth at the end, as is customary in the case of fables, yet, in common, most fully developed and illustrated in the conclusion of the narrative. Vice ought usually to be punished and virtue rewarded. The principal actors in the varied scenes over which we have looked, should meet with the fate, which, in a spirit of justice, we have anticipated. Now, in this world, rewards and punishments are not, to our view, thus impartially apportioned. On this undisputed fact has been founded one argument in favor of a future state of suffering. But it is evident that the novel reader cannot be re-

ferred to that future state, in order that his preconceived notions of justice should be there vindicated. In this case, therefore, a deviation from nature is generally necessary. But we need not give any further examples to enforce the rule laid down. If the few mentioned were the only ones which could be adduced, it would seem established in the fullest sense of its terms.

The style of novels should be sprightly and piquant, racy, nervous, and easy; sometimes imitating the grave stateliness of history, but much oftener the light flow of the drama. It admits of much varied ornament. The most fanciful images and flowers of poetry may, with good effect, be profusely shed over its plainer frame-work. It is in the dramatic or conversational parts that the author's talent is most severely tested, and most frequently fails. Here are to be avoided the opposite faults of too close an imitation of the colloquial freedom and vulgarity of real life, and the measured, pompous style of Johnsonian phraseology. Mr. Cooper most frequently sins in the latter respect, by making his characters of every degree speak too much after the fashion of books; but less, perhaps, in the volumes before us, than in some of his previous fictions. The novelist must not suppose,

*"Uti nihil intersit, Davusque loquatur, et aedax
Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum,
An custos fabulæque del Silenus alumni."*

But it is in bad taste to make every menial a sworn enemy of all grammatical rules, and every well educated man, a pompous declaimer. Indeed in the former case as might have been mentioned under the last head, nature should usually be refined upon: her pictures are frequently too coarse and indelicate for eyes polite. But here greater license may be taken, when it is part of an author's plan, to represent the true character and manners of any particular class. And, indeed, the style and tone of conversation must always depend much upon the object proposed—whether the writer aims merely at making his story interesting, or wishes also to make it a vehicle for religious, moral, literary, or political discussion. Mr. Cooper tells us that he intends, in the sequel, to attempt a delineation of American society, and the execution of this plan he has commenced in the work before us. Of course such a subject properly gives rise to much grave and oratorical conversation.

Those tales are the most interesting, in which there is no attempt to throw a deep mystery over the issue of every event, and the character of each person introduced—to confound the reader by great surprises—results contradicting all his expectations. It is much better that he should anticipate something of the sequel, if the disclosure be made artfully, so that he may attribute much to his own superior discernment. We have already hinted at the advantage of keeping readers in a good humor with themselves. We believe there is nothing which contributes more to the interest which they take in a work. When a striking character is introduced, if a person perusing the sketch has ever had any, even the most confused, crude, imperfect conception of one at all similar, this conception is immediately brought into vivid remembrance, and, though reflecting its light principally from the other, appears often as an original from which that has been copied.

At least, the reader feels as if his observations had been as acute as those of the author. And this coincidence of conception is almost certain to take place, whenever the picture presented is true, in its substance, to nature. If the reader can almost imagine that he himself is tracing out the story; and, if, while one event after another is slowly unfolded, he seems, ever and anon, to catch a glimpse of what yet remains hidden to persons of sight less quick and minds more dull of comprehension, he takes a double interest in his occupation.

A novel would seem to depend for its excellence much less upon the plot than is usually imagined. A ready invention is often spoken of as the most important faculty of a writer of fiction. But we think the shading has more to do with the general effect than the outline; and, therefore, that great skill in mixing and laying on the colors is preferable to proficiency in the art of drawing; though the latter is by no means of small importance. A plot may be so meager that nothing will supply the deficiency; and that every effort to make up for it by a profusion of incident only serves to render it the more apparent. But meagerness of plot is not one of the most common faults of novel writers. More fail in the embellishment than in the frame-work of their fictions. Incompleteness of outline is a still rarer defect; for most authors form a general sketch of the whole at first, to be afterwards filled up, and extended to the dimensions of two or three volumes. A tale may be finished and complete in itself and yet be only part of a continuous narrative—continuous as regards some important personage therein, or in respect of the whole plot. Of the former kind are three of Cooper's previous fictions, in all which appears the same character—the most interesting one which they exhibit—though in each under a different guise: first, as *Leatherstocking*; then, as *Hawkeye*; and lastly, as the *Trapper*. Tales of the second kind cannot well be as complete in themselves as those just mentioned; but still, like *Ernest Maltravers*, may conclude with a disposition of the various actors, which might be satisfactory if no sequel were promised, and, which at any rate, makes a six months' interval between the two parts an easily tolerable state of probation.

It is scarcely possible, and not at all necessary, that a continual and deeply exciting interest should be kept up throughout every part of a novel: indeed, the reader's feelings will hardly bear such prolonged tension: satiety and exhaustion are apt to be the consequence. It has been remarked of a late English work of fiction—"Tom Cringle's Log"—that, though on its original publication, by monthly chapters, in the pages of a magazine, it delighted all its readers, after being compacted into the form of a book, the profusion of exciting interest which it contained, highly entertaining when doled out in small portions, became wearisome and palled on the appetite. The author may sometimes sleep in order that his readers should enjoy occasional repose.

"—operi in longo fas est obrepere somnum,"

said Horace: perhaps he might better have said with our own poet,

"A prudent chief not always does display
His powers in equal ranks and fair array;

But with the occasion and the place comply;
Conceal his force, nay, sometimes seem to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream."

It seems necessary, on introducing a new character, to give some general idea of the leading peculiarities personified, in order to direct and concentrate attention; but, as much as possible, the reader should be left to form his own notion of each one, from the subsequent developments of words and actions. A single well drawn scene will impress upon him the characters of the various actors, therein, more forcibly than the most labored description. We think that Mr. Cooper evinces great tact in this particular. With little preliminary form, all his personages are placed before us, to speak and act for themselves. The reader's idea of them is perhaps the better for not being in every respect precise. His comprehension should be only so exact, that each new development should appear but to strengthen first impressions, having, at the same time, a certain freshness and novelty. Mere bodily attractions or accomplishments, however well described, cannot make a character interesting. Even the highest order of female beauty, exciting as in the reality it may be, cannot of itself, in fiction, though never so glowingly depicted, awaken those feelings akin to the warmest love, which novel-readers often experience. Mental and moral qualifications are those which strike most forcibly, and they always seem to draw after them, at least, a vague notion of bodily appearance. We always form an idea of the person and carriage of those by whose endowments of mind and heart, however exhibited, we have been interested. None can read Bulwer's highly wrought delineation of the brilliant genius and glowing soul of *Florence Lascelles*—her commanding intellect and sparkling wit; her proud self-confidence, yet complete devotion—without robing these spiritual attributes in the fairest drapery of earth, to whose bright tints and graceful folds the novelist's description can add scarce any line of beauty, or delicate richness of hue. A character, then, which is to hold an important place in the story, does not need much formal explanation, but should be developed in action; and, of course, one, in which it is not intended that we should feel any particular interest, needs no description at all. This leads us to remark, that, where a character is introduced merely *en passant*, and takes but a momentary part in the scene, it should not be made interesting to the reader, lest a feeling of disappointment follow its disappearance. Such a disappointment we feel at the speedy fate of Brooks, the gallant young sailor, who during the fight with the Arabs on the coast of Africa, greets Paul Powis, the hero of Cooper's story, with the recognition of a former acquaintance in sea service, and then is very coolly despatched, and, afterwards, not even remembered in the recapitulation of the killed and wounded.

A character, after being once so presented to the reader, that he seems to have gotten a general comprehension of its peculiarities, ought not to change in any important particular, except where, at first, a mask has been worn to hide the true features. Of such a fault also we have an example in the work before us. John Effingham—the cold, sarcastic, skeptical wit—becomes, beside the death-bed of Mr. Monday, a humane and attentive nurse—a tender, warm-hearted and benevo-

lent friend. The change undoubtedly makes him appear more amiable; but it mystifies and discourages the reader, who had thought his character perfectly well understood.

Thus ends our *preface*, and now we come to the *introduction*—of Mr. Cooper to our readers; for we are as fond of formal introductions as Captain Truck himself. When we first heard that 'Homeward-Bound—A Tale of the Sea,' was in press, we hailed with delight the novelist's return to his own good ship and ancient cruising ground; for, with many others, we had lamented his late rover life, and thought that he was gaining neither honor nor gold thereby. And when the book made its appearance, in its plain, rather slovenly American dress, eagerly did we seek after it, and, with the most agreeable anticipations, sit down to the perusal of it, endeavoring to forget or overlook the last few years, and to connect together those longer past, the present and the future, in a continuous chain of happy recollections, agreeable sensations, and brightening prospects. If we rose disappointed from the task, commenced in such a pleasant frame of mind, it was not because the book seemed entirely devoid of merit; and if, in the following pages, we blame more than we praise, as an apology we would say,

'Indigner quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.'

And here should it in justice be acknowledged, that the story has interested us much, and that we look, with impatience for the sequel; not however with such high-wrought expectation as welcomed the announcement of these volumes.

To begin at the beginning, we must remark that Mr. Cooper's preface seems to us one of the most unfortunate specimens of preface-writing, which we remember ever to have fallen upon. When we say that it is a childish attempt at mock *naïveté*, we express in terms hardly strong enough our own impression. With this brief notice of it, however, we pass to the story itself, of which, in order that our observations may be the better understood, we shall give a brief outline.

The scene is laid principally on the ocean, and is dated two years back. Mr. Edward Effingham, a widower, with his lovely daughter, Eve, and his cousin, John Effingham, set sail from London, in the Montauk packet, of New York, Captain Truck. Among the passengers they meet with two gentlemen, Mr. Blunt and Mr. Sharp, whom they recognise as former acquaintances, having met them in their rambles over the continent, both of them now travelling under false names; one from mere caprice, the other perhaps for a more solid reason. Besides these are introduced to the reader, Sir George Templemore, a silly English baronet, delighting in a plenitude of costly clothing, fine jewelry, and splendid "notions"—particularly in a set of razors, a dressing case, and thirty-six pair of pantaloons; Mr. Dodge, a Yankee newspaper editor, who has paid a flying visit of six months to Europe, has "seen all he wants to see," and is returning to resume his station beside the forms of "The Dodgetown Active Enquirer," and to publish voluminous notes of foreign travel; and Mr. Monday, an itinerant mercantile agent. While the packet is getting under-weight, a police officer comes on board with a warrant for a steerage passenger named Davis, but, not knowing the face of his intended prison-

er, cannot point him out, and, at last, after being carried some distance into the channel, hoping that a boat which pursues, and has on board a person who can identify the man, may overtake the ship, is obliged to leave her, much to the joy of all the passengers, who have become greatly interested in Davis and his young wife, though not before the chase is apparently taken up by the *Foam*, a British corvette, cruising on the coast. These introductory scenes are of a highly interesting and stirring nature, are well depicted, and, besides, give an admirable opportunity, which the author skilfully improves, to introduce the various characters above noticed to the reader.

The *Foam* continues the pursuit day after day, until it can be no longer doubtful that her object is to overhaul the packet. Captain Truck, fearful that some of his sailors may have been guilty of smuggling tobacco, and thus have made the ship liable to seizure, is fertile in expedients for escape; but every morning's dawn reveals the corvette still in sight and in chase, despite the manœuvres which the darkness has covered, until the packet is far out of her course, and her captain contemplates running to the Cape de Verde islands to gain a neutral ground. A dreadful gale ensues; both vessels, after lying-to as long as possible, are obliged to scud before the wind. The *Foam* gains rapidly on her chase; at the morning dawn she appears in the dim light careering on close in the Montauk's wake; then they are beam and beam, and for one fearful moment seem about to come into collision; but "affrighted," they recede; the corvette bounds past, driven before the gale, and soon disappears from the horizon, Captain Truck benevolently conjecturing that she has found a rocky bed on the shores of Africa. The Montauk afterwards is dismasted, and, another vessel bound to New York falling in with her, all the passengers, except the *dramatis personæ* of the novel, who, for Mr. Cooper's convenience, prefer to remain, are transferred to the latter. Jury masts are then erected, but soon "land, ho!" is the cry, and they find themselves near the African coast. At a little distance, high up on the sand, lies a Danish vessel. They visit her, and find her to have been rifled by the Arabs; and not far off is discovered the body of one of the crew murdered by these savages. Captain Truck determines to possess himself of the Dane's spars; he manages to get his vessel safely moored within the reefs lining the coast; and leaving the Effinghams, with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, on board, takes all the rest, both seamen and passengers, to the wreck, which is some leagues off, concealed from view by an intervening point of land. The spars, after a bloodless encounter with the Arabs, are unshipped and formed into a raft; and, on the second night, the successful party moor near the point which hides the Montauk from sight. In the meantime the ship is visited by the barbarians; the passengers, under the guidance of Mr. Blunt, who proves an expert seaman, escape in the long-boat, after many perils, and, on the dawn of the next morning, fall in with Captain Truck and his party. After a desperate struggle, and the loss of several lievs, the Montauk is rescued, her new masts are stepped, and she is gotten again to sea. During these adventures, Mr. Blunt becomes Paul Powis, and Mr. Sharp, Sir George Templemore—the other passenger of that name proving but a pseudo-baronet. Only

the reader, however, is acquainted with these changes, the Effinghams had known the truth from the first, and the others remain in ignorance. Soon after the escape from the Araba, Mr. Monday dies on board, from wounds received in the fight. When at the point of death he confides to Mr. John Effingham and Mr. Blunt some sealed papers, not to be opened until after his decease.

The remainder of the voyage to New York is prosperous; but just off Sandy Hook appears the Foam! She recognizes her chase, and her commander, Captain Ducie, asks permission to come on board the latter, where he explains the object of his pursuit—a forger, who has escaped from England with a large sum of government money. The *soi-disant* baronet turns out to be the criminal, and is delivered up. Paul Powis also returns with Captain Ducie, under circumstances apparently disagreeable, but not explained to the other passengers, or to the reader. In his hurry, he carries off with him the sealed papers left by Mr. Monday, as before mentioned. The Effinghams, Sir George Templemore, and Mr. Dodge disembark safely on American ground. Here ends the story for the present; but a sequel is promised. Mr. Cooper says in his preface,

"In one respect, this book is a parallel to Franklin's well-known apologue of the hatter and his sign. It was commenced with a sole view to exhibit the present state of society in the United States, through the agency, in part, of a set of characters with different peculiarities, who had freshly arrived from Europe, and to whom the distinctive features of the country would be apt to present themselves with greater force, than to those who had never lived beyond the influence of the things portrayed. By the original plan, the work was to open at the threshold of the country, or with the arrival of the travellers at Sandy Hook, from which point the tale was to have been carried regularly forward to its conclusion. But a consultation with others has left little more of this plan than the hatter's friends left of his sign. As a vessel was introduced in the first chapter, the cry was for "more ship," until the work had become "all ship;" it actually closing at, or near, the spot where it was originally intended it should commence. Owing to this diversion from the author's design—a design that lay at the bottom of all his projects—a necessity has been created of running the tale through two separate works, or of making a hurried and insufficient conclusion. The former scheme has, consequently, been adopted."

Mr. Cooper's style is as good in *Homeward-Bound* as in any of his previous novels—better than in some of them. It is easy and vivacious, spirited and nervous. We have already commended, in general terms, the conversational parts, but in narrative certainly lies his fort. To the plot of this story we take more exception. The two faults above-mentioned as uncommon ones—incompleteness and meagerness of plot—are here exemplified. The work appears to us like the few first chapters of a novel spun out to the size of two volumes. It might almost be supposed that the author, finding his introduction growing too long, had determined, instead of curtailing it, to lengthen it out, by insertions, prefixes and suffixes, to the dimensions necessary for a separate existence. A story founded on scenes of still life would not perhaps require such fullness of plot as one like the present, in which more stirring events are narrated. Mr. Cooper tells us, in

the passage extracted from his preface, that a small part of his original purpose has grown up into an independent plan. It might have been expected that a plan thus originated would lack completeness and copiousness. Then the conclusion is quite unsatisfactory. The cadence, if we may so call it, in the story, is not greater than might properly finish a chapter midway in a tale.

In the process of stretching out his scanty materials to the necessary limits, the author has fallen into the error of introducing entirely too much of the technical operations of seamanship into his tale. He must have intended it principally for landmen, and yet has swelled the narrative by a minute description, sometimes, indeed, expressly suited to the common reader, but oftener incomprehensible excepting by sailors, of every movement of the *Montauk*. We have an impression, though not certain, that Mr. Cooper has before been accused of pretending to too much nautical lore, and have even heard his authority, on, at least, one point of seamanship introduced into the present volume, seriously questioned. Perhaps he has had in view such a charge, and has sought to vindicate his character as an "old salt." But we confess our ignorance of all things ship-shape, or ship-pertaining, beyond some few christian names of masts, sails and yards. There is, however, a something in marine language very expressive, though one knows not exactly what it means. We have, at times, watched the novelist's manoeuvres with his ship, in perfect ignorance of what was going on, yet with intense interest, sure that every movement was fast hastening some important result; or, perhaps, affected sympathetically, as one who smiles when another laughs in his presence, without knowing the cause of his mirth. There is a nervous brevity in sea-phrases, which typifies prompt and energetic action; in short, a something, which, like pantomime, affords great play for the imagination.

Captain Truck is an admirable character, and a character of exactly that sort which Cooper can best portray. All his novels illustrate this remark. His fort lies not in the description of refined and polished life. Courts and drawing rooms are not his proper field. A rough-bewn son of nature, whether wandering through trackless wilds, a trapper or a scout, or standing on a ship's deck and raising his voice above the tempest, he depicts as none else with whom we are acquainted. Even his well-dressed personages appear to most advantage, when thrown into circumstances calling into action their more rude and hardy talents. Paul Powis is at no time so interesting as when commander of the ship's launch, either for escape or battle. He handles the wheel, or a swivel, or the sailor's lingo, much more effectively than the polite parts of speech. As evidence of the justice of these remarks, it will be noticed that almost every character of the story, not having some rugged peculiarities to support it, falls into comparative inanity. This is particularly observable in regard to the females introduced: or we should rather use the singular, as Eve is the only prominent female character. We are told that she is beautiful, lovely, and accomplished. It is sought to invest her with varied charms of mind, of person and of dress; but the reader is interested in her chiefly—perhaps solely—as beloved by, and loving Paul Powis.

Mr. Dodge is certainly a very amusing, though a very unfair specimen of Yankee newspaper editors and tourists. But his character is overdrawn, at least for

the American reader; Englishmen may look at it with more allowance. His mental and moral peculiarities, however, are of a coarse, rough kind; as strongly marked and salient as those of Captain Truck, though so different in nature. The two cousins, Edward and John Effingham, excite little interest. The former, though a man of "singularly correct judgment," is rather womanish, and takes little active part even in the quiet scenes of the story. Mr. Sharp, who has nothing to recommend him, but his gentility, though evidently intended for a pleasing example of a polished gentleman, leaves rather a disagreeable impression on the reader's mind, from the want of force in the delineation. Mr. Monday is quite a negative sort of character; and, if the sealed papers, which he leaves behind, are to disclose any thing very important to the narrative, we can only say that this part of the plot seems awkwardly introduced. If they contain nothing important, it bears an unmeaning aspect. At any rate, a mystery is thrown over the whole affair, which might better have been cleared up, at least so far, that the connection, if any there be, between Mr. Monday and the other characters, might have begun to appear. But perhaps we go beyond our depth in criticising what may depend on the unpublished sequel for its true bearing.

We shall not meddle with Mr. Cooper's political opinions, and but little with his notions of American society—our principal object being, to examine into the literary merits of his work. We cannot, however, pass in silence one prominent feature of the author's character, which is displayed on almost every page—his want of patriotic feeling. We before knew that he often assumed a querulous tone, when dwelling on the requital which his own services to the nation have met with; but did not imagine that his soul had become so completely warped, by brooding over supposed wrongs. Perhaps Mr. Cooper's residence abroad has thus alienated his heart; or, as is more likely, has led him into a whimsical affectation of what he calls "cosmopolitanism." He would doubtless say, in answer to a charge of his wanting nationality of feeling, that a person may be patriotic, and yet see clearly all the faults of his countrymen; that blindness to these arises from illiberal prejudice. Yes, the true patriot, in heart as well as principle, may see faults, but not faults only or chiefly; and he will naturally love to dwell on his country's honor rather than her reproach. He will not exaggerate her weak points, or expose them wantonly to the ridicule of foreigners, who gloat over every ludicrous representation of American character. In fact, no man of truly warm, ardent patriotism can free himself entirely from prejudice in favor of his own land. All varieties of the emotion of love produce a degree of blindness to the loved object's imperfections. But there is something more than love in true patriotism. There is in it a pride, mingled with affection, which identifies the citizen, in his own feelings, with the nation; which makes him bear, as a personal reproach, every stain upon his country's honor. "Cosmopolitanism" is as inconsistent with patriotism, as omnipresence is with finite being. Mr. Cooper seems anxious to repel the least suspicion of prejudice in favor of the United States, and he does it by exhibiting violent prejudices, thinly clad indeed in a mock garb of impartiality, against his countrymen. If the book had been written purposely to tickle the depraved appetite of those Englishmen, who, the last to acknowledge any American book worth reading, are the first to lavish cen-

surms upon every printed defamation of American character, coming from this side the water, and to deem oracular every prediction unfavorable to American institutions, it could hardly have displayed more illiberal feelings toward that character and those institutions. Mr. Dodge is not only a caricature, but a gross libel on the newspaper editors of our country; not because there are none of that profession equally despicable, but because he is held up as a fair representative of the whole class, and the author's declared object is the correct delineation of the state of American society.

We have no doubt that foreign travel rightly improved, may be of great advantage to the traveller in many respects, and not least in polishing and refining his manners. We are also free to confess, that we think Americans, generally, rather deficient in point of good manners. If, as Lord Chesterfield asserts, courts are the only places where the laws of social etiquette can be successfully studied, then may our countrymen never improve in this science. But we think otherwise. The general rules of good-breeding are all founded on knowledge of the world and of human nature; this knowledge may be acquired under any one kind of institutions as well as under another. Then practice must fix these rules in the memory and the habit; and surely we have enough of good society in the United States to afford practice in the forms of politeness. True we have in force among us fewer of the mere conventional laws of good-manners, than they have in the old nations of Europe; but he that observes the general rules before mentioned, which are of universal authority, and those arbitrary laws which the fashion of his own country has introduced, is a well-bred man; and if such an one travels in a foreign land, he seldom fails to discover and obey the peculiar *legem loci*. The difficulty with us is not that our institutions are inconsistent with good-manners, or even unfriendly to them, though, certainly, monarchical and aristocratic establishments are more favorable to them than ours. But good-breeding, for reasons which we need not here particularize, is not sufficiently prized by the great mass of our countrymen, and, therefore, is not made such an essential part of education among us, as with the more wealthy and luxurious nations of Europe. But to assert that there is no such thing as a well-bred American, unless where the manners have been formed by education, residence, or travel, abroad, as Mr. Cooper virtually asserts, is to caricature the state of society among us very broadly.

During his sojourn in Europe our author had several interviews with Sir Walter Scott; and, in his "Gleanings," has given an ample account of one of these meetings, which Scott thus mentions in his diary:—"To-day" (we quote from memory) "met Mr. Cooper the American novelist. He has the manners, or rather want of manners, common to his countrymen." This passage has, no doubt, inflicted a sore wound on Mr. Cooper's pride; and it is said, though we can hardly credit the story—it has not, however, to our knowledge, been contradicted—that he asserts openly that *Scott died a drunkard!* At any rate, he seems to labor hard in the work before us, to disprove Sir Walter's accusation, by demonstrating his intimate acquaintance with the science of manners. His countrymen he leaves to vindicate their own honor, and, in fact, adds his voice in their condemnation, but would prove himself a paragon of politeness. How he supports this character we will not pretend to say, for fear of expo-

sing our American ignorance; but certainly we were "taken aback"—to use what we believe is a well-accredited sea-phrase—when Paul Powis, on parting with Eve Effingham and her father, whose lives he had saved on the coast of Africa, by his bravery and skill, *politely* remarked,

"Chance has several times thrown me into your society, Mr. Effingham—Miss Effingham—and, should the same good fortune ever again occur, I hope I may be permitted to address you at once as an old acquaintance."

Probably Mr. Cooper had found in his well-thumbed copy of the "Laws of Etiquette," with which he is, doubtless, as familiar as Captain Truck with his favorite author, Vattel, that passing acquaintances, formed at places of public resort, and in journeying by sea and land are not to be renewed, as of course, at after meetings!

Mr. Cooper is soon to give us the sequel of his story, in which he will attempt a complete delineation of American society. We predict that this attempt will prove a signal failure. His cosmopolitanism, or so-called freedom from prejudice, will be greatly in the way of a fair representation of our national characteristics. Besides, as we have before remarked, his fort does not lie in the description of refined and polished life:—now we think that there is enough refinement and polish in the United States, to put him at fault in the endeavor to personify them in a fictitious character. We predict that he will fail; yet with all our hearts—for his country's honor, his own reputation, and our entertainment—wish him, even at the expense of the prophet's disgrace, the most abundant success.

A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS,

OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A FRENCH REFUGEE FAMILY,

Translated and compiled from the original manuscripts of James Fontaine, by one of his descendants. John S. Taylor: New York. 1838.

An entertaining little story, plainly told, of one of the most interesting periods in European history. The *naïveté* with which Mr. Fontaine, in his old age, sits down to entertain his Huguenot children with a family tale—the simple manner in which he relates the stirring incidents and hair-breadth escapes of his adventurous life—carries the mind irresistibly back to the winter evening tales of childhood, and forcibly reminds us of the absorbing interest with which we used to devour the legends of the nursery.

Though it purports to be the tale of a family, the work before us is the story of thousands. Varying the detail, with slight alterations, many, besides his two thousand descendants, may read their family history in the auto-biography of Mr. Fontaine. The persecutions and oppressions which drove him from his *belle France*, drove our ancestors to the rock of Plymouth, and peopled the wilds of a new world with the champions of civil and religious liberty. The protestants of Germany, the Huguenots of France, with the dissenters and congregationalists of England and Scotland, fled from their *father-land*, to seek a place in an unexplored wilderness, where they might worship God, according to conscience and to reason.

The early protestants were *dragooned* from place to place in Catholic Europe, and hunted down like beasts

of the forest. Steadfast in their faith, they considered persecution a privilege; torture, beatitude; and martyrdom, glory; with spirits which oppression could not crush, nor cruelty tame, they had learned in the school of adversity, the worth of that freedom they could not enjoy. They it was who brought to the western hemisphere the germ of liberty, out of which the independence of these United States was unfolded to the world.

Though history proper makes us acquainted with the grand features and general outline of those times, by revealing to us the persecutions and sufferings, and heroism of the noted few, we cannot catch from her formal manner, the spirit of the times. It is such works as the present, that complete the picture. Mr. Fontaine takes us familiarly by the hand, leads us to his home, points us to the ruins of his church, which bigotry had razed, and where persecution forbade him to minister. He conducts us thence with his neighbors to secret worship in the wood. And entering into their feelings, we follow him and them to prison, where we witness the sufferings, and are made fully acquainted with the condition of a Huguenot of the 17th century.

Mr. Fontaine commences the annals of his family from his great grandfather, John de la Fontaine, who bore a commission in "Les ordonnances du Roy," in the household of Francis I. He conducted himself so honorably and uprightly, that even after his father and himself had embraced protestantism at its first preaching in 1535, he remained in his office, and continued in it during the reigns of Henry II, Francis II, and until the second year of Charles IX.

At the edict of Pacification, called the January Edict, granted in 1562, the protestants were hailed into false security, and induced to lay down their arms. John de la Fontaine trusting to the immunities guaranteed to them, deemed himself secure without the protection afforded by his office, and threw up his commission. But, continues our biographer, "Some of the sworn enemies of God and his gospel, who had long watched John de la Fontaine, and conceived a deep hatred against him, thought the time had now arrived when they might safely put him out of the way; and such a man being got rid of, it would be comparatively easy to disperse the rest of the congregation to which he belonged.

"It was in the year 1563 that some of these ruffians were despatched from the city of Le Mans in search of him; and in the night time, when he least expected such a fate, he was dragged out of doors, and his throat cut; his wife, within a few weeks of her confinement, had followed him, hoping by her entreaties, to save his life; but she shared the same fate.

"James de la Fontaine, my grandfather, then thirteen or fourteen years old, with Abraham, two years his junior, and another brother still younger, fled from the bloody scene, full of horror and consternation, without a guide save the providence of God, and no aim but to get as far as possible from the barbarians, who had in one moment deprived them of both father and mother. They did not stop until they reached Rochelle, then a very safe place for protestants, containing as it did, within its walls, many faithful servants of the living God. These poor lads were actually begging their bread when they arrived there, and were without any recommendation save their appearance. A charitable

shoemaker, who feared God, and was in easy circumstances, received James into his house, and into his affections also, and taught him his trade. They all three lived poorly enough, until James reached manhood; he then entered upon commercial pursuits, and his career afterwards was comparatively prosperous. In the year 1603, he married, and had two daughters and one son, (James,) my father. He married again, but had no addition to his family; and better would it have been for him had he remained a widower, for his last wife attempted to poison him; and though unsuccessful, the affair became too notorious to be hushed up. She was carried to prison, tried, and condemned to death. It so happened that Henry IV was then at Rochelle, and application was made to him for pardon; he said before he granted it, he must see the husband she had been so anxious to get rid of. When my grandfather appeared before him, he cried out, 'Let her be hanged, let her be hanged, *ventre saint gris!* he is the handsomest man in my kingdom.' I have seen his picture, and it certainly did represent him as a handsome man. * * *

"I now proceed to my own father, who at an early age discovered great aptitude for study, and a very serious turn of mind. I was the youngest child of my parents, and have but little personal recollection of your grandfather, being only eight years old when he died. He was a man of fine figure, clear complexion, pure red and white, and of so dignified a deportment, that he commanded the respect of all with whom he came in contact. He absented himself on festive occasions, but never failed to visit every family in his flock twice a year. The sick and afflicted were visited as soon as their affliction was made known to him. When it was understood that he was praying with the sick, crowds would flock to hear him, filling the house—for you must know that in that district all were protestants, save four or five families. He was most zealous and affectionate, and employed all his knowledge, his talents, and his studies in the service of God. He had great learning, quick and ready wit, clear and sonorous voice, natural and agreeable action, and he always made use of the most chaste and elegant language; and genuine humility, crowning the whole, gave such a charm to his discourses, that he delighted all who heard him. * * *

"I now return to my own history. I went to Saintes to reside, in order to have the assistance of two able and pious ministers, Mr. Mainard and Mr. Borillak, in pursuing my theological studies. After awhile they also were cast into prison, and I returned home.

"My brother Peter had been minister of my father's parish ever since his death, and about this time he was seized under a 'lettre de cachet,' and confined in the castle of Oleron. The church at Vaux was levelled to the ground, and most of the churches in our province shared the same fate; thus my neighbors could not reach a place of worship without great fatigue; and feeling compassion for them, as sheep without a shepherd, I felt myself called on to invite them to join me in my family devotions. The number who came soon increased to one hundred and fifty, and I then recommended to them not to come daily as heretofore. I frequently changed the days of assembling, giving previous notice to the people; and we continued this endearing intercourse uninterruptedly during the whole winter.

"A rumor prevailed that there were meetings in our parish, and that I was the preacher; but we had no traitor in our ranks, and the papists were unable to discover any thing with sufficient certainty to make a handle of. Our holy intercourse continued without any drawback till Palm Sunday, 1684. On that day some of my neighbors came to my house as usual, and not finding me there they retired to the wood behind my house, and one of their number, a mason by trade, who read very well, officiated as their pastor. He read several chapters from the Bible, the prayers of the church, a sermon, and they sang psalms. This meeting having been open, it was noised abroad, and on Holy Thursday from seven to eight hundred persons assembled on the same spot, the mason again their pastor; and on Easter day the number increased to a thousand. * * *

"Warrants were issued; and the Grand Provost and his archers were in search of us. I was absent; the country people, having had timely notice, hid themselves in the wood, and after scouring the country, the archers found no one but the poor mason, who had officiated; him they took, fastened to a horse's tail, and dragged to Saintes, a distance of fifteen miles. They threatened him in all kinds of ways, and assured him that he would be hanged as soon as they reached the capital. It was late when they arrived—too late, they told him for him to be hanged that night, and that one solitary chance for life yet remained to him, and that was to recant without delay; for if he once got within the walls of the prison, a hundred religions would not save him from death."

Mr. Fontaine was also thrown into prison; and here commences the adventurous life of this singular man.

At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, after he had failed in the council of elders and ministers, to prevail on that body to resist persecution, and call on the protestants to take up arms in defence of their religion, their lives, and their property, he found himself no longer useful as a minister, and fled from France, he and his lady-love, in an open boat, and passed as drunken fishermen, under the guns of a man-of-war that guarded the coast against the escape of protestant refugees. He landed pennyless in England; mortgaged the jewelry of his intended; engaged in commerce; married; became a schoolmaster; then a preacher; afterwards a weaver; then a manufacturer of calimancos, and a grocer. His skill and success in the two last excited the admiration, and soon the envy and jealousy, of those around him.

From England he retired to Cork, where he became a dyer and a manufacturer of broadcloths. Here he distinguished himself as a preacher, and was presented with the freedom of the city. But preaching from the decalogue, his sermon on the eighth commandment, "thou shalt not steal," applied with so much force to some of his congregation, exciting them against him, that he deemed it expedient to resign his charge as minister. He again engaged in commerce; entered into the tobacco trade of Virginia; removed to Bear Haven; turned fisherman; became a justice of the peace; was attacked by a French corsair; he, assisted by his wife and children, defended themselves against great odds; drove off the privateer, who recruited; renewed the attack; battered down the house; capitulated and carried his son off as a hostage. And he

himself became a pensioner of the British government. He retired from Bear Haven, always a poor man, and again became a schoolmaster.

Amidst all his misfortunes, he contrived to give his children good educations. His sons, James, Peter and Francis, and his son-in-law, Matthew Maury, emigrated to Virginia about 1717; from whom have descended the Maurys and Fontaines of this country.

Mr. Fontaine's grandson, the Rev. James Maury of Albemarle county, was the tutor of our Jefferson and Madison, and the father of Mr. Maury of New York, well known in Virginia as the "Old Consul." Many years ago, when in Europe, this last gentleman wishing to trace the relationship between his branch of the family, and the celebrated Abbé Maury, opened a correspondence with that dignitary, from which we venture the following extracts.

"Paris, Sept. 8, 1777.

"I have just received the letter, sir, with which you have honored me, and I hasten to thank you for the many polite things you are so kind as to say of me, as well as for the desire you express to know whether we belong to the same family. From the details into which you enter, it would appear we have a common origin; and in order that you may form your own opinion, I think I ought to tell you at once all I know of the name I bear.

"My family, down to my father inclusive, was originally from Arnagon, a small village in Lower Dauphiny, where they possessed several manors, and where they had professed the protestant religion for nearly two centuries. At the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, my grandfather, who had eleven older brothers—himself too young to leave home with them—was brought up by one of his maternal relatives in another village, called Péage, three leagues distant from Arnagon; he married there, and abjured; and at the commencement of the present century he settled at Valais, a town in the county of Avignon, where my father died, after having re-established his fortune by commerce and an advantageous marriage. Thanks to his good example, and the education he gave his children, they have done well, and he had the satisfaction of living to witness my advancement. Having given you this history of the branch from which I spring, I will proceed to relate what I have heard of the others whom I have never known.

"Immediately after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, all our property was confiscated. The eleven brothers of my grandfather entered the king's service; three were killed at Mal Plaquet; another made his fortune, and died in 1762—he was a brigadier in the Royal Life Guards; another settled on the confines of Perigord, or Guienne: but we have never had any intercourse with him, because of my grandfather having left his native place, and his children becoming orphans at an early age. We are in total ignorance of what has become of the remainder of the family.

"You see, sir, that in supposing yourself a descendant of one of these dispersed children, you will find no illustrious titles: we have little to boast of but the honor, the virtues, and the reputation for honesty and uprightness, which our ancestors always enjoyed in the neighborhood where they lived. Let us cherish the remem-

brance, so that we may never degenerate from those modest and estimable privileges. Let their example serve us instead of the distinctions they could not transmit.

"The conformity of name appears to indicate identity of race. I wish with all my heart we could discover the proof of it. For if we do spring from one stem, the separation cannot be far distant. It would be very agreeable to me to be related to a man who introduces himself with so much kindness as you do. But if it may not be by blood, it shall at any rate be by esteem, and the consideration and sincerity with which I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

"MAURY, (*Jean Siffrein*.)

"Abbé de l'academie des arcades de Rome in 1773
Commendataire de la Frenade, Chanoine, Vicair
Général qui official de Lombes qui Prédicateur ordinaire du Roi.

"To JAMES MAURY, of Virginia."

"Paris, May 12, 1778.

"I am no more in the habit, *Monsieur*, of being the slave of ceremony than you are. Your letters bespeak a man amiable, educated, and well-bred, and far from finding any fault with your conduct towards me, I am on the contrary much flattered. Do more justice to yourself and to me also, and above all make no apology when I alone am to blame. * * * *

"You are then on the eve of returning to Virginia. I wish you all kinds of good luck. I shall be overjoyed if I can be of any service to you in Paris during your residence in America. You should not doubt of my wish to hear from you as soon as you arrive. Besides the ties of blood, which perhaps unite us, those of friendship are sufficient to inspire me with a lively interest. I entreat you to believe that I can never be indifferent to the success of a man who makes himself known with as much merit as you do. Tell your countrymen that they are dear to all France; that we wish for their prosperity; that we glory in their triumphs; that we admire their courage, and respect their virtues; and that we could not feel more interested in a French army, than we are with the troops of Congress. Nothing is talked of here but the brave Americans; and we must acknowledge that for three years past, they have multiplied actions calculated to keep up our admiration. This people is destined to play a grand part on the theatre of the world; but to whatever pitch of glory your descendants may rise, they will never forget the present generation, and the liberators of America will live forever in the memory of man. * * * *

"I pray you to accept my wishes for your welfare at the moment of your departure; and be assured of the distinguished consideration with which I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

"MAURY,

"Abbé de la Frenade, &c. &c.

"JAMES MAURY, of Virginia."

The merit of rescuing this interesting little memoir from the dusty shelf, where it had remained for more than a hundred years, belongs to a lady. In the office of translator and compiler, she has acquitted herself with much grace, and deserves the thanks of the reading public, no less than of her two thousand kinsfolk to whom her work is dedicated.

T. W. WHITE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THOUGHTS ON SLAVERY.

BY A SOUTHRON.

Addressed to the Hon. Hugh S. Legaré of South Carolina.

"Truth is the supreme good, the first aliment of the soul. To search after truth, is the only employment correspondent with the high destinies of man. But like the Egyptian Isis, truth is a mystic divinity covered with a veil, which the wise and the virtuous of all ages have labored to raise, but which no one can entirely remove." To attain truth, is to see and to know God, for God alone is truth. In the merciful dispensations of Providence, the mind of man is made inquisitive, and its powers elastic and expansive; and while to the faithful and persevering worshipper the light of truth is slowly revealed from the depths of the sanctuary, it can never burst upon him in the fulness of its glory, for none can look upon it and live. It is only when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, when this mortal shall have been clothed with immortality, that truth can be fully revealed. Such is the divine excellence of truth, and such is the inquisitive character of the human mind, that although truth be unattainable in this life, the soul of man, in its progress towards this hidden divinity, is so refreshed and illumined by every emanation, that he is irresistibly attracted, and his thirst for further knowledge increases with every ray of light. This occupation, then, is the proudest and most beneficial exercise of the energies of man. To the contemplative mind there is a striking similitude between the institution of the natural, and the correction and enlargement of the moral and intellectual world. It was the exertion of the loftiest attribute of the Ancient of Time that imposed order on element, and gave to early confusion and commixture the impress of character, and the form and figure of action. To power thus exercised, and to benevolence so directed, there can be no homage so meet as that which proceeds from the family reflecting his image; and there can be no tribute more correspondent or acceptable than the cultivation and refinement of that intellect, which, emanating from himself, lifts the creature man from the degradation of the dust, and places him in the scale of creation near to the ministering angel. The intellect of man is the germ of truth. It is a spark struck from the eternal rock of ages, and its proper destination is the bosom of the parent. Let us remember that we have been endowed with talents to be useful, and that the end of wisdom is truth. In all the vicissitudes of our earthly pilgrimage let us reflect, that, although the fulness of truth is unattainable here, there is a realm beyond the skies, where the chaste and virtuous mind will exult in a fulness of vision, to which space will object no limit, and to which time can oppose no barrier. It is this reflection, which should incite us to untiring exertion in this lofty and legitimate pursuit of the understanding. In accordance with these principles, truth is the sole object

of our travail in the discussion of the perplexing question, which we have placed at the head of this article.

Sternly fixed in our conviction that the best interests and the ultimate destiny of this people are inseparably connected with the maintenance of the bond of union; with no prejudices or prepossessions for or against any sectional division of the confederacy; looking neither to the North, nor the South, to the East, nor to the West, but filled with a holy love for our common country; thoroughly assured that the perpetuity of our institutions mainly depends upon a calm and dispassionate consideration of the exciting question of slavery; we have boldly resolved to unfold those views which have been the result of much reading and reflection.

We maintain the following propositions:

1. That slavery is coeval with society, necessary for its formation and growth, and was in the primitive ages a natural condition of a large portion of the human family.

2. That it is *universal*, and has existed in all ages.

3. That it is neither prohibited by the *MORAL* nor the *DIVINE* law.

4. That christianity alone, by its exalting influence, and by its peaceful and gradual operation, can abolish it.

5. That its sudden abolition by any people, either by a fanatical perversion of the mild principles of christianity, or by any intemperate agency, must be necessarily attended with frightful social, and political revolutions, destructive alike to the bond and free.

In the discussion of this interesting question, we do not design to treat each of these propositions separately, or in the precise order in which they are announced; for, many of the evidences and illustrations, which multiply around us as the stars of the firmament, will throw their rays over the whole field we traverse. Before we proceed to show that slavery derives its origin from the very nature and condition of primitive man, it will be proper to form a correct idea of slavery itself. In treating of the origin of slavery, we must carefully avoid the common error of forming our opinions upon the present state of things, or of permitting them to be influenced by the existing state of servitude; but we must ascend at once to the primitive ages, and calmly observe the condition of the early settlers of the world.

Of all the theories of the origin of slavery proposed by modern writers—especially by those who immediately preceded or followed the French revolution, when the attributes of the Deity himself were made to bow before the insolent assertion of the "Rights of Man"—there are few which more feebly oppose the austere rules of sound reason than those of M. de Montesquieu. "Slavery," says this far-famed writer, "slavery, properly so called, is the establishment of a right, which gives to one man such a power over another, as renders him absolute master of his life and fortune." And assuming this position, he declares that "the state of slavery is in its own nature bad; that it is neither useful to the master nor to the slave; not to the slave, because he can do nothing through a motive of virtue, nor to the

master, because by having an unlimited authority over his slaves, he insensibly accustoms himself to the want of all moral virtues, and becomes fierce, hasty, choleric, voluptuous, and cruel." This is not slavery as it exists in this country, where it is protected by the laws, and is by the fundamental compact made an integral portion of the basis of federal representation. It is the *abuse of slavery* which is thus defined. And indeed the judicious observer will readily perceive, that the denunciations of slavery in all the writers upon natural law, apply only to the flagrant abuse of this institution, and have no reference to the qualified slavery or domestic servitude of the southern states.

M. de Montesquieu proceeds to state the various theories which have prevailed in relation to the origin of slavery, and condemns them all. But we will soon discover that its true origin has escaped his observation, and that it neither originated in despotism, nor tyranny, nor contract, nor war, nor conquest, nor by captivity. Its origin will be traced to the infancy of social institutions, and the necessities and condition of the human family in those primitive ages, when the whole world was an unsubdued wilderness, and the labor of the whole human family was absolutely necessary for the erection of the first establishments of man upon the face of the earth. If this be the true origin of slavery, then all other theories are false, and this condition is founded in the nature of man; and Montesquieu himself declares, that "slavery ought to be founded in the nature of things."

Elevating our minds then above the prejudices of the age in which we live, let us ascend to the early ages, and with a docile and sober spirit, seek for information of those primitive races by whom slavery was introduced, among whom it was firmly established, and from whom it has descended to us.

The inquisitive author of the *Spirit of Laws* says, that "Aristotle endeavors to prove that there are *natural slaves*, but what he says is far from proving it." To Aristotle, one of the most profound of the philosophers of antiquity, we confidently appeal, and with the more confidence, because in this iron age of utilitarianism, his material philosophy, fortified with all the powers of the "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," has been preferred to the spiritual sublimity of the divine Plato. Aristotle has expressly declared, that "in the *natural state of man*, from the origin of things, a portion of the human family must *command*, and the remainder *obey*; that the distinction which exists between *master* and *servant* is a distinction at once *natural* and *indispensable*; and that when we find existing among men *freemen* and *slaves*, it is not *man*, but *nature* herself, who has ordained the distinction." "*Natura plura quas imperent, et quas parent; natura aliter herus, aliter servus; esse igitur naturam, hos quidem liberos, hos vero servos, apertum est.*" And Montesquieu himself, while, in blind obedience to the spirit of the age in which he lived, he denies the force of Aristotle's reasoning, boldly affirms that slavery did not originate in the abuses of despotism, nor by conventional compact, nor by human institution, but that it must be derived from the very nature of things—"de la nature même." And this enunciation of the *natural* origin of slavery, so revolting to the friends of the rights of man, so directly opposed to the prevailing notions of freethinkers, was made by Aristotle, in a period of

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Having thus considered the force of this declaration of Aristotle, let us inquire whether we shall reject the testimony of all antiquity in its favor, and whether we can concur with M. de Montesquieu in the opinion, that the reasoning of the Stagyrite is inconclusive.

An attentive perusal of the first six chapters of Aristotle's political treatise will show, that this great philosopher has revealed the true cause of the necessity of slavery in the first ages of man. The first step of the primitive men in their march towards civilization, their first effort to subdue nature, was in the erection of a domestic establishment. And for that purpose, in that rude age, when nature herself was wild and unsubdued, were required multitudes of men, beasts of burden, and instruments and provisions of many kinds. In the very words of the philosopher: "*Instrumentorum autem hæc sunt inanimata, hæc autem animata; mansueta animalia propter cibum et propter usum, fera autem cibi, et aliorum adminiculorum causa.*" Now, at the origin of things, in the infancy of man, when the first establishment was formed, to whom would necessarily appertain the right of controlling and directing these necessary agents? To the younger born—or to the *father of the family* alone? And while there was yet upon earth but a single establishment, the descendants of this family were compelled to remain with the parent, since it was impossible for them to establish themselves elsewhere, the labor of all being required to complete and maintain the first, before other establishments could be made. The authority exercised by the parent must necessarily have been absolute, and the nature of the services required of his descendants essentially *servile*. So that whatever the French philosophists of modern times may say of the natural condition of a people, it is evident that in the earliest state of society, the slavery of the after-born necessarily existed, and originated in the very nature of things, and in the primitive condition of man. Notwithstanding the objection of M. de Montesquieu to this declaration of Aristotle, we find in various passages of the *Spirit of Laws*, the cause of the indispensable necessity of slavery clearly indicated. In the thirtieth book we find this unquestionable and historical fact openly proclaimed: "*que dans les premiers temps les enfans résidaient dans la maison du père, et s'y établissaient*"—that in the earliest times the descendants

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master, because by having an unlimited authority over his slaves, he insensibly accustoms himself to the want of all moral virtues, and becomes fierce, hasty, choleric, voluptuous, and cruel." This is not slavery as it exists in this country, where it is protected by the laws, and is by the fundamental compact made an integral portion of the basis of federal representation. It is the *abuse of slavery* which is thus defined. And indeed the judicious observer will readily perceive, that the denunciations of slavery in all the writers upon natural law, apply only to the flagrant abuse of this institution, and have no reference to the qualified slavery or domestic servitude of the southern states.

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otherwise. From the subjection and slavery of the first men, have sprung all those improvements, have been developed the germs of all those resources, which have since enabled their descendants to ameliorate the condition of the serf, and not unfrequently to admit him to a fraternity of freedom. It is not by the declamations and theories and systems of philosophers, reasoning from the present state of things, that an uncultivated and waste desert can be subdued and peopled with cities. Society could not have originated in any other manner than we have shown, neither could slavery have had any other origin than in the nature of things and the primitive condition of man. And if, in the present advanced state of society, it requires so much time and labor, and expense, to establish firmly a few colonies on the coast of Africa, although their founders are armed with all the powers and resources of the most refined nations of the earth, and are stimulated by all the enthusiasm of philanthropy, and all the hopes of religion, how much and how great labor was necessary in the primitive and rude age of man, to lay so broadly and deeply the foundations of that society which now flourishes upon the face of the earth?

If the position which we have taken be correct, and the labor of the whole family at the first institution of society was absolutely necessary for the erection of the first establishment, and that until its completion no further establishment could be made, then were they all deeply interested in its completion, and each of those engaged in it must have known, that a premature liberty, far from being useful or desirable, would have been for them the most helpless and miserable of all conditions. Let us suppose some one of our modern philosophers, filled with enthusiasm for the natural rights of man, should find himself cast by a tempest among a people thus occupied in the first rudiments of society, and impelled by hunger, should present himself at the door of this first establishment, and after having been refreshed, should arise, full of indignation at the subjection of the multitude around him, and thus address them: "Senseless creatures! why do you, who compose so vast a multitude, thus tamely submit to the tyranny of a single man? Remember that in a state of nature all men are born free and equal. Fire this habitation; burn it to the earth! Arise in your strength—break asunder your fetters on the head of your oppressor! Awake—arise from your enslaved condition, and resume your natural rights!" &c. &c. How would this harangue be received by this people? They would reply: "You speak of primitive men and natural rights. You behold them in us, since there have been none before us. You exhort us to fire this common dwelling, which contains all our property, the fruit of all our labors, and affords us shelter from the inclemency of the weather. It contains all the wealth of the past, and constitutes our only hope for the future. And when every thing shall have been consumed, what will be our condition?" "You will live," he replies, "upon wild roots and berries; you can roam the forest in the freedom of nature; you will be free and you will be happy." "If that life be so happy," they respond, "wherefore have you come among us seeking the necessities of life?" And they would drive this madman forth from among them to preach his freedom to the bears. In these primitive ages, so far from regarding this premature freedom as a bless-

ing, these slaves considered it as one of the most terrible chastisements, which their masters could inflict upon them. Thus, when to appease the jealousy of Sarah, Abraham was compelled to send forth his bondswoman, Hagar, into the wilderness, how emphatically does the sacred historian express the affliction of Abraham and Hagar, of the *master* and the *slave*? "And the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight, because of his son. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, and the child, and sent her away; and she departed and wandered in the wilderness of Beer-Sheba. And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs. And she went, and sat her down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bow-shot; for she said, let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice, and wept. And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of the Lord called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, what aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thy hand, for I will make him a great nation."

In the first establishment, common to all, they possessed every necessary of life; beyond it there was nothing, not even the necessary instruments of labor, and for supporting life. In imposing upon the primitive race the stern necessity of union, the Author of nature could have proposed to himself nothing but their happiness. If on the contrary, in the origin of society, he had permitted them to exercise this much boasted natural right of wandering away from their father's house in search of this ideal freedom—the bond of society would have been ruptured, the father would have refused to toil for the son, and the son for the father, the first generation for the second, and the second for the third, because their labors being liable to interruption, could never be completed. And this element of confusion, this principle of freedom, would have prevented the reduction of the earth, or the civilization of man; and as the first habitation could never have been completed, the foundations of social institutions could never have been laid. It is fortunate for mankind, that the philosophy of the eighteenth century was not broached, until society was so firmly built, that it could only shake the edifice. Slavery, then, commenced with the social institutions of man, and it originated in the great and united labor of the human family requisite to subdue the earth. And although in the subsequent ages, men may have been reduced to slavery by debt, despotism, and conquest, yet slavery originated in none of these, but preceded them all.

But to the authority of Aristotle, to the testimony of history, we superadd a still more convincing proof of the existence of slavery in the earliest ages of man. LET US ASK OF OUR OPPONENTS TO LOOK BACK INTO THE PAST, AND TELL US IN WHAT AGE AND AMONG WHAT PEOPLE IT ORIGINATED. UNTIL THIS QUESTION IS FAIRLY ANSWERED, IT IS CONCLUSIVE OF THE CONTROVERSY. Did it originate with the slave trade on the coast of Africa? with the Romans, in the age when their slaves had become so numerous, that under Spartacus, their leader, they caused Rome to tremble in the

midst of her seven hills? in republican Greece, when the Helots outnumbered the Spartans, and were periodically massacred, to prevent their multiplication? or, in Athens, when they so far outnumbered her citizens? Did it originate under the Jewish dispensation, when Moses proclaimed, that "If a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be surely punished; notwithstanding if he linger for a day or two, he shall not be punished—for he is his money?"

As the Hebrew people are the first of whom we have any authentic record, and slavery, in its severest form, existed among them; as we find bondmen among the patriarchs, and discover that slavery itself, in the earliest history of the first people known to us, was made a special object of the legislation prescribed by the Deity himself for the government of his chosen people, it must have existed before these earliest records, since the subject matter of legislation must have existed before the code which regulates it.

Having traced the origin of slavery to the earliest ages of man, and to the first germs of society; having shown that it originated in the very nature of things, and in the necessities of the human family, we will advance one step farther, and inquire into its MORALITY. Slavery is either moral or immoral in itself, unaffected by the passions or the prejudices of any age or clime. If immoral now, it has always been so, for the canons of morality and virtue are permanent, uniform and universal. All morality and virtue proceed from and have relation to God, and his ordinances and institutions are essentially moral, otherwise he would cease to be God. Man was created a social being, and God is the author of society, and he is the author of all its constituent branches. But we have seen that in the very infancy of society, at its first institution, or at least in the first authentic history we have of its existence, slavery existed as an integral part of the social establishment. Again, the Supreme Ruler of the universe in establishing a code for the government of his chosen people, could neither introduce, nor approve, nor tolerate any institution essentially immoral. Yet we find in almost every page of the Old Testament rules for the government of slaves, a milder law for the Jewish servants, and a rigorous law for the bondsmen. If slavery be immoral, or a crime, then not only the wisest and best of the Greeks and of the Romans, of the Egyptians and of the Arabians, of the Persians and of the Indians, of the Chinese and of the Germans, of the English and of the Americans, but the great Creator himself, has tolerated, approved, systematised, and regulated this abomination of modern philosophers.

Slavery not only existed in the most remote antiquity, but it is the destiny of many among a multitude of people of modern times, who are imperfectly known to us. In Poland, in Russia, in Tartary, in Africa, there are a multitude of slaves, who were not enslaved by any right of conquest. Among many nations parents sell their children, lords their vassals, and sovereigns their subjects; and in India and America there are still slaves. If we interrogate historians, geographers, voyagers, and juris-consults—if we survey all the monuments of nations—if we appeal to the testimony of the various nations of the earth, Asiatics, Africans, Americans, or Europeans, civilized or barbarous, hunters or tillers of the

earth, all proclaim that their primitive state was a state of slavery; neither is there a nation on the globe, however free at this day, that does not bear the mark of its former chains. The celebrated voyager, Cook, tells us that he found among the different islands of the South Sea a state of things similar to that of the feudal system, and a more grinding slavery never existed on earth than was exercised under the rigor of the feudal law. The rigor of the feudal law gradually yielded to the advancing intelligence of the people, and the mild precepts of christianity restrained the abuses and ameliorated the condition of slavery. If we follow Montesquieu closely, from the beginning to the end of the Spirit of Laws, we will find that he maintains with Condorcet, "that the feudal system did not commence with the irruption of the northern hordes into the Roman empire; that it existed a long time before among the barbarians themselves in the fastnesses of their forests; that the feudal rights are of higher antiquity, than is generally supposed; that the domination of the feudal lords was not acquired by usurpation, but was derived from the primitive establishments of their people. They maintained in opposition to the Abbé Du Bos, that there were *serfs* among the Franks, and that SLAVERY DATES ITS ORIGIN AMONG THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH FROM ALL ANTIQUITY." But let us turn to the ENCYCLOPEDIA itself, that text book of the revolutionists, and we will find, that in despite of the bold assertion that all men are born free and equal, it declares the *universality of slavery*. "There is not a page of sacred history"—(we quote from the Encyclopedia,)—"there is not a page of sacred history upon which we do not discover traces of slavery. And profane history likewise, that of the Greeks and of the Romans, and of all the most polished people of the world, is an enduring monument of that ancient injustice exercised with more or less brutality over the surface of the globe, in all times, in all places, and among all nations." The *universality of slavery*, then, is unquestionable, attested by all the evidences of history, sacred and profane, and admitted by the philosophists and agitators themselves. But if the converse of our proposition be true, as these enthusiasts contend, and the *primitive* condition of a people be a state of *independence*, how has it happened that they have so universally fallen into a state of *slavery*? Was it voluntarily and by compact? But how can we comprehend the fact of such a multitude of men, independent by nature, voluntarily degraded to the lowest and basest condition? Was it effected by force? How can we conceive that five hundred have been more feeble than a single individual, and that one man should have the power to subdue such a multitude, and that over the whole face of the earth, in every nation and in every clime? From the universality of slavery—from the fact that its origin may be traced beyond the earliest period of authentic narrative—from its necessity in the nature of things, and for the formation of society—from the divine origin of society, of which, in the early ages, it was a constituent and necessary branch—from its approval and regulation by the Deity himself, and from its freedom from rebuke among the most virtuous and intelligent nations and individuals, from the days of Abraham, the father of the patriarchs, down to Voltaire, the leader of the philosophists and agitators of the eighteenth century—we are led irresistibly to the con-

clusion that what has existed in all ages and in all climes, without the reprobation of the wise and great—what the Deity himself has approved, and governed, and ordained—cannot of itself be IMMORAL. With its abuses we have no concern: it has been abused in every age, by every people.

Admitting the universality of slavery, and acknowledging the agency of the Creator himself, the great founder of society, in its institution, the well ordered understanding is startled with the revolutionary and anti-social speculations of modern philosophists. It has been repeated, until the frequency and vehemence of the repetition has almost thrown the judgment from its balance, that "slavery is one of the odious institutions of man, and that it is opposed to the natural rights of man," &c., &c. It is not true, as we have seen, that slavery is of human institution, since these very writers have admitted that it originated in the necessities of society in the primitive ages; it is not opposed to natural right, since slavery had its origin in the very nature of things, has been approved and regulated by the Author of nature, and sprung from the natural condition of man.

If it be true now, that men have a right to resist even unto the infliction of death those who claim their services in a state of bondage, and all men are born free and equal, it must have been true in all ages from the beginning of time. And if this doctrine were true in the early ages of society, the fathers of the primitive families would have been assassinated by their descendants whom they held in bondage—masters by their servants, lords by their vassals, sovereigns by their subjects; the foundations of society would have been broken up before the social edifice was erected, and the earth would never have been subdued or colonized.

This philosophy was the natural offspring of the French revolution and of the school of unbelievers; it is a doctrine of blood and pillage, and utterly subversive of that order, which forms the bond of social institutions. False as it is, when shall we cease to teach and to believe it? Shall we continue to dismember and overturn, by inculcating a theory which has already corrupted many of the most gifted of the sons of men, which has arrayed people against their rulers, which has covered the earth with the ruins of the social fabric, and which has turned loose upon the face of the earth a spirit of licentiousness, insubordination, and riot, that continue to shake to their deepest foundations all existing establishments?

Let us concede the stern but unwelcome truth, that the existence as well as the universality of slavery is to be attributed to the labor required in the infancy of man to subdue the earth, from which he has been doomed to reap fruit in the sweat of his brow—that it was wisely ordained by the Author of nature himself, and is therefore founded in the very nature of things, and of man. It is only when we have lost sight of this sublime truth, that we proclaim our absurd systems of equality, in a state of nature.

In considering this question, it is essentially necessary that we should accurately distinguish between the natural condition of man, and those principles of political equality, upon which free civil institutions repose, and which like those of this country are regulated by a social compact. And the most conclusive evidence of the propriety of this distinction is exhibited in the formation of our

federal compact, which declares all men to be free and equal, and yet expressly recognizes the existence of slavery, maintains and protects the natural right of the master over the slave, and makes the slave himself a constituent part of the basis of representation. All the parties to this contract are free and equal; but no one will be so frantic as to contend, that by this declaration of the fundamental principle which governs our political compact, it was designed to deny the right of slavery either in this free country or elsewhere. The charter itself legalizes, defends, maintains, and protects slavery. It is the confusion of ideas, which springs from this intermingling of conventional and political equality with the natural rights of man, that deludes us. It will scarcely be affirmed that Thomas Jefferson, the author of the declaration of independence, the great apostle of democracy, and the strenuous advocate of popular rights, deeply imbued as he was with the philosophism of the eighteenth century, designed to repudiate slavery when he declared all men to be free and equal. To his understanding, the distinction was clear between the conventional or political and the natural rights of man; and he well understood that in the formation of a political compact, the slave, from his inability to contract, could be no party.

We have traced slavery as far back as the days of the patriarchs; we have shown, that it originated in the nature of things and the condition of primitive man; we have observed the rules prescribed by Jehovah in the Jewish dispensation for its government; we will now advance to another link in the chain of testimony.

It is not unfrequently objected to evidences derived from the Old Testament on this subject, that the code of laws prescribed for the government of the Jewish people was peculiarly accommodated to the gross perceptions of that sensual race, and was never designed to be rigorously perfect in its morality. The obvious reply to this is, that a law prescribed by a Supreme Being for the guidance of his people must be essentially moral, and that although such institutions may not have been perfect in themselves, yet it is impossible that any portion of that law should have been immoral; for, this would be to make God the author of crime. But admitting this objection in its full force, we have still an argument remaining which is conclusive on this question. Let us suppose, that the old law was imperfect in its character and operation, still it will not be denied that when the ancient types and figures were realized, when the Redeemer appeared on earth to ransom a lost world, he fulfilled the object of his mission by *perfecting the law*. The code which he established was clearly the perfection and fulfilment of the old law. He would be a bold man indeed, who would contend, that the christian code under the new dispensation, as revealed and established by the Saviour, is not perfect in its morality. He came to establish the law, and to rebuke vice wherever it appeared. At no period in the history of man, did slavery prevail to a greater extent or with more rigor, than in the days of the redemption of man. A submissive world bowed at the footstool of the Cæsars, and in every province of the empire, slavery was established. Even in Judea, where the Redeemer himself taught, man was the property of his fellow man. And yet, when the princes of the earth are loudly rebuked, when the hypocrisy of the Scribes and the Pharisees is

exposed, when vice and immorality in all their forms and observances are denounced, He, who came to perfect the law, is silent on the subject of slavery. Are we to be told, that it formed no part of the plan of the Saviour to interfere with the civil institutions of the nations of the earth, and that slavery was protected by the civil code of the Roman empire? We deny the truth of this assertion, and maintain that while the reformation of forms of government constituted no part of the scheme of redemption, yet, in the fulfilment of the law, in the perfection of that moral code which the Redeemer came to establish, there was no civil institution, however fortified by the municipal law, which was immoral in itself, that was not openly condemned. Let us contemplate for a moment the civil institution of marriage as it existed in the Roman empire, which was a species of *domestic servitude* regulated by the civil code, and we will find, that the law of the New Testament designed for the government of the whole human family, radically reformed that institution as it existed among the nations of the earth. To maintain, that slavery, as it existed under the Roman empire, was immoral in itself, and to admit that He who came to perfect the moral code failed to condemn it, is to assail the whole fabric of christianity. As the new dispensation was the labor of infinite wisdom, prompted by infinite goodness, and as it was clearly designed to be the fulfilment and perfection of the law and the prophets, it is preposterous, if not impious, to suppose, that any immoral institution could be tolerated or pass unrebuked by the new law, however strongly fortified it might be by the prejudices of the age or the laws of the land. But the Saviour of men, he whose heart yearned with compassion for the poor and the needy, and the oppressed of the children of men, found upon the earth existing in full rigor the institution of slavery, and he has no where condemned it. If slavery be immoral, why is it the only vice which is not strictly prohibited? It was not condemned, because as it originated in the very NATURE OF THINGS, and as it was of divine institution in the infancy of man, the GOD OF NATURE could not condemn it.

But it will be objected to us, that the mere silence of the Redeemer on this subject is scarcely sufficient to justify the exercise of so high a privilege, as that of holding a fellow-creature in bondage. We cannot admit the force of this objection, because the new dispensation was merely a fulfilment, not a repeal of the old law. The types and emblems of the old law were merged in the new revelation, its rites and observances were superseded, but the decalogue and moral force of that law still prevail. Now, having clearly established the recognition and approval of slavery under the Jewish dispensation by the Creator himself, and having shown that it was not abrogated by the Saviour under the new law, the testimony is conclusive in its favor. But premitting this argument, let us consult the disciples of the Redeemer himself, who proclaimed this law to Jew and Gentile. And in citing the testimony of these disciples we will not confine ourselves to the four first centuries of the christian era, those four centuries during which the men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have allowed the Creator to maintain his church in its primitive truth. Let us commence with the apostles. In the epistle of Paul to Philemon we find these words: "I beseech thee for

my son Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds: which in time past was unprofitable to thee, but now profitable to thee and to me: whom I have sent again: whom I would have retained with me, but without thy mind would I do nothing: that thy benefit should not be as it were of necessity, but willingly." Onesimus was the slave of Philemon, whom he had robbed, and from whom he had escaped. He was found and converted to christianity by the apostle, and afterwards became an eminent dignitary in the church. But besides the recognition of the lawfulness of slavery under the christian dispensation, there are two important lessons which the reverend agitators of the present day may derive from this beautiful epistle. The first is, in the language of Jerome, in his commentary upon this text, that "not even under the pretence of seeking religious instruction are slaves permitted to escape from the lawful dominion of their masters." And the second is, that the apostle himself felt bound to sustain the authority of the master over the slave, and therefore sent him back to his master, although he was exceedingly anxious to retain him for the ministry, which he declares he could not do without the consent of the master. Contrast the christian piety and justice of this apostle, with the conduct of the reverend agitators of the northern states whenever a slave escapes from his southern master, and the difference between true religion and fanaticism is at once perceived. In commenting upon this text, Jerome further observes, that "although the apostle wished to retain Onesimus to minister unto him in prison, yet he restored him to his master, that he might show that in right and justice fugitive slaves should be returned to their masters"—"*ut ostendat servos fugitivos jure justitie hauris suis esse restituendos.*"

And in the epistle of the same apostle to Titus he thus defines the duties of servants: "Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things, not answering again, not purloining, but showing all good fidelity, *that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.*" Upon this passage Chrysostom remarks, "the apostle thus admonishes servants to be faithful to their masters, in order to refute the calumny against the christian religion, that slaves were taught by that creed that after their conversion to christianity, it was unlawful to serve their heathen masters." Again, in the sixth chapter of the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians we find these words: "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ; knowing that whatsoever *good thing* any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." Upon this passage Jerome says, that "in the first age of christianity many supposed, that when they were made christians, they were loosed from the bonds of slavery." And in refutation of the error it was decreed by one of the councils of the church: "that if any teach that by virtue of religion or christian instruction that the slave may despise his master, or may withhold his service, or that he shall not serve his master with good faith and reverence, let him be anathema." The same error prevailed in relation to the subjection of wives to their Gentile husbands, which this apostle expressly condemns in the seventh chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians.

But, we will descend from the apostles to the next generation of christian teachers, for further evidence of the lawfulness and morality of slavery. Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, who is supposed to have seen the apostles, thus writes to Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna: "Let not the widows be neglected. Despise not the slaves, neither suffer them to be puffed up; but to the glory of God let them serve with greater diligence, that they may obtain of God a better liberty. Let them not desire that their liberty be purchased or procured for them by the congregation, lest they fall under the slavery of their own passions." Thus it is clearly established from the old and from the new law, in the infancy as well as in the advanced stages of society, in every age and in every clime, that slavery has always existed, and has been approved, and regulated by the laws of God and man. Slavery therefore cannot be immoral in itself, although like other social institutions it may be shamefully abused. We have then clearly demonstrated the propositions at the head of this article:

1. That slavery is coeval with society, and that it originated in the nature of things and the necessities of man.

2. That it is universal, and has existed in all nations and climes.

3. That it is neither prohibited by the moral nor divine law.

There remains to be established the single proposition, that "Christianity alone by its exalting influence and peaceful and gradual operation can abolish slavery among any people, and that its sudden abolition by any other agency, must necessarily be attended with frightful political revulsions, destructive alike to the bond and free." Christianity is the great agent of civilization and refinement; and its action would be far more rapid and effectual, but for the passions and vices of mankind. Its ennobling influences tend to qualify the slave for freedom, and its gentle spirit of brotherly love disposes the master to kindness; and by its quiet and peaceful operation in the course of time, with the full consent of bond and free, when society shall have attained that elevation and refinement which a christian discipline induces, slavery may be abolished without the aid of the enthusiast and fanatic, and without agitation or commotion.

It was the peculiar folly of the philosophers of the last century, to judge every thing by the rigor of abstract rules, without regard to the salutary lessons of experience. Hence Rousseau commences his Social Contract with this startling maxim: "Man is born free, and is everywhere in chains." He certainly does not speak of man's being born free as a *fact*, because in the same sentence, he declares that he is *everywhere* in chains. He must intend to speak of the *right*, and this it will be somewhat difficult to establish in opposition to the *fact*. It is not true, that "man is born free." In all times and in all places, down to the establishment of christianity, slavery has always been considered as a necessary institution in the government and polity of nations, in republics as well as monarchies, and no philosopher or legislator ever dreamed of condemning it, or of assailing it by the spirit of the laws. Aristotle, one of the most profound of the ancient philosophers, has declared that there were men in the early ages of the world who were born slaves. We well know that this doctrine

has maddened the whole school of modern demagogues, but it is easier to denounce than to disprove it. His proposition is sustained by the whole current of history, which is political experience, and is founded in the nature of man, whose action is history. Indeed, slavery was so generally believed to have its origin and foundation in the nature and necessities of man, that the good sense of all mankind perceived it clearly, and until within the latter centuries, it has never been attacked by reason or the laws. The number of freemen in the states of antiquity was much inferior to that of the slaves. When Athens numbered twenty thousand citizens, she had four hundred thousand slaves. When the population of Rome towards the close of the Republic was upwards of a million, there were but two thousand property holders, which alone shows the multitude of slaves. Indeed, among this people a single individual was frequently possessed of many thousand slaves; and their number was so great that the Roman senate refused to prescribe for them a peculiar dress, from an apprehension that it would stimulate the slaves to rebellion by teaching them their strength.

But it is idle to multiply evidences of a fact so apparent and so generally admitted, as that from the earliest ages of the world slavery has prevailed throughout the globe, and has never been condemned by any legislator, human or divine. But at length the divine law appeared upon the earth, and the heart of man became softened and refined to such a degree as to excite the admiration of every impartial observer. Religion by its chaste and holy influence tended gradually to the amelioration of the state of slavery, not by asserting the violated rights of the slave or the injustice of the master, but by the infusion of a spirit of brotherly love and charity. It was reserved for true religion alone to alleviate the burdens of the bondman; for, no other religion, no legislator, no philosopher, had previously attempted this beneficent labor; neither did they pretend to censure the most rigorous servitude. Slavery, under the Jewish dispensation, had been too deeply rooted, and was perhaps too essential for the welfare of the Israelites, to be entirely abolished; and thus we find the Jewish lawgiver, though supported by the whole power of the Deity, laboring not to condemn or to suppress this institution among his people, but to inculcate kindness and mercy. "And if thy brother that dwelleth by thee, be waxen poor, and be sold unto thee, thou shalt not compel him to serve as a bond servant, but as a hired servant, and as a sojourner he shall be with thee, and shall serve thee unto the year of jubilee. And then he shall depart from thee, both he and his children with him; for they are my servants, which I brought forth out of the land of Egypt: they shall not be sold as bondmen. Thou shalt not rule over him with rigor, but shalt fear thy God. Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever." We have referred to this passage of *Leviticus*, not only to exhibit the kindly solicitude of religion to ameliorate the condition of servitude among the Jews—among whom servants were treated more benignantly than by any other people of the olden time—but for the

further purpose of proving the existence of unqualified slavery among the earliest people of which we have authentic history, and of its express sanction and approval by the Deity himself. "Both thy bondmen and bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; and ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever." But christianity, which is governed by a divine spirit, is therefore temperate in its agency; and all its wholesome operations of every kind are gentle and insensible. And wherever we find, either in relation to the abolition of slavery or any other subject, turbulence, violence, impetuosity or vehemence, we may feel well assured that it is the work of crime or folly. Subordination is essentially necessary for the maintenance of any form of government. The popular will must be controlled, under arbitrary governments, by the strong arm of unbridled authority, and in free institutions by the intelligence and virtue of the people themselves. To emancipate suddenly a large body of slaves among any people, before those slaves are duly qualified to receive the boon—to surrender them up to the guidance of their unrestrained will, without any salutary check—is the most fatal blow which can be aimed at the institutions of such a nation. If they are to be no longer restrained by authority, there must be some substitute to control them. Religion alone can either qualify them for freedom, or restrain them in the exercise of its estimable privileges. But the agency of religion is slow and imperceptible; it does not assert any right of freedom in the slave or act upon him alone, but its holy influence pervades every class of society; it elevates the bondman to the dignity of his nature; it refines the master, and by an insensible operation it effects a wholesome fraternity of rights, privileges and immunities. But to effect this desirable end, christianity must be left to its own celestial agency, to its own heavenly guidance. When men attempt to wield this supernatural agent, they transcend their privilege, and the effects which they produce are the fruits of fanaticism. We have already seen that christianity, in its efforts to ameliorate the condition of subject classes, commenced by a wholesome reformation of the state of marriage, which is the most important branch of domestic servitude. Slavery is the grossest and most absolute state of servitude, but it is not the only one. Predial and domestic servitude have always accompanied unqualified servitude, or slavery; and the former conditions have been the stepping stones, by which the slave has advanced in many nations to a paternity of freedom. Among the ancient Romans, the class of freedmen was the link which connected citizenship with servitude, and the gentle influence of literature and science not unfrequently elevated the slave to the rights of qualified citizenship. Many of the honors of the republic were accessible to the freedman, and he had a deep interest in the welfare of the government and the perpetuity of its institutions. So among the Hebrews; the servants, as contra-distinguished from the bondmen, were restored to all their civil rights in the year of the jubilee, and the great lawgiver of this people passed many ordinances for the protection of this branch of servitude. Thus science among the Romans, and religion among the Jews, instead of violent efforts to lift the slave at

once to freedom, from a state of abject servitude, before he was properly qualified to exercise the high privileges of this new station, directed their whole attention to the protection and regulation of those middle states of qualified or limited servitude, which were the only avenues to a peaceful and orderly enjoyment of the rights of citizenship. These middle states were a school of improvement and reformation; they were a form of probation—a civil, political, and moral noviciate—in which the candidates for admission to the privileges of citizenship were cautiously and slowly prepared for the higher order to which they aspired. Thus under the rigor of the feudal system the lower classes were originally serfs, attached to and transferable with the dominion of the soil. But as christianity shed its benign influence over this people, elevating the slave and refining and softening the master, these abject slaves became first predial servants, and gradually by the commutation of services, were raised to the condition of tenants of the soil. But the most sedulous efforts of christianity have constantly been directed to that state of domestic servitude in which man is most deeply interested, and which exercises the most direct influence on his morals and happiness. It is for the "devout female sex," as they are affectionately termed in the liturgy of the church, that christianity has expressed its deepest solicitude. And the inordinate authority of man over woman, or the undue subjection of the female to the male, tends to the debasement of the morals of each. Woman, even when invested with the plenitude of her rights, and when mistress of her own actions, is but too often the feeble victim of the seducements which surround her. How utterly helpless, therefore, is she when her will is not her own! The very idea of resistance vanishes, vice becomes a duty, and man, gradually debased by the facility with which his irregular appetites are indulged, is plunged into Asiatic luxury. It is unnecessary to direct the attention of the reader to the degradation of the female sex in India, or among barbarous nations; the fact is clearly established, that every where, in all nations, and among all people beyond the pale of christianity, woman is deplorably debased. Woman, whose influence over the heart of man is resistless, whenever she is corrupted or debased, revisits her corruption upon man, and thus this pervading influence of the sexes over each other, by a species of mutual contamination, moves from generation to generation in one "vicious circle," from which they can only be delivered by the supernatural and refining agency of christianity. Hence the simplest and most efficacious means of reforming man, is to exalt and to ennoble woman. Behold the wisdom of this divine institution! It acts first upon woman, because from the gentleness and tractability of her nature, she is more susceptible of the influences of this law of purity and love. And when she is thus regenerated, who shall declare the extent of her chastening influence over the sons of the children of men? Under the elevating and benign influences of christianity, she proceeds to subdue, to reform, to elevate, to ennoble, and to perfect every thing around her; and by this supernatural power, she so softens the affections and refines the feelings of the lords of creation, as to dispose them to ameliorate the condition of classes of his fellow beings still more abject. Thus christianity, by commencing with the most

moderate condition of servitude, gradually and peacefully prepares the way for the elevation of the slave. It is only by means of the spirit of charity and good will, which christianity infuses into the heart of man, that slavery can be abolished in any country. But she must be left to her own supernatural agency—to her own heavenly guidance—to her own orderly procession; commencing her amiable work with woman, the least depressed and most influential branch of domestic servitude, and gradually and imperceptibly approaching to unfetter the slave.

Let us recapitulate. Slavery cannot be opposed to the LAW OF MORALS, because it has existed in all ages; because it has been instituted, regulated, and approved in many instances by the Author of nature and morals; because He who came to perfect the old law and the moral code has never condemned it; because it prevailed in its most odious forms under the Grecian and Roman republics, and has never been censured by any of their philosophers, sages, or lawgivers; because the Patriarchs possessed slaves, and were never rebuked on that account; because Moses, although sustained by the power and wisdom of the Deity in framing the Jewish law, did not attempt to abolish, but contented himself with ameliorating the condition of slavery; because the immediate disciples of our Saviour have exhorted the slaves not to be too anxious for their freedom, and have advised the congregations of the faithful not to be solicitous for the purchase of the liberty of the slaves, lest perchance they should fall under the dominion of their sinful passions; because from the institution of man to the introduction of christianity, from the advent of the Redeemer to the present day, slavery has always existed; because slavery had its origin in the very nature of man, in the very nature of things, and cannot be in opposition to natural right; because it was ordained, regulated, and approved in the Old and in the New Testament by the God of NATURE himself.

Perhaps it would be well to close this article here; but let us not despise the prejudices of the infidel and the philosopher, but patiently inquire whether their complaints of this violation of the *natural rights* of man have any foundation. It is somewhat strange, that the world should have acquiesced in this state of slavery for six thousand years, and that it should have been reserved for these latter ages of presumptuous man, to discover that God had instituted, and the Saviour and his disciples had approved, this stupendous fraud upon the natural rights of man. It is stranger still, that the objections should be urged by the infidel, who strikes at the very roots of revealed religion, and by the revolutionist, who, reeling with the drunken inspiration of liberty and equality, aims at the subversion of all established institutions. And it is yet more strange, that the whole theory of crime and folly, which was born of the French revolution, and whose excesses we hoped had been expiated by the torrents of blood with which they had been stained, should in this age, and in this country, be revived and sustained by many of the Northern and Eastern clergy. While this destructive principle approached us in the form of Revolution and Infidelity, the apparition was too horrible to be favorably received; but when it approaches under the garb of Religion, it is high time to examine the claims of these supersanctified pretenders, who, transcending the morality of the scriptures, would

be more MORAL THAN GOD, MORE RELIGIOUS THAN CHRIST!—But let us examine their complaints about the violation of the natural rights of man. The first want of man is life and subsistence. If to obtain these he finds it necessary to renounce his freedom, we are at a loss to conceive how this can be a crime. If a master cannot without ruin to himself, protect the life, or obtain support for the servant, except on condition of perpetual service, we cannot see the injustice of requiring it, nor how a convention of this kind offends the natural rights of man. While the families of men were roving and pastoral, and before the institution of civil society, a slave could not change his master without expatriating himself, nor could a master liberate his slaves without ruin to his family. Slavery was therefore one of those domestic institutions which sprung from the necessities—from the nature and condition of society in its infancy; but it was alleviated by the protection and sustenance which that society afforded. It is said, that contracts of servitude were void for want of consideration; thus committing the common error of regulating these primitive conventions by the artificial rules of modern contracts. But, if an individual be unable to obtain the first wants of nature—that sustenance which is necessary to preserve life itself without renouncing his freedom—surely there is a consideration founded in nature and necessity. And indeed the condition of the slave in the primitive ages was not so utterly debased or hopeless as many have imagined, and the avenues to freedom have never been closed upon him in any age. A slave might, in certain cases, inherit the whole property and dominion of his master. "And Abram said, Lord, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus? And Abram said, behold to me thou hast given no seed; and lo one born in my house is mine heir. And the Lord said, this man shall not be thine heir; but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels, shall be thine heir." Civil liberty has only become this inestimable benefit, since it has been protected and regulated by law, and since the means and facilities of subsistence have been infinitely multiplied. Before that happy period, liberty, so far from being a blessing, was a positive evil, unless accompanied with the means of subsistence, servants, and flocks, and herds, and pastures. It is absurd to maintain, that without these means and appliances, domestic or predial slavery was a violation of natural right. And this necessary condition was alleviated by all the feelings of humanity. Holy Job declares that he never failed to render justice to his servants. "If I did despise the cause of my man servant or of my maid servant when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? And when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb make him? and did not One fashion us in the womb?" Here the just man justifies slavery before God, and inculcates mercy and justice in his government. Moses framed the civil and natural polity of the Hebrew people, and the whole spirit of his code tended to humanize and polish this cruel and stiff-necked generation. Now we know, that whatever changes for the better have been made in the mode of warfare in later times, in his age it was a war of extermination. Was it cruelty or mercy in this great lawgiver to spare the lives of his captives, and reduce them to slavery? And even in our own days, if we were at war with an enemy that gave no

quarter, would not retributive justice, would not the law of retaliation impel us to revisit his cruelty upon himself? And if instead of bloody reprisals, we should elect to reduce them to captivity, would they have any just cause of complaint? Reason and religion teach us the obligation of treating slaves with humanity, and to ameliorate their condition as far as is compatible with the maintenance of discipline. This is what has been done by the law of Moses and by the law of the New Testament, and this is what has been inculcated by the most humane and wisest of the philosophers of antiquity. Placed at the head of a nation which went forth to conquer sword in hand, in the midst of a people among whom slavery was an established institution, in a state of society in which there was no liberty but for those who had dominion over the land, Moses could not abolish slavery, but he enacted salutary laws for the merciful exercise of the power it conferred. In the twenty-first chapter of Exodus, and in the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, we find the amelioration of the condition of slaves among the Hebrew people. Now it is apparent, that under the influence of religion, slavery was much less rigorous and less liable to abuse among the chosen of God, than among any other people known to us; and the texts, to which we have referred, clearly indicate not only the lawfulness and morality of this condition of a portion of the human family, but also prove that the immediate abolition of slavery is neither required by the sanctions of religion, nor the principles of a well ordered philanthropy. Armed with the authority of Moses, what more would have been done by those philosophists and avengers of the natural rights of man, who in their misguided zeal, would subvert the wisest regulations, and reform the institutions ordained by the God of nature himself? It is absurd to declaim against slavery, as it existed in the olden time, upon those notions of liberty which prevail at the present day, for this liberty had no existence previous to the introduction of christianity. And how ridiculous is it, to have required of Moses to establish among the Jews a species of freedom, which was directly opposed to the physical and moral condition of the age in which he lived! We turn in vain to the refined and polished nations of antiquity, to the institutions of Greece and Rome, for those merciful regulations of slavery which were prescribed to the Hebrew people.

Our northern brethren attribute much of the principle of slavery in the southern states, and of the opposition to emancipation, to the prejudice of color. It must be admitted, that the color of the African presents an insuperable obstacle to his emancipation and admission to the fraternity of social and political rights. The African can never blend with the Anglo-Saxon, until the Anglo-Saxon be debased to a level with the slave. But let us be careful how we magnify this difficulty, and attribute to it effects springing from other causes. At Athens, the freedmen were called bastard citizens; and both the Athenians and the Romans would have considered themselves dishonored by eating at the same table with their slaves. To admit them to the rights of hospitality, they were compelled to manumit them. There were but three days in the year in which the ancient Romans recognized the modern doctrine of fraternity, liberty, and equality; there were but three days during which the infidels, and agitators, and disorganizers of the last and of the present century could have desired to behold. For, it

was only during the festival of the Saturnalia, when reason was silent, and when revelry, riot and debauchery prevailed, that the order of society was disturbed, and the slave was admitted to all the privileges of the freeman. But if these ancient people would have held themselves dishonored by mingling upon terms of equality in social intercourse with their slaves, then a similar repugnance in the people of the southern states must spring from the very nature of slavery, and must be more deeply seated than in the prejudice of color, though this latter cause may render the feeling more invincible.

NEW VIEW OF THE TIDES.

We see and we acknowledge the vast improvements which have been made in the arts and sciences within the last half century. In these improvements the Americans have signally participated; and can it be now said, with any degree of propriety, that any one has reached the limit beyond which none can penetrate into the fields of improvement and discovery? Or, that all that can be known, is known?

But the cause of the Tides is now the question. I will, however, here make a short reply to an objection made to my "Views of the Solar System." The objection comes from a distinguished source—a *professor of mathematics*. He says, "your views cannot be correct, as no possible velocity of the sun can be made to correspond with the *different velocities of the planets*." This is very true, if the velocities given to the planets by the European mathematicians are to be made the test. But these velocities my views reject. We see that the velocity of Jupiter's moons corresponds exactly with the velocity of their primary, and so it is with the planets in relation to the sun. Suppose we had an additional moon, could either have a greater velocity than the other? The inner moon, in consequence of the *greater contraction of its orbit*, would make more revolutions round the earth than the outer one, and would *appear* to move faster, (like the inner planets,) but it would make no greater progress than its associate. The progress of the earth would limit the progress of both. This is so evidently true, that I felt some surprise that any one would attempt to accommodate the heretofore supposed different velocities of the planets to any given velocity of the sun. The sun limits the velocity of the planets, precisely as Jupiter limits the velocity of his moons. Some notice of the heavenly bodies has existed for thousands of years, and much of the phenomena has been recorded, and there has been no variation in the bearing of the solar system during that time—Mercury performing his hundred periods, while Saturn performs one,—and they are now in the same relative situation they were at least 3000 years ago. The *progressive* motion of the sun at once settles the question as to the different velocities given the planets. But independently of this, if we even suppose the sun a stationary body, it can be demonstrated from their *times*, that no one of them has a greater velocity than another. As to this question, a travelling sun, or a stationary sun, it makes no difference at all. They all pass and repass the orbit of their primary, as our moon passes and repasses the orbit of the Earth, and all describing orbits concave to the

centre, perhaps, of the universe, just as our moon describes an orbit concave to the sun. This description of orbit excludes the whole idea of centripetal and centrifugal forces, as now applied to the planets and their satellites. The planets move faster than the sun, the satellites faster than their primaries—all being electro-magnetically bound together. The sun throws off the planets, and the planets their satellites, as one magnet throws off another. This resistance between the sun and the earth, and the earth and moon, gives rise or rather produces that phenomenon we call the *Tides*. When we observe one magnet throw off another, we see that there is resistance, and that it is evidently *pressure* that produces the effect. Now the *pressure* of the moon upon the surface of this globe is less, as the moon moves from her conjunction to her opposition, and greater as she moves from her opposition to her conjunction. Any one acquainted with the true nature of the moon's path, will see at once the reason of this difference. As the moon moves in the rear of the earth, from her change to her full, she is in fact following the earth; but as she moves from the full to the change, she is forced ahead of the earth, and both moving to the same point in the heavens; the earth here drives the moon out of her way, and of course, the resistance will be increased, and hence the tides will rise higher than they do, when the moon is following the earth from conjunction to opposition. It is the motion of the sun that gives ellipticity to the orbits of the planets, precisely in the same way that the motion of the earth gives ellipticity to the orbit of the moon. The sun drives the planets out of his way, just as the moon is driven out of the way of the earth. This not only increases the resistance; it also brings them nearer together through the elasticity of their respective electro-magnetic spheres. The little system which we recognise in Jupiter and his moons, when fully understood, must be our guide as to the mechanism of all other systems, whether great or small. A diagram representing truly the orbit of Jupiter, and the paths of his moons round him, will be, in miniature, a perfect representation of all the systems in the universe. No one sun, no one planet, nor satellite, ever describes an orbit which returns into itself. They all describe orbits concave to the grand centre of the whole.

As to the story of the apple falling from the tree to the earth, no just inferences could have been drawn from that phenomenon, until it was shown that the moon existed under the same circumstances in relation to the earth as did the apple. We see that the moon has been acted upon by some agent which has given her sphericity, and we also see that she is not altogether undisturbed in her path. We see further, that this disturbance must be the result of action and reaction, and just such an action and re-action as we observe in the electro-magnetic phenomena.

It will be admitted, that our circle of atmospheric air closely invests and equally presses the whole surface of this globe, and that this air, when in motion, raises tides as well as the moon. But can it raise tides without rendering the *pressure* upon the convex surface of the ocean *unequal*? The winds do not *attract* the water. Now, the moon raises tides in the same way that the winds do—by depressing the convex surface of the water under her—and it is well known, that water will yield to the slightest impulse, and of course, they will swell up on each side of her, north and south,

and parallel with her path. (The reader will here understand, that it is the rotary motion of the earth from west to east, that gives to the moon the appearance of moving from east to west.) Those who are acquainted with the sphericity of the earth and waters, with very little reflection, will see that such swellings or elevations of the water on each side of the moon, cannot be produced but by their depression and displacement under the moon. The whole of the phenomena, the results of the moon's action upon the convex surface of the water, enters directly into the demonstration of this one fact, that the moon does *depress* the convexity of the water under her.

It is universally admitted—it is indeed admitted in the European theory of the tides—that wherever the moon is vertical to the oceanic waters, they are *depressed*, and it is there low water, and high water every where else. The far-famed French mathematician (La Place) discovered, that when the moon is in her position south of the equator, the water rises higher in *northern latitudes*; and when the moon is north of the equator, the water rises higher in *southern latitudes*. He supposed Brest, in France, to be the best position on the globe for observing the true nature and the true cause of the tides. Then it may be presumed, that he made this discovery at that place. He knew also, that when the moon is vertical to the western coasts of Europe and Africa, it is all along these coasts low water; and that when the moon has passed on fifteen or twenty degrees over the Atlantic, then the water rises on these coasts, and plainly, because the moon had *pressed down* the convex surface of the water, and drove it north and south of her position; but as she passed on, the water regained its convex level, and of course, it was again elevated upon these coasts under the pressure, I will here say, of our circle of atmospheric air. Then La Place, as a reasoning man, and as a philosopher, ought to have given these facts their true bearing upon the tidal phenomena. But this he could not do, because it would have overthrown at once almost all that he had written concerning gravitation and the mechanism of the heavens.

The European *attractionists* say, the moon *draws up* the water under her; but a little reflection would have convinced them that such a *supposed drawing up* of the water, would, if true, have been destructive of one of their leading principles. They say their *attraction* diminishes as the distance increases; and to say that the moon draws up the water of our globe, is to give to the moon a greater power over our oceans than they give to the earth itself. Some of them say the water directly under the moon *falls* toward the moon, and this they call gravitation; and that the water in the opposite hemisphere recedes from the moon, her attraction being less in that hemisphere. But to clear away these opposing facts to the truth of their theory, they say the water does not rise immediately under the moon, it requiring some time for the action of their *attraction* and *gravitation*—and, therefore, the water rises after the moon has passed, and then follows the moon from east to west, regardless of the fact, that upon their own shores, and of which they had ocular demonstration, the water was flowing *from* the moon, and not *towards* the moon. The truth is, the moon influences the water in the same way that a ship does. The ship gives an impulse to the water as she advances, and it is elevated in front and on each side of her; and

as she progresses, the water in her rear closes in and regains its convexity. Now, when the moon depresses the convex surface of the water of the Atlantic, the swell will be in the Pacific; and when it depresses the Pacific, the swell will be in the Atlantic; and really there is but one tide each day. But our continents obstruct the flow of the water from east to west, and this circumstance gives us the appearance of two tides in the twenty-four hours, when in fact, there would be otherwise but one tide and one ebb in the same time. This appearance has no doubt greatly misled the philosopher in his researches concerning the true nature of the tides.

If we pass on to the western coasts of America, we shall there find the same phenomena as exist on the western coasts of Europe. When the moon is over this coast it is also low water, and does not begin to rise until she has passed fifteen or twenty degrees over the Pacific, and there rises on each side of her, flowing northward and southward, and which is proved by the fact, that the water now runs through the straits of Magellan into the Atlantic, and through the straits of Bhering, so as to reach the mouth of the Copper Mine river, as reported by that veteran traveller, Hearne, I think. Here the tide or high water is kept up for twelve hours, and in the straits of Magellan they have high stationary water for six hours, independent of the flux and reflux, first from the Atlantic and then from the Pacific, according as the moon is over the one or the other. When the moon is over the Atlantic, the water runs for three hours through these straits into the Pacific, and when over the Pacific it runs through them three hours from the Pacific into the Atlantic, and then remains six hours high stationary water. Now I ask is it possible, that if the moon *draws up the water under her*, that she can thus produce and sustain the phenomena which takes place at these two positions on the globe, as she passes over the Pacific ocean? Then, as she approaches the eastern coasts of Africa and Asia, the tide rises very high on these coasts, particularly at Babelmandel. Then the highest rise of the water on these coasts must be at least six hours before the arrival of the moon, as wherever the moon is vertical to any place, it is invariably low water. Here then we have full demonstration, that the moon not only elevates the water on both sides of her, but elevates it also before her; and, from the high tide in the bay of Panama, she must drive the water back as she passes on; and when the water ebbs at Panama, it will rise at Babelmandel—the moon being, I may here say, ninety degrees from each place. But as the moon approaches the meridian of Babelmandel, the water will fall there, but continues its elevation on each side, as at Tonquin, and in the straits between Madagascar and the African continent. The tide continuing so long up at Tonquin, gave rise to the notion, very strangely indeed, that two tides met at that place. As to the idea of the moon drawing up the water under her, or drawing it after her, it is difficult to conceive the source or phenomenon from which such an idea could have been derived. I cannot discover in the whole of the oceanic phenomena, as given to us in any theory of the tides, a single fact that would justify it, or give the slightest support to such an idea.

But with the tides are connected the winds, or rather the motion of the tropical portion of our atmospheric air, with the current of the tropical waters from east to west. Then, as the fact has been stated, and which

is admitted, that when the moon has passed the western coasts of America, the water rises on these coasts—the moon evidently driving the water from her position eastward, and it being intercepted by the land, will rise high on these coasts. But the moon having passed on ninety degrees, the water recedes from this coast, moving westward, as though following the moon; the pressure of the moon being removed, the water now regains its natural convexity. It is very evident, then, that this receding of the water, following the moon from east to west, will be continued very uniformly until the moon has passed entirely over the Pacific; and the same state of things will exist, as the moon passes over the Atlantic. The convex surface of our elastic circle of atmospheric air, will be depressed in the same way, and with the same effects as is the convex surface of the water—the elasticity of the one and the non-elasticity of the other, constituting the difference as to effect and appearance. There will, therefore, be a current of air similar to that of the water, following the moon from east to west—and but a very few rotations of the earth, under the *pressing* influence of the moon, would give a steady permanency to both currents. But the heat generated by the action of the sun upon the continents, which increases the elasticity of the air, will interrupt the aerial current, and produce adverse movements. No degree of heat less than *steaming* will affect the water; but a small degree of heat will greatly affect atmospheric air, and produce effects not readily calculable. Instead of the water following the moon, as taught in the books, it is regaining its convexity under the equal and direct pressure of our sphere of elastic air, which convexity had been broken down by the pressure of the moon. Hence the moon drives the water to the east of her position, as seen on the western coasts of America; and she drives the water also to the west, as is shown on the eastern coasts of Asia and Africa; and when her influence is removed, the regular pressure of the air forces it into its natural convex figure, and this action or pressure of the air will continue round the globe, driving the water after the moon—and hence the currents of air and water westward, as noticed by navigators.

We know of no other agents having direct action or pressure upon this globe, except those bands of elastic matter by which it is evidently invested, and the moon which attends it. The influence of the sun belongs to other considerations, which are not now to be noticed. The moon breaks down and displaces the water under her, and when that greater force or pressure is removed, the pressure of the air again gives to it its natural sphericity. These are the only agents engaged in producing the phenomena we call the tides; and that they are abundantly adequate to produce the phenomena, there can be no doubt. Then admit that the moon does actually press upon and displace the water under her, does it not follow that something more than a depression of the water's surface would result? Can any thing be more reasonably expected, than that the rotation or axillary motion of the earth, so pressed upon, would succeed to such a pressure? And can any other reason be given, why the earth should have such a rotatory motion, as we know she has, and the moon not? It is said, that neither of Jupiter's moons has axillary motion; and they certainly have been revolving round their primary long enough to have acquired it, if it could be acquired without such a pres-

sure as the earth receives from her attendant. The more rapid motion of the moon must necessarily throw the pressing force invariably upon the eastern section of the earth, and she must revolve in the direction of that force, from west to east. This, a slight knowledge of their orbits and different velocities, will be sufficient to test the facts, and without my prosecuting the inquiry any further at this time. I will, therefore, only now remark, that some astronomers say Venus revolves on her axis once in 24 days, and others once in 24 hours; but Herschel says, he could not discover that she had any rotatory motion at all—This is no doubt the truth of the case; for, if she has no moon to give her rotation, she will revolve as the moon does, and during one-half of her period one side will be involved in darkness, and the other half, the other side, will be subjected to the full blaze of the sun. But to show the entire insufficiency of our astronomers' *gravitations and attractions* to produce such effects, belongs to another place and to another time.

The Copernican scheme or system, as it has been delineated, explained and defended, has greatly misled the scientific as to its mechanism, and the mechanism of all other systems throughout creation. It has been treated as an *insulated system—the sun a stationary body*. Down to the time of Dr. Wilson of Glasgow, Scotland, there appears to have been not even a hint that the sun might be a *progressive body*. The astronomers preceding this period seem to have been exclusively engaged in hunting up forces suited to the orbits of their planets *round a stationary sun*; and when they supposed they had found such forces, then they were principally employed in defending them against those who could not understand the *modus* of the action of such forces, until finally it was agreed that the system itself was perfectly understood, and their forces infallibly demonstrated to be the true forces, and the only forces which could sustain and perpetuate such a system as they imagined to exist; for the system, as taught by Copernicus, was not the true system as it existed and as it passed from the hands of its Creator. They had the system of Jupiter and his satellites before them, though they seem to have taken no account whatever of the nature of the orbits these satellites described round their primary. If they had put a proper estimate upon the phenomena fully presented by Jupiter and his retinue of little worlds, they would certainly have discovered, that if their forces were suited to bodies revolving round a *stationary sun* or centre, they could not be suited to bodies revolving round the *progressing* Jupiter, or our *progressing* Earth. Now, as to such forces as our astronomers have applied to orbits round a *stationary body* returning into themselves, it is very evident from their own calculations and demonstrations, that they are suited only to such orbits; then there being no such stationary body, and of course no such orbits in creation to which they could be applied, such a stationary sun, and such orbits, could have existed only in their own imaginations. The mechanism of Jupiter's little system gives us, as I have before remarked, a conclusive idea of the mechanism, not only of the greater system of our sun, but of all the systems composing the universe; and a little reflection will serve to convince us, that if there had been no matter in a state of elasticity, there never could have been any *motion* regularly established. Our own motions depend upon the elasticity of our own muscular system. The very disturbances or per-

turbations of the planets in their paths, show conclusively that they are influenced by matter in a state of high elasticity, as no planet can disturb its own motion, unless it had a mind and muscles through which to effect it, and also a system of nerves for the transmission of its will. The same instrumentality by which the planets are moved in their paths, gives rise to that disturbance which has been observed by the practical astronomer, when an inner planet passes an outer one. This disturbance is produced by the interference of their electro-magnetic spheres.

When La Place had ascertained the fact, that as the moon passed over the Atlantic, it was low water under her, and the swell was on each side of her, north and south, and the farther from the moon the greater the swell, is it not a little strange that he should have come to the conclusion that the moon was *drawing up* the water towards herself? Now, whether I shall finally be found either right or wrong, I shall endeavor to ~~write up~~ American philosophers from the bewildering effects of the opiates administered to the scientific world by the mathematicians of the last century.

It is evident, it cannot be questioned, that Jupiter's moons describe orbits round their primary, invariably concave to the sun, and it is equally evident the phenomena demonstrate it, and equally so do the intuitive recognitions of the mind, that the planets describe the same kind of orbits, and equally concave to some more distant centre, around which the sun himself is describing a similar orbit. Now, the only difficulty which lies in the way of ascertaining the true distance of each planet from the sun, consists in ascertaining the true distance of the moon from the earth, or the diameter of our rotating planet, including its band of elastic matter rotating with it—the planet occupying the centre of this revolutionary band, and which acts directly upon the planet, and not the planet upon it. This elastic sphere of matter carries the planet in its course as it revolves round itself and round the sun, describing just such an orbit as the moon describes round the earth. I know I am treading on unbeat ground; but that is far from being a sufficient reason why I should not proceed. Pioneers are as necessary in science, as they are in opening and levelling roads. It is true I am but a volunteer, and that too without any authority whatever from those who might, in the opinion of some, be considered as constituting a legitimate authoritative source. It is said the planets are "*deflected* towards the sun, and the moons towards their primaries;" but to show how they are *reflected*, if I may use the word, and kept at their appropriate distances, is now the question. The *projection* of the mathematicians will not do—that would have thrown them all together, and we should have had a "*crush of worlds*" the first revolution that was made by the planets and their satellites.

WRITERS.

The thoughts of many writers remind one of dances—they are extremely well dressed, but then they have the slight misfortune to be brainless.

Hesperian.

BENEVOLENCE AND MODESTY.

AN ESSAY.

By the author of "Adventures of a Bachelor."

A modest, benevolent face may be compared to a cupboard without a lock—a repository for speculation, invitingly open to every greedy cormorant, and as little respected when rifled of its contents, as a swine trough, into which the animal's snout is thrust at first, but as the contents diminish, the whole of its body is inserted. A modest man should always be poor; if, for no other reason, only to disappoint the ravenous sharks who know not the virtue. A mild, open countenance may also be compared to a ripe pear, hanging over the highway, a mark for the slings of every passer, and exposed to all the ill winds that blow. Pie upon it! we are taught to cherish it, and find too late that we have nourished a viper. It might be a valuable virtue, if all, or even a respectable portion of mankind harbored it: so would there be no necessity of closing our doors at night if all men were honest. These reflections were engendered one fine sabbath morning after setting out for church. It was a most lovely day in autumn, inspiring, even in the city: there had been one or two frosts, that paled the leaves on the lindens before the door, and now the sun shone out clear, mild and invigorating. It was natural for a complaisant smile to rest on my lips, as I descended the snow-white steps of my boarding house, and joined the throng of pedestrians, which increased in numbers as we approached the vicinity of the time-honored edifice. The aged man tottered along the same walk he had traversed in childhood; and the young and joyful wended the same road, whilst few of them, it may be, entertained many thoughts of death and the grave hard by. Near one of the fluted columns of the splendid granite "temple of the Lord," seated on the cold steps, with a crutch in one hand and a rusty wool hat in the other, was stationed a cadaverous old beggar. Now, thought I, will be practised the holy charity, on the threshold of the holy house, where the holy precept is taught. As the crowd swept in I found myself standing before the mendicant.

"Well, my good man," said I, "you have doubtless reaped a full harvest, this delightful morning."

"Behold," said he, "my treasure." I looked in, and found only some half dozen coppers. "But you," continued he, holding up the hat, "have the right kind of face, and the moment I saw you I knew my little store would be increased." I am sure it was a natural impulse, and not his practiced flattery, that induced me to contribute, for my pocket was already delivered of its little mite, set apart for the church, before he was half done speaking.

"Heaven bless your generous countenance!" continued the old man, looking me steadily in the eye, "it will be a treasure for you in heaven, but on earth you will find it a curse, and I would advise you to dispense with it as quick as possible." Struck with the singularity of his remark, I was rivetted to the spot in astonishment.

"Why should you form this conclusion, and tender such advice, my friend?" I inquired.

"Were this a fitting place I would tell you; and if you really wish to hear me, you can do so by accompa-

nying me to one of my haunts. I will soon be compelled to leave here."

"I will go with you," said I, "and substitute your lessons for the sermon. But what will *compel* you to leave here?" Just then my remarks were abruptly broken off by the intrusion of a red faced gentleman, who, with an air of uncommon importance, placed his foot under the mendicant, and forced him to rise.

"Stop! you impudent scoundrel!" said I, interfering, on recognising the intruder to be the sexton.

"Never mind," said the beggar, laughing, "I am willing to exchange this stand for any other, as far as profit is concerned." And when the old fellow hobbled off, I followed him.

"Now," said my companion, when we were ensconced under an awning on the wharf, where an old woman, whom he informed me was deaf and dumb, kept cakes and apples for sale, sat dosing by, "I will tell you why you should dispense with your generous and modest face. Genuine modesty comprehends more than mere inoffensive diffidence: it is the radiant *plus ultra* of nature's alchemy, formed of all the most valuable particles of the soul, and consequently only fit for heaven."

"My dear sir," said I, "you put it all to the blush! You tell me to my face that I possess this rare compound."

"I do say it," he replied, "and instead of a grateful blush, a tear of regret would be more appropriate, unless you retire from the world and live a hermit's life. You would then be beyond the influence of the vices of the world, and, instead of having your virtues preyed upon by the vicious, you might enjoy the treasure which God has endowed you with in peace. Vice and virtue are antagonist qualities, and as there is ten-fold more of the former on the earth, so when they come in contact the victory is to numbers: therefore it is wisdom to keep them asunder, or if they must mingle, it is prudence to dispense with the semblance of the latter, as a soldier does the badge of his country, when surrounded by the enemy."

"This is most extraordinary!" I exclaimed.

"I am perfectly aware of that," replied my companion; "and, if you will give me your attention, I will briefly relate some of the incidents of my life." Unhesitatingly assenting, and signifying great curiosity to know his history, he threw aside his crutch, and leaning back against a keg on which I was desired to sit, he thus began:

"I was the only child of humble parents, who lived by keeping a small flower garden near the city. I was sent to school when very young, and was distinguished for my learning and bashfulness. At the age of thirteen I was left an orphan—both my parents dying the same day; being swept off by an epidemic. I was now the inheritor of a few hundred dollars, and might have continued my father's business successfully, had it not been for my constitutional infirmity, *modesty*, which ever prevented me from bustling with my fellow men and pushing my fortune. I hired myself to a neighboring gardener, and for several years led a contented life: but the fairest flower, the one with which I was most delighted, was the gentle Rosa, my employer's daughter. Long I loved her; and the passion was mutual. She delighted to descant in my presence on the various sig-

nifications of the plants—and, at parting, she would pin on my breast the one which was the badge of love and constancy. Yet the curse of timidity hung over me! When the time arrived for me to act, when it became necessary for me to declare my love in words, and solicit her hand, my tongue refused its office, and I construed her silence and coyness into a rejection; and without seeking another interview, I fled to the city. Here, amongst strangers, whom I had not confidence to ask for employment, nor firmness to deny my purse to any, I was soon left destitute. When on the borders of despair, and wishing that some friendly dispensation of Providence, would take me from amongst the living, a war was declared, and I gladly shouldered a musket in the defence of my country. In the first conflict, urged more by a reckless desire of death, than impelled by a sense of duty, it was my fortune to distinguish myself, and receive the particular commendations of my officer. But in the next action I was made a cripple for life, fell into the hands of the enemy, and when I awoke from a long delirium I found myself in a hospital in England. They had evidently taken me for one of their own party, of the same name, who, I supposed, had perished in the battle. I told them who and what I was, and soon found myself abandoned, in a strange land, without money, and unable to work for a living. For years I pursued the occupation of a beggar, hoarding up my savings to return to my native land. I now thought of my faint-heartedness, and felt certain that Rosa would gladly have been mine, had I only pressed my suit! Aye, the bitterest sting of modesty is the conviction of calmer moments, that it has been hopelessly ill-timed, and could so easily and profitably have been dispensed with! I called several times on our minister, but paused at the threshold, and never had the heart to see him, even when he had granted an audience. At length a humane captain gave me a passage in the steerage, and when I again set foot on this wharf, I hastened to Rosa's garden, determined to try my fortune once more, even under more unfavorable circumstances than formerly. I saw her from a thicket of shrubbery, culling flowers as usual, but several prattling children were round her, calling to 'mama!' I turned, and fled away.

"I learned that the wounded of the late war were entitled to pensions, and I repaired to the war office to assert my claims. The functionary looked at the list, stared me in the face, and thrust me out, saying *I had been paid* only the week before. In vain were my protestations to the contrary. I was shown my name (it was that of the Englishman!) on the pension list, and was assured that I had regularly received my pay for years! Again I fled back to this city, and pursued the mendicant's occupation. Another had usurped my name, and taken my pay, and I was a bashful outcast—brow-beaten out of my own identity—a victim of MODESTY!

"This, young man, is a portion of my history. My profession has made me a good judge of faces, and I advise you to throw aside your benevolent modesty as soon as possible. To-day I singled you out from hundreds; and, rely upon it, your want of assurance may prove the greatest curse of your life. What have you done to-day? Your yielding disposition has caused you to be guilty of profanity and sacrilege: with the

most laudable purpose you left home; but instead of listening to the pious admonitions of the parson, you are in the company of swearing sailors and drunken ruffians—this is profanity. You put aside a few pennies for the support of christianity, and they are in my hand!" Here my companion laughed and jingled the money in his hand—"And this," he continued, "is sacrilege."

"Snap, you're mad to carry on so, now. Get rid of him." This was spoken by the old deaf and dumb woman. At the same instant my companion ran off, with all the nimbleness imaginable, leaving his crutch behind! I was astounded and stupified. I gave the old hag, who was chuckling at my bewilderment, a hasty glance, and set out in a deep study for my lodgings. "If this be madness, there is method in it!" I involuntarily quoted, when I reached my lodgings and found myself minus a *fine gold watch*! Reader, this was a lesson with a vengeance! Would it not be well to remember it?

L. L.

STANZAS.

FROM A LADY'S PORT-FOLIO.

Oh! ask me not to breathe the strain
Of earlier, happier days;
To strike the long lost lyre again,
To gay and gladsome lays.

For ah! life's beauty and its pride,
Its freshness and its light,
Have fled, and little left beside,
But weariness and blight.

They rise, fond mem'ries of the past!
A bright and hallow'd train;
And sadly o'er my pathway cast
Their shadowy joys again.

But trust them not! Hope's wreaths are bound
Of fading, earthly flowers;
Flowers, that alas! are only found
To bloom in summer bowers.

For winter comes, and o'er their skies
Its storms and tempests roll;—
Their bloom is fled—but canker lies
Deep in the shrined soul.

Then call not thou my spirit back
To these frail things of clay,
To seek again the wonted track
Of pleasure's flowery way.

But let me rather turn from all
That binds my being here,
And bows it 'neath the dreamy thrall
Of time's enslaving sphere—

And seek those never failing streams,
That faith's pure fount supplies;
That hope which o'er us kindly beams,
To light us to the skies.

Then ask me not to breathe the strain
Of earlier, happier days;
To strike the long lost lyre again,
To gay and gladsome lays.

L. L.

LUCILE—A NOVELETTE:

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE CURSE."

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XII.

Poverty is the only burden which grows heavier from being shared with those we love.

Scenes from the German of Jean Paul.

"My faithful one!

What thou hast been to me! This bitter world,
This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice
To greet the heavenly spirit—that drives back
All birds of Eden which would sojourn here
A little while—how have I turned away
From its keen soulless air, and in thy heart,
Found ever the sweetest fountain of response,
To quench my thirst for home!"

In the meantime what had been the fate of Grey and Lucile? Ah, what pen may paint the sufferings of the proud and shrinking spirit reduced to the necessity of struggling with the debasing, wearing cares of extreme poverty? Ill health had been added to the other sufferings which Grey had to encounter: neglected, unappreciated where he had hoped for patronage and support, his spirit was crushed—the pride of genius and talent was bowed to the dust; and he saw no refuge for himself and the gentle being who soothed and comforted him—whose voice spoke of hope, when the shadows of fate appeared to throw their most sombre folds around them—for him, for her, with all her beauty, nobleness, and devoted affection, the grave seemed the only refuge, and at times his soul yearned for repose in the "green and quiet mother earth," which offered the only rest his wearied spirit might hope to attain.

"When I am gone, perhaps her father will again take her to his heart, and in time she will learn to view our past as a hideous dream, linked with memories which sear the heart and blast the promise of youth. If not, she must perish with him whose baleful love destroyed her, and at last our rest will be unbroken by that frightful phantom, want. Oh, God! can it be that I have brought her to this!" and with the excitement of fever his eyes would wander over the miserable apartment they now occupied.

Grey had gradually withdrawn himself from all intercourse with the few acquaintances he possessed—his pride shrank from allowing them to witness the poverty to which he was reduced. The severity of the climate had proved too great for one who had been reared in the tropical regions, and when the second winter of their sojourn in Philadelphia set in, his symptoms grew alarmingly worse. As his health declined, Lucile saw the necessity of making some exertions herself, to obtain the very means of subsistence. It was then that she felt most bitterly how utterly unfitted she was to encounter the difficulties which surrounded her, with a hope of overcoming them. She examined her own resources, and any heart less filled with idolatrous affections for her husband, would have despaired. She had been expensively but superficially educated; she had been taught to do nothing except fine needle-work—in that she excelled, and she fondly hoped to obtain enough to employ every moment of her time that was not devoted to Grey. The winter was verging to its close—their

stock of money was entirely exhausted—the jewels of Lucile were already gone, and in spite of her exertions, they were getting in debt to the people in whose house they lived. Grey continued to paint, even when the languor of disease almost unnerved his hand, and his bending figure appeared unable to support itself; but it was more from the love of his art, than the hope of obtaining any equivalent for his labors.

The faithful Agnes had at the earnest request of Lucile hired herself to an invalid who was about to travel for her health, and in the whole world she appeared to be the only being who had not abandoned her former mistress to her gloomy fate. Lucile was deeply touched by receiving proofs of the continued devotion of the girl, who regularly got her present employer to write to her dear young lady, enclosing the half of her wages, as an equivalent for the loss of her services. For a long time the sums thus sent remained untouched, to be restored to their rightful owner on her return; but necessity at last compelled her to use them, with the determination, that if fortune ever smiled on them again, they should be returned four-fold to her who offered them.

The day was intensely cold;—the snow lay piled up in the streets where it had been shovelled from the pavements. Sidney was shivering over a few embers, while Lucile with a heavy heart was preparing to go out, and the poor girl sighed as she looked on his wasted form, then at the bare floors, and uncurtained windows of their cheerless abode. She thought of their own sunny clime, and contrasted it with the feeble rays of sunshine which struggled through the clouds, and occasionally lighted the desolate apartment. Yet she chid herself for such thoughts—"Rather should I thank Heaven that even this shelter is left to us, and we are not yet homeless in this strange land," she mentally murmured, "Oh, my father! could you see your once adored child now struggling with poverty and want, would you not relent and receive her again?"

Sidney turned and looked at her.

"You are not going out on such a day as this, Lucile? My own love, it is too cold: this freezing wind will chill the current of your life."

"Oh, I do not fear it," said she, with a smile. "I am well and strong, dear Sidney, and this wind only makes me feel how invigorating are the fresh cold breezes of winter."

He shook his head. "Is that a form to brave the blasts of a northern clime? Alas, alas! to what have I brought you, beloved Lucile! Here am I, helpless, powerless, dying, while you thus make a slave of yourself, toiling, suffering for me. Oh God! 'tis too much!" And he clasped his hands over his eyes to conceal the burning tears that fell on his breast.

He felt a fond arm wreathed around his neck, and a gentle hand parting the tangled clusters of hair from his brow. "Sidney, my own—own love! why will you wring my heart by speaking thus? Would I not far rather be here, even as we are—sustaining, comforting you, as I am—than in the proud halls of my father, wedded to him I loved not? Oh, speak not of dying—I cannot bear it—I should then be alone—alone, utterly bereft of all that makes life dear. You are ill now, and melancholy; but spring will soon be here, and its balmy breath will restore you to your wonted health. Speak not of death—separation—"

"Poor—poor girl! can you delude yourself into the belief, that spring will bring with it health to this worn and feeble frame? Could I once more see the home of my childhood, with its bright sky above me, its fresh green earth beneath my tread, methinks this deadly languor that creeps over me daily, would be dispelled. Oh Lucile—Lucile! mine has indeed been the life of the visionary dreamer: my dreams were mere fantasies, but the bitter and stern realities of life are killing me; and I have dragged you from your home to dwell in this wretched place, the partaker of my hapless lot, and, oh, my adored, its only solace: without thee, what would be my fate?"

Lucile was weeping bitterly. All the horrors of her lot were revealed to her! Him she had abandoned her father to wed, was dying before her, a victim to her rashness. Had she remained with her parent, Sidney had not met with such a fate. He would have remained in his adopted land, beloved, assisted by her father; but her consent to become his, had doomed him to die among strangers, and amid the bitter struggles of penury. Yet if her's was the fault, her's also was the punishment; for what were his sufferings to those of her who watched over the fading form, saw the eye each day lose a portion of its fire, the spirit of its elasticity, and yet was denied the privilege of weeping, even when the strong hand of agony was laid on her heart. Her brow must be ever cheerful, her smile ever kind, though they masked a heart "where sorrow had little left to learn." Oh, woman! thine are the triumphs of affection! the loving heart empowers thee to subdue moral as well as physical weakness. Oh! to her would it not have been far easier to die, than watch day by day the tints of life fade from that beloved face: to hear the hollow cough which sounded in her ears as the death knell of hope, and yet falter not in her endeavors to smooth their rugged pathway to him over whose feverish couch she watched and prayed.

She wrote a last appeal to her father, representing the dying state of him she had forsaken all else for; but her heart was steeped in despair when she recalled to mind the time it would take for her letter to reach him, and succor to be vouchsafed to her perishing husband. He needed medical attendance, such as their means could not enable them to procure; and, laying aside all thought of self, or the humiliation of seeking employment from that class to which she had once belonged, she one morning set out with the determination to procure needle-work, if any one could be found who would entrust it to her.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
That glares beneath his dusky cowl:
The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of things gone by. *Byron.*

In the meantime, what had become of the lonely father? Had he in reality cast off the being who had been of his "home the breathing star?" Could he abandon the "sole daughter of his house and heart," without yearning to know what fate had overtaken her? Ah, no! stern, uncompromising though he was, there was in his heart too deep a fund of tenderness for the

creature who had been the sole companion and gentle soother of many weary hours, to suffer him, after the first anger had passed away, to be inaccessible to her appeals, had they ever reached him.

It was the second winter of Lucile's exile from the paternal roof, but it was the mild and delicious winter of a tropical climate. General Montessor was alone in the room which his daughter had been wont to inhabit; and every thing remained just as Lucile had left it. Even the marble vase, which she had filled with fresh roses the evening of her flight, was still there—the faded flowers offering a sad memento to the heart of the father. His brow bore many additional wrinkles, and his hair was white as silver: the outward signs that the proud spirit had not gone through the ordeal unscathed.

He walked up and down the floor with a troubled expression of countenance, then stopping beside a table, on which refreshments were placed, poured wine into a goblet, and quaffed it at a single draught.

"Aye," said he, speaking half aloud, "let me drink—drown thought in the ruby wine, for I have now no other consolation. Forsaken by all—by Heaven, there's not one grain of gratitude in the whole human race: and she, too—my child—my cherished one, to leave me, and seem to forget that her father is in existence! If she had written but once—but one line to say that she desired forgiveness, I might—yes, I might have relented: but she gave her love to another, and all my past tenderness could not keep even one corner of her heart for me. Then there is my precious nephew too—he has shown me of what stuff his soul is made—urging me, day after day, to make my will—the uncertainty of life, forsooth—I may die, and my child at last get all my wealth—well, and who has a better right to it?" His soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Victor.

"A good evening to you, uncle," said he, gaily; "you seem moody. Hast any ill news to day?"

"No, boy—there is no greater cause for moodiness to day, than the old and half-forgotten always have."

Victor turned away with a half audible expression of impatience, but his good nature appeared to overcome it, and when he spoke, it was in a bland and soothing tone.

"Why, my dear sir, will you persist in fancying yourself neglected or forgotten? The duty and affection of a son, I am sure I am always glad to render to you, and if I have seemed neglectful of late, it is because my time is taken up in attending to the estate you have so kindly bestowed on me."

A smile of irony curled the thin lips of the uncle.

"That estate, if I mistake not, joins my lands on one side, and those of Baptiste Moreau on the other; yet, if I am rightly informed, Mr. Victor Montessor finds time to sit many hours each day with the dark-haired daughter of the old Frenchman. Have a care, sir, I tolerate low connexion in my nephew no more than I have done in my daughter. This Moreau was but few years since a barber in Havana, and his daughter is no match for you."

The nephew laughed, as he answered, "Faith, uncle, I am sorry that your prejudices are so violent, as to make you illiberal on some subjects. Beauty and gold are sad levellers, and in truth, the graces of An-

nette Moreau have won my pride to her feet. I could not look on her majestic brow, and fancy myself her superior, despite the accident of birth. She is a quondam barber's daughter—I a spendthrift's son; she has beauty and wealth to bestow—I high birth, and by your munificence, a competence to offer—so I think we're pretty even, and to speak truth, I came this evening to invite you to my wedding."

Victor had expected a storm of passion, but his uncle spoke calmly, yet with much sarcastic emphasis.

"I commend your foresight, nephew. You act on the principle of the old adage, I presume, that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' Well, I cannot blame you, and I am not sorry that I have placed it out of my power to throw you off as I did one who should have been far dearer to me. You are provided for, Victor, and I need scarcely say, that after a marriage, which you knew would be so displeasing to my prejudices, if you will, you need not trouble yourself to call again, as your interest can be no further served by doing so."

And thus they parted. With the facility of a common-place character, in transferring his affections, Victor had been easily won to forget his passion for his cousin, when she was no longer near him; and thinking it better to obtain a fortune by marriage, than depend on the precarious favor of an old man, who had been so severe toward his only child, he wedded the wealthy creole: yet Victor was not deficient in good feeling, and spite of his uncle's prohibition, he still continued to visit him occasionally.

The old man passed the remainder of the winter in loneliness and dejection. His spirit was quite broken by what he considered the desertion of his nephew, and he was only withheld from seeking his daughter by ignorance of her present place of residence. He had no companion but the priest, who irritated rather than consoled him, by his constant allusions to the ingratitude of his daughter and nephew.

One evening, early in the spring, they rode out together. For the first time, the pride of the father permitted him to inquire of the monk, if he had any clue to the residence of his daughter.

"None, whatever," said he promptly. "In being turned from her father's doors, the pride of Miss Montessoro received too deep a stab to be forgotten, or forgiven. She has concealed herself from all her former friends."

General Montessoro checked his horse, and looked around him, and his brow contracted as with a sudden spasm—speaking as if to himself, he said: "What is my wealth to me? I lie down with sorrow pressing on my heart, which drives sleep from my pillow—I rise to drag through another tedious, miserable day, with nothing to look forward to. Yet I deserve not sympathy, for I feel that I have myself banished peace from my heart—sunshine from my home. Father, this hour if I knew what spot of earth held my child, I would be willing to make a pilgrimage barefoot, and beg the morsels that sustained life, could I once more clasp her to my heart in safety."

As the priest listened to the words wrung from the bitterness of his sorrow, there was a sneer on his lip, and a flash of triumph in his eyes, which was instantly changed to an expression of sympathy, when the gaze

of his patron was turned on his face. He was about to reply, when a large snake glided across the pathway, his horse reared and threw him against the body of a tree. He lay motionless, with a stream of blood slowly oozing from his temple.

Dismounting, and calling to the hands in a neighboring field for assistance, General Montessoro had him conveyed to the house, and despatched a messenger for a physician.

It was some hours before consciousness returned: on opening his eyes, and encountering the fixed gaze of his patron, he made an effort to raise himself on his elbow, and motioned to the attendants to leave the room. The physician spoke:

"You must be perfectly quiet, father, or I cannot answer for the consequences."

"Your skill cannot save me," said he in a hollow voice. "I know that I am dying—another sun will never rise for me—and I have that to communicate to General Montessoro which must be told. In the hour of my triumph—long looked for—long hoped—death has struck me: send out the servants, and you, doctor, stay by me to administer such restoratives, as I may need, until my task is finished."

The room was soon cleared, and he then requested the doctor to hand him a letter box, which was beneath the head of the bed. With slow and trembling fingers he raised the lid, and took from it a number of letters, which he held out to General Montessoro, and, sinking back on his pillow, said—"Read them, while I collect my scattered thoughts, and remember what else I have to say."

Montessoro took the letters in silence, for he recognized the writing of his daughter, and he saw that they were addressed to him. The last one in the package, appeared to have been written more than two months: it was the last agonizing appeal of Lucile, written with the belief that Sidney was dying before her,—and every word went as a dagger to his heart. He read it, and approaching the bed of the dying man, and bending his face over him, distorted with anguish, he spoke in tones of such concentrated passion, that even the iron nerves of the priest for an instant quailed—

"Vile—vile wretch! serpent, that I have nourished, that you might sting me to death, where is my child? Have you relieved her wants? or—horrible thought!—has she perished in that strange land, to which my obduracy exiled her? Speak—or I will strangle you as you lie there, too helpless to assist yourself. Why have you acted so base a part toward your benefactor?"

The dark glittering eyes of the priest gleamed with an expression of intense hatred, as he repeated the last word, in a tone so wild and unnatural, that his listeners shrank back with a thrilling sensation of awe.

"Benefactor! ha! ha! ha! yes many and great are the benefits you have conferred on me, and I—God! have I not requited them!" Raising himself with sudden energy, he drew from his bosom a faded miniature, and holding it up, said—

"Gerald Montessoro, do you know this?"

General Montessoro strode a step nearer, and an exclamation escaped his lips. "It is—it is Marion! and you? Good heavens, is it possible!"

"'Tis true," gasped the priest;—"I am he whom

you rivalled—and the desolator of your house. I have not—lived—in vain.”

He sank back exhausted, and the physician hastened to administer a restorative. He presently revived, and motioning Gen. Montessoro to be silent, he continued—

“Let me speak while strength is left me. In an evil hour, Montessoro, you won from me the beloved of my whole life; and I swore to be avenged. I sought your bride—I poured on her all the bitterness of a spirit wrought to madness by her perfidy. I left her, and burying my name and existence under this priestly garb, I caused the report of my death to be circulated. She died—and I stood beside her grave, and felt that my vengeance was incomplete on him who had wrested her from me, so long as her child lived to glad the heart of its father.”

“Wretch!” said Montessoro, between his closed teeth; “and do I also owe the destruction of my son to you?”

A smile of bitter meaning played over the pale lips of the dying man.

“No—my revenge was more refined. I doomed him—*thy* son, to a life of penury, passed among the lowest of the earth. I bribed his nurse to inform you of his death—I saw them safely embarked for America. He lives perchance—but how? Vulgar—uneducated—ha! a fitting heir for your proud name!”

Montessoro buried his face in his hands—and the priest remained silent some moments; when he again spoke, his voice was low and feeble.

“Come nearer to me, Montessoro, for I grow weak, and my eyes are dim—they cannot see that proud form writhing with agony, nor mark the workings of that haughty spirit, which has placed you so entirely in my power. I followed you in all your wanderings, and at length fastened myself on you as your household chaplain. You wedded a second time, and a fair daughter grew in beauty by your side. I loved this child, spite of my sterner nature, for she twined herself unconsciously about my heart; and when the hour came, when I could also rob you of her, I shrank from the task, for it also involved her ruin: yet I tore this feeling from my heart—I worked on your pride, and her affection—like an evil spirit I whispered into the ear of each what hardened the heart against the other, and the result was what I anticipated. You threw her from your protection, and I withheld her letters—taught you to believe her so engrossed in her new ties, that she cared no more for you—and—and—’tis my conviction, that she has gone down to her grave, execrating the cold-hearted and obstinate father, who withheld from her the very means of life, while he revelled in all the luxuries that wealth can purchase. I have done.”

“And you think your vengeance is complete,” said Montessoro—his habitual self-command enabling him to speak with calmness. “No—priest, or devil, whichever you may be, if there is a God in Heaven, your foul treachery, your base ingratitude toward him who has befriended and trusted you—who never voluntarily injured you, will yet be baffled. I will seek both son and daughter, trusting to that providence which brings disappointment to the wicked. For you, I will not tell you to die and join him who is your fitting companion, but repent, and make your peace with Heaven.”

“Repent!” repeated the priest, scornfully. “No—

my end is accomplished, and why should I repent! I die not before my mission is fulfilled. I go to the rest of a dreamless slumber that knows no awakening, while you live to unavailing sorrow and remorse.”

General Montessoro left the room; and in a few more hours, the infidel, who for purposes of his own, had profaned the sanctity of the religious garb, breathed his last, amid curses and blasphemy too horrible for words.

Within a week, General Montessoro embarked for the United States. His object was to find his daughter—alleviate her sufferings—and then set every engine in motion to discover his son.

CHAPTER XIV.

Then I came to a solitary chamber in which a girl, in her tenderest youth, knelt by the bedside in prayer, and I saw that the death-spirit had passed over her, and the blight was on the leaves of the rose. The room was still and hushed: the angel of purity kept watch there. *Quier.*

Nearly fainting with fatigue, a young and delicate looking woman entered a shop, in one of the most fashionable squares in Philadelphia. A lady of prepossessing appearance, was examining some exquisitely wrought purses, one of which she designed purchasing for a bright-haired boy, who stood beside her. The stranger sat down by the stove, for the day was piercingly cold, and scarcely able to support herself in her seat, she leaned her head on the back of a chair which stood near her.

“Dear mamma,” said the boy, “this one with the wreath of roses and blue forget-me-nots that look so beautiful, shall be my birth-day gift to papa. Pray—pray buy this.”

“Certainly, my son, if you wish it. Wrap this up, if you please,” said she, laying the price of the purse on the counter. As she turned to leave the shop, the figure of the young stranger attracted her attention.

“Do you wish any thing here, young woman?” inquired the girl who waited behind the counter. The person addressed raised her head, and the low, soft tones in which she spoke arrested the retiring steps of the lady.

“Do you give out work here?”

“Not to strangers,” was the reply; and the girl busied herself in putting up the various fancy articles which lay scattered before her, heedless of the effect her answer had produced.

The applicant clasped her hands, and murmured audibly—

“Then Heaven help me, for I can do no more!”

She arose, and the strange lady obtained a glimpse of her colorless features, and was struck with the uncommon beauty of the countenance, though suffering of no ordinary kind was legibly imprinted there. She advanced a step as if about to speak, but checked herself, as if fearful of wounding where she desired to succor. With a head reeling with weakness, and faltering steps, Lucile entered the street. She had been away some hours, and feared that Grey was even now needing her attention. She did not observe that the strange lady had entered her carriage, which stood at the shop door, and was slowly following her. When Lucile entered her humble abode, the lady made a

memorandum of the street and the number, then speaking to the driver, she ordered him to go home as speedily as possible. In a short time, the carriage drew up in front of a splendid mansion in Chesnut street, and lightly springing up the steps, she encountered a gentleman at the door, who laughingly said—

"Why would you not allow me to exhibit my gal-lantry? I was hastening to offer my services in assisting you to alight, when lo! with fairy-like step, you have reached the door, while my more mundane body was perambulating the length of the hall: but what good news bring you hither, fair lady of my thoughts? Your face is radiant with tidings glad, if I read it aright."

"News which you will be pleased to hear, dear Horace—so come with me. Is Caroline in the drawing-room?"

"Yes, she has just returned," replied the gentleman, throwing open the door. "Enter, and divulge—divulge—my curiosity is on tip-toe."

"Briefly, then, I have seen the original of Caroline's Gipsy—have traced her home, and imagine from her appearance, and the house in which she lodges, that she is in a state of destitution."

An exclamation of pleasure escaped the gentleman—"What! you have found Grey out at last! Well, I am heartily rejoiced to hear it."

"And I too," said Miss Wilmere, throwing aside a book, and coming eagerly forward. "Where? How did you find them? Tell us all."

The relation was soon given, and the three seated themselves around the fire, to devise means of succoring the unfortunate artist, without wounding the shrinking pride, which had induced him to withdraw himself from all association with those who had known him in better days.

The lady who had so fortunately met Lucile that morning, was no other than Mrs. Edmonds, the wife of the same gentleman who had been so much interested in Grey's appearance the morning that his uncle's will was read. He had made many subsequent inquiries after the artist, but could obtain no information, and an absence of more than a year in one of the southern cities, had almost obliterated the remembrance of the young painter from his mind, when the picture purchased by Miss Wilmere, and her account of Grey, renewed his interest, and he made every effort to discover his abode. The hope of aiding him had just been abandoned, when Mrs. Edmonds saw Lucile, and instantly recognized the resemblance to the picture. That she beheld the wife of the artist, in the delicate and shrinking form before her, she did not once doubt, and she determined not to lose sight of her, until she had discovered her present residence.

The family of Mr. Edmonds accompanied him to the south, and only a few months had elapsed since he was recalled by the death of Mr. Wilmere, who was a partner in the same firm to which he belonged, and also an uncle of his wife.

After a long consultation, Mrs. Edmonds arose—

"Well, it shall be as you wish, Caroline: as you are already slightly known to Mr. Grey, it will be best to suffer you to visit them alone, and offer such services as you may think proper. I fear that he is ill; if so, insist on having him brought hither, where proper attention

can be bestowed on him, and on that frail, fair creature, who is wearing herself out in his service. I will order the carriage to be in readiness immediately after dinner."

As soon as possible Miss Wilmere equipped herself for her intended visit.

"I shall return with them both," said she, as she sprang into the carriage; "so be prepared to receive them."

In half an hour, she was safely set down before the dwelling she sought. Attracted by the unusual circumstances of a fine carriage stopping in the neighborhood, a number of women and children came out of the houses around to see who it contained. As Miss Wilmere alighted, a red face, with a soiled cap above it, was thrust through the half opened door, and a voice in keeping with the countenance, inquired who she wanted.

"Does Mr. Grey live here?" said the young lady.

"Mr. Grey? What—the painter-man? Why, what should the likes of you want with him?"

"Never mind, my good woman, what I want; only be kind enough to direct me to his wife's apartment."

"Oh, that's easily done, tho' 'two't be his 'partment nor hern much longer: folks as don't pay reg'lar don't stay in my house; so I told her this mornin' they might tramp as soon as they liked, or mayhap a little sooner, if they wasn't in a hurry. This way, ma'am."

As she spoke, she led the way up several dirty and ill-lighted flights of steps: they ascended to the highest story in the house, and the woman knocked several times at a low door. No answer was given, and opening it without ceremony, she thrust her head in.

"I would'nt wonder if the gentleman was dead, and for the matter of that his wife too," said she, as she drew back into the passage.

"Heavens! I hope not!" said Caroline, and involuntarily stepping forward, she stood within the room.

On a low, miserable bed, in one corner, lay the attenuated form of Grey: his hair clung in damp masses to his high and strongly marked brow—his pale lips were slightly parted, and his thin hand grasped the bed clothes. Disease, sorrow, and want, had laid the strong man low, while the more frail being had been supported by the strength of a love which only woman's heart is capable of feeling. Beside the bed knelt Lucile—her hair hanging loosely around her, and her head buried in the miserable covering: she heard not the words of the woman, nor the light footstep of her unexpected visitor.

At a glance, Miss Wilmere saw that it was not death on which she looked, but the heavy slumber which is brought to the feverish and restless couch by artificial aid; and the phial of laudanum, half emptied, which stood on a chair beside the bed, sufficiently explained the scene. She glanced around the desolate apartment. The evening sun was shining cheerily on the bare walls and uncarpeted floor; and his beams had nearly extinguished the few coals which lay on the hearth. Around the room ranged in order were the paintings of the artist—many of them unfinished—but all placed in such a position, that from his couch he could look on them.

"Place them so that my dying eyes can rest on them," said he to his wife. "Let the glorious dreams that have visited my fancy, and which I have endea-

vored faintly to shadow forth, be around me, in that last hour when these failing orbs shall close on this bright world, to be veiled in the cold—cold grave. With thy hand clasped in mine, and those creations of my pencil before me, I think I can bear to die, though I leave no name to other ages: the poet's epitaph—that of that young bright spirit, crushed by the injustice of others, will be a fitting one for me: 'Let my name be as though 'twere writ in water.' Ah, Lucile! Lucile! I have now but one wish, and it is for thy welfare, my beloved. When death kindly releases my suffering spirit, if he would fold both in the same chilling embrace, I should be happy—for then all cares would be ended, and thy love rewarded by being united even in death to him over whose waning life you have so tenderly watched."

In one corner was the painter's easel, and on it was a half-finished picture of a child at play; and the bright laughing face, sparkling with childish glee, was in striking contrast with all around it.

Miss Wilmere took in the whole scene at a glance, and hastily retreating, she said to the woman, "You may retire—he only sleeps. I will knock and arouse his wife."

The woman speedily disappeared, and she tapped slightly on the door. Lucile started from her kneeling position, and hastily winding her hair around her head, advanced to see who demanded admittance.

"Mrs. Grey, I believe," said the graceful stranger, presenting her card. Lucile bowed, though at a loss to know who Miss Wilmere could be, and what had induced her to seek one, who had abandoned the hope of mercy or succor from any mortal hand. She silently placed a seat for her guest, and sank on another herself. Some moments elapsed before Miss Wilmere commanded herself sufficiently to speak. She at length said—

"Mrs. Grey, I came hither partly on my own behalf, and partly as the ambassador of my cousin, to—to—. In short, my dear madam, my intrusion on the sacredness of your grief sufficiently explains itself. I can have but one motive, which is to be a friend, a sister to one who needs the consolations of friendship."

"It is too late," replied Lucile, pointing, without any appearance of emotion, to her sleeping husband. "Had the offer been sooner made, it might have benefited him—now I fear he is past all hope. I feel—I know that he must die, and I have no wish to survive him. Your succor comes too late, lady: there lies the wreck of as noble a spirit as ever breathed; broken by want—bitter, bitter want; and the consciousness that he had that within him which would lead him on to greatness, if a little of the sordid gold that makes the world's wealth, had not been denied him. This morning I left him, with a faint hope that I might be enabled to gain a few comforts, such as the sick need, by devoting the hours of his sleep to my needle, but every face was turned from the stranger—every heart hardened against her. In vain did I ask for work, which might save us from perishing, and I returned home, if this miserable place can be called a home, to see him stupified by laudanum: losing only in such slumbers the gnawing sense of pain, which the skill of a physician might alleviate, but which we are unable to command. I have knelt beside his couch, and my own selfish heart

was at last overcome, and I prayed that he might be released from his sufferings, though I shall then be—how desolate! only the searcher of all hearts may know." There was a meek and touching resignation in the tones of the speaker, which went to the heart of Miss Wilmere.

"I have then come in the hour you most needed the support of sympathy and affection—and, believe me, it is not too late to whisper hope for your husband. Change of abode, with proper attention, may entirely restore him. Mr. Edmonds, the gentleman in whose behalf I come hither, is already acquainted with Mr. Grey, and, as the friend of his late uncle, offers him an asylum in his house. The carriage is waiting at the door, and my cousin is prepared to receive you as her guest: the love you bear your husband will not permit you to refuse: you cannot so wound me."

She took the passive hand of the pale sufferer in both her own, and overcome by the voice of sympathy, to which she had long been a stranger, Lucile burst in tears. The sudden revulsion of feeling, from despair to hope, was too much for her overwrought sensibility, and had not tears come to her relief she must have fainted.

The arrangements of Miss Wilmere were soon completed, and when Grey awoke from the stupefying effects of the laudanum, he opened his eyes on a very different scene from that on which they had closed. He was in a spacious apartment, furnished in the most luxurious manner, and heated to a temperature more congenial to his feeble frame, than he had long felt. He looked around him in bewildered silence. The fading sunlight was flickering through the half drawn curtains, and, stranger than all, there hung his beloved pictures, and there, too, in the opposite corner, stood the easel, with the face of childish beauty, which even in his illness he had loved to look on, for that breathed of hope, where all else was dark as suffering and misfortune could render it. He raised his hand to put back the bed curtain, and in an instant Lucile was beside him. With a half shriek of hysteric joy, she threw her head on the pillow, and in a voice, broken by strong emotion, related to him the change in their situation, and a prayer of thankfulness arose from his grateful heart to Him who had raised up friends to them in the hour of their greatest need.

A physician had been called in, and a few moments after Grey awoke, he arrived. He carefully examined the case, but declined giving a positive opinion as to his chances of recovery.

"A few more days, and I can judge better," said he. "The constitution of Mr. Grey has been much shattered, and long and unwearied attention, aided by a climate much milder than the one we inhabit, may eventually restore him. Of that, however, I can better judge some days hence."

Mrs. Edmonds considerably concealed from Lucile, that any doubts were on the mind of the physician, as to his perfect restoration to health, and when a milder climate was spoken of, her husband inquired of her if Italy would suit the inclinations of Mr. Grey?

"He can there recover his health, and prosecute his studies at the same time," he continued; "and you, my dear Mrs. Grey, must overcome the too scrupulous delicacy which may lead him to refuse from me such

pecuniary assistance in the shape of a loan, to be repaid when wealth and fame have crowned his labors, as will enable him to reside abroad, and complete his studies."

Lucile thanked him, with tears starting from her eloquent eyes, and yielded herself to the glad anticipations of a future, blessed with health, competence, and the companionship of him for whom she had so deeply sorrowed.

A month passed by, and the physician began to entertain hopes of Grey's ultimate recovery. All that the most refined and delicate attention could do to make them feel perfectly at their ease, was done by the amiable family with whom they were. A friendship, which promised to end only with their lives, had sprung up between Grey and his noble-hearted host. He accepted the proffered loan, and preparations actively commenced for their voyage.

"Why not accompany them?" said Mrs. Edmonds. The idea was no sooner suggested than acted on. Mr. Edmonds had long designed spending some years in Europe, and his business would allow him to leave home at that time, as well as, perhaps, it ever would. Miss Wilmore was wild with joy at the idea, and soon all their thoughts were turned to classic Italy.

"But, mother," said the boy, when they were discussing their plans, "we cannot go without nurse. She would break her heart if you took baby away from her."

"It is strange that I did not think of that before, Charlie," replied she. "Nurse must thank you for recalling her to mind amid all this bustle, or I should indeed have forgotten her. She shall accompany us, if she prefers doing so to remaining behind."

"Who is the nurse to whom you allude?" inquired Lucile. "Not the girl who attends to your child?"

"No—no. She is an old Irishwoman, who nursed my husband. His history is a strange one: this old woman received him from his parents, and attended to him faithfully during his infancy. Both parents perished in the rebellion in Ireland, and his father, belonging to the rebel party, his property was confiscated. The old woman saved the child, by passing it off as her own: she came to America, and exerted every energy to give the boy, thus thrown on her protection, a good education. She accomplished it, though she endured every privation to do so. She obtained the situation of under-clerk in my uncle's store for him, and from that he has risen by energy and integrity to the station he now occupies. Nurse lives near us, on an annuity allowed her by my husband: we wished her to live with us, but her habits were so dissimilar that she preferred her present residence. My children visit her daily, and no mother could be more devoted to them."

Charlie was despatched for nurse, and in a few moments returned, leading a tall woman of about fifty-five years of age.

"Well, honey dear, and ye're going to furrin parts," said she, with as unsoftened a brogue as though she had only left the Emerald isle a month before.

"Yes, nurse," said Mrs. Edmonds, "and I have sent for you to see if you will not accompany us. My sweet little Kate, your own namesake, will plead for you to go along," holding up, as she spoke, a curly-headed child of a year old, who laughed and clapped her hands at sight of the old woman.

"And does ye want the ould nurse to go wid yus, jewel of my heart?" said she, taking the child from its mother. "Och, but it's a swate crayther any way, and I couldnt bear to see yus take it away, and let it clean entirely forget the ould nurse that loves it so dearly; and I s'pose I'll have to go to the outlandish countries where they talk furrin lingo I don't understand."

It was speedily settled that she should go, and the evening before their departure, the faithful Agnes, in obedience to the summons of Lucile, arrived to accompany them abroad.

CHAPTER XV.

A piteous, fearful sight—
A noble vessel laboring with the storm. *Bertram.*

Kneel not to me: *Shakespeare.*

I cannot speak, tears so obstruct my words,
And choke me with unutterable joy. *Othway.*

The weather, for the first two days after the embarkation of our little party, was delightful; but on the third night, a storm arose, which drifted the ship many leagues south of the course they designed pursuing. No serious damage was suffered however, and the following morning arose calm and bright. The ship was sailing with a steady breeze, and an awning had been erected on the deck, under which our travellers were all collected. The children had their play-things—the ladies were around a spyglass which Mr. Edmonds was superintending, and Grey, with the privileged indolence of an invalid, was reclining in a large chair, turning over the leaves of the last new novel: nurse was sitting near him playing with her little namesake. Suddenly touching his arm, she said—

"It's a strange fancy in me, mayhap, but don't ye think now, Misther Grey, that the jewel of a young leddy, your wife, has something in the cast of her countenance like my own child as I always call him, and when she speaks in a commandin' way like, she 'minds me of him, and one I used to know a long time ago; I wish I could tell where he is now."

The woman sighed deeply as she concluded, and Grey looked toward Lucile and his friend: both stood with their profiles turned to him, and her bonnet having fallen back, he was struck with the resemblance in the outline of the features, and the shape of the head. At that instant, Miss Wilmore, who was looking through the glass, exclaimed—

"A sail!—a sail!—and, if I mistake not, exactly in our track."

All were eager to examine it, and with the aid of the glass, a faint speck was just visible on the verge of the horizon.

"After the blow we had last night, it may be a vessel in distress," said the captain.

Half an hour's sailing served to bring them near enough to confirm his suspicions: they approached the hull of a large ship, which was rapidly settling in the water. Part of a torn sail was flying from the broken mast, as a signal of distress, and three figures were visible on the deck, shouting and making gestures of despair. The captain hastily manned his boat, and

proceeded to rescue them from their perilous situation. On boarding her, he learned that she was the Ellen Douglas, bound for Philadelphia, and had been wrecked the preceding night. The crew had mutinied against the captain, seized the only boat, and left himself, and an elderly gentleman and servant, who were passengers, to perish with the wreck. They were hourly expecting to be engulfed in the waves, when the approach of a strange sail offered to them the hope of escape.

The strangers were speedily transferred to the boat; and as it approached their vessel, Lucile, with a pale and agitated countenance, leaned forward to catch a more perfect view of the eldest of them. As he stepped on the deck, she sprang forward, with a cry of joy, and throwing herself at his feet, exclaimed—

"It is—it is my father! In this hour you cannot refuse to forgive me."

"No, my child, come to my heart, dearer than even in days of yore. It was seeking you, when fortune so providentially has thrown us together; but where is Sidney? and how came you here?"

"Oh, it is a long story—come and let me make you known to our friends: among them you will find Sidney looking ill, but now recovering from a long indisposition."

As General Montessor approached the group, beneath the awning, looking eagerly among them for the form of Sidney, an exclamation from the Irish woman attracted his attention.

"Blessed Jesus, but it's himself," said she, crossing herself devoutly. He stopped, and fixing his falcon glance on her, said sternly—

"Woman, I have found you sooner than I anticipated. Tell me, Kate Kinsey, as you value your life, what have you done with my son? I know all your treachery—answer me truly as you hope for mercy."

"And sure it's me as would'n't hurt a hair of his head," said Kate, falling on her knees, "for I loved him as if he was my own, and many's the hour these hands have toiled to give him the larnin' he had a right to: and sure my own child was under hiding for helpin' in the rebellion in ould Ireland, and the money that devil gave me was to help him to Ameriky, or I would'n't have wronged him any how at all—at all. And now, General Montessor, there he stands six feet in his shoes, and a jewel of a crayther he is, barrin' his likeness to yourself."

Here let the curtain drop. The scene that followed may be left to the imagination of the reader.

General Montessor accompanied them to Italy; and we will merely add, that Grey is now in England, and we expect soon to hear that he has immortalized himself, by taking the best likeness which has yet been drawn of the peerless Victoria. We say *peerless*, for she is eighteen and a Queen! Who shall dispute her title to supremacy over all her sex?

GRATITUDE.

Nothing can equal the power of gratitude in a heart of sensibility; it often coincides with the inclination, and sometimes possesses all the charms, without the fickleness of love.—*Anon.*

"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI"

I.

I saw upon the glassy sea
That glowed beneath the morning sun,
A barque in dauntless majesty,
And pride of place, move fleetly on:
From the skies auspicious gales
Gently swell'd her snowy sails,
And bore her on with glee!
Alas! the sudden tempest roars;
The sky a storm of fury pours—
The sport of wind and wave,
Borne onward to the fatal shores,
The vessel finds its grave.

II.

I saw beneath the gentle ray,
The first of dawn upon the earth,
The purplest flower of infant May,
The moment it had birth.
The deep carnation's richest hues
Were temper'd by the morning's dew,
Her tears for rival worth:
Alas! that flower so soft, so bright;
The star and blossom of the sight—
The jealous winter saw, and sped—
And wither'd by its wing of blight,
The lovely flower lies dead.

III.

I saw a form that knew no bound,
Save that of honor, reason, right—
A godlike spirit, his was found,
'Monst' things and thoughts of light:
A high ambition, he would break
The chains of man, and nobly take
The scales from off his sight!
I saw him reel beneath the blow,
The spirit crushed, the promise low—
And not the ship so proud and free,
Or bright flower crushed by winter's snow,
Was half so sad a sight to see.

ALPHA.

PARTING SONG.

"The world is divided into two parts—that where she is, and that where she is not."—*Rousseau.*

To-morrow! to-morrow! oh where shall I be?
My heart has been light while its home was with thee!
When the world has frowned darkly, thy form to my sight

Was the bow of my tempest—the star of my night;
But now must I wander, alone and afar,—
No ray to my cloud; to my midnight, no star:
But welcome the storm, so it break not on thee!
To-morrow! to-morrow! oh, where shall I be?

The stars that unfurl their pure glories on high,
In brightness shall melt on the face of the sky;
But the star of my soul must be shrouded in gloom,
And borrow from darkness a pall and a tomb:

Alas! that we, ever, so soon need relief,
 Ere joys are enjoyed, from the arrows of grief!
 That we meet with the loved, but new partings to see!
 To-morrow! to-morrow! oh, where shall I be?

Thou know'st not the world—there are sweets on its lip,
 But only the children of gladness may sip;
 There are smiles—for each brow that can marshall a
 smile;

And tears—for the tearless, who need not the while;
 The eye sparkling with joy has a spell to endear,
 But the charm is dissolved, when it glows with a tear;
 From such vanities, dearest, forever be free—
 To-morrow! to-morrow! oh, where shall I be?

If my prayers, for myself, have been feeble and few,
 Doubly strong is the tide I have offered for you;
 And if thou, for thyself, hast forgotten to plead,
 'Twas in pleading for me,—and our Father will heed;
 The award of his love we shall equally share!
 The one for the other will wrestle in prayer!
 Thrice blest is the token faith offers to me—
 To-morrow! to-morrow! oh, where shall I be?

To-morrow! to-morrow! oh, where shall I be?
 My heart has been light while its home was with thee!
 And still its warm pulse shall bound lightly as air,
 For, wherever I wander, its home will be there!
 And while it is absent, with thee, from my breast,
 Its place by the presence of thine shall be blest;
 And thine, in each throb there, will whisper of thee!
 To-morrow! to-morrow! oh, where shall I be?

Camden, S. C.

B. W. H.

A DISCOURSE

ON THE GENIUS OF THE FEDERATIVE SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES.

Prepared to be delivered by Professor Beverley Tucker of William & Mary College: read before the Young Men's Society of Lynchburg, Va., Aug. 26, 1833.*

I appear before you, gentlemen, in compliance with an invitation which deserves my grateful acknowledgments. To have been deemed capable of offering one thought proper to guide your minds in the pursuit of truth, is an honor, which I beg you to believe I highly appreciate. In proportion to my sense of it, has been my anxiety not to disappoint your favorable anticipations. I have felt that it was my duty to give my best thoughts to the selection of some topic worthy of your attention. In my choice, I have been aided by the obvious reflection, that you would naturally expect from me a discourse on some subject not remotely allied to the studies of the youth committed to my charge. With these you had reason to suppose me most familiar; and it became me to believe

that your invitation was dictated more by a wish to hear something connected with them, than by any misjudging partiality for myself.

To what theme, then, could I more naturally turn, than to that of the peculiar character and structure of our political institutions? What subject is it so much, at once, the interest and the duty of every man to study and understand? We are a free people; and when we say this, it becomes us to consider what we say, and to form adequate ideas of all the rights and all the duties implied in that word freedom. We are emphatically a free people; free in theory, and free in fact. By the unqualified acknowledgment of all the functionaries who minister in our affairs, *they* are *our* servants, and *we* *their* masters and *our* own. What study then so interesting as that of the character of our rights?

Yes, gentlemen, we are *FREE*; and this, our freedom, is our boast, for this at least we have, in common with the men whose history is fame, and whose deeds most nobly illustrate the name of man. The beacon-light which guided Miltiades, and Themistocles, and Cincinnatus, and Camillus, and Cato, and (greatest of all) our own illustrious Washington, along the path of glory, still shines for us, and to us the same path is still open. To emulate their deeds and rival their renown is the task before us; for to be free, is to have it always in our choice to devote ourselves to the well-being of our country and the world.

Yes, gentlemen! The career of these distinguished men is open to us; but it is only as the career of Cyrus was open to Sardanopulus; the career of Titus to Domitian; the career of Trajan to Elagabelus; as the career of every monarch, illustrious for wisdom and virtue, has been open to those scourges of the earth, whose life has been one wanton and tyrannical abuse of powers conferred for the benefit of their fellow men.

Gentlemen: it is in no unkind spirit that I have suggested this comparison. It is that I may at once startle you to a sense of the eternal though much perverted truth, "that liberty is power;" and that all power, whether that of a sovereign prince or a sovereign citizen, is alike a trust, delegated by the same all-wise being, and enforced by the same sanctions;—honor, the reward—infamy, the punishment. Do you look with contempt and abhorrence,

"On him who sits amid the gaudy herd
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
 And says within himself, 'I am a king;
 And wherefore should the clamorous voice of wo
 Intrude upon mine ear?'"

Well may you do so; forgetful as he is, that the power of which he boasts, was given him that he might make the sorrows of his people his own, and succor their distress, and mitigate their calamities, and soothe their afflictions. But have you no

* Professor Tucker was unavoidably prevented from delivering this address in person; and it was read before the society by one of its members, and unanimously ordered to be published in the Southern Literary Messenger.

kindred feeling for him, who says within himself, "I am a freeman; and wherefore should the eye of God or man inspect my ways or hold me answerable?" Reverse the case, and the question might be more appropriate. Were he a slave—his misdeeds might be another's crimes. As it is, he is master of his actions and his destiny. Who shall stand between him and the arbitrament of public opinion? Who shall shelter him from the irreversible condemnation of posterity? Who shall screen him from the eye of the judge of quick and dead?

Gentlemen: if to be thus free is to be thus responsible, (and that it is so, heaven and earth do witness,) is it less your duty than that of the nursing of royalty, to acquaint yourselves with the true character of the government whose authority you direct, and the enduring interests of the country whose destinies have been committed to your hands?

You will readily answer, "No." Yet some may be surprised at the earnestness of this question, supposing, as so many do, that nothing is so easy as the successful administration of the affairs of a free people. That this idea is delusive, the history of every nation that ever tasted of freedom too plainly shows. Precisely in proportion to the strength of this delusion, and the apparent simplicity of free government, is the difficulty of the task. This it is that renders men impatient under the restraints of wholesome laws. This it is that establishes a miscalculating confidence in the efficacy of forms of government and constitutional restraints. This it is that causes that confidence to glide from the government itself to those who administer it, that lulls into fatal security that jealousy, whose sleepless watch is the only safeguard of freedom, and commits the keys of the fortress of liberty to hands which convert it into a dungeon.

Gentlemen: freedom, in its simplest, social form, is an affair of government. The philosophy of social freedom is the philosophy of self-government. If this were all, this alone were enough to show the difficulty of the problem. Who of us is equal to the task of self-government, even on the narrow theatre of private life, and in the discharge of its simple duties? Yet it is in that sacred regard to these, and all the other duties of life, which we dignify by the name of virtue, that political philosophers place the foundation of republican government. "Men," says the wisest of all observers on the political history of man, "men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love of justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of

knaves. Society cannot exist, unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters."

Hear too, I pray you, the remarks, by which the profound and philosophic Montesquieu illustrates the necessity of the controlling presence of virtue in a republic: "When virtue is banished," says he, "ambition invades the hearts of all who are capable of receiving it, and avarice possesses the whole community. They had been free with laws. Now they want to be free without them. Every citizen is like a slave just escaped from his master. What once was *mairm* is now called *rigor*: to order they give the name of *restraint*, and that of *fear* to *prudence*. FRUGALITY, then, and not the THIRST OF GAIN, passes for *avarice*. Before, the property of private men constituted the public treasure; but now, the public treasure is become private property. Then it is, that the members of the commonwealth riot on the public spoils, and its whole force is reduced to the power of the few and the licentiousness of the many."

I am fearful, gentlemen, that no suggestion will be necessary to awaken your attention to the resemblance, in some traits of this striking picture, to objects with which your thoughts are familiar. But it has not been presented for this purpose. My design is to bring before you a high authority, verified, in part, by your own experience, in proof of the indissoluble alliance between freedom and virtue, and the necessity of preserving the latter as the only safeguard of the former.

And how shall public virtue be preserved? By the same means which are found most efficacious to secure regard to all the duties of private life. By strengthening the incentives, and weakening the dissuaves to virtue.

Foremost among the first is the love of country, aided by the love of honorable fame. But what must be that love of country, which is to furnish an ever present and prevailing motive of action, intense enough to triumph over the seductions of pleasure, the temptations of avarice, the blandishments of ambition? Shall it be a mere abstraction, and conversant only with abstractions? Can a name, an imaginary boundary, an arbitrary association of discordant interests and characters, possess a charm of such power? What indeed is our country, but that which embraces the objects of all the ties which bind man to his kind? And what is love of country, but a compendium of all the natural affections of the heart—a blending of "all the charities of all to all?"

Is it not obvious, gentlemen, that a society, embracing all that is dear to the heart of any man, must unite upon it the strongest attachment, of which his particular nature is capable? Is it not

also certain, though perhaps less obvious, that this attachment will have less of the fervor of passion, in proportion as its object is weakened and diluted by being combined with other objects which are regarded with indifference and perhaps aversion? Every man is more deeply sensible of the ties which bind him to his own immediate family, than of his more extended relation to the society of which his family is a member. But let that family form but an inconceivably small part of a collective whole, made up of jarring opinions, and uncongenial feelings, and incongruous habits, and adverse prejudices, and conflicting interests, and there is danger that the love of family and friends, on the one hand, and the love of country on the other, instead of being identical, will become antagonist passions. The very sentiments—out of whose delicate fibre is spun the strong cord that binds the heart of man to his country—may they not thus hold back his affections from fastening on that object? In short, gentlemen, does not a sound view of the philosophy of the human mind point to the conclusion, verified by all experience, that it is in small communities only, that the love of country is found to glow; with the intensity of those passions, which account life as worthless, in comparison with the honor of a wife, the purity of a daughter, or even a wanton's whim. When the countless hosts of Germany met at Austerlitz the army of Bonaparte, the pride of military glory, the very *certaminis gaudia* nerved them to a short and vigorous struggle, and then they scattered like chaff before the wind, and their country sunk unresisting before the triumphant invader. But when three hundred inhabitants of a petty Swiss canton encountered at Mogarten the overwhelming force of Austria, they thought not of victory—they thought not of glory—they thought not of safety. Their thoughts were only of their country. Their country, their *whole country*, was spread out before their eyes, and from every commanding height each soldier looked on the scenes of his childhood's sports, on the fields his own hands had tilled, on the roof that sheltered his loving wife and tender babes. There they stood, fighting as men who, in the midst of despair, perform the tasks of hope. There each fell fighting where he stood, and none was left to tell the story of that glorious but disastrous day. Such are the deeds that testify that the love of country may be a passion which shall spurn at every thing which might frighten or allure, and which can triumph even in death by leaving the conqueror nothing but the worthless carcass of him he would enslave.

But, gentlemen, it is not through fear alone that liberty is endangered. Other passions, though less abject, are more corrupting; and death itself does not more powerfully influence the mind than the temptations of avarice, and the allurements of ambition. But what is that ambition, whose loft-

iest aim is the sovereignty of a petty canton? What is that avarice, whose cravings can be satisfied by the plunder of a small and poor state? Weak, indeed, must be the love of country which would not be proof against such paltry temptations. Between the chief of a community, whose place can scarcely be distinguished on the map—whose existence is hardly noted in the history of the world—and him who is but eminent among his neighbors for probity, benevolence and wisdom, ambition itself sees little choice. The love of power is rarely any thing but the love of money, or the love of fame, and weak must be the temptation to seek a station which promises little of the one, and nothing of the other. Ambition is indeed at work every where; in the village as in the metropolis; in the canton as in the mighty empire. "Little things are great to little men." But, gentlemen, it is *not by little men* that the liberties of states are overthrown, and the destinies of nations fixed for good or ill. The evils, against which we have to guard on the side of ambition, are those which might furnish motives of prevailing influence over men capable of great achievements. Ambition, in such a man, when his lot is cast in an inconsiderable community, lifts his aspiring eye to objects far above the paltry offices and petty political distinctions of the state. She reminds him that he is a member of the republic of letters, of the great family of man, and incites him

"To make his mind the mind of other men,
The enlightener of nations."

Hence the flood of light—the continued stream of moral and intellectual influences—that the little republic of Geneva has poured upon the world, from minds, which placed in mightier states, might have shaken thrones, and changed the destinies of the earth. It is in such states—in states that figure in the drama of the great commonwealth of nations, and whose annals form a conspicuous part in the history of the world—here it is that ambition finds its natural aliment, and displays its portentous power.

Gentlemen: had the task which lay before our fathers, been nothing more than to devise a government for the small, though magnanimous colony of Virginia, adequate to her wants and consistent with her free spirit, that task would have been comparatively easy. Experience has shown that the slight change in her domestic polity, rendered necessary by a severance of her connexion with the mother country, was all sufficient. The history of the world might be safely challenged to produce an example of a government more exactly fulfilling all its legitimate purposes, and no more, for fifty years after that event. Do you ask the reason? Look at the powers of your public functionaries! What object was *there* to provoke ambition? Look to the fiscal resources of the

state! What was *there* to fill the rapacious man of avarice? Look to the whole structure of the government, and then find the man who could promise himself, from any abuse of its powers, an equivalent for the blessings to be enjoyed under its faithful administration!

The extreme simplicity and perfect efficiency of the original constitution of Virginia, so long as it was retained, may suggest to some the thought, that, in the problem of free government, there is less difficulty than I have supposed. But, alas! gentlemen, there was, in that constitution, one capital defect. It had not the faculty of preserving itself; for it provided no security against corruptions from without, and a consequent spirit of innovation, which first changed the people, and, through them, changed the constitution.

But still the question comes back upon us: How did it happen, that, through the lapse of half a century, the history of Virginia fully justifies the boast of one of her noblest sons—the boast, that during all that time, “not only did no instance occur, but no charge was ever made, no suspicion entertained, of one single act of corruption in any officer in legislative, executive or judicial station: that no poor man had ever been oppressed with impunity; no rich man exalted on the mere strength of wealth alone; and that no commotion, no faction, no animosities had ever arisen among us, in relation to our internal affairs of government.”

The answer to this bold challenge is to be found in considering how much of the sources of corruption and undue influence, how many of the incentives to ambition, and lures to rapacity are found in the management of the external relations of a state. These give rise to armies, and navies, and foreign embassies; and these to commercial regulations and overflowing revenues; and here it is that ambition finds objects worthy of its aspirations, and the means of attaining them by the corrupting influence of gold.

From these mischiefs, our domestic institutions were happily exempted, by the arrangement which committed to the federal government the management of all these high and delicate concerns. Within *itself*, therefore, the state government carried no principle of corruption—no disturbing influence to unsettle the balance of its powers, and the harmony of its action. But it would have been unworthy of the wisdom of our ancestors to suppose that the evil was eradicated, because the mischief was thus turned aside. On the contrary, it became them to reflect, that if the foreign relations of a petty state might awaken ambition and afford the means of swaying and corrupting her public servants, the same danger was more to be apprehended from a government wielding the sword and the trident, and administering the revenues of all this vast continent.

The history of the time is full of proof that this danger was viewed with an anxious eye. The formation of a vast reservoir of patronage and influence, which might burst its bounds, and sweep before it all the barriers of the constitution, was a work which demanded all the skill and all the caution of the able men engaged in it. The possibility, that such a destroying stream might be poured over the land, was a necessary consequence of the union. To stay the torrent by direct opposition, might be impracticable. What remained, but to remove, as far as possible, from its desolating course, the great bulwarks which defend the rights of life, and liberty, and property, and domestic peace, and the blissful relations of private life?

To secure this end, an attempt was made to disassociate, from the command of these sources of influence, all authority to legislate over the private interests of men; to accumulate as many as possible of the powers of government in the hands of state functionaries, having little of patronage to recommend misrule to the favor of the aspiring and greedy; and to strip the dispensers of the enormous revenues of the union of all pretexts to invade the sanctuaries of private rights.

Another consideration strongly recommended the same distribution of powers. It has been well and truly said, that it is the duty of every people to consider themselves as the trustees of the providence of God, in the use and enjoyment of such portion of his earth as he has allotted to them. Made for the use of man, it is his office to develop its resources, and to task its utmost powers for the benefit of the human race. To this object his legislation should be adapted. Is he blessed with a fertile soil and genial climate, that he may suffer the earth to waste its affluence in wild luxuriance, poisoning the air with rank and unprofitable vegetation? Will not the cry of the hungry orphan rise up to heaven against him, who thus abuses the bounty of the common father of all? Do the bowels of his land teem with rich ores, designed for man, and shall he not draw them forth from the deep recesses, where almighty wisdom has deposited them for his use? Do gushing streams pour down from barren hills into unfruitful vallies, and shall he fail to subdue to his service the mighty power, which, since the world began, has thus been wasting its gigantic strength, and waiting only for the controlling hand of man to direct its energies to the mill, the forge, the loom, and all the infinite variety of machineries, by which the comforts of life are extended, multiplied and diffused? Do his insular situation, and safe and capacious harbors, give him peculiar advantages for commercial enterprise, and shall he not spread his sails to every wind of heaven, and devote himself to the noble task of communicating to every part of the earth all the peculiar advantages of each?

That such is the duty of man to his Maker and his race, none will deny; and, so far as legislation is necessary to the fulfilment of this duty, so far should it be directed to that object. But how would this task be performed by a legislative body, supreme in all things, and giving-law in all things, to a country extending from Passamaquoddy to Cape Florida, to the Gulph of Mexico, and to the shores of the Pacific; a country embracing every variety of soil, and climate, and production, and including various states, some exclusively fitted for agriculture, some for manufactures, and some for commerce? Could the system of legislation which is best for each, be best for all? Must the resources of all be but partially and imperfectly called forth; or must the mean necessary to their full development in one part, be used to the utter destruction of all hope of a like result in the other? Gentlemen—we had just seen the trial and the failure of a like experiment made on this principle. The British colonies in North America, so long as the parent government confined her legislation to the proper objects of mere commercial regulation, had grown and flourished in a degree unexampled in the history of man. But a claim was set up by the imperial parliament, of a right to legislate for the colonies in all things; by an old country, for a country in its infancy; by a commercial and manufacturing country, for a country almost exclusively agricultural. The consequence of this pretension was a severance of the connexion, which our fathers saw must be fatal to the ultimate prosperity of the colonies.

What different result could have been expected, had the general congress of the United States been endowed with powers to legislate in all things for the whole of this vast continent? How long would it have been before a fixed local majority would find or create a fixed local interest, to be advanced by legislation at the expense of a fixed local minority? What hope would there have been, that such a project, once formed, would ever have been relinquished? In small communities, the occasions for such combinations might be more obvious and more frequent. But in such it might not always be in vain to appeal to the sympathy or magnanimity of the stronger party. Such an appeal, made in an assembly of the people, addressed to men, each acting for himself, and responsible to none but himself, each exercising his share of legislative power in his own person, and for his own behoof; such an appeal, addressed to men so circumstanced, and on behalf of friends, and neighbors, and kindred, might not unfrequently prevail. The unequal working of an oppressive system could not be denied. Their own senses would be the witnesses. The complaints of the sufferers would sink into the hearts of those having daily before their eyes the evidence of the calamities endured. But who will expect a sacri-

fice of interest to sympathy in favor of the people of a distant region, of different manners, habits, opinions, and prejudices, perhaps of a different race, or deriving from their ancestors a far-descended and long-cherished animosity, both religious and political? But even though, could such appeals be made to the people directly, some momentary relents might touch their hearts, what advantage of this sort could be expected, in a *representative* assembly, where each man acts, not for himself, but for others, and makes it a point of conscience to harden his heart against the compunctious visitings of nature, and to resist the influence of every consideration but those that spring from the peculiar, and even the mere local interests of his immediate constituents?

Such, gentlemen, are the evils, to which our masters in political philosophy allude, when they warn us against the consequences of consolidation. Such are the mischiefs, against which the authors of our institutions intended to guard, when distributing the powers of government between the functionaries of the states respectively, and those of the whole collectivé union. In the necessity of devising some means to place the external relations of all the states on the same footing, and to unite the powers of all for the common defence, was found the sole and avowed motive to the adoption of the federal constitution. So far as the general government is made instrumental to other ends besides these, so far do its administrators offend against the spirit, even when they do not transcend the letter of that instrument.

On the other hand, we behold the state governments in the full exercise of that sovereignty, which holds at its disposal the life, the liberty, the property of every man in the community; yet so restrained from any abuse of powers so formidable, that we become almost unconscious of their existence. Yet there they are, and so few were the limitations imposed by the original constitution of this state in particular, that theoretical politicians did not hesitate to pronounce the omnipotent legislature of Virginia the very *beau idéal* of a many-headed despotism. Yet where were its despotic acts? Where do we find the history of its abuse of this seemingly gigantic power? No where. Where then do we find the principle which has restrained this body from perverting its authority to any purpose of oppression or injustice?

We find it, gentlemen, in the total absence of all those sources of corrupting influence, which take their rise in the management of external relations, and the disbursement of the vast revenues necessary for that purpose. Wanting these, the government of Virginia has nothing wherewithal to gild oppression, to varnish injustice, to buy the support of the mercenary, and to engage the co-operation of the ambitious. Look at our history!

From what quarter of the state has the voice of complaint risen up against the state government, for the alleged abuse of any of its powers? What public functionary, however armed with official authority, however conspicuous for talent, however illustrious for public service, has dared to defy the popular will, or professing to respect it, has attempted to mould it to the purposes of his ambition? Look, gentlemen, to the highest office in the gift of the people of this state. Who feels the influence of the incumbent? Respectable as he certainly is, how many of us here present actually know his name? Who has ever imputed to him the power of controlling elections in favor of his partizans? What fawning minion can he provide for by means of lucrative salaries; passing him on from post to post, and while his unfitness for all alike is manifest to the world, retaining him still in office? What female of tainted reputation would he dare to obtrude on the chaste society of Richmond? On whom can he cast the mantle of his authority? Where is the man whom his anointing hand can consecrate as his successor?

Nor do I limit the application of these questions to the present incumbent of that office. The answers, which would be true in his case, will prove equally true with reference to the most illustrious of his predecessors. The page of Virginia's annals is bright with the most glorious names that live in history. Among them we find that of Patrick Henry. "*His breath was agitation, and his life a storm whereon he rode.*" But, in the silent discharge of his duties as governor of Virginia, that tempest was stilled: the word of power, which struck the sceptre from the tyrant's grasp, was heard no more; and his official career is nowise distinguishable by any extraordinary influence or authority, from that of the humblest of his successors. There too we find the name of Thomas Jefferson. As president of the United States, he has been seen to exercise a power over the thoughts, the affections, the will of his countrymen, without example before his time. As governor of Virginia, what was he, but an official drudge, bound down to the literal execution of his limited functions? Was the chair of state a throne of power to James Monroe, or but a *stepping-stone* from which his ambition might mount—*up*—to a *higher* place—on the *footstool*—of the president of the United States?

These questions, gentlemen, are asked in no invidious spirit. They are but meant to remind you how perfectly the great ends of free government have been accomplished among ourselves, by cutting off from the state authorities all the sources of influence which spring from armies, and navies, and foreign representation, and the enormous revenues necessary to these objects. Deprived of these, the full and unquestioned authority to prescribe to us all the rules which are

to regulate our civil conduct, and to enforce them by the most fearful penalties, is powerless, except for good. In like manner, in the regulation of our domestic police, and of the rights of individuals, and in all that pertains to the general welfare of the people and state, we find the duties of equal and exact justice to all men enforced by a responsibility to the public will, from which there is no escape.

If these things be so—if such be the security to private right and public weal, resulting from the denial of such means of influence to those who minister in our domestic relations—how important must it be, to guard the barrier intended to secure our private interests and pursuits from the invasions of an authority armed with all the power and all the influence incident to the management of the foreign relations of this vast continent! The danger is alike in both cases, but far different in degree. Was it unsafe to commit to the state executive the dispensation of the patronage incident to the representation of the miniature sovereignty of Virginia among the nations of the earth; and can it be safe to trust to the government, which manages the whole foreign relations of all the states collectively of this extensive confederacy, any, the least, right to meddle in matters properly belonging to the municipal sovereignty? If it be unsafe to trust the trident—the thunder-bolt—the olive-branch—to him who presides over the calm relations of private life, can it be safe to permit him who is already familiar with these emblems of rule and instruments of power, to touch, with his heavy hand, the delicate interests of individuals, and to bring his portentous authority to interfere in adjusting the domestic rights and relations of men?

These thoughts are suggested, gentlemen, for the purpose of presenting fully to your view the objects which the framers of our institutions proposed to themselves, in dissociating the power to regulate the foreign relations of the confederacy, from the power to manage the domestic concerns, and to legislate over the peculiar interests of the states respectively. How far their purposes were wise, and their plan judicious, is well illustrated by the operation of the state governments in which this plan has done its perfect work. If it has failed elsewhere, it is because the wise and patriotic statesmen of that day had no measure by which to estimate with accuracy the force of the untried powers which they were about to commit to the hands of the federal government. The history of the time shows that they but imperfectly foresaw the extent of those powers, the magnitude and importance of the confederacy, the abundance of its resources, the overflowing affluence of its revenues, and the vast amount and various character of its wide-spread and all-pervading patronage. Had they foreseen these things, they would have heeded

the warning voice of that great statesman, whose tomb is in the midst of you,* admonishing them "that a defect of power may be supplied, but that an excess of power can never be recalled."

Gentlemen, in this simple proposition there is at once a manifest truth and a self-evident importance, which startle us with their palpable distinctness. We pause. We reflect. We wonder that men engaged in the delicate task of devising a form of government *for themselves*, should ever fail to practise on this maxim. What so simple, as to give, in the first instance, powers certainly not excessive, and, guided by experience, to add more, as events might show that more were necessary?

Gentlemen, this is precisely the problem which the framers of our institutions proposed to work, in adjusting the balance of power between the state and federal governments. With a vast majority of the men of that day there was a paramount desire to guard the sovereignty of the states, and by no means to arm the hands of federal functionaries with any pretext for interfering with the proper subjects of state legislation. But it happened, unfortunately, that while these were candidly discussing the more or less of power, which might be entrusted to the federal government without impairing the sovereignty of the states, there were some among them who deemed any such distribution of powers wholly impracticable. To them the very idea of state sovereignty was alternately an object of dread and of derision. To them it seemed "that the rod of Aaron must swallow up the rods of the magicians, or that the rods of the magicians would devour the rod of Aaron." I here use the language of one of the members of the convention which framed the constitution, as spoken in debate, and recorded by the hand of him who uttered it. To such gentlemen it seemed best to carry out the parable, in conformity with the scriptural account, and so to give the rods of the magicians to be devoured by the rod of Aaron.

It is no impeachment of the motives of such men to say, that in all attempts to adjust the balance of power, they were ever ready to throw their weight into the scale of the central government. Hence the warning voice of Patrick Henry was uttered to unheeding ears. The consequence has been that we have lived to experience the truth, so simple in its announcement, and in its application so little understood; and to learn that a government, however weak, having power to assume more power, has already too much. Overlooking this, we have fallen into an unsuspecting confidence in the sufficiency of the state governments to control federal usurpations, until the authority and name of the state governments have sunk into contempt, un-

der the overwhelming power of the government of the United States, and all the rights of a fixed local minority are held at the mercy of a fixed local majority, interested to plunder and oppress.

I have said that the error which has led to these consequences had its rise in a miscalculation of the force of the untried powers conferred by the constitution on the federal government. But there was, moreover, a fatally mistaken reliance on the pride of state sovereignty, and the attachment of the people to the authority and institutions of their states respectively.

In that day the primitive people of the ancient and respectable states of New England, cherished, in a spirit of exclusive appropriation, the honor of their descent from men, who, for conscience sake, had turned their backs on all the comforts of civilized life, on all the dear delights of home, and on all the hallowed scenes of their father land, to seek, in a savage wilderness, a sanctuary of the heart, where they might worship God in their own way. This was their *peculiar* boast and pride. In this the other states had no part. Far from it; for south of the Chesapeake they saw the descendants of the very men, with whom their ancestors had struggled, in their common country, for mastery, for property, for freedom, and for life.

In that day, the people of Pennsylvania still celebrated in their hearts the mild glories of their pacific triumphs over the savage race. To them, the success which had crowned their labor of love, and established them the peaceful and prosperous masters of a soil unstained by blood, was a source of exultation all their own.

Interposed between these, the state of New York still retained many of the features of her original character as a Dutch colony. The uncouth names, the habits, the manners, and, in some measure, the language of her people, distinguished them from their neighbors on either hand. Their traditional honors were those of another and a rival race. The triumphs of the Blakes and Boscawens of England, were not *their* boast. Their glory was in the achievements of De Ruyter and Van Tromp, in laurels plucked from the British crown, and in the long and doubtful struggle maintained with the British flag, for the mastery of the narrow seas.

Proudest of all, in that day, stood old VIRGINIA, vaunting her descent from the gallant cavaliers, who had poured out their blood like water in loyal devotion to an undeserving prince: who, when, all was lost, found refuge here—and here, in defiance of the parliament of England, offered an asylum to his worthless and ungrateful son. She had scarce then forgotten, when, in the provinces beyond the Delaware, she saw none but the Swede and the Hollander, and the lineal and devoted inheritor of the far-descended antipathy between the Round-head and the Cavalier. In that

*Patrick Henry lies buried in the county of Campbell in which the town of Lynchburg is situated.

day Virginia had not forgotten to boast that the love of liberty which then animated her, was a principle hardly more lofty and generous, than her steadfast and devoted loyalty in earlier times. It was her pride to reflect, that in all her struggles with power, no want of fidelity, no want of gratitude, no disregard of natural or covenanted obligations, and no defect of magnanimity, could be imputed to her. When the crown was torn from the head of Charles I. she had stood alone in her loyalty; she was the last to acknowledge the usurper; the last to submit to inevitable necessity, and the first to return to her allegiance, in defiance of a power before which Europe trembled. In the recent conflict she had not dishonored her old renown. Though foremost in the race of revolution, she had been the last to renounce her allegiance; and in this, her resolute fidelity to the crown, she saw a justification of her resistance to the usurpation of parliament, and her final renunciation of that relation to the king himself, to which he, by abetting that usurpation, had shown himself unfaithful. The men of that day did not need to be told that it was not on the fourth day of July, 1776, that Virginia first proclaimed her independence. What others then declared their purpose of doing, she had already done. It was on the twenty-ninth of the preceding month, that she, by her own separate act, completed the organization of her own separate government, and, taking her independent stand among the nations of the earth, put in operation that constitution under which we were born. No, gentlemen! the sons of Virginia in that day needed not that this proud chapter in her history should be read to them. In that day they looked not abroad for topics of exultation and themes of praise. Virginia had not then forgotten to claim the first of men as peculiarly her own. The voice of her Henry still sounded in her ears. The wisdom of her Mason still guided her councils. The rising splendor of her Jefferson still shone for her alone, and along her vallies the last dying echoes of the cannon of York-Town still reverberated. Look where she might, what was there of wisdom and greatness and virtue, in the history of man, to which her own annals might not furnish a parallel? How poor in comparison the boast of England's poetic moralist,

"That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own!"

Was this an unwholesome and distempered pride? Ask your own hearts! Ask the history of Virginia, while cherishing these hallowed recollections, her sons, emulous of the example of their fathers, secured to her—not by numbers—not by wealth; but by intellectual pre-eminence—by moral worth—by magnanimous and self-renouncing devotion to the common weal—the first place in this vast confederacy!

But, gentlemen, with the wisdom or folly of

these feelings we have nothing now to do. Whether for good or ill, they have had their day. They have done their work, and their place is now among the things that are past. It is no longer in our choice to revive them if we would. *They are gone—FOREVER.*

But these sentiments, gentlemen, were among the elements with which the framers of our institutions had to do. In these they saw a principle of repulsion between the states, against which they deemed it necessary to provide. In doing this, they did not miscalculate the energy of this principle of state pride. They only mistook its duration. They did not deem it possible that the time should ever come, when, in the eyes of her own sons, Virginia in herself should be nothing; when the memory of her glorious deeds should be forgotten, and their anniversaries pass by unheeded; when her own proud banner should no longer float above her capitol; and when all her pride of sovereignty and independence should be habitually derided as the apery of children, doing the honors of the baby-house, and mimicking the airs of men and women.

These things may be foolish; but they were follies for which wise men made allowance. Their existence was taken into the account, and the balance of power was adjusted to them. They thus become an essential element in the constitution itself. They are like the follies and weaknesses and passions of man, which are a part of his nature, and to which God himself conforms and adapts his laws. They are as the centrifugal force in the planetary system, which, duly restrained by a counterpollent energy, preserves the order of the universe, and without which, all must tumble into shapeless ruin.

Is it not then our duty to cherish them? Do we not owe it to ourselves and our children, as well as to our ancestors, to cherish the memory of their virtues, and their noble deeds; to keep fresh in our minds the recollection of all that is glorious in the history of Virginia; to fan the flame of state pride in our hearts; to keep her independence and sovereignty ever present to our thoughts; to habituate ourselves not only to regard her as one of the bright stars of our federal constellation, but as, in and of herself, a sun, sole and self-poised in the firmament of the commonwealth of nations?

And shall they who cherish these sentiments, be denounced as hostile to the union of these states? Trust me, gentlemen, it is by these alone that the union itself can be preserved. It is by these alone that union can be prevented from degenerating into one vast consolidated despotism. There, as over the wide expanse of the Russian empire, the genius of arbitrary sway shall brood, until the free spirit of our Anglo-Saxon race shall burst its bonds, and, by forcible disruption, tear

asunder the whole incongruous mass, and cover this continent, like that of Europe, with the ruins of a mighty empire, broken up into kingdoms and states, implacable in mutual hate, embittered by the memory of former ties.

I repeat it, gentlemen; if we would avoid this fearful consummation, we must strive to renew in our minds the same sentiments which once made Virginia glorious, and which made her glory precious to her sons. And said I, that this attempt would now be vain? That the spirit of our fathers was no more among us, but gone, with their achievements, to the history of the past? O! gentlemen, can this be so? Can you look thus coldly on that past? Can we, in fancy, summon from the tomb the forms of the mighty dead, and shall not our hearts be kindled, and shall not our spirits burn within us, to emulate those who acted and suffered, that we might be free, honored and prosperous? Where do we find the brave in war, the wise in council, and the eloquent in debate, and Virginia's sons are not among the foremost? Are not the names of Washington and Henry, and Jefferson and Madison, and Marshall and Randolph, all *her property*? Are not these her jewels; and shall she, unlike the mother of the Gracchi, pine, because others may outshine her in such baubles as mere *gold* can buy? Can you consent to throw these honors into common stock, and to share your portion in Washington with the French of Louisiana, and the Dutch of New York, and the renegades from every corner of the earth, who swarm their great commercial cities, and call themselves *your countrymen* and *HIS*! What fellowship have we with those who change their country with their climate? The Virginian is a Virginian every where. In the wilds of the west, on the sands of Florida, on the shores of the Pacific—every where his heart turns to Virginia—every where he worships with his face toward the temple of freedom erected here. To us, who remain, it belongs to minister at the altar—to feed the flame—and, *if need be, to supply the sacrifice*. Do this, and Virginia will again be recognized as the mother of nations; as the guide and exemplar of the states that have sprung from her bosom, and been nourished by her substance. False to herself, and to the honor of the common origin, these will desert and spurn her. True to the memory of the illustrious dead, true to her old renown, her sons, from every realm, shall flock to her as to their tower of strength, and, in *her* hour of trial, if that hour shall come, shall stand around her, and guard her like a wall of fire.

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is to the moral nature what common sense is to the intellectual. When it is lost, the victim of vice is a specimen of moral insanity.—*Hesperian*.

NEW VIEW OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

(CONTINUED.)

I have said, that the distances of the planets from the sun, and the velocity they have in their orbits, must be ascertained from *physical data*, very different from the means now employed. I have also said, that the progressive motion of the Sun must limit and equalize the progressive motion of the planets. But this has been denied, and the reason given, is, "that the different velocities of the planets which has been mathematically ascertained to exist, and about which no one at all acquainted with mathematics will now question, disproves your assertion—and without further proof on your part, the sun cannot be considered a progressive body; and your notion about the equal velocity of the planets must be discarded."

Now it is quite immaterial, as it respects my views of the solar system, whether the Sun is a stationary body, and the planets moving round him in orbits returning into themselves, or *he* a progressive body, and the planets moving round him in orbits not returning into themselves, *as to this* particular question. I shall, therefore, proceed at once to show that the planets must have the same velocity, even to a second of time, or their periods would be very different from what they are.

The European mathematicians say, that Mercury performs one period in eighty-seven days twenty-three hours—Venus in 224 days 17 hours. Then, for greater convenience, I will reduce these days or times to hours. Mercury's time will be 2,111 hours, and Venus' 5,393. Now divide the time of Venus by the time of Mercury:

$$\begin{array}{r} 2,111 \quad 5,393 \quad (21,171 \\ \underline{4,222} \\ 2,111 \\ \underline{1,171} \end{array}$$

Here then we have two periods for Mercury and nearly half of another, while Venus makes one. This is very plain, very simple, and very easily understood. But I will now give to Mercury 110,600 miles an hour in his path, and to Venus 81,000, as it is said to have been demonstrated, (and always *mathematically*, of course,) to be the real facts, and are so stated in our books, and so taught in our schools:

Mercury 2,111 hours.	Venus 5,393 hours.
110,000 miles.	81,000 miles.
<hr/>	<hr/>
232,310,000	5,393,000
	<hr/>
	43,144
	<hr/>
	436,833,000

If we divide the distance Venus moves to make one revolution, by the distance Mercury moves to make one, the result shows the error of the mathematicians in giving different velocities to these two bodies.

$$\begin{array}{r} 23,223,000 \quad 436,753 \quad (900 \quad 1,204,532 \\ \underline{232,220} \\ 204,532 \end{array}$$

By giving the velocities to these two planets, according to our mathematical teachers, Mercury would make but one revolution and part of another only, while Venus makes one. Whereas it is well known that Mercury actually makes two revolutions and nearly half of

another while Venus is performing one. Now, what is true of these two planets, is true of all the others; and whatever may be the real velocity of Mercury, is certainly the real velocity of all the other planets. Give to Venus the velocity given to Mercury, and then their periods correspond, and all is harmony; but give them different velocities, and the results cannot, by any correct mathematical process, by no conceivable arrangement of figures or numbers, be made to correspond and harmonize with the real facts as they exist in this our field of creation.

If we take the Earth and Jupiter, similar results will follow. The Earth makes one period in 8,766 hours, and Jupiter in 103,926. Then divide the time of Jupiter by the time of the Earth:

$$\begin{array}{r}
 8,766 \ 103,926 \ (117,500 \\
 \underline{8,766} \qquad \qquad \qquad 8,766 \\
 18,266 \\
 \underline{8,766} \\
 7,500 \\
 \underline{8,766}
 \end{array}$$

Here, also, we find that the number of the revolutions of the Earth, corresponds to a second of time to the real facts, as they exist in relation to these two planets, in the system, as it came from the hands of its Creator. Then what will be the result, if we take the mathematicians for our guide? If we give to the Earth 68,000 miles an hour in her path, she will move in 8,766 hours 596,088,000 miles in making one period; and if we give Jupiter 29,000 miles an hour, he will move in 103,926 hours 3,014,086,000 miles, to complete one of his periods. Then divide the distance run by Jupiter, by the distance run by the Earth:

$$\begin{array}{r}
 596,088,000 \ 3,014,086 \ 000 \ (533,646 \\
 \underline{2,980,440} \qquad \qquad \qquad 596,088 \\
 33,646 \\
 \underline{596,088}
 \end{array}$$

According to the mathematicians, then, the Earth ought to make but five revolutions and a fraction of another, while Jupiter makes one. Thus it is with all the other planets. Here I might say that the whole of the phenomena which we observe among the planets, proves beyond the reach of the mathematician, the infallibility of the *data* I here present, and that *triangulation* is an absolute absurdity when applied to the planetary bodies. The mathematicians are not only in error as to the distances of the planets from the Sun—they are most egregiously so as to the different velocities they have given them in their paths.

I have been latterly advised to submit my views to some of the learned in Europe: but why should I do this? Are we destitute of common sense in the United States? Are we still in leading strings? It is true I stand somewhat in relation to the Copernican system, as Copernicus himself did in relation to the system of the Egyptian astronomer; but with this difference, he had the ignorance of an unenlightened age to combat; whereas I am free to think, and in a land where the human mind is unfettered by either religious or political despotism. Then why appeal to foreigners? I

have said, the Earth is not more than 5,000,000 of miles from the Sun, nor is Jupiter more than 55,000,000, and that no one planet has a greater velocity in its orbit than another. This can be proved or disproved in the United States. There will certainly be no necessity for us to ask foreign aid.

But the four bodies which exist between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, seem to have excited a very deep interest among the mathematicians of the present age. The phenomena they exhibit to the observers of their positions and motions, are so very different from all the other planets, that some of them agree that their motions, positions, and relative distances, together with the intersection of their orbits, constitutes a state of things entirely "inexplicable upon any known principles of science." Olbers and Brewster suppose these bodies to be fragments of an exploded planet, which occupied that region of space at some period of creation. My view of the solar system embraces this opinion—and I think I may safely say, that the *electro-magnet theory*, which I shall now soon present to the learned, will clear up all difficulties respecting these bodies, by showing *mathematically* why their orbits must necessarily intersect each other, and why their aphelion and perihelium distances are as necessarily so very different from each other, and from all the other planets. It is very certain that the principles upon which the mathematicians of the last and preceding century based their system, as projection and gravitation, will never solve the difficulties involved in the phenomena exhibited by these bodies.

MUSINGS OF NAPOLEON.

Some lines appeared several months ago in the *Messenger* suggested by a painting of Napoleon meditating on the rock of St. Helena. An engraving from the same painting gave rise to the following stanzas:—

For three-score moons, sepulchral isle,
There lived in thee a thinking man—
Lived, though his light, to fade the while,
With the first waning moon began.

And who was he, of mighty name?
He wore the earth's imperial wreath—
A spur of fire, a crest of flame,
And sword that never knew its sheath.

Tomb of the brave! thy rock-bound beach
Received a wreck: no other isle
His equal saw—then thou canst teach
How rainbow-like is fortune's smile.

What are his thoughts, 'twere vain to say—
That hov'ring sea-fowl cannot speak;
Nor can the clouds that roll all day,
Nor waves that chafe yon island bleak.

But yet he thinks: does Egypt's coast
Its Delta rise, or fruitless sands—
Aboukir's bay—or Turkish host—
Or are his thoughts on other lands?

Perhaps he thinks of that proud steed,
Who scorned, like him, the Alpine chain,
And bore him, with electric speed,
Down to Marengo's purple plain.

His thoughts may mount the Pyrenees,
And range to seats of Moorish power—
Alhambra's groves of orange trees,
Its gates of brass, and marble tower.

Or does he muse of that proud Czar
Who 'mid war's desolating storm,
The green-house burnt, from Gaul afar,
That might have kept his chaplet warm?

Or does he think how kings did try,
To rock his couch on Elba's steeps,
Till trump and drum urg'd on the cry?
Ambition dreams, but never sleeps.

Or does he gaze on Belgium's field,
Where England's rose blush'd crimson deep,
In Gallic blood—where chargers reeled,
And Albion's widows went to weep?

But thought may run in softer moods—
Of France, Rome's king, his empress queen—
Of lilies, brooks, or olive woods—
His old war steed 'mid pastures green;

Or shepherds' crook that rules the glen,
And bugle notes of gondolier,
Of grain reap'd down by rural men,
Or pilgrim songs of muleteer.

Or he may muse on cottage flowers,
That deck some Gallic peasant's home,
And vines that curl in summer hours,
Where the proud Seine is wont to roam.

Each hero paints some moral tale,
From Nimrod down to Charles the Swede;
Just as he ranks on glory's scale,
From India's floods to classic Tweed.

But many more to paint, 'tis thine,
Than eastern tribes could ever tell,
From Balbec's fame to Mecca's shrine,
Or else from Greece to France la belle.

And this shall last to latest time,
E'en when millennial flowers shall grow,
And holy poets weave their rhyme,
By winding Seine or classic Po.

And weary, sea-sick limbs shall leap,
To find yon isle of deep repose,
Where rests the man whose sword could sweep
From India's strand to Lapland's snows.

From Scottish glens or Palestine,
Shall pilgrims come—or from Peru—
And on the mound of him recline,
Who hither came from Waterloo:

Can herds of deer their huntsman bind?
Can trembling fawn or swift gazelle
Turn from the hills o'er which they wind,
And crush that huntsman's sounding shell?

Retire, great man—muse o'er the past;
Kneel to the King of Sea and Land:
He wove the chain that holds thee fast;
Its links are round his viewless hand.

At Waterloo—'tis thus we read—
A chapel stands; on that great day
Untouched: turn then devotion's bead—
This fact might teach all men to pray—

Or else thy blood-red sun goes down,
Nor leaves one charm of soft twilight,
No orange bloom, nor olive crown,
Nor evening star—but starless night!

But I forget (for fancy's spell,
A moment's space had made me dream,)
That death hath not yet tolled thy knell,
'Mid ocean's moan and sea-bird's scream.

H.

BENEFITS OF KNOWLEDGE ON MORALS.

(A continuation of the reply to the author of the essays on "The Influence of Morals.")

BY A NATIVE OF GOOCHLAND, VIRGINIA.

When all was pure and spotless, the earth a paradise, and the character of man unstained, virtue with an unflickering lamp lighted the path of duty. Now all has changed. The feelings and passions of the human bosom are perverted. And whether we view man as a poor outcast in the sandy and parched deserts of Arabia—a wanderer on the inhospitable shores of Kamtschatka—a solitary dweller amidst the splendid ruins of antiquity, or a denizen of some crowded and refined metropolis, we find him with a disposition to feel, think, and to act for himself. All other created things follow their appointed order and unvarying course, with no wandering from their orbits—no variations—no changes. The stars twinkle, and the flowers bud and bloom as they did in the earliest period of time. But man has been passing around the whole cycle of vices, ignorance and change. If now and then the philosophers have been sending forth their oracles of wisdom, as their only means of serving and enlightening their race, and of making the dreary path of man's pilgrimage eloquent with the voice of truth, too many have turned aside from the refreshing streams of knowledge, to quench their depraved thirsts with the muddy and unwholesome waters of ignorance and error.

Man is both an intellectual and a moral being. Gifted with the power of acquiring information of the character and condition of eternal objects, of events and facts, and of turning his thoughts towards the investigation of the influences which shape his own conduct, he can also mark out the connexions which exist between different states of things, and follow them to their conclusions. Minerva came all armed and grown up from Jupiter's brain, and was immediately admitted into the assembly of the gods, and made one of the most faithful counsellors of her father. Unlike the fabulous goddess of wisdom, mortals can only acquire

knowledge by incessant toil and labor. Every blessing is the reward of exertion. Only through labor comes improvement. A thousand precious jewels are scattered around us. There is good in every thing. The earth, and air, and sea, are rich with instructions to those that learn. Much is within the reach of the human intellect, if it will grasp after it. Much that will raise it high above the mouldering clods of earth. All creation, with its thousand marvels, is before us; and it is only for man to lift the veil, if he would be instructed in a steady course of wisdom and of virtue.

But there are some who contend, that the flame of knowledge never blazes up except amidst the ruins of morality and virtue. This cannot be its character. What is knowledge? Is it an instrument by which man is to be enslaved, and his mind is to be brought under the subjection of wild and crude dogmas? Is it the cultivation of sentiments, which are at variance with human happiness? or of principles which run counter to its interests? Does it familiarize the feelings to scenes of vice, and teach the heart to forget the inspirations of virtue, or to forego the pleasures of hope? Does it sing the siren's song—enchancing the hapless listener to destruction? Not This is not knowledge. Go to the monuments of true greatness and learn what it is. Read its history in the record of illustrious actions; in the works of philanthropists; in the triumphs of the patriot. It has gone through the world as a mighty conqueror, contending with power and embattled hosts; pulling down long established institutions, overthrowing dynasties, rooting out from the human bosom prejudices and bigotry, loosening the bonds of the oppressed, breaking the wand of despotism, opening a vast and wide field of thought and of intellectual enjoyment, in which thousands have reaped unadulterated happiness, and prepared themselves to benefit their race and their country. The tokens of its greatness are scattered every where. The traces of its glorious march are to be seen on land and on sea. It has bound green and never-fading wreaths around the brows of Galileo and Newton, Franklin and Fulton, Locke and Bacon, Howard and Wilberforce. One of the fathers of ancient philosophy beautifully represented truth as the body of God, and light as his shadow. Knowledge is truth. It is light issuing out of moral and intellectual darkness; a development of the mysteries of nature, and of the phenomena which are continually bewildering the ignorant, and leading them into errors. It illuminates the pages of religion, and offers to the mind the food which is necessary for the growth, nourishment and health of its faculties. Without it, man, who was made to soar amongst the stars, or to rest in the bosom of his God, and to act a noble and exalted part in that great drama in which all created things appear, whether beautiful flower or noxious weed, the machinations of vile insects, or the works of proud and immortal genius, whether the little speck of creation which is encompassed by our horizon, or the numberless worlds which roll far off in the wide expanse of the universe, will grovel in the dust, and add no illustration of the goodness and greatness of infinite wisdom, to the praises which every other created being will sing. If it be the duty and province of knowledge to refine and expand the faculties, and to give us right conceptions of the works of the physical and moral worlds, what then can be discovered in it

which is calculated to obliterate the sacred image of the great Creator, that, in his munificence, he had impressed upon man?

Nothing can be seen in our moral capacities and natures, that renders them unfit to be brought under the influence of knowledge. Man occupies a place in a great system of moral government, in which he bears certain relations to a moral governor, and certain others to the beings with whom he is associated. Arising out of this relationship, there are duties for him to perform. He is endowed with powers and feelings, which, if properly directed, will qualify him for his task. The will, however, is perverse and corrupt, and has a controlling power, in many cases, over the feelings and affections. They, too, in their turn, have a powerful and an overwhelming effect upon his determinations and resolutions. And when the affections and feelings are properly cultivated and directed, the will always partakes of their complexion. The appetites and desires, though depraved, can be controlled, and the result will be seen in the conduct. And the only inquiry for us to make is, whether an improvement of the intellectual faculties, and the knowledge which can be received through the powers of sensation and simple intellect, relating either to external objects or to mental phenomena, to our own actions, or to those of others, and the conclusions which are drawn from our observations, by the powers of reason, are calculated to contribute to man's purity as a moral being?

The mind, whether cultivated or not, has a great influence on the feelings. By our intellect we think and we plan. It is ever active and restless; now ranging through the world of realities, then sporting in one of its own creation. The feelings may prompt us to act, but every scheme of life must receive the sanction of the judgment. For what other purposes was this wonderful machinery of the human mind constructed? Was it formed for nothing? Is it possible that the most wonderful, and the most marvellous of all the works of creation, is a useless appendage to the economy of eternal wisdom? Every creature has its part to perform. The meanest animalcule fulfils its pre-ordered destiny. The annihilation of a single atom would violate the laws and disturb the arrangements of the universe. If it were possible to blot out the human intellect, and to efface from man that noble feature of his character, which enables him to think, to reason, and to acquire knowledge, what imagination could picture to itself, the wretched condition to which the human family would be reduced? Moral and accountable beings, with depraved inclinations and unhalloved passions, wandering through the world, like the maniac, with no torch of reason to illuminate their path of duty, no memory to bequeath to them happy recollections, no imagination to paint to them a blissful future! The extinction of the light of reason would not alter, in the least, their evil propensities. But the passions would be no less restrained. The noblest works of our race are, at best, poor and evanescent. They are heirs of decay and change. The mouldering relics of the tomb are the bitterest mocks of their futility. What then would man's noblest achievements be, without the light of knowledge to guide him? Frailer than the withered leaf of autumn before the chasing winds; frailer than a bubble floating on a rough and boisterous

ocean. And, no doubt, the writer on the Influence of Morals would revolt at the shocking idea of erasing from the human constitution its intellectual powers. Why then pursue such a course towards it, as is calculated to dry up its energies? It is a law of nature impressed upon every created thing, that it should be cultivated and improved, if man ever wants to make it subservient to his happiness. The earth must be dressed; the herb of the field must receive the culture of the husbandman; and the moral feelings must be trained up to a course of virtue. Why are the mental faculties to be suffered to run wild? Why are they to remain uncultivated and unexpanded? It would be in vain to search the annals of the human race for a single example of any good resulting from the prostration of the human intellect. It has ever been an expedient, by which tyrants and oppressors have forced submission to their cruel schemes. Ambitious and aspiring men have often taken advantage of the ignorance of the people, to enable them to fulfil their unholy purposes. What else enabled Mahomet to establish his system of religion, which has for ages held in bondage multitudes of human beings? Europe was sunk in the most profound ignorance and superstition; the people committed the most horrid crimes and disorders; and the ecclesiastics had gained the greatest ascendancy over the human mind; when the crusaders precipitated themselves upon Asia, and blackened the pages of history still deeper with the records of crimes and sufferings. Many of the greatest calamities that have befallen the world, have been perpetrated by the arts of delusion.

The sentiments which nations have entertained of man, and of all the mysteries of his nature, of the world and all its wonderful phenomena, as well as of its more ordinary and less surprising works, have uniformly been found to exert a great and lasting influence on their moral conduct, either for good or evil, according as these sentiments have been correct or erroneous. The importance of every duty which we have to perform, is heightened by a knowledge of the laws of the material universe, which are continually operating around us. From the meanest insect on which we tread, up to the planets revolving in their appointed orbits, we have full illustrations of the wisdom and utility of our duties.

Objects of sense always surround us; and the mind is kept in a great degree under the influence of external things. If, therefore, we have wrong conceptions of their characters and their importance, the influence will be felt in shaping our conduct. Hence sprang the wild and injurious theories of astrology. The most obvious impression of men, in a state of barbarism, would be, that the blue expanse was an arch of immeasurable dimensions, studded with brilliant spots, and erected as an ornament of our world. But, as the ignorant always ascribe motion to the immediate impulse given by some living being, this idea would soon be overturned; and as the easiest and simplest solution of the difficulty involved in every such appearance, they suppose life to be inherent in the body which moves. The dialect of every nation bears traces of this belief. Every motion of the air has been conceived to be the breathing of a spirit. To every stream, and glen, and hill, and to every shrub or tree, which the spring has clothed in beauty, has been allotted the vigil of a nymph. The naiad and the fawn have not only been

honored with the poet's dream, but the ignorant peasants have offered them many a lamb or kid, with libations of wine and honey. It was easy to observe, that the sun exerted a great power over the variations in the temperature and gravity of the atmosphere, and the fertility of the earth. Why should the planetary bodies be excluded from a share of the same dominion? or why not conceive that their influence is as great over the bodies and minds, the actions and fortunes of men, as the rule of the greater lights is over the vast kingdoms of the ocean, the air, and the earth? And as they have no apparent connection with the great changes, it may be their exclusive province to preside over the incidents which occur in the minuter portions of the world. The heavens, the ignorant have often considered as a divine volume, in whose lucid characters the skilful may read the various occurrences of human life. And this propensity to form wrong conceptions of external objects, which is so strong with the ignorant and unlettered, has drawn thousands off from the rightful performance of some of their most important duties; whilst, if they had sifted true knowledge of its dross, light would have been thrown around their path and dispelled the mists of error.

Improvement of the mental energies, and the cultivation of knowledge, necessarily opens a wide field, not only of enjoyment, but of incessant toil and labor also. It affords a boundless field of active and ceaseless employment. And the history of man shows, that when his reasoning and thinking faculties are suffered to remain idle, when his talents are unemployed, he is not only unable to give a good account of his stewardship, but also the animal feelings usurp control, and he comes under the dominion of the vilest and most unruly passions: for, man is an active being. He cannot remain stationary. He must either advance in virtue and improvement, or he must retrograde. And where knowledge is slighted, vicious habits will be formed, to fill up the vacant hours that should have been devoted to useful and innocent thoughts. And it is only by giving right directions to the mental energies, that the moral principles can recover that authority, which, amid the contests of passions, had been obscured or lost; or that each act of the life, and each emotion of the heart, is seen in its relations to the great dictates of truth, and each pursuit of mortals, in its real bearing on the great concerns of a moral being.

Virtue and correct morals are the essentials of human happiness. Without them, man's proudest achievements are nothing; and all of his works will wither up like the herb of the field, pass away like dew on the mountain, and fade from remembrance like the minions of change and chance. But when they are based upon virtue, they are throned above the fleeting things of time, above the bubbles of error and ignorance, and the flower that perishes; above the moon that waxes and then waneth in her course, or the stars which glitter and dazzle and then vanish! Where the light of reason is obscured, nations have ever been found wandering down to the dark and unfathomable abysses of crime. The lessons of the past teach nothing else. Of all the nations of antiquity, those only have left us any models of moral excellence worthy of imitation, who have held up high the torch of knowledge. Thousands have passed away, and no bright page is to be found

in all their annals. And the only token they have left, by which future times were to know that they have been, were the traces of enormous crimes. No mark of intellectual or moral worth is to be seen in all their borders. To what cemetery of the nations of antiquity do you go to drop a tear over illustrious merit? Only to that of the people who cultivated knowledge. It is there that you find the peaceful tomb of the patriot and the philanthropist. We look to the birth-places of the arts and sciences, and philosophy—to the lands of Socrates and Plato, of Solon and Aristides—to the country of Seneca, Brutus and of Tully, not only for the monuments of learning and intellectual achievements, but also for those of moral greatness. The literature of these countries constitutes the greenest spot that can be found in the dreary history of the past. It teaches many an instructive lesson, and gives a right direction to many a wandering thought. The spirit it breathes infuses vigor and life into many a desponding feeling, and inspires many languid imaginations. Precepts of virtue and morality are clothed in the divinest beauties of poesy, nursing those resplendent visions and sublime aspirations, that are so fit to lift us from sense and clay. If the disciples of Roman and Grecian philosophy did not carry their labors far enough to preserve them from the follies of life, they were greatly deterred from its vices. If their speculations did not enable them always to arrive at truth, they imparted much wholesome instruction, and inculcated many an excellent moral. If the feeble glimmerings of human reason have been unable to scatter all the mists of error and prejudice, they have been an important guide to adventurous man. And where now would be many a proud and glorious memento of human greatness and worth, of which humanity has often boasted, if all the nations, that have flourished and decayed, had acted upon the humiliating maxim, that it was unsafe for our moral character and condition to impart strength and vigor to the intellect? What other incentive, than the improvement of our rational and intellectual enjoyments, could ever have aroused the little spark of virtue which remained unsmothered in our ignorant and barbarous state into a bright flame, that will cast its light down to the remotest ages, and be forever the admiration of the world? Where would be the memory of Greece and Rome, if they had despised the cultivation of the reasoning faculties? There would be nought to tell that they had been. Nay! no song would ever have been sung of the blessings of these ancient republics. Why this declamation against reason? It is no enemy of humane and liberal institutions. It is not a dangerous instrument to truth. It is no corrupter of good morals. It is the only means of unlocking the treasures of religion. Without it, we can never reap the rich harvests of true virtue. What tongue can recount the dark and hideous crimes which are now perpetrated by many nations of the earth under the false and delusive hope, that they are rendering acceptable homage to virtue. Ignorance is the cause; and it has ever been the handmaid of vice. Ignorance is the opposite of knowledge. One is light, the other is darkness. Error is the twin-sister of bigotry. Who can stand on the bloody banks of the Ganges, amidst the human bones which whiten on its shores—now witnessing the cries of innocent sufferers, then appalled by the

self-approving deeds of superstition and error—and countenance for a single moment the belief, that the light of knowledge would not greatly stay the mad career of crime? Every where, among ignorant and unlettered nations, we can find examples of the same torch lighting the altar, and firing the stake of persecution. Knowledge enables us to understand the precepts of virtue, and to read the pages of religion. Without a discriminating and investigating mind, how are we, amidst the conflicting religious notions of the world, to tell truth from falsehood? It requires the refiner's furnace to separate the precious metal from the dross. The virgin ore lies buried beneath heaps of rubbish. Without skill and labor it is lost. Are we to have masters, whose business it shall be to instruct us in the way in which we should walk? Ah! the world has known enough of this sort of bondage. The mind has been chained, and the thoughts have been fettered. And where is the good that resulted? Can we find its history in legend, or in song? Where can you find one single trophy that it achieved for virtue, humanity, or religion, amidst its thousand bloody and cruel triumphs over the exertions of the patriot, and the aspirations of hope? Intellectual bondage never gathered one green laurel to weave in the chaplet of religion, but has fostered error, superstition, and bigotry, and given a powerful sway to men who have dishonored the cause of morality, who have thrown a foul stain upon the pages which record the history of the human heart, and have given a desolating impulse to the wave of licentiousness. Nor does ignorance teach humility. None are so presumptuous as the ignorant. It is the narrow contracted mind that is unable to soar above the clouds which surround it, or to comprehend the great bearing of truth, and that seizes hold of false notions and dangerous doctrines, becomes elated and arrogant, and scorns to be taught, and thus never comes under that gentle and soothing influence of knowledge, which would expand the thoughts, refine the feelings, and inculcate sentiments of liberality.

Untutored men have often been blessed with transcendent virtues. Around the cottage of the poor and unlearned, have bloomed the sweet and pure flowers of morality. David's harp breathed soft and heavenly melodies. It was strung by the finger of heaven, and the holiest inspiration swept over every chord. The peasant king was blessed above common mortals. And the circumstances of his life reflect not the smallest disparagement upon the importance of education. And where do you find so many examples of ignorant men being virtuous and useful citizens, as amongst enlightened and refined nations? Although they do not experience the direct, they do the indirect influences of knowledge. Here is its power. Here is one grand secret of that mighty charm which it possesses, and exerts over the happiness of the world. One exalted and enlightened intellect is clothed with power that can tell upon the fortunes and destinies of myriads; and is capable of wielding a sceptre over error and all of its evil attendants, and of laying those wholesome restraints upon the thoughts of men, which will save them from wandering amidst the creations of an impure and uncultivated imagination, where all is ignorance, where there is no landmark to guide to the pure waters of virtue and useful instruction, and where the thirsty and craving

appetites of mortals can only be allayed by tasting of the muddy and putrid streams of vice and licentiousness.

Many have converted knowledge into an instrument of evil. They have cultivated their faculties merely that they might be invested with power. They have sought only for the means of gratifying a wild and ruinous ambition. Self-aggrandizement was the sole object of all their labors. Their feelings were hardened against all the gentler influences of mental improvement, and they appear upon the pages of history as notable conquerors, or as vile and usurping despots. A corrupt heart urges them on in despite of every motive which is addressed to it. Virtue, religion, humanity, pleads in vain. The holy precepts of christianity are scorned. Nothing that is regarded as worthy of the admiration of intelligent beings, gives gratification to their corrupt and depraved propensities.

The evil is not to be attributed to the culture of the reasoning powers of man. The air we breathe often carries disease and death concealed in its bosom. There is no good that may not be perverted, no blessing that may not become an engine of incalculable mischief and evil. If the refinements and advantages of education were entirely unknown, the bad effects which flow from the conduct of wicked men would be the same as they are now. Nay, the power of shrewd and mischievous men, though unrefined and uncultivated, in communities as ignorant as themselves, is far greater in swaying the multitude to their purposes, than the power of any set of men can possibly be in enlightened communities. The cultivation of letters makes a thinking and reflecting people. It creates a spirit of investigation. Every action is scanned. The motives which produced it are analyzed. And the consequences which will flow from them are seen and estimated; and, if necessary, guarded against, long before the danger is inevitable. An ignorant people are almost sure to invest their heroes or aspiring men with the qualities of enchantment—with supernatural gifts—with the wand of a magician—or with any dangerous power which they may claim as belonging to their character. Let their object be the gratification of a wanton ambition, or the subversion of the liberties of their country, still they are looked upon as the great champions of human happiness; as beings commissioned by heaven to give order to our moral chaos, and to restore man to his long lost rights. It is thus that the most profligate wretches have been deified; and monuments have arisen to perpetuate their names and their deeds to future times, and to call forth the pious act of devotion from poor, deluded human sufferers. Men who have been mighty only for evil, whose only triumphs have been bloody ones over the sacred cause of humanity, have been remembered as the stern and uncompromising friends of virtue, and human improvement. So strong have been the effects of such sentiments with some nations, that it has required ages of improvement and intellectual cultivation, entirely to shake them off. The history of oppression sustains us in our position.

Does knowledge become an evil by the power which it gives bad men of staining and corrupting the literature of a country, and thereby polluting the fountain of pure morals? A Voltaire may propagate doctrines, alike subversive of morals and religion. A Bulwer

may excite the passions of those who have loose and unsettled principles, and who are ever eager to find out something that will administer gratification to their unhallowed lusts. For awhile, much evil may be produced by such perversions of talents. But, in free and enlightened communities, the triumph will only be momentary. And its ultimate tendency will be, to call into exercise energies that will wipe the foul stain from the character of literature, blot out the very remembrance of it, and that will vindicate from all aspersions the cause of outraged morals, and that will deck the holy sentiments of virtue in all the fascinating beauties of literature, in all those heavenly charms, which a pure and enlightened imagination can throw around a subject of such vital and intrinsic importance. Profligate writers are generally encouraged in their attacks upon the valuable institutions of society, by the corrupt manners and vitiated taste of the age in which they live. This gives them being and activity. And they take literature as the channel, through which the long confined and smothered up streams of corruption and vice may flow out. Not till then is the nature of the disease, which affects the morals of society, properly understood. All the symptoms are seen in the literature of the times. And has not the same channel always been effectually used to restore health, and to root out the very seeds of the evil? Literature reflects the moral sentiments of the age. It is a bright mirror in which are imaged forth, not merely the mighty efforts of some exalted intellects, but also the workings of the feelings of the mass of men. There is a secret yet powerful sympathy between an author, and every emotion that stirs in the hearts of that class of men, whose plaudits and admiration he is ambitious to gain. Every sentiment which is inculcated, that has any practical bearing on the moral conduct, is in unison with theirs, though the beauties of composition, the bold and vigorous flights of the imagination, and the soul-stirring eloquence are his. A licentious author meets with approbation from those, whose corrupt morals and dissolute principles prompted his genius. And most of the evil which results from his works, is felt by those who seek for them, that fuel may be added to the unholy flame of their passions. This exposition of the feelings and taste of society, enables the advocates of virtue to direct all their energies against the attempts which are made to undermine it. It points out how the remedy is to be applied, and where the evil is greatest. And unless every spark of true morality and patriotism is extinguished, by the same causes which called these works into being, the evil will be promptly and efficaciously opposed. So far then from literature's being an engine which bad men can convert into an instrument of incalculable harm and injury, it gives the clue to the dark and dangerous labyrinths of error and vice, in which the ignorant, the deluded, and the abandoned, may have been locked up for ages. It is the mutterings of the volcano, giving timely warning to all to flee for safety, before the long repressed and smothered fires shall break out, and the frightful wave of desolation shall sweep over the land, destroying every thing that is valuable in society, and leaving nothing but a barren waste behind. In England, until the commencement of the revolution, which ended in the beheading of Charles I., there had been very little freedom of thought or of

conscience. The sudden overthrow of established customs, and the sudden breaking of restraints, which had long fettered the soarings of genius, and prevented the consciences of men from exercising their proper offices, naturally led mankind into the opposite extreme, where the wholesome boundaries erected around virtue to guard it from licentiousness, were overleaped. After the restoration of the monarchy, the character of Charles II. served greatly to corrupt the literature of his time. From these concurrent circumstances, most of the celebrated writers of this age remain monuments of genius, perverted by indecency and bad taste. But this wretched state of literature soon called into exercise the chaste and splendid talents of Addison, Steele, Rowe, Prior, Akenside, Thomson, Pope, and of a number of others, who, in every department of literature, manifested a strong leaning towards whatever could conduce to purity of sentiment and delicacy of feeling, and whose works have rendered essential service to the cause of virtue and religion, and gained for themselves and their country imperishable renown.

Social man owes much of his dignity and happiness to a refined and chaste literature. Its power is more wonderful, than that of kings. Its achievements are mightier, than those of the warrior. The tokens of its blessings will be remembered, when the pyramids which stand as memorials of despotic oppression, shall have crumbled into dust. The green laurels, which wave over the tombs of Homer and Virgil, will ever be cultivated by an admiring world. The effects of a conqueror's triumph may be soon effaced—the blessings it dispensed soon cease to be enjoyed; whilst the immortal efforts of Newton and Locke, to elevate the reasoning faculties of man, to give a right direction to human thoughts, and to increase the sources of rational enjoyment, will be seen shaping the characters of thousands, as long as letters or knowledge shall endure. The works of corrupt men may last, until the excited passions which produced them shall have been subordinated in their evil tendencies, and shall have subsided. If mankind are allowed to think, and reflect, and to read for themselves, the literature of any age will be properly sifted; and all that is not calculated to improve the condition of humanity, and to contribute to the triumphs of truth over error, and of knowledge over ignorance and all its hurtful consequences, will be marked with the seal of reprobation. No work tending to corrupt public morals—to debase virtue, and to trample upon human nature—no matter how it may have flourished in the times when it was produced, and no matter what amount of mischief it may have effected, will meet with admiration in after ages, if the mind is left unfettered. No man, no matter how prone he is to taste the filthy waters of the streams of licentiousness, if he is left with a judgment unshackled, and capable of estimating the value of morals and social institutions, to the prosperity and happiness of his country, but will aid in consigning to oblivion every attempt to unsettle the foundations of society, and of human enjoyment. Virtue and religion are clothed in a thousand charms, which will challenge the respect and homage of every enlightened man, although the promptings of a vitiated taste and depraved moral feelings may have urged him into the whirlpool of vice. The waters of Lethe are not thus sprinkled on the works of Milton, or Locke, or Newton. They

increase in reputation and usefulness, as time rolls on; gathering fresh laurels in each successive generation; throwing around virtue a bright halo of glory; gaining for true and undefiled religion that honor and admiration which is so justly its due; and weaving, for the cause of oppressed humanity, a chaplet of never-fading reputation.

Woman is no less improved by the advancement of knowledge and letters, than man. The ignorance of barbarism must have yielded to the refinements of education, before she can be elevated to her proper station in society. To calculate the immense value of the progress of education to woman, we have merely to look at the history of her sufferings in all those countries where freedom of thought and inquiry have been prohibited. Wherever the dark and gloomy spirits of despotism and ignorance have brooded, there the record of her trials and hardships has been written in tears and blood. Wherever you can trace the footsteps of oppression, there you can find the vestiges of her wrongs and her crimes. Mental cultivation and the progress of literature have always refined the character of woman, and thrown around it those graces and ornaments, which have never failed to command respect and homage. The high and excellent qualities which recommend her to the admiration of every rational being, which qualify her to adorn and bless society, and counteract every virtuous sentiment that can tend to raise human nature above the lowering effects of vice, which enable her to smooth the rugged path of life, and to soothe all its sorrows, and which eminently fit her to encourage man to cling to every hope which will inspire the best emotions of fortitude, patriotism and religion, can only have their proper influence by the expansion of her faculties. From her very condition, when her mind is neglected, her energies are crippled, and the only power she has of winning esteem and affection becomes almost impotent. The achievements of Hannah More, Felicia Hemans, Maria Edgeworth, Miss Sedgwick, and Mrs. Sigourney, in the great causes of virtue and religion, would never have been performed, had it not been for the estimation in which literature is held by the good and reflecting portion of mankind; and the incalculable benefits, which these immortal spirits have done for the world, would never have been enjoyed. The works of these exalted women have not only gained for them a rich and precious reputation, and names that will be held in faithful remembrance as long as the memory shall perform its duty, but have also given a tone to the feelings of the female part of society, which will urge them on in a course of usefulness and honor, and operate as a beneficial check upon the licentious opinions of men, and as an encouragement to whatever can adorn the moral character. It may be, that the tendency of many literary efforts has been to lower our estimate of female virtue and dignity. If every instance of this sort, that can possibly be produced, were thoroughly investigated, we would perceive, that the literature of a country which had thus stooped from its high vocation, to injure and insult woman, had first been corrupted and polluted itself, by the powerful operation of causes which had extended their baneful influences to every human institution, poisoning every fountain of happiness, blasting every blossom of hope, leaving nothing untouched and unwithered. This opinion is strongly

supported by the events of the French revolution. For a long period the people of France had suffered the greatest civil and ecclesiastical oppression. The arm of civil power crushed the budding of liberty, and the minions of the pope smothered all those sacred feelings which would render homage to religion. All those who dared to think and act for themselves, suffered from the sword of persecution. The principles of morality and virtue were prostituted to vice, by the church of Rome. The civil power, instead of being the shield to protect, was the sword to destroy. Religion, instead of refining the moral feelings, was made to pamper the passions of a profligate priesthood. The torments of the inquisition were followed by the most horrid massacres, until, finally Louis XIV. revoked the sacred edict of Nantes, in consequence of which the protestant churches were destroyed throughout France; the soldiery committed the most scandalous excesses, and after the loss of an almost innumerable number, 50,000 of the most valuable and industrious of her citizens were forced into exile. These bloody and disastrous occurrences reduced nearly to nothing the number of those who inclined to the support of virtue and undefiled religion. Those who remained and who did not bow submissively to the wicked mandates of the catholic clergy, imbibed the deadliest prejudice and hatred towards religion, seeing what a wretched and corrupt thing it was, under the control and management of a vast and powerful establishment, that pretended to be the infallible guardian and keeper of the consciences and souls of men. The putrid condition of the political and religious atmospheres drove men into the gloomy labyrinths of anarchy and of skepticism. The contagion was not slow in spreading. It soon commenced heaving asunder the foundations of society. Rousseau, sickened with the thralldom of ancient prejudices, inveterate abuses, and the worst of slaveries, conceived the absurd notion of bettering the condition of man by throwing off the restraints of civilized society. The depraved heart of Voltaire, rendered outrageously wicked by the evils of a perverted religion, lauded the errors of infidelity. And the policy of the government and of the catholic church had been such; as to prevent any bold efforts being made to rescue the rising generation from the contagion of bad examples, and the influence of false principles. France felt the loss of those valuable citizens, who had been driven away by the tyranny of Louis XIV; and deism and infidelity, though weak against the plain doctrines of the cross and the evidences of christianity, were strong against the fanaticism of a bigoted, and the superstition of a corrupted church. The defence of religion and of social institutions fell into hands little capable of reaping laurels in a contest for the preservation of good morals or pure christianity. They were utterly unfit to contribute to such virtuous and intellectual triumphs, as had cast a bright and never-fading lustre on the names of Saurin and Massillon. In these unhallowed conflicts of infidelity and superstition, of fanaticism and bigotry, of anarchy and despotism, it was impossible for the character of woman to remain unassailed and uninjured. It would not have been otherwise, if knowledge and letters had been neglected; but the evils of ignorance superadded to the frightful workings of the worst passions of our nature, would have increased, beyond the conception of the boldest

imagination, the mischievous results. It is tracing the injury to the wrong cause, to contend that literature has degraded female excellence. Woman's countenance never shines so attractively as when it is irradiated with the light of knowledge. Her worth is only properly appreciated by such as have felt the softening and expanding effects of education. And under the balmy influences of mental improvement, and the soothing consolations of religion, woman will shine as cherubimically, and wing as seraphically, as "any of the redeemed on earth."

If female character has not always been exalted, as it should be amongst cultivated nations, it has been much less so where ignorance prevailed. And if even knowledge has not secured to her the enjoyment of her just rights and privileges, the cruel precepts of dark and barbarous ages have taken them all away. And the history of letters records not a single triumph that they ever gained over the gentler feelings of our nature, but forms one vast and splendid monument of the victories of morality and virtue over the most hurtful passions.

The warmest admirers of the expansion of our mental capacities never claimed, for knowledge and human letters, all those blessings and prerogatives which it is the province of religion only to bestow. They would not, for all the treasures of the world, supplant it in the affections of the people. Its heavenly principles only are adequate to raise man to his primitive condition, to root out those jarring and conflicting lusts which have hurled him down into the gloomy abysses of crime, filled the world with sufferings, and placed virtue and happiness far from the path of his sinful pilgrimage. Pure christianity is the greatest blessing that could have been granted to mortals. It is the pathway from earth to heaven. It leads from error to truth, from bondage to freedom, from crime to virtue, from despair to hope. Before its triumphant march the works of iniquity must crumble into dust, and the raging of human passions will become still. Religion can pour the healing balm into the corrupted heart, and administer the sweetest consolations. No! learning does not seek to usurp the place of true devotion. It bows reverently before the Bible and cries, "thou art worthy to receive all homage and adoration." Even human wisdom does not teach infidelity. Whilst nature and all her wonders and beauties, her green valleys and her rugged mountains, the gentle ripples of her streamlets and the roaring of her cataracts, the soft zephyr of evening and the whirling tornado, all, all point to the ruling hand of infinite goodness, and sing the praises of their Creator, knowledge decked in a thousand fascinating charms joins in the universal chorus. All the power that we contend for as belonging to human learning is, that by giving employment to our restless mental faculties, it will preserve us in a great measure from the follies and vices of life, restraining many an evil prompting, and preparing us better to appreciate the blessings of pure religion to make us more valuable citizens. Ignorance may be favorable for the growth of bigotry, superstition and fanaticism, but piety grows better in the sunshine of knowledge. And if the annals of the world are impartially examined, we will find, that the dear and costly experience of a thousand ages will teach, that it is the duty

of every patriot and good man, and especially of every christian, to use all his powers in disseminating useful information among the people, and to oppose every thing that would encourage ignorance.

The "native of Petersburg" can find nothing but poison in the fruit of the tree of knowledge. He points to the corruption of the antediluvian world as a signal proof of the unhallowed effects of a high degree of intelligence, and of the diffusion of knowledge. We in vain look for the evidences of his positions. Where are the facts from which his conclusions are drawn? If the race of men before the flood were more corrupt than the generations since, why attribute it to their superior understanding? Where are the monuments of their exalted wisdom? Swept from remembrance? Or did they only exist in the visions of a heated imagination? The inspired writer tells us, "there were giants in those days; mighty men which were of old, men of renown." The learned Thomas Scott supposes they were men of great stature, and celebrated for their deeds of wickedness, and their exploits as warriors. There are many causes which might have contributed to their unparalleled depravity. Yet, we are at a loss to conceive the reason why they should be considered superior in the powers of the intellect, to any of the other nations that have flourished on our earth; and even admitting that they were, there is no rational ground for us to believe, that knowledge increased the wickedness of their hearts. It was a depraved heart, and not an enlightened understanding, which imbrued the hands of Cain in his brother's blood. No voice of warning comes to us from the experience of the ages beyond the flood, teaching us to shun the consequences of education. The wreck of the antediluvian world was a lasting memorial of the dreadful evils of ignorance and crime. Man had tasted of the forbidden fruit which had rendered his will perverse, and had poisoned his moral constitution: and though the same act which had brought disease and vice into the world, had given to man, by the exercise of his reasoning and investigating powers, the means of acquiring knowledge, and of forming just conclusions of the tendency of actions, yet the effects of his fallen state were such as to obscure his high intellectual illumination, and to render nerveless all the energies of his character, the development of which is absolutely necessary for the attainment of any noble or exalted purpose. Perverse moral feelings bewildered and stupefied his mental qualities, and made them useless to the purposes of his being, until he was taught by the sad lessons of experience, by sufferings and by trials, to regard the admonitions of his judgments and the dictates of a sound understanding. And in the primitive ages the history of man proves, that, through the perversity of his will, he disregarded the warning voice of his own reason, as well as the revelation of heaven.

The writer, whose sentiments we have been opposing, thinks he perceives in the history of the son of David, to whom God had given "a wise and understanding heart, so that before him there was none like unto him, neither after him was there to arise any like unto him," the utter worthlessness of an enlightened understanding in exerting a salutary influence over the will. The giver of all good, who was well pleased at

the request of Solomon, did not thus slightly value the gifts which were granted him.

Considering man as an intellectual being, as the work of a great Creator who had bestowed upon him faculties, which he must develop and exercise to secure for himself happiness, and to render himself useful to society, we, far removed from the prejudices and passions which accompanied the breaking out of the reformation, rejoice in the blessings which have flowed from that remarkable occurrence. Amongst the thousand other blessings which it has dispensed, it has given a sure footing to freedom of thought and opinion, and thus greatly aided the cause of human improvement. If truth be the aliment of the soul, to teach it error is to deny it the proper nourishment. Error is the great enemy of man, and the malignant destroyer of all the excellences of his nature. It withers up the intellect, and man, whom it was sent to enlighten, sinks down to his kindred dust. For ages did the Catholic hierarchy dictate what the people were to believe, and bow they were to act; confining the speculations of philosophy within the limits of vulgar theory, and chaining the human mind down from its noble flights; attempting to raise an altar to God upon the ruins of the temple of science; and to veil in deeper mystery the wonderful works of creation. The inquisition, the pretended guardian of the christian faith, denounced the immortal Galileo as the abettor of irreligious opinions, and compelled the old astronomer to abjure the heresy of the earth's motion. What a mortifying picture of atrocious and unpardonable presumption! A venerable philosopher, with his head silvered over by the study of nature, forced to disavow, against reason and conscience, the great truths which he had published to the world, and which shone forth in every part of those heavens to which he appealed! An assembly of reverend cardinals, encircling the old man upon his knees, fixing the laws and arrangements of nature, repressing the great truths which she unfolds, and condemning to punishment, the mighty sage who first disclosed to man the unexplored regions of boundless space. We hope that such attempts to check the progress of the human intellect were the efforts of expiring bigotry. The progress of religious and civil freedom, since the reformation, has erected a strong barrier against such humiliating oppression. Religion and knowledge can now advance side by side, dispensing their blessings, elevating and exalting the condition of humanity.

Are we to be told by a Virginian, by a native of the land of Washington and Henry, the great champions of civil and religious freedom, that the reformers would have done more essential service for religion and mankind, by merely correcting the glaring abuses of the "ancient establishment," and by perpetuating its dominion, than by breaking the sceptre of its power, and leaving the mind free to exercise its faculties in finding out truth, and in detecting vice? Is it probable that it would be to the advantage of religion, liberty and humanity, if the guardian care and protection of his holiness, the pope, were extended to us? The struggles of the last three hundred years cannot have been in vain. The triumphs of freedom have not been bloody victories over virtue and religion. Hampden and Sidney, Washington and Lafayette, did not reap their rich

and imperishable rewards in contests for principles which were to corrupt and ruin their fellow men. The voice of humanity has proclaimed them to be the great benefactors of the world. The flight of time, and the succession of events throw nomists around their names. Every conflict of virtue, knowledge and patriotism gathers fresh flowers, to add to the unfading garland of their renown. Their works have left a bright track behind them for the admiration of all coming time, and are carrying light and liberty and happiness down into the dark regions of futurity. The final recompense for all their labor, and the coronal to all the visions and transports of their patriotism, is reserved for that period which is yet veiled in the womb of coming events, when the efforts of patriots shall have completely vanquished the power of despotism and slavery, when knowledge shall hold its triumphant banner, proudly floating over the last shattered forces of ignorance and error, when the mild influences of the gospel shall have bowed the vile lusts of men and of nations into the dust at the feet of Jesus, and its effulgent beams of light shall have formed the never-fading bow of hope and promise, in the last remnants of the dissipated storm of the passions, upon which mortals will gaze with admiration and delight forever.

It was better to suffer persecution at the hands of the Roman catholics for a season, than to remain forever in the lowest state of moral and intellectual degradation. The incense of a thousand different altars, which have been erected by the dictates of piety, is more acceptable than the offerings of hecatombs of lambs and heifers in the ancient and stupendous temple of bigotry, superstition, ignorance and licentiousness. Men never were designed to think and feel exactly alike; and all attempts to coerce them, have resulted in crime and bloodshed, and in the promulgation of the dark and destroying principles of infidelity.

Freedom of thought leads to investigation, and investigation brings to light objects which tend to arouse the energies. Intellectual excitement, then, is the result of the cultivation of knowledge. Is this excitement dangerous to the happiness and the social institutions of man? It has destroyed many an ancient system, and turned into dust the lofty columns of many a proud fabric. It has robbed ignorance of its enchantment, and acquired an immortality of fame for nations. It has led to the discovery of truths, which have exalted the condition of man as a rational being, and thrown light into the darkest corners of creation. It led Newton to bequeath a rich and invaluable legacy to all that should come after him. It led Columbus to discover the new world; and raised Franklin to a high eminence whence he was enabled greatly to disarm the storm of its terror, and to confound the enemies of human liberty. It led to the gushing forth of those lofty strains of Shakespeare, Homer, Dante and Milton, which flow on as if beneath the touch of an enchanter's wand, breathing heavenly melodies, singing undying songs to which man will listen with rapture, profit and ecstasy forever. Man being a restless, improvable being, the excitement of his rational faculties will urge him on in the pursuit of objects that will increase his happiness. Lethargy to him is a fatal disease. He must have action, or all his energies hasten at once to decay. As soon as the ease and the refinements of

luxury succeeded the ardor of patriotism, the thirst of military glory, the enthusiasm of liberty, in the Grecian states, we no longer look for those splendid examples of heroic virtue which we all delight to contemplate. The Grecians were enervated, and their greatness was remembered as a thing that *had been*. An unrestrained press and freedom of opinions, are not liable in a healthy state of society, to produce a frightful mental excitement. The principles of the reformation, of civil and ecclesiastical liberty, are more strongly rooted in the American soil than any where else. And yet, no author here has attempted to win a lasting name by injuring the institutions of his country, or by tearing down the temples of morality and religion. Their works will form a bright and never-fading leaf in the annals of literature. Virtue itself feels exalted because they have written, and their countrymen, for ages to come will be proud of their fame.

National greatness and importance depend upon the development of the resources, and the exercise of the powers of the nation. The moral and intellectual worth of a people, is their most valuable treasure, and is the richest inheritance for posterity. Knowledge opens before them the recorded experience of other ages, and points to the causes which led to the rise and to the fall of empires, and lifts a warning voice against licentiousness. And though poison is sometimes thrown into the sacred fountains of learning, shall they be abandoned, when we have the means of cleansing them of the evil? Every human thing is liable to injury and to corruption. All the works of nature yield to the destructive influence of time. The mountain falls, and cometh to nought. The river changes its course, and the sea its bed. The frail monuments of human greatness cannot escape the destroyer. The most stupendous efforts of physical power soon pass even from the recollection. Man's intellectual and moral struggles only, are endowed with any force to resist the encroachments of decay. They remain to tell the future what the past has been—to arouse the sleeping energies of patriotism, and to rekindle the fires of genius and virtue. If poor degraded Greece ever again rises above the ruins of her fall, the love of country, the emotions of heroic fortitude and the aspirations after the rewards of an honorable and useful life, will have been implanted in the bosom of her sons by the melodies of her poets and the songs of her minstrels, by the polished histories of her ancient renown, and by the eloquence of her orators. And if the world should ever again relapse into the moral and political darkness and degradation of the middle ages, the feelings of the philanthropist and the patriot, embodied in the works of literature, would be handed down to other times, and, when oppression was drunken with the brutalizing draughts of licentiousness, they would raise up a Bruce or a Tell, a Washington or a Lafayette, to assert the rights of outraged humanity, and to free the world from bondage.

FAME.

Fame is a dowerless virgin, whom one must wed from love, and not from lucre.—*Shen.*

LETTER FROM MALTA.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

Malta—its first settlement by the Phœnicians—afterwards by the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals and Goths, Arabs, Normans, Germans, French and Spaniards—ceded by Charles V. to the knights—taken possession of by the order.

The question has not been unfrequently asked, whether Malta was situated in Europe or Africa. England, by a vote of her parliament, and for a political purpose, voted it to be in Europe, while for centuries the kings of Sicily always termed it one of their African possessions. Geologists have each in their turn, as might favor their views, stated it to have been originally joined with Sicily, or Africa; from its proximity, it might more naturally be said with the former, as Cape Passaros lies distant to the north only fifteen leagues, while Cape Bon, the nearest land of Africa, runs in a west-northwest direction, at a distance little less than two hundred miles. This is the sole reasoning of those who call it an European island. On the other hand, many who have given the subject their study, have asserted, that though it was more distant from Africa, yet the soundings to that continent were gradual, that it was peopled in ancient times by the Carthaginians, that the islanders have to this day the Arab features, and speak a dialect of a language, by which they make themselves easily understood by their Arab neighbors—and lastly, that the stratification of the whole southern border of the island, exactly corresponds with that of Barbary, which runs in the line of its direction. The decision one makes on this subject, is of no trifling importance to the better class of islanders; for, if Malta is in Europe, they are termed, in the broad sense of the word, Europeans; if in Africa, they are Arabs. Ptolemy has placed it in Africa, while Pliny and Strabo have given it a situation between the islands of Italy.

Malta is, in its historical recollections, far more celebrated than any other island in the Mediterranean. It will not compare with Sicily for fruits, with Candia for oil, with Scio for almonds, or Tenedos for wines—yet in sacred history they must all yield to that of Malta. Some writers have supposed that this island received its name from the Greeks, and that they called it Melita, by which denomination it was known for nearly two thousand years, from the fine quality of honey which to this day it produces. This supposition is most probably correct. Others have thought that it was called after Melita, the daughter of Nereus and Doris.

The most ancient writer who makes mention of Malta is Homer, and in his *Odyssey*, he terms it the "isle of Hyperia." According to tradition, it was at that period inhabited by the Phœnicians, a race of giants, who have left as their remains the tower at Goso, and the huge tombs now visible in the Benjemma mountains, which we may describe hereafter. These people colonized the island some fifteen hundred years before Christ, and enjoying as they did the chief navigation of this sea, it was to them of no little importance. They worshipped not only their own Gods, but also those of Egypt and Persia. They erected several temples, one in honor of Juno, as also others to Isis, Osiris

and Mercury. This last was the most revered, as he was thought to be the protector of their commerce, to which alone the isle of Hyperia owed its wealth and settlement.

By the Phœnicians the island was called Ogygia: it was governed by kings; and several coins, as also two monuments, are now visible in the museum of the Maltese library, which are of Punic origin, and covered with their characters. The Phœnicians having retained uninterrupted possession of Ogygia for nearly eight hundred years, were at last defeated and driven out by their Greek rivals, who colonized in their turn, and of whom no traces now exist, save in the ruins of a wall or fort built in honor of Phalaris, the tyrant, and some small sepulchral mounds, of which there is much doubt whether they are, or are not, of Grecian build. Wherever the Greeks made a conquest of a place, and formed a settlement, they always erected a temple to Apollo—one was built at Citta Vecchia, the site of which is now occupied as a public square, and will be pointed out by any Cicerone, although not a vestige remains to tell of the ancient ruins, which there for ages existed. During the period the Greeks had possession of Malta, they were first governed by a high priest whom they called Hierothites, and afterwards by archons vested with similar powers, as those who under the same name once presided at Athens. Through the kindness of the librarian of the Maltese library, I have seen several antiquities of these people, all of which are doubtless the remains of a much later date, than that of which we are now speaking: the most remarkable, is a small square altar, on which two figures are sculptured in the act of offering up to the goddess Proserpine (to whom the same was dedicated) a small fish—also a statue of Hercules, a naked figure, and of white marble, well executed, and in the highest state of preservation; several medals, the most of which have upon them the effigy of an Isis, or a Juno, with an ear of corn, expressive of the fertility of the soil: the word *Melaimios* is found on all which were shown to me.

About five hundred and twenty-eight years before the christian era, the Carthaginians made war with the Greeks, and conquered them. The conquerors permitted the inhabitants to retain their dwellings and worship their household gods. At this time, the Greek and Phœnician languages were equally spoken in the island.

In the first Punic war, Melita was attacked and plundered by Attilus Regulus, and seized upon by Cornelius. The Romans, however, did not long retain it. Some two hundred and forty years before Christ, the Carthaginians were again defeated by the Romans, and Malta a second time fell into the hands of its former masters—it having been stipulated in the treaty between the two powers that all the islands between Africa and Italy should be yielded to the conquerors. Sempronius, in the second Punic war, completely established the Roman power at Malta.

Two pieces of marble are the only remains which the Carthaginians have left us, supposed to have been the base, and shaft of a chandelier, on each of which there is an inscription in the Greek and Phœnician language. We are indebted to the learned Abbe Barthélemy for the only good translation, which runs as follows:

"We Abdassar and Asseremor, the sons of Asseremor, the son of Abdassar, having made this vow to our Lord Melere, the tutelar divinity of Tyre, may he bless and guide us in our uncertain way, Dionysius and Serapion, of the city of Tyre, the sons of Serapion to Hercules, surnamed Archegetes." It is thought that those who made this vow were seamen, and prayed for a continuance of prosperous voyages.

The Romans soon became aware of the importance of the island, serving as it did to prevent the encroachments of the infidels, and to afford an easy and safe shelter to their shipping. They made use of all the means in their power to retain it, granting to the Greek inhabitants a continuance of all their ancient customs, and permitting them to be governed by their own laws. They particularly encouraged commerce and manufactures: linen cloths were brought to such fineness, that they were exported to Rome, and considered by these enervated people as a great article of luxury. They beautified and adorned the temples, offered incense to the protecting gods of the island and their trade, and made the altars of those gods respected. In excavating, some twenty years ago, at the head of the great harbor, the Roman remains of a vast mole were found, which once bounded the fort; and very latterly, indeed within the last two months, while the workmen were engaged in digging a place to serve as a foundation for the monument which is now being erected to the memory of the late respected Major General Sir Frederick Ponsonby, they came upon a pavement which well answered their purpose, and which was doubtless of Roman build, and perhaps the ruins of a temple. The stones were laid in that shape, which induced all who saw them to entertain this belief. The Romans have left us, as evidences of their rule at Malta, many medals, a few inscriptions, and a couple of statues, the head of Augustus in basso relievo, and the bust of Antonius, sculptured from native stone. Their inscriptions make mention only of the repairs of the temple of Proserpine and Apollo, and the enlargement of their theatre. The medals bear upon them the head of Juno, the Latin word *Meditation*—while on the reverse is a triumphal chain with a Roman inscription. I had almost neglected to mention an antiquity which is, of all the Roman remains, the most solemn and interesting—it is a large sepulchral lamp, of a singular shape, beautifully and curiously made. It was discovered some two hundred years ago, and is now exhibited in the public museum.

The Roman empire being dismembered, the Vandals, in 455, took possession of Malta, and retained it ten years, when they were driven out by the Goths, who remained as rulers for several centuries: while these people governed, the temples were plundered, and the commerce destroyed. Very little is to be met with at this day, which may serve to bring to our recollection of the dominion of the Goths; a small inscription in the church of St. Agatha in the old city is indeed their only monument.

Belisarius, who was sent by the Emperor Justinian to wrest Africa from the Vandals, landed at Malta in 553, took possession, and united it to the Roman empire. Under this protection, the inhabitants became wealthy—the emperors, however, did not allow to the

inhabitants the same commercial advantages which they enjoyed under the ancient Romans, and the island never became so celebrated, as it was ages before, when under the government of the same power. It is said the Greeks, who at this period divided the trade, were an abandoned people, having none of the virtues of their ancestors, but cursed with all their pride, extravagance, and follies: these traits of character drew upon them the enmity of the other inhabitants, who on an opportune occasion, sacrificed them to the Arabs. During the long period of three hundred years, from the time of Justinian to the conquest of the island by the Arabs, we have only, as remains, a half defaced inscription, and a small and singularly made figure of bronze: it represents a youth kneeling, with his arms extended, and in his hands a small bowl; the whole figure is covered with Greek, Etruscan, and unknown characters, and is prized by the lovers of antiquity as a rare, an interesting, and a valuable curiosity. The Greeks, after many years of the most servile oppression, rose, retook the island, and held possession for thirty-four years, when they were in their turn again defeated, and by this conquest, their power was most effectually destroyed. The Arabs killed all those who by age were capable of bearing arms, and disposed of the women and children as slaves. These barbarians treated all the other inhabitants with lenity, paid a proper respect to the christian religion, and imposed no taxes on the people. Not a long time ago, the Baron Zara had in his possession a large sepulchral stone, which was entirely covered with an Arabian inscription, and the Marquis Barbaro still retains in his museum some golden coins of Arab circulation.

Anno Domini one thousand and ninety, the Normans conquered the island, and permitted those of the Arabs, who wished to leave, to carry with them all their property. Those who remained, enjoyed their religion by the payment of a small tribute. Count Roger, who made this conquest, has left us some coins, with his arms upon them: this nobleman, after making a treaty with the barbarians that all christian slaves captured at sea by their corsairs should not be held in bondage, returned to Sicily. In 1224, Frederick II. made a conquest of Celano, in Calabria, and sent the prisoners he made in that province as exiles to Malta. For seventy-two years the Maltese were subjects of the emperors of Germany.

Fortune next threw the island into the hands of Charles of Anjou, who was king of Sicily; it was not, however, long held in his possession, although it remained for a few years subject to the French government—the brother of Charles being at that period Louis IX. king of France.

In 1298, Corneille, who commanded the French fleet cruising off Malta, was attacked by Roger, an Arragonian admiral, defeated and killed: the victors landed, took possession of the island, the inhabitants having made no resistance. Charles made an attempt to reconquer it, but his fleet was dispersed, and the empire of his enemies firmly established. Pious foundations are the only remains, which the Norman, German, and French princes have left us of their government. From this time, and indeed for a period of one hundred and thirty years, little is recorded on the page of history, which would be interesting for the general reader to

peruse—it mentions only of the tyranny practised by the rulers, who were sent by the kings of Arragon and Castile to govern the Maltese, and of the islanders having subscribed, in 1428, thirty thousand florins, to have the islands annexed by king Alphonso, to the kingdom of Sicily.

PART II.

In the preceding chapter we have given a brief statement of the history of Malta, from its first settlement, some fifteen hundred years before Christ, until the period when it was permanently annexed to the kingdom of Sicily. While doing this, we have had recourse to several works, all of which are acknowledged to be very imperfect: it appears as if each author, had studied to contradict the statements of the other. Wherever we have observed any thing which we thought might be interesting, we have copied it; and for the historical notices we are chiefly indebted to the volumes of Boisgelin and Vertot, both of whom were knights, and consequently in all their feelings prejudiced in favor of the order.

The island of Malta is but a rock of limestone, and were it not that veins of granite and marble had been found in the vicinity of the Benjemma hills, which extend from Valetta in a north-west direction, it might literally be said throughout its whole extent to be of the same soft species. The soil has been made by the islanders, and nothing can be more erroneous than the assertion given by Brydone, that the earth was originally brought from Sicily. In Hennen's topography, we have noticed a long and interesting article on the manufacture of the soil, which we should like to quote entire, as given from the pen of Dr. Tully; we shall, however, content ourselves with briefly noticing it at present, and turn to it again hereafter: we have often witnessed the process, and can vouch for its veracity.

A countryman wishing to make a barren rocky surface a cultivated plat of earth, commences by breaking up the stones which lie on the surface, and for a depth of some six inches. This fine powder is carefully laid aside and mixed with the calcareous earth, which is invariably found under the first layer of stone—a half acre, which is the avarege size of a field, cleared in this way, is then covered with this artificial soil. By the assistance of manure, "and by its great aptitude in its new form to the absorption of moisture from the atmosphere, its bulk very perceptibly increases, and soon forms a sort of concrete texture." Watermelons and cucumbers, requiring the least nourishment, are first raised, and will flourish the succeeding season—"corn is the usual growth of the third year;" and it is by this, and similar processes that by far the greater part of Malta and Goso has been brought into a state of cultivation, and the soil been found so rich, that although only of a few inches depth, it will produce to the husbandman its two and three yearly crops, as a just reward for his toil and labors. It is a common conversation here with the countrymen, of their "ever-producing soil;" and a most happy thing it is for the Maltese, for had not nature ordained it so, many more instances would be noted of the death of the poor from absolute starvation.

In the early part of 1525, when the knights were wanderers in different parts of Europe, the king of Sicily proposed, should the inhabitants consent, to yield them Malta for their habitation. L'Isle Adam, the celebrated grand-master of Rhodian memory, in June of the same year, sent eight commissioners to explore the rock, and report on their return, whether it would be a suitable place of residence, or, in other words, he might have said banishment, for it could be but little less to them, who had for so many years been enjoying every luxury on a fertile island, and dwelling at the same time in the beautifully built and strongly fortified city of Rhodes. The emissaries at this period flattered themselves, as did the grand-master, that with the promised assistance of galley slaves from France, of money from Spain, and artillery from England, they should be enabled to make a successful attack on Rhodes, and drive the infidels from the city. The report which they drew up was therefore any thing but flattering. They stated that the island of Malta was merely a rock of a soft sand stone called tufa, about six or seven leagues long, and three or four broad; that the surface was scarcely covered with more than three or four feet of earth, which was likewise stony, and very unfit to grow corn and other grain, though it produced abundance of figs, melons, and different fruits; that the principal trade of the island consisted in cotton, and cummin, which the inhabitants exchanged for grain; that except a few springs in the middle of the island, there was no running water, nor even wells—the want of which the inhabitants supplied with cisterns; that wood was so scarce as to be sold by the pound—which forced them to use wild thistles, for dressing food; that the island contained about twelve thousand inhabitants—of both sexes—the greatest part of whom were poor and miserable, owing to the barrenness of the soil; and, in a word, that a residence at Malta appeared extremely disagreeable, indeed almost insupportable, especially in summer. Such was the state of this island, as reported by these commissioners upwards of three hundred years ago. Indeed, it was so discouraging that the L'Isle Adam wept while giving a perusal to the document, which gave him the unwelcome intelligence. The grand-master found, that the promised succors were not forthcoming—his treasury empty—the strength of the order greatly reduced, by the number of those who had fallen in fair fight against the Turks, and by those who were deceased from the plague on their voyage to Europe; with all these accumulated misfortunes on his memory, he exclaimed in full council, "must I survive the loss of Rhodes for no other end than to be a witness, and that at this period of my life, of the scattering and perhaps the utter ruin of an order, whose institution is of so sacred a nature, and whose government is confided to me?"

It singularly happened that this illustrious old man had hardly ceased speaking, when the commander Bonin, a brave man, who had been sent by the grandmaster to Rhodes to discover the strength of the Turkish garrison, and what chance there might be of success should an attack be made, returned, and on his entry, all present knew by his fallen countenance, even before he spoke, that nothing could be hoped from his statement to authorise the attempt.

It appeared that the project which the grand-master

entertained had been too long delayed, and that the same having been made known at Constantinople, the grand seignor had immediately changed the garrison, and put several christians to death, in the city whom he suspected of having favored the design. It was with the utmost difficulty, and when beset with dangers, that the commander Bosio himself, found means to escape the strict search which had been made by order of the governor. The knights having heard this report, with common consent, abandoned all hopes of ever again recapturing Rhodes, and turned their attention to the other places which had been named, and which by conquest or grant would be suitable for a seat and residence of the order.

Bosio, who was ever warm and enterprising in those things in which the interests of his order were concerned, had been, on his return from Rhodes, to Modon, a city of the Morea, where he found two Greeks by birth, but Turks by profession, who were filling the highest places in the town—the one, by name Cajolan, had command of the fort, the other was chief director of the customs, and also master of the gate of the mole. These renegades, on being written to, came at night on board the commander's ship. "Bosio found them thoroughly penitent for their fault in having changed their religion, and resolved to atone for it though at the expense of their lives." After various consultations, during which many plans had been devised, it was at last arranged as follows: On a certain day a number of merchant vessels should arrive in the harbor, each containing some three score of the order; that during the night they should all be landed, some being admitted by Cajolan into the tower which protected the fort, while the others should pass through the marine gate, kill the guard, and enter the town. While this was going on, a cannon shot should serve as a signal for the christian fleet, which should be at anchor behind the neighboring island of Sapienza, to approach, bombard the city, and send reinforcements to assist the attacking party. This was a favorite project with the French knights, who it appeared would rather fight for Modon than take quiet possession of the islands of Malta and Goso. L'Isle Adam, however, who was a man of sound judgment, preferred a certain settlement, to one which was to be gained by conquest, and proposed—which after a long discussion was unanimously agreed to—that Bosio should be sent as ambassador to Rome, to request the pope, who had been one of the order, to exert his influence with the emperor Charles V., he having been named by him, as "arbitrator of the conditions, and terms of the feoffment."

It appears that the emperor did not wish to yield the islands, "unless the body of the order would take an oath of fidelity to him, in quality of its sovereign—that a new creation should be made of a second bailiff of the language of Castile—that in the admiral's absence, none but a knight of the language of Italy should command the galleys—and, lastly, that the city of Tripoli, on the coast of Barbary, should be taken possession of by the order, and be defended by them against the attacks of the infidels. Bosio after having fulfilled his embassy to Rome, and at the suggestion of the pope, continued on to Madrid, where on his arrival he called on the emperor, and stated that

with the terms proposed by him it was impossible for the knights to accept of the islands—giving as their reasons, "that although they were all born subjects of different powers, yet the order in general by its profession was independent of any one; that the only view of the institution was to defend all christians alike against the incursions of the infidels; that for so many years as the order had existed with some kind of glory, it had never yet been known to engage against any christian prince in favor of another—and with regard to Tripoli, they stated that sending knights to defend so weak a place, surrounded as it was by barbarians and infidels, was little better than sending them to the slaughter." The pope also took this occasion to recommend to the emperor, in the strongest terms, the interests of the order of St. John—stating that "he had been brought up in it, and considered it in a manner as his second family."

Though the emperor was not easily caught with solicitations, in which his interest was not concerned, yet being reconciled with the pope, he observed it was impossible to refuse him any thing—and it is affirmed that the house of Medicis and the order of St. John, owe their re-establishment to the exertions of Clement, who was at that period at the head of the Romish church.

On the twenty-sixth of October, 1530, L'Isle Adam, with his council and chief commanders, arrived and anchored in the great harbor of Malta. On landing, they went immediately to the parochial church of St. Lawrence, in which they performed divine service; this ceremony being finished, the grand-master entered the town situated at the foot of the castle of St. Angelo, which was composed of wretched hovels, and tenanted by people of the most savage and rustic appearance. Not a house could be found suitable as a residence for the grand-master—this, in connection with the barrenness of the soil, the poverty of the inhabitants, the want of bread, which they could only procure from Sicily, and no place of defence in case they should be attacked, grievously afflicted L'Isle Adam, more especially when he thought of Rhodes, so fruitful in corn, so rich by its fleets, and armaments, and moreover the capital of six other islands, the most inconsiderable of which was better fortified than Malta. Eight years had expired from the time the order was driven from Rhodes to the period when it was established at Malta, and during this long term the knights had been residents at Candia, Messina, Civita Vecchia, Viterbo, Nice, Villa Franca, and Sicily.

These continued movements were attended with much expense, and had not Charles, the emperor of Spain and king of Sicily, granted the islands of Malta and Goro as opportunely as he did, as a habitation of the order, the probability is, that with a drained treasury, and their spirits broken, each knight would have returned to his home, and as a body that these men would never have been more celebrated for their deeds in arms, and for the services which they afterwards so effectually rendered to the christian world, while for nearly three hundred years they waged an almost unceasing war with their infidel enemies.

A.

Malta, May 20th, 1866.

SCIENTIÆ MISCELLANEA.—No. V.

TENDENCIES.

We often observe in the growth of natural objects, a tendency towards a certain form, which they seldom if ever assume. In the common language of natural history, they are said "to affect certain forms." I do not know a better illustration of this remark, than is afforded in the growth of plants. Plants affect a perfect regularity of form—a regularity which shall extend not only to the form and position of their leaves and boughs, but also to the angles at which they are joined together. Could the trees of the forest effect that which they only affect, instead of that endless variety with which they now delight the eye, they would present a stiff and monotonous regularity, as if jointed and morticed together by the hand of an artist. Then might a fanciful man, find, indeed, some foundation for a figure used by a celebrated American botanist, who has spoken of trees as "cities of leaves." This tendency of plants to assume a perfect regularity in their growth, is manifested in several ways. If we examine one as it first springs from the ground—a young peach-tree, for example—we will find that it has two large fleshy leaves, placed exactly opposite to each other, and perfectly alike in color, structure, &c. The shoot which is to become the future tree, springs from between them in a direction perpendicular to the earth's surface. If we wait until it has developed its leaves, and then again examine it, we will find the second leaf just one quarter of the way around the stem from the first, and measuring up the stem a little more than half way between the first and the third. The same will be found to be true respecting all the other leaves. If I may be allowed the use of such language, the difference of longitude between each two consecutive leaves is 90 degrees; whilst the difference of latitude is a little more than half the distance between the leaf below, and the leaf above the one from which we measure. During the months of July and August, at the point where each leaf is inserted into the stem, a bud is formed, the embryo of a future bough. By carefully dissecting one of these buds, and examining with a microscope, the whole of the bough, so far as it is destined to be developed by the next year's growth, may be discovered in miniature; each leaf carefully folded over the one below it, and all packed away within four hard scales, intended to afford them protection from the frosts and storms of winter. By carefully examining this bud, we will discover that the same perfect regularity is provided for, in the growth of the next set of branches, which characterised the first year's shoot. And yet this perfect regularity is never attained. In some trees a nearer approach is made to it than in others, but all present greater or less irregularities.

These irregularities result from the action of what a naturalist calls "disturbing causes." I will mention and illustrate the action of one or two of these. Let us suppose that the young tree is growing in a perfectly perpendicular direction—its stem is possessed of a certain degree of elasticity—if bent by a slight wind it soon recovers, but by a stormy wind it may be so far bent as not to be able to restore itself, and thus a permanent crook may be given to the stem. Again, let us suppose that the buds are all formed at the proper time, and in their proper places, and that all are carefully wrapped up to defend them against the inclemency of winter. Of these buds it is not probable that more than one-half will survive to open at the call of spring. The most insignificant circumstance may determine which shall perish, and which survive. Even the insinuation of a drop of water beneath its scaly covering, may destroy a bud, and thus give rise to an irregularity in the form of the future tree. Let us take the case of a shoot on which eight buds had been formed at the close of summer, and suppose that one-half of these are destroyed during the succeeding winter; it is a coincidence hardly to be expected that these should be either the first, third, fifth and seventh, or the second, fourth, sixth and eighth; and yet all this would be necessary in order to preserve a perfect regularity of form to the tree.

An insect may destroy a bud, or even a whole bough. Many insects are taught by instinct to pierce the bark of certain plants, and there to deposit their eggs. Where this is the case, the part pierced swells up, and a complete derangement ensues. The nut-gall, and the common green ball, seen on the leaves of some species of oak, are produced in this way. If we suppose that the growth of the plant was perfectly regular before, and that no deleterious influence is exerted upon the wounded part by the sting of the insect, yet as each bough receives an equal portion of the nourishment taken in by the root; and as a part of that received by the wounded branch is necessarily employed in forming the excrescence, there must be less left for increasing the size of that bough; and thus an irregularity is produced.

Many other of these disturbing causes might be mentioned, but these I deem sufficient for the purpose of illustration. By far the greater part of them act more powerfully during the winter than during the summer; and hence perennial plants are much more irregular in their structure, than annuals; and those which grow slowly, than those which grow rapidly. All plants, however, are more or less irregular, not because they do not affect perfect regularity of form, but because they are never exempted entirely from the operation of disturbing agencies. And yet their ideal regularity is very seldom so far departed from, as

to unfit them for performing the part assigned them in the economy of creation. It generally happens, that about as many buds are destroyed on one side a tree, as on the other; seldom if ever does it become so one-sided as to be broken off, and fall by its own weight.

What is particularly worthy of remark in this matter, is, that with every thing tending to a stiff and formal regularity, such an infinite variety has been made to spring up and delight the eye, by what may be called the incidental operation of causes, whose chief end is to produce results with which the vegetable kingdom is in no way connected. This, I think, may fairly be cited as an instance of economy in creation. So universal is the operation of these "disturbing agencies," and so endless the variety of form which results from them, that we might search the world over in vain to find two trees precisely similar in shape. In fact I do not know but that I may say, without laying myself open to the charge of extravagance, that there never have been two such trees upon the surface of our globe.

A remark or two by way of applying this to settle a question of taste. A little more than half a century since, it was the fashion in England to trim trees in the form of cubes, spheres, pyramids, cones, &c. &c. If my memory does not deceive me, I have noticed in a few instances, something of this same taste in this our good state of Virginia. Such taste might, perhaps, be tolerated in the neighborhood of those mountains in China, which on the authority of Osbeck, quoted by Malte-Brun, we believe, to "have the forms of the heads of dragons, tigers, bears," &c.; or even in En-vionne, in the Valais, where their principal mountain resembles the old French frizzled wig; but in this land, which nature has made the depository of many of her grandest works, it is intolerable. For my own part, I had much rather see the same number of green boxes or barrels, mounted upon poles, than these distorted caricatures of trees. It was a taste of this kind which Goldsmith intended to ridicule in his story of the seven sisters of the Flamborough family, who, on having their likenesses taken, each one was painted smelling an orange. Should any of my readers feel inclined to ornament the outsides of their dwellings with trees, trimmed in the style just mentioned, I hope they will improve upon the hint given them by Gokl-smith, and ornament the inside after the manner of the Flamborough family.

No. VI.

SUPERIORITY CONFERRED BY SCIENCE.

"A shopkeeper in China sold to the purser of a ship a quantity of distilled spirits according to a sample shown; but not standing in awe of con-science, he afterwards, in the privacy of his store-

house, added a certain quantity of water to each cask. The spirit having been delivered on board, and tried by the hydrometer, was discovered to be wanting in strength. When the vender was charged with the intended fraud, he at first denied it, for he knew of no human means which could have made the discovery; but on the exact quantity of water which had been mixed, being specified, a superstitious dread seized him, and having confessed his roguery, he made ample amends."

The above is one instance among many which might be mentioned, of the advantage which scientific knowledge gives its possessor over the ignorant. Whilst the philosopher in his study is engaged in the laborious investigation of abstract truths, the question is often asked "cui bono?" But when the results of his investigations are applied to the affairs of real life, their benefit is at once evident. Perhaps one or two instances more may set this truth in a stronger light.

"On mount Pilatus, near lake Luzerne, is a valuable growth of fir trees, which on account of the inaccessible nature of the mountain had remained for ages uninjured, until within a few years a German engineer contrived to construct a trough in the form of an inclined plane, by which these trees are made to descend by their own weight, through a space of eight miles, from the side of the mountain to the margin of the lake. Although the average declivity is no more than about one foot in seventeen, and the route often circuitous, and sometimes horizontal, yet so great is the acceleration, that a tree descends the whole distance in the short space of six minutes. To the spectator standing by the side of the trough, at first is heard, on the approach of the tree, a roaring noise, becoming louder and louder; the tree comes in sight at the distance of half a mile, and in an instant afterwards shoots past with the noise of thunder, and almost with the rapidity of an arrow. But for the knowledge of the inclined plane, which this German engineer had previously acquired, such a work as this would have appeared impossible."

The chronometer, a species of watch constructed to go with great accuracy, has of late been applied to the purpose of determining longitude at sea. "After months spent in a passage from South America to Asia," says Arnott, "our captain's chronometer announced that a certain point of land was then bearing east from the ship at a distance of fifty miles; and in an hour afterwards, when a mist had cleared away, the looker-out on the mast gave the joyous call, 'land ahead!' verifying the report of the chronometer almost to a mile, after a voyage of thousands. It is natural at such a moment, with the dangers and uncertainties of ancient navigation before the mind, to exult in contemplating what man has now achieved. Had the rate of the wonderful little instrument in all that time changed even a little, its announce-

ment would have been worse than useless—but in the night, and in the day, in storm, and in calm, in heat, and in cold—while the persons around it were experiencing every vicissitude of mental and bodily condition, its steady beat went on, keeping exact account of the rolling of the earth, and of the stars; and in the midst of the trackless waves, it was always ready to tell its magic tale of the very spot of the globe over which it had arrived." In one point of view, this result appears to arise from the perfection of the chronometer's mechanism; but had not the man of science determined the exact figure of the earth, and its rate of motion around both its own axis and the sun, the chronometer could have given no information respecting longitude; it would have told its tale indeed, but without science as its interpreter, that tale would have remained wrapped in the mystery of an unknown tongue.

A. D. G.

DUTY OF MOTHERS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.*

Mothers best discharge their duty to the community, by training up those who shall give it strength and beauty. Their unwearied labors should coincide with the aspirations of the Psalmist, that their "sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; their daughters, as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." They would not wish to leave to society, where they had themselves found protection and solace, a bequest that would dishonor their memory.

We, who are mothers, ought to feel peculiar solicitude with regard to the manner in which our daughters are reared. Being more constantly with us, and more entirely under our control than sons, they will be naturally considered as our representatives, the truest tests of our system, the strongest witnesses to a future generation, of our fidelity or neglect.

"Unless women," said the venerable Fellenberg, "are brought up with industrious and religious habits, it is in vain that we educate the men: for they are the ones who keep the character of men in its proper elevation."

* The rule which we usually observe, is to leave our readers to form their own judgments upon the labors of our contributors, without comment or commendation from ourselves. We shall be justified, however, in departing from this rule, in reference to this article from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, if, by so doing, it shall arrest the attention of our readers generally. To say nothing of its characteristic graces of style, the subject of which it treats is of momentous importance to the happiness and well-being of the community; and, if it were possible, it should be placed in the hands of every mother capable of appreciating the beauty and originality of its thoughts and precepts. We own ourselves to have been highly delighted with it, as we usually are with every thing from the pen of this highly gifted lady. The genius, taste, and morality of our country are already much indebted to her, and her fame as an authoress is the public property of the nation. We do not know whether the works of Mrs. Sigourney have been as yet generally introduced into our southern female schools; if not, they certainly should be, whether they are regarded as chaste models of composition, or as repositories of all that is pure in sentiment and sublime in morals.—[Ed. So. Lit. Mess.

tion." Our duty to the community, which must be discharged by the education of a whole race, comprises many unobtrusive, almost invisible points, which in detail may seem trivial, or at least desultory, but which are still as important, as the rain-drop to the cistern, or the rill to the broad stream.

A long period allotted to study; a thorough implantation of domestic tastes, and a vigilant guardianship over simplicity of character, are essential to the daughters of a republic. That it is wise to give the greatest possible extent to the season of tutelage, for those who have much to learn, is a self-evident proposition. If they are to teach others, it is doubly important. And there is no country on earth, where so many females are employed in teaching, as in our own. Indeed, from the position that educated women here maintain, it might not be difficult to establish the point, that they are all teachers, all forming other beings upon the model of their own example, however unconscious of the fact. To abridge the education of the educator, is to stunt the culture of a plant, whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations."

I was delighted to hear a young lady say, at the age of nineteen, "I cannot bear to think yet of leaving school, I have scarcely begun to learn." With propriety might she express this sentiment, though she was eminent both in studies and accomplishments,—if the great Michael Angelo, could adopt for his motto, in his ninetieth year—"ancora imparo,"—and "yet I am learning."

It has unfortunately been too much the custom in our country, not only to shorten the period allotted to the education of our sex, but to fritter away even that brief period, in contradictory pursuits and pleasures. Parents have blindly lent their influence to this usage. To reform it, they must oppose the tide of fashion and of opinion. Let them instruct their daughters to resist the principle of conforming in any respect to the example of those around them, unless it is rational in itself, and correctly applicable to them as individuals. A proper expenditure for one, would be ruinous extravagance in another. So, if some indiscreet mothers, permit their young daughters to waste in elaborate dress and fashionable parties, the attention which should be devoted to study, need their example be quoted as a precedent? *To do as others do*, which is the rule of the unthinking, is often to copy bad taste and erring judgment. We use more discrimination in points of trifling import. We pause and compare patterns, ere we purchase a garment which, perchance, lasts but for a single season. Why should we adopt with little inquiry,—or on the strength of doubtful precedent,—a habit, which may stamp the character of our children forever?

When circumstances require, the youngest girl should be taught not to fear to differ from her companions, either in costume, manners, or opinion. Singularity for its own sake, and every approach to eccentricity, should be deprecated and discouraged. Even necessary variations from those around, must be managed with delicacy, so as not to wound feeling, or exasperate prejudice. But she who dares not to be independent, when reason or duty dictate, will be in danger of forfeiting decision of character, perhaps, integrity of principle.

Simple attire, and simple manners, are the natural ornaments of those who are obtaining their school edu-

cation. They have the beauty of fitness, and the policy of leaving the mind free, for its precious pursuits. Love of display, every step towards affectation, are destructive of the charms of that sweet season of life. Ceremonious visiting, where showy apparel, and late hours prevail, must be avoided. I feel painful sympathy for those mothers, who expose their young daughters to such excitements, yet expect them to return unimpaired and docile, to the restraints of school discipline. "Those who forsake useful studies," said an ancient philosopher, "for useless speculations, are like the Olympic gamesters, who abstained from necessary labors, that they might be fit for such as were not so."

Shall I allude to the want of expediency, in exhibiting very young ladies in mixed society? Their faces become familiar to the public eye. The shrinking delicacy of their privileged period of life escapes. The dews of the morning are too suddenly exhaled. They get to be accounted old, ere they are mature,—more is expected of them, than their unformed characters can yield,—and if their discretion does not surpass their years, they may encounter severe criticism, perhaps calumny. When they should be just emerging as a fresh opened blossom, they are hackneyed to the common gaze, as the last year's Souvenir, which by courtesy or sufferance, maintains a place on the centre-table, though its value has deteriorated. Is not the alternative either a premature marriage, or an obsolete continuance in the arena of fashion, with a somewhat mortifying adherence to the fortunes of new candidates, as, grade after grade, they assert their claims to fleeting admiration, or vapid flattery?

How much more faithfully does the mother perform her duty, who brings forth to society, no crude or superficial semblance of goodness, but the well-ripened fruit of thorough, prayerful culture. Her daughter, associated with herself, in domestic cares, at the same time that she gathered the wealth of intellectual knowledge, is now qualified to take an active part in the sphere which she embellishes. Adorned with that simplicity which attracts every eye, when combined with good breeding, and a right education, she is arrayed in a better panoply than the armor of Semiramis, or the wit and beauty of Cleopatra, for whom the Roman lost a world.

Simplicity of language, as well as of garb and manner, is a powerful ingredient in that art of pleasing, which the young and lovely of our sex are supposed to study. The conversation of children is rich in this charm. Books intended for their instruction or amusement, should consult their idiom. Ought not females to excel in the composition of elementary works for the juvenile intellect, associated as they are with it, in its earliest and least constrained developments? The talented and learned man is prone to find himself embarrassed by such a labor. The more profound his researches in science, and the knowledge of the world, the farther must he retrace his steps, to reach the level of infantine simplicity. Possibly, he might ascend among the stars, and feel at home; but to search for honey-dew in the bells of flowers, and among the moss-cups, needs the beak of the humming-bird, or the wing of the butterfly. He must recall, with painful effort, the far-off days, when he "thought as a child, spake as a child, understood as a child." Fortunate will he

be, if the "strong meat" on which he has so long fed, have not wholly indisposed him to relish the "milk of babes." If he is able to arrest the thoughts and feelings, which charmed him when life was new, he will still be obliged to transmute them into the dialect of childhood. He must write in a foreign idiom, where, not to be ungrammatical is praise, and not utterly to fail, is victory. Perhaps, in the attempt, he may be induced to exclaim, with the conscious majesty of Milton—"my mother bore me, a speaker of that, which God made my own, and not a translator."

It has been somewhere asserted, that he who would agreeably instruct children, must become the pupil of children. They are not, indeed, qualified to act as guides among the steep cliffs of knowledge which they have never traversed; but they are most skilful conductors to the green plats of turf, and the wild flowers that encircle its base. They best know where the violets and king-cups grow, which they have themselves gathered, and where the clear brook makes mirthful music in its pebbly bed.

Have you ever listened to a little girl telling a story to her younger brother or sister? What adaptation of subject, circumstance, and epithet? If she repeats what she has heard, how naturally does she simplify every train of thought. If she enters the region of invention, how wisely does she keep in view the taste and comprehension of her auditor. Ah, how powerful is that simplicity, which so readily unlocks and rules the heart, and which, "seeming to have nothing, possesseth all things."

Those who are conversant with little children, are not always disposed sufficiently to estimate them, or to allow them the high rank which they really hold in the scale of being. In regarding the acorn, we forget that it comprises within its tiny round the future oak. It is this want of prospective wisdom, which occasions ignorant persons often to despise childhood, and renders some portions of its early training seasons of bitter bondage. "*Knowledge is an impression of pleasure*," said Lord Bacon. They who impart it to the young, ought not to interfere with its original nature, or divide the toil from the reward. Educated females ought especially to keep bright the links between knowledge and happiness. This is one mode of evincing gratitude to the age in which they live, for the generosity with which it has renounced those prejudices, which in past times circumscribed the intellectual culture of their sex.

May I be excused for repeatedly urging them to convince the community that it has lost nothing by this liberality? Let not the other sex be authorised in complaining that the firesides of their fathers were better regulated than their own. Give them no chance to throw odium upon knowledge, from the faults of its allies and disciples. Rather let them see, that by a participation in the blessings of education, you are made better in every domestic department, in every relative duty—more ardent in every hallowed effort of benevolence and piety.

I cannot believe that the distaste for household industry, which some young ladies evince, is the necessary effect of a mere expanded system of education. Is it not rather the abuse of that system? or may it not radically be the fault of the mother, in neglecting to mingle day by day, domestic knowledge with intellec-

tual culture? in forgetting that the warp needs a woof, ere the rich tapestry can be perfect? I am not prepared to assert that our daughters have too much learning, though I may be compelled to concede, that it is not always well balanced, or judiciously used.

Education is not indeed confined to any one point of our existence, yet it assumes peculiar importance at that period when the mind is most ductile to every impression. Just at the dawn of that time, we see the mother watching for the first faint tinge of intellect, "more than they who watch for the morning." At her feet a whole generation sit as pupils. Let her learn her own value, as the first educator; that in proportion to the measure of her influence, she may acquit herself of her immense responsibilities.

Her debt to the community must be paid through her children, or through others whom she may rear up, to dignify and adorn it. Aristotle said, "the fate of empires depended on education." But that in woman, dwelt any particle of that conservative power, escaped the scrutinizing eye of the philosopher of Greece. The far-sighted statesmen of our times have discovered it. A Prussian legislator, at the beginning of the present century, promulgated the principle, that "to the safety and regeneration of a people, a correct state of religious opinion and practice was essential, which could only be effected by proper attention to the early nurture of the mind." He foresaw the influence, which the training of infancy would have, upon the welfare of a nation.

Let our country go still further, and recognize in the nursery, and at the fireside, that hallowed agency, which, more than the pomp of armies, shall guard her welfare, and preserve her liberty. Trying as she is, in her own isolated sphere, the mighty experiment, whether a republic can ever be permanent—standing in need as she does, of all the checks which she can command, to curb faction, cupidity and reckless competition—rich in resources, and therefore in danger from her own power—in danger from the very excess of her own happiness, from that knowledge which is the birth-right of her people, unless there go forth with it a moral purity, guarding the unsheathed weapon—let this our dear country, not slight the humblest instrument that may advance her safety, nor forget that the mother, kneeling by the cradle-bed, hath her hand upon the ark of a nation.

Hartford, Conn. October 18th, 1838.

GREECE.—A SONNET.

Land of the muses, and of mighty men!
A shadowy grandeur mantles thee; serene
As morning skies, thy pictur'd realms are seen,
When ether's canopy is clear, and when
The very zephyrs pause upon the wing
In ecstasy, and wist not where to stray.
Beautiful Greece! more glorious in decay
Than other regions in the flush of spring:
Thy palaces are tenantless; the Turk
Hath quenched the embers of the holy fane;
Thy temples now are crumbling to the plain,
For time hath sapped, and man hath helped the work.
All cannot perish—thy immortal mind
Remains a halo circling round mankind. [Blackwood.

FALKLAND, BY E. L. BULWER.*

This is a volume which has been for a considerable time *sur le tapis*; and, from the reputation of the author and the subject of which he treats, has doubtless long since found its way to the *boudoir* of every lady, married or single, who is fond of fashionable life, and *ergo* of fashionable novel reading; for I take it for granted, that a truly fashionable lady has little time to devote to aught else than those works of folly and foolery which are daily and hourly poured forth from the press, in the form, and under the name of novels. We would not, however, be understood as aiming to rank the volume now before us among the publications of the denomination just mentioned. Far from it; we regard it as meriting a much more serious attention. We regard it as possessing far more than ordinary ability in the author, in his development of character and his portraiture of the passions. Yet, while we promptly award to it that meed of praise, which, as a literary effort, it most unquestionably merits, we are far from according to it our applause for the moral tendency, which the author, in his ingenious preface, would fain flatter his readers, he has been enabled to infuse into its pages. We think, on the contrary, that it contains sentiments supported by a reasoning and eloquence worthy of a better cause, and which, if suffered to pass unexposed and uncondemned, are calculated to sap the very foundations of those wise and salutary institutions, upon which virtuous society, and indeed every thing relating to the moral government of mankind, must ultimately and inevitably depend. To expose the deleterious tendency of those sentiments, and to pass upon them a loudly-called-for condemnation, is the purpose for which we have again, for a few moments resumed our grey goose quill,

"That mighty instrument of little men."

We are introduced to the hero of the tale by a series of letters from him to his friend Monkton; from which we learn that he is somewhat of a *solitaire*, shrouded in the pall of melancholy, and, in the genuine spirit of a misanthropist, ruminating with gloomy but bitter sarcasms on the unsatisfying pleasures of a gay *bel monde*, in the golden light of whose flattery and applause he had long moved with glory and renown. He treats with a proud contempt (and verily we think justly too,) the mercenary motives which dictate the conduct and call forth the *friendship* of the generality of mankind. "From the height of his philosophy he compassionates" the imbecility of human greatness, and pours the phials of his indignation upon the

*These remarks upon Bulwer's "Falkland," were written several years since. They are now offered for publication from a belief in the mind of the writer, that an undue applause has been awarded to the imaginary productions of the distinguished novelist.

ductility of the fawning sycophants of power. "He smiles at the kindness of the fathers, who, hearing that he was talented, and knowing that he was rich, looked to his support in whatever political side they had espoused. He saw in the notes of the mothers their anxiety for the establishment of their daughters, and their respect for his acres." In short, the once gay, versatile and still elegant and accomplished Mr. Falkland, (and, ah! over whose elegance and accomplishments how many married and unmarried female bosoms have not heaved the sigh of a would-be *seduist*;) appears depicted to our imagination in the solemn bearing of a moralist, and the dignified garb of a philosopher. He presents to our view that most enviable picture which few painters have been enabled vividly to portray, from the extreme paucity of the numbers of the originals they are called upon to copy—that of a man thoroughly disgusted with his kind, and enjoying perfect contentment in the becalming gloom of a romantic solitude. From a view of the brilliant career he has passed, we are naturally led to inquire, if, in all the gay and mercenary world, not one solitary being had for a moment arrested his triumphant course, and claimed of his heart the homage of a sigh. To this inquiry, we receive for answer, "that when he left Dr. ——'s, he was sent to a private tutor in D——e. Here he continued for about two years. It was during that time that—but what *then* befell him is for no living ear! The characters of that history are engraven upon his heart in letters of fire; but it is a language that none but himself have the authority to read. It is enough for the events of that period, that they were connected with the first awakening of the most powerful of human passions, and that whatever their commencement, their end was despair! and *she*—the only object of that *love*—the only being in the world who ever possessed the secret and the spell of his nature—her life was the bitterness and the fever of a troubled heart—her rest is the grave." Here we find that he has been in *love*; but that the unhappy object of his passion, from some cause not revealed, had sunk to an early tomb. We are also reminded that that passion was connected with many sins and misfortunes in after life. This we regard as a modest allusion to the career of the *roué*, which he so long and so triumphantly led, and which has invested his character with such an absorbing and thrilling interest in the estimation of a majority of the female readers—God forbid we should say *all*—who have so often, and in such tremulous anxiety and tenderness, followed through the pages of this little volume, the incidents of his eventful life. That he had been highly educated, and was born of an ancient and honorable family—that he had led a successful career in fashionable life—that he loved one sacred object, which, although dead, was still

unforgotten—that he had "become a weary of the world," and had withdrawn forever from the glare of its splendor, and the enticements of its follies, all contributed to throw around him in his state, of what Rousseau would call *loisir philosophique*—an air of romance, that called forth our exalted admiration, while it elicited our warmest sympathy. But, alas! "*paulo majora canamus*." The scene must now change.

He has a favorite retreat in the neighboring grounds of a Mr. Mandeville, who is a member of parliament, and married to the daughter of the Duke of Lindvale, who is very young, very beautiful, very accomplished, and the mother of an interesting child. This immaculate being—who is represented "as pure as an enthusiast's dream of heaven, yet bearing within the latent and powerful passion, and tenderness of earth; and mixing with all a *simplicity* and *innocence*, which the extreme earliness of her marriage, and the ascetic temper of her husband, had tended less to diminish than increase"—has left for a season the gaieties of London, and retired for the benefit of her health, naturally delicate, to the country mansion of her husband at E——. She has heard of Mr. Falkland from Lady Margaret and Mrs. Dalton. By the one, she is told that when he wishes to please, he is perfectly irresistible; and by the other, that he is conceited, satirical, and, in short, very *disagreeable*. Yet is she very anxious to see him. Her husband is absent, devoting his time to his duties in parliament. Her little boy is her constant companion, and upon him she seems to lavish all the love and affection which pours fresh and unobstructed from the perennial fountain of her heart. With him, on a certain day, she takes a ramble to revisit her former and favorite haunts. In the course of her rambles, she discovers a man apparently asleep, with a volume of Shakespeare by his side. The boy, as other little boys would do, picks up the book. The mother, all anxiety, takes the volume to replace it immediately, but still takes time to peruse a passage upon which the child had accidentally opened; and often in after days recalled that passage as an omen. It was from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and ran as follows:

"Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history—
The course of true love never did run smooth!"

"She laid the book down, and caught a glimpse of the countenance of the sleeper: never did she forget the expression which it wore—stern, proud, mournful, even in repose! She hurried home, and all that day she was silent and abstracted: the face haunted her like a dream. Strange as it may seem, she spoke neither to Lady Margaret nor to Mrs. Dalton of her adventure. And why?" emphatically asks our author. "Is there in our

hearts any prescience of their misfortunes?" Now who, with the foregoing description before him, can deny that the pure and lovely being—whom he must now regard as the intended offering at the altar of the guiltiest of passions—is *already seduced*? Yea, even before the sound of the voice of the seducer has fallen upon her ears, she has prepared her heart to yield to its solicitations. The damning propensity to commit that forbidden and most unhallowed deed, which it is possible for human depravity to conceive, is already alive in that bosom, which but a moment before was all purity, and glowing with all the consecrated ardor of maternal devotion. We profess to be totally strangers to the credulity which has duped the majority of mankind. We may be in error; but when we boldly and confidently assert, that there is no such thing as *seduction in married life*, we ask, we seek no more cogent authority to sustain our assertion than the volume now before us. We have little of credence to yield to those fervid descants so often sung about the violence of passions, and the weakness and helplessness of woman. That a majority of them are weak, and helpless too, and that they possess a violence and impetuosity of passion and feeling, equal in every respect to those of men, few, I believe, who know much of the general features of their characters, will consider at all problematical. But, that the possession of these ignoble traits of character, should, despite the proper and resolute exercise of the redeeming and counteracting qualities, which the God of nature has implanted in our breasts for virtuous purposes, so far conquer the ennobling principles of the heart and soul, as to suffer them to succumb to the promptings of depravity and crime, is a position in ethical philosophy, from which I, for one, must beg leave most unequivocally to dissent. And let those of the "fair creation," who may be even now listening to the syren voice of seduction, cease now and forever "to lay the flattering unction to their souls," that because of their weakness they may sin with impunity against the thundering injunctions of the divine law, or the still small voice of their guardian angel, forever invoking a devotional adherence to the heavenly admonitions of virtue. Let me ask them, too, if, even in those moments, when they feel themselves least able to cope with the arts of the seducer, they are not more the victims of the degrading and debasing feelings, which *they themselves* have rather nurtured, than attempted to conquer and discard, than the arguments and solicitations of the lurer to their ruin.

To return to the heroine. After her adventure in her walk, Mr. Falkland, at the suggestion of Lady Margaret, is invited to E—— to dinner. Here the future lovers meet to speak for the first time. There was of course a mutual admiration, and both had promptly resolved to reciprocate the

tender emotions which it was evident each felt for the other. "Falkland did not stay long after dinner," says the narrative, "but to Lady Margaret he promised all that she required of future length and frequency in his visits. When he left the room, Lady Emily went instinctively to the window to watch him depart; and all that night his low, soft voice, rung in her ear like the music of an indistinct and half-remembered dream." Very delightful musings, indeed, to occupy the mind of a wife reposing on the couch of her absent husband, and that too within hearing of the soft breathings of her innocent child! Surely a more revolting picture of baseness and depravity can hardly be presented to the imagination than is here exhibited. All our thoughts of virtue, delicacy, and the sanctity of the matrimonial bond, recoil in horror from this voluntary and miserable prostitution of all that is most sacred in the several relations of life—all that is softening and elevating in character—all that is refined and separated from the dross—the alloy of human existence—to the gratification of worst than bestial sensuality and lechery. And all this degradation too, is made to spring from one, who a moment before, is depicted by our author "as having much that is termed *genius*—its warmth of emotion—its vividness of conception—its admiration for the grand—its affection for the good—and a dangerous contempt for what is mean and worthless, the very indulgence of which is an offence against the habits of the world. Her tastes were, however, too *feminine and chaste* ever to render her eccentric." Verily, Mr. Bulwer, the ingenuity of your pen has failed in *this* instance, at least, in giving that consistency to the attributes of your heroine, which renders at all *necessary*, those arts, the possession of which, in all time, has so much distinguished that elegant personage (so often worshipped and sighed for by those delicate emanations from the glory of heaven, "the lady's fair,") commonly called the *roue*! Your shades of character are made to change with the shiftings of every scene in the drama. To-day, she is little less than an angel—to-morrow, she is robed in the enticing garb of the would-be-adulteress, panting for the embraces of a paramour, ere he has aspired to become one.

We will not accompany the devoted couple through the various scenes of the conflicts of passion they are called upon to encounter, before the perpetration of the deed, at the bare recital of which, the sensibilities of the father and husband are tremblingly aroused to the appalling consciousness of the frail and miserable tenure by which matrimonial bliss is enjoyed in the fashionable and heartless world. The author has taxed to the uttermost his fruitful, fervid, and eloquent imagination, to elicit for the guilty pair the sympathies of the reader. We, at least, must assure him of

our total repugnance to award them ours. Indeed we feel, throughout his glowing descriptions of what he would have us regard as the *struggles* they underwent, ere the sacred ties of mother and wife could be severed, such an *inconsistency* with the estimate we had formed of the character of Lady Emily, before she is presented to Falkland, as in our opinion, renders totally unnecessary such high-wrought pictures of distress and suffering. We cannot feel that such suffering ever could exist in the bosom of one, who, like the fair and accomplished adulteress, seems to have *intended* the commission of the act. We would almost vouch to the author, that in an action of criminal conversation, with no more cogent evidence than he himself has furnished, to make out to the satisfaction of an honest jury a clear and incontrovertible case of *malice prepense*.

We have gone through this volume, we confess, with no little interest. We have hung with lively anxiety over many of the scenes, which all will admit, are portrayed by the hand of a master. But we have looked in vain for one prominent redeeming principle to save the work, as a whole, from that sentence of condemnation which we do not hesitate to pass upon it in the most unqualified terms. As a tale of seduction, it contains no lesson from which the young and unpractised heart can take such warning as to prompt it to avoid the rock upon which many a frail bark, freighted with domestic hope and happiness, has been unhappily wrecked. It purports, indeed, to contain the punishment which the crime deserves. But the moral, which that punishment would otherwise afford, is entirely destroyed by the eloquent and pathetic appeals so often made to the sympathies of the reader. The death and burial of the adulteress, (we cannot call her the *heroine*,) which are described in the richest and most touching style, will, we venture to assert, elicit from the fair perusers of this tale, in one hundred instances to one opposing, the tears of *compassion* for the guilty being who has outraged all decency, and wilfully violated the most sacred pledges of moral responsibility. The horror and indignation which such crimes should excite in the bosom of exalted virtue, is here aimed to be supplanted by emotions of pity and sorrow for the perpetrators of a deed, which, more than all others, is calculated to undermine the foundations of the beautiful temple in which that virtue is enshrined. The author, however, may console himself with the reflection, that it is not the first instance in the annals of crime, wherein the prerogative of eloquence has been exercised, to gain for the criminal those tears of sympathy which are due only to the martyr.

A few general remarks, and we take leave of Falkland. The writer, by the foregoing strictures, expects not to deter his female readers from a perusal—nay, frequent perusals of the volume

before him. He professes a too intimate knowledge of the female heart and of female curiosity, to presume for a moment, that his reasoning, however cogent, can have any other effect than to enkindle an increased desire to become acquainted with its contents. His sole and engrossing object has been to warn them with the solemn voice of a sybil, against those sophisms of the author, which a gorgeous imagination has gilded with the heavenly radiance of truth. He has sought to hang a veil over the luminary of vice, whose rays are darting a baneful influence upon the dazzled vision of incautious virtue, in order that that virtue itself may behold and contemplate unawed the dark spots that appear on its disk when it is shorn of its beams.

To you who have found out that you have assumed rather too hastily the sacred and solemn responsibilities of the wife and the mother, and now pine in languid listlessness for the embraces of the elegant and accomplished *roué*, and ever court those embraces, with all the arts and smiles with which guilty ingenuity has arrayed you, I have now only to say, *come*, and from this volume derive all the consolation you may need amid the awful thunderings of the Sinai of conscience. Here you will find a justification for the crime you may be burning to commit, and be cheered by the soul-inspiring thought, that, though your premature deaths may be clouded with a shade of melancholy, yet the sacrifice will be made on the altar of *LOVE*! and your graves will be bedewed with the tears of sympathetic sorrow.

To the victorious *roué*, whose brilliant career has been marked by a thousand conquests, the burning wheels of whose triumphal car have long heedlessly swept over the ruins of domestic peace and happiness, and the desolated hopes of silently imploring innocence—who is even now arming again for the conflict, and the terror of whose name is an unerring harbinger of additional glory—to him, I say, pause not in your radiant course. Your crimes have found an eloquent defender in the matchless pen of the author of Falkland, and with him you may indulge in the magnificent contemplation, that though your lives may be blackened with infamy, that infamy itself will be eclipsed by the effulgence of fame; and the gloom of the final close of your glorious career, will be cheered by the consolations of an infidel philosophy, more enticing far than the enraptured visions of Chaldean astrologers, and before whose enchanting splendor, the little stars that glitter in the firmament of the lowly follower of Jesus, will shrink away and hide their dimished heads. It will prove to you the only *GOLDEN BRANCH*, whose magic power will guide you triumphantly through the shades of gloomy torment and despair, to the regions of elysian peace and repose.

OSCAR.

CINCINNATI ADDRESS,

By Henry Ruffner, President of Washington College; delivered in the chapel of the College on commencement day, June 26th, 1836—published by "request of the Students and auditory."

FELLOW CITIZENS: It is known to you all, I presume, that the Cincinnati Society of Virginia long since resolved to bestow their funds on this college, for the establishment of a school in which certain branches of military science should be taught. If any one should inquire for the motive of this donation, he needs only to be told that the military associates of Washington would readily follow his example, and locate their patronage and their name where the illustrious President of their society had located his; so that the same literary institution might serve as a monument of all the revolutionary patriots of Virginia, who had "fought and bled in freedom's cause."

They annexed to their donation the request, that in due time an oration should be delivered here, for the purpose of explaining the character and views of their association, and of vindicating their memory from certain charges that were made against them shortly after the institution of their society. Thus when they conferred upon the college an honor and a benefit, which entitle them to our everlasting gratitude, they asked in return that we should stand up in defence of their reputation, when they who had so valiantly defended their country, should have laid their venerable heads in the dust, and have left nothing but their glorious names for calumny to fix her envious tooth upon. Most cheerfully do the authorities of the college undertake the office with which the society has honored them—and that not for once only; but, if our successors follow our example, (as I trust they will,) to all generations. One declared object of the Cincinnati Society, was "to preserve the memory of the American Revolution," and "to maintain the rights of man," for which they had toiled and suffered so much. With this view they desired to make their society, a permanent one by transmitting it to their posterity. Having been compelled by popular clamor to give up this part of their plan, they have left it to our college to fulfil, in some degree, their patriotic intention. They are nearly all gone; and soon the last of our revolutionary heroes will have vanished from the scene of their achievements; but the College of Washington and the Cincinnati will remain charged with the noble duty of preserving, in their name, the memory of the American Revolution, and of promoting the inestimable rights of man, which this flourishing republic enjoys through their instrumentality.

It is therefore our purpose to make "The Cincinnati Oration" one of the standing exercises at the college commencements, and the delivery of it one of the honorary distinctions of our best scholars. The orator will not deem it necessary, on every occasion, to detail the history of the society in whose honor he shall speak; but he will be instructed to choose some patriotic theme, adapted to inspire the youth of our country with the love of civil liberty, and to draw his illustrations from the American Revolution, and from the examples of the departed members of the Cincinnati Society, who bought the liberty of these United States, at the expense of seven years' toil and bloodshed.

The time has at length arrived, when the Cincinnati fund is in a state to become, in part, available to the college. We are, therefore, now called upon to fulfil all that is practicable of the conditions upon which the donation was made.

The faculty thought it expedient that the first address, on a subject so new and important, should be delivered by some gentleman of experience in such exercises, and whose attention had heretofore been turned to the history of the society, and the circumstances and design of their valuable donation to the college. When we failed to procure the services of a distinguished alumnus of the institution,* who is now a member of the corporation, I was induced by the solicitation of my colleagues to undertake a duty, in itself, quite agreeable to my feelings, but perhaps better done, had it been done by another.

I shall not attempt to exhaust the noble theme. The present address is designed to be merely an introduction to the future series of Cincinnati orations. A brief historical statement, respecting the origin and constitution of the society, with some vindictory comments on the charges formerly made against them, will suffice for the present occasion.

At the close of the revolutionary war, when the army was to be disbanded, the officers found their approaching separation more bitter, than had been even the toils and dangers of their long warfare. Their sorrow at the idea of parting was natural. During seven long years, they had been joined together in the service of their country, contending with united zeal and patriotism for the rights of man. Devoted to a cause so sacred, for which they daily risked their lives, with one wish, one hope, one determination of soul in the enterprise, all their motives, and all their sympathies, would operate towards a warm and brotherly affection for one another. Many circumstances tended to strengthen their mutual attachment. Long separated from old friends and relations in the walks of civil life, they associated almost exclusively together. They were together during the weary march; they stood side by side amidst the uproar and the havoc of battle—all struck at the same foe—the triumph of success, and the mortification of defeat came alike to all. When rest and refreshment checkered the scene of their warfare, they were still boon companions at the festive board, and on the couch of repose. This customary familiarity and intimate companionship, for so long a time, and under such circumstances, would grow into a habitual and confirmed attachment, and even into the warm feeling of inseparable brotherhood.

Thus it is, that every army long engaged in the same service and the same field, becomes united by discipline, and by sympathy, into a compact and almost indivisible body, animated by one spirit, and moving by one impulse. The army of the revolution had, in the cause for which they contended, the protracted sufferings which they endured, and the glorious success which finally crowned their efforts, a peculiar bond of union. They fought not for conquest, nor even for glory, but for the salvation of their country. They had, in the fullest sense, "staked their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" upon the issue. When at last, by

* James McDowell, esquire, who had prior engagements that prevented him from undertaking it.

their joint exertions, they had won the prize of peace and independence for thirteen states; the sublime joy that swelled their bosoms, at a result so happily and so gloriously achieved, made them feel more united than ever. Together they had struggled in the by-gone days of adversity and gloom—together they had at length wrung the plume of victory from a mighty foe; and now together would their names be indelibly inscribed upon the roll of their country's benefactors, and at the head of the list, not only in time but in merit: for what could any future patriot do, more than preserve unimpaired the blessings of freedom, which their scarred breasts and toil-worn hands had won? Such thoughts coming on at the conclusion of peace, and kindling into a brighter glow a friendship already warmed by a seven years' fraternity in war, how naturally would the sad idea of their approaching separation, cast its dark shade over their patriotic joy!

But their country could no longer retain them in her service. They must needs part, and go each to his several abode, probably never more to partake in the companionship of the tented field, the excitement of the sounding march, and the tug of the thundering battle; they must retire to the almost forgotten scenes of peaceful obscurity, where the noise of glorious warfare might never reach them more, and they might never again even see one another's loved and long-familiar faces. How naturally, then, did they cast about for some means of alleviating the sorrows of separation, and of renewing, occasionally, the communion and fellowship, so delightful and so dear to their hearts! When General Knox proposed that they should form themselves into a society, as the best means of maintaining the feelings and the intercourse of friendship, all embraced the proposal; for it struck them as appropriate and unobjectionable, and as furnishing the simplest way and the surest guarantee, that they would, once in a while, have the pleasure of communing together and mingling reminiscences of the days, when they wrought their perilous way through stormy scenes of the revolution.

But the emotions which stirred within them demanded something more than the maintenance of their personal friendship. They felt that they and their compatriots had just achieved the most important political work of modern times. They had successfully vindicated the rights of man. They had established a system of free republican government over half a continent. They believed, and they had reason to believe, that they had founded a new era in the political history of mankind; and had set an example of resistance to oppression and of the exercise of popular government, which would sound through ages, and through nations, and would be felt by all the thrones, dominions, and principalities of the world. But to make this example effective in the promotion of human rights, it was necessary that the principles of the American Revolution should be sacredly maintained in the United States: and, that the experiment of free government, now to be made, should be carried to a successful issue.

With these views, they introduced some provisions into the constitution of their society, which would, they believed, make it stand as a perpetual memorial and bulwark of the principles for which they had fought and bled. They solemnly declared that their society

was instituted with the design of perpetuating their own friendship—of preserving the memory of the American Revolution—and of promoting those rights of man for which they had contended. To make their institution more effectual for these noble ends, they determined to make it perpetual, by transmitting it to their posterity; each member to be succeeded by his oldest son; or in failure of male offspring by any of his collateral kindred who might be deemed worthy. They might well presume that their descendants would imbibe their own principles, and long retain the spirit of the American Revolution; and the more especially, when they should inherit membership in an association, founded by their patriotic sires, for the express purpose of keeping fresh and vigorous the spirit and the principles of political freedom.

They provided also in their constitution for the admission of honorary members, whose personal merit and political principles might make them worthy associates in the cause of freedom and of patriotism. But lest this provision might change the original character of the society, by introducing large numbers who had no connexion with the officers of the revolutionary army, they limited the number of honorary members to one-fourth of their original number, and elected them for life without inheritance in their descendants.

As their first object was a fraternal association among themselves, they made it a condition that each officer should contribute a month's pay to constitute a fund for contingent expenses, and especially for the relief of any of their members who might fall into distress. The fund so raised, is that which, after it answered its original purpose, was bestowed upon our college.

Finally, in the selection of a name, they thought of a resemblance between their case and that of the ancient Roman patriot, Cincinnatus, who was called from the plough to deliver his country in a dangerous crisis; and who, after accomplishing the deliverance, threw off his military habiliments, and returned to the plough again. Therefore they called themselves the Society of Cincinnati.

No sooner was the society organized, and its constitution published, than it began to be regarded with jealousy, if not with envy, by some who professed to consider it as aristocratical in its tendency, if not in its design. A Mr. Burke of Charleston published a pamphlet to rouse the fears of his countrymen, and in a short time no little dissatisfaction and clamor were excited against the society from one end of the country to the other. That upon which the objectors laid the chief stress, was the hereditary membership; which was thought to be dangerous to political equality among our citizens, and to squint ominously at the introduction of an order of nobility. The provision to admit a small proportion of honorary members, added to the perpetuation of the society by hereditary succession, was thought to make the institution the more dangerous, inasmuch as it might draw into its connexion the most influential men of the country, and thus acquire by election a weight of talents and influence, which it might fail to maintain by the operation of the hereditary principle.

So great and so general became the popular dissatisfaction, that General Washington, president of the society, recommended that they should relinquish those

provisions of their constitution, which were most offensive to their countrymen; not because he thought them dangerous or objectionable in themselves, but because they excited so much dissatisfaction, and by making the society an object of popular jealousy, tended to frustrate the patriotic design of the founders. The provisions for hereditary succession and for the admission of honorary members, were therefore repealed, and the society was reduced to its first simple design of a friendly association for life among the officers of the revolutionary army.

Now when the society is extinguished by the decease of nearly all the venerable patriots who founded it, and it can no more excite the sensitive spirit of democratical jealousy; it is scarcely necessary to frame an elaborate vindication of the pure intentions of the founders and the harmless nature of the institution, even on the enlarged system of its original organization.

Can any one now suspect, that the officers of that army who "loved not their lives to the death" for liberty, would tarnish their laurels and belie all their acts of daring and of suffering, by a deliberate scheme to subvert the republican freedom, for which they had risked the loss of all things? If ever men gave invincible evidence of devotion to free institutions, it was the scarred and weather-beaten heroes of the revolution—the Washingtons, the Greeses, the Waynes, and the Morgans of the revolution.

I apprehend, however, that no one was so blinded by a malignant prejudice, as to suspect that the Cincinnati in general harbored any anti-republican design, or were themselves aware of any aristocratical tendency in their institution. The worst that was charged by any respectable accuser, was probably this; that a few politic individuals among them, having no faith in democratical government, embraced the scheme of the Cincinnati Society as a feasible method of introducing a distinction of ranks into the country, and of preparing the way for monarchical government, and that the society, as originally formed, was well adapted to this purpose.

Here we join issue, and maintain that the Cincinnati Society, even with its hereditary succession, was not qualified to produce any aristocratical distinction among the people of the United States.

Aristocracy, to be any thing more than an empty name, must be endowed with some transcendent powers and exclusive privileges. Its titles of distinction must be sustained, either by hereditary and unalienable wealth, or permanent military command, or legislative power; or by all of these combined. The aristocracy of England is sustained by its vast endowment of landed property, and its co-ordinate power in the legislature. Were it deprived of either of these props, it would fall into contempt, and be stripped even of its vain titles by the growing spirit of English democracy. So, in every country where the nobility maintain a substantial superiority over the commons, it is, and it must be, by virtue of their hereditary possessions, and by their pre-eminent share of military commands and civil dignities. By means of these, they first established themselves; and by the same means, they must support their claim to the homage, or even to the respect, of the commonalty—especially in these times, when

education and the press are stripping antiquated institutions of the gilded cloud, which so long dazzled the eyes of an ignorant multitude.

But what could have raised the Cincinnati above the common degree of American citizens? Not wealth; for, generally, they had inherited little from their ancestors; universally, they accumulated nothing in the form of pay and plunder in the public service; and poor and long-delayed was the reward which their country gave them for all their deeds and sufferings in her cause. Had they by any means acquired extraordinary wealth, they could not have transmitted it by entail to the heirs of their membership in the society. Law, usage, and public sentiment in this country, are alike opposed to the practice of entail, by which large estates descend undivided through a single line of posterity. On the contrary, the largest fortunes in this country are dissipated by division, and generally before they reach the third generation.

Nor could the members of the Cincinnati Society have acquired any exclusive privilege or official dignity, except by the free gift of their fellow-citizens. They had no wealth to buy political power, nor armies at command to wrest it from an unwilling people. Their military authority was laid aside, after having been exercised only for their country's liberty; they retained only the common station of citizens, and must like others win their way to office by popular suffrage. In the competition for votes, they could not be supposed to have any advantage over their fellow citizens, except from two sources: namely, the fame and merits of those who founded the society, and the combined support of the members themselves. But neither of these could avail much. The veteran officer who had fought for his country, would have a claim to popular favor, which many would acknowledge; but this claim would be weakened in the son, and dissipated in the grandson. This has been proved by experience. What advantage in political contests, have the sons and grandsons of the Cincinnati gained from the merit of their ancestors? How few of them have risen to eminent stations? Where are the kindred of Putnam, of Schuyler, of Greene, of Marion, or even of Washington? Their names are scarcely seen in the official lists of the age. A new generation has sprung up; and though the memory of our revolutionary patriots is embalmed in history, their families have generally fallen into obscurity. While the Cincinnati lived and kept their society in full operation, no political effect was produced by the association. Were their intended successors yet to meet and wear the social badge, their voices would still be unheard amidst the din of party politics; unless their social organization gave them a weight, which their relation to dead patriots has evidently failed to bestow.

Whilst we fully acknowledge that union is strength, and that a social organization is adapted to promote union; we may well deny that the Cincinnati could have acquired, by this means, any political ascendancy. Composing with their near connexions, not a hundredth part of the voters, they could have derived very inconsiderable weight from their numbers, even if they had acted in perfect union and concert. But perfect concert among themselves was not to be expected. Living, dispersed among their fellow citizens, and meeting in

society but once a year, their members would be more subjected to the opposing influences which create parties, than to the consolidating tendency of their social organization. If this was true of the original Cincinnati, the veteran brotherhood of the revolution; how much more would their successors, bound together by far weaker ties, have been rent by the contending elements of federalism and democracy? But had they been able to resist the intrusion of party spirit among themselves, they could not have prevailed against the resistance which their very union would have excited. You have heard how easily a few political pamphleteers of inferior degree, filled the public mind with suspicion and prejudices against their association; and that too, immediately after they had retired from the field of their glory, and almost before they had time to heal their wounds and to wipe the dust and the sweat of the revolution from their brows. How much more easily could popular leaders have heaped odium upon them in after times? To accomplish their supposed aristocratical designs, they must, in the division of parties, have embraced federalism, or high government principles; and then how utterly and irrecoverably must they have been overwhelmed by the surges of democracy, which swept down and dissolved the whole federal party! If they were compelled at the outset, when they had every advantage, to pacify the public mind by giving up some parts of their constitution; must they not have yielded all, if they had, as a body, engaged in political contests, when the wind and the waves of universal suffrage beat against their feeble tenement? of a universal suffrage swollen to turbulence, by the pauperism and mobocracy of Europe, disgorged upon our shores?

I hold, therefore, that the fancied scheme of the Cincinnati to make noblemen of themselves and their descendants was too unfeasible to be entertained by wise men, such as Alexander Hamilton and General Knox; and that if it were admissible that such a scheme was conceived in the organization of the society, the result has proved how little ground there was for the popular apprehension. No, fellow-citizens; aristocracy, if it ever invade our system of political equality, will not come in that way; but through the anarchy of a lawless and violent democracy, disunion and civil war among the states, and their inevitable consequence, a resort to military despotism, as the only remaining refuge for a harassed and ruined people.

Something may be conceded, however, without casting the slightest shade upon the fair fame of our revolutionary patriots. We may admit that at the close of the war, not a few of the wisest and best men, both civil and military, had painful misgivings about the issue of the great political experiment which was then to be tried in this country.

When they considered the vast extent of our territory, in which a diversity of local interests and prejudices would grow up; and the imperfect union of the states under the old confederacy; a union so loose and fragile as to be easily rent asunder; with a federal government dependant on the co-operation of all the state governments, and incapable of commanding respect either at home or abroad—they could not have full confidence in the success of the experiment. They had seen and felt the remissness of the states in fulfilling

their federal duties, under all the exigencies of the war for independence; how then would the same states fulfil them, when the pressure was removed, and the indolence and the selfishness of peace should have no counterpoise? There was evident danger, too, that the newly acquired liberty would degenerate into licentiousness; and that dissensions and collisions, among such ill-compacted states, would lead to intestine bloodshed and mutual desolation. Then their dearly bought independence would prove a curse instead of a blessing, for want of a controlling power.

These apprehensions were in part realised; and for several years a fearful progress was made towards the consummation of all that patriotism dreaded: when, after great difficulty and by the special mercy of heaven, the present federal constitution was adopted, and the country was saved at the very crisis of its fate.

If then some of the leading men of the revolution doubted whether fourteen democracies, spread over half a continent, and containing in themselves the elements of discord, could maintain good government within their respective limits, and move harmoniously together, these doubts were not unreasonable—and if they desired a strong concentrated government, to give their country peace at home and respect abroad, the desire argues nothing against their wisdom or their patriotism: for such a government, to some extent, was forced upon the states by a few years experience of the utter impotency and worthlessness of the mere league and covenant which they had first adopted. I wish, most devoutly, that even the present federal constitution may be able to carry us safely through the shock of the tempest, that is even now giving indications of its approach. The frequent out-breakings of lawless violence—the sympathy felt for all manner of land-pirates and adventurers who call themselves patriots—above all the fanatical spirit of abolition in the north, and the fiery threats of civil hostility and separation in the south—are fearful omens of a trial at hand; which if not met by the sound part of our citizens with wisdom and firmness, will yet extinguish all our patriotic hopes in sectional feuds and mutual destruction. We should then feel how much better it was to submit to a government, able to control the elements of discord, than to suffer the terrors of mobocratical violence, the horrors of civil war, and the furies of fanatical rage let loose.

We may admit also that the founders of the Cincinnati Society, in making provision for hereditary membership, desired to leave behind them an institution, which should stand as a living monument of their names and their public services.

“For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleased and anxious being e’er resigned;
And left the precincts of the cheerful clay,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind.”

Would they not naturally, and might they not innocently, seek to preserve their posthumous fame; while they sought to prolong, during life, the personal friendships formed in the field of their glory and their sufferings? Say not, that all anxiety about the honorable remembrance and unfading gratitude of their countrymen, was superfluous—that the people of the United States could not forget them; nor delay to reward

them and their children liberally for the deliverance of their country. Public gratitude and justice are not always infallible. Too often the popular idol of to-day, eclipses wholly to the public eye, the hero or the patriot, who retired yesterday into the shade of private life. Some partial remuneration was indeed promptly bestowed upon the officers of the revolution, in the form of land-titles and half-pay. But before this heavy debt of justice was fully acknowledged and provided for, about forty long years, and most of them years of unparalleled national prosperity, were suffered to pass away. At last, when the revolutionary pension-law was enacted, a majority of the war-worn veterans had travelled, many of them in poverty and despair, beyond the reach of human reward. It was only a feeble remnant who lingered on the scene of their campaigns, long enough to taste before they died, the tardy justice of their country.

Nor is this all. When the revolutionary Congress decreed monuments to the fallen, and honorary distinctions for the achievements of the living; how long were many of these decrees left unexecuted? And how few honors of the sort, have to this day been bestowed upon the dead or the living heroes of our independence! This flourishing and mighty republic, ought ere now to have adorned and glorified herself with a hundred magnificent structures, to commemorate the events of her revolutionary history, and the fame of her patriotic founders. Gratitude called for these tokens of respect; a wise policy demanded, that the patriotism of the living should be stimulated by visible monuments of the glorious dead. Saratoga, should have been marked to every visitor, by her pyramid of everlasting granite; York-Town should have lifted her tall column high over the plains of Virginia, a land-mark to fill the navigators of the Chesapeake with inspiring reminiscences.

Why is not Trenton distinguished by some visible memento of the 25th of December, 1776; when Washington led his shoeless band, darkling, through ice and snow; and turned that midnight of despair, into the dawn of glorious victory? And why has there not been long since, even a stone erected on the plain of Princeton, to direct the traveller's eye to the spot where Mercer fell—when Washington by a second stroke of consummate skill, brightened the dawn of returning victory into a day of reviving confidence in his country's cause?

But that which above all justifies the apprehension of the Cincinnati, respecting the grateful recognition of their merits, after they should have retired from the field, is the fact, that this nation has never yet erected a monument to Washington; or what *would* be better, a joint monument, at the seat of government, to Washington and his compatriots. Yes: this nation has been content, for almost forty years, to let the bones of her chief hero and patriot, whose name is revered over half the globe, lie obscurely under the weeping willow of Mount Vernon! While our thankful patriotism expends itself in yearly declamations, which cost nothing, and have become stale by repetition!

What public authority neglected to do, a private association lately attempted; and after calling upon the nation for voluntary contributions, they at last reported the paltry sum of thirty thousand dollars—to erect a monument to Washington! So much did this

populous and wealthy republic, whose citizens spend millions a year for trifling gratifications, agree to contribute, once for all, to raise a monument to Washington, the Father of their country.

Let this shameful neglect be repaired. Let the fifteen millions of these six and twenty states, flourishing in peace and abundance, give due honor to the heroes and patriots of the departed generation, of two millions; who built the foundation of this great republic with their treasures and their blood. Build now their monuments. Let our citizens look upon them, and remember the times that tried the very soul of patriotism. Rear in the city of Washington the great revolutionary monument. Lay deep its foundation of rock; let art and genius try their utmost skill to raise it high above the dome of the capitol; to adorn it with the choicest sculpture, and to inscribe on its walls the story of the revolution, in letters and emblems to be read by a hundred generations. There, let the chieftain forms of the revolutionary heroes and sages meet the national eye. There, let the bones of Washington be entombed. There, in fine, let the embodied spirit of the revolution stand displayed, in the presence of the national government; to admonish our representatives, and to frown into shame and silence, the paltry selfishness of the day, and the impious threats of disunion.

THE LAST TREE ARTICLE.

"Last scene of all, to close this history."
Shakespeare.

My last paper was sent to you from the beautiful shades of Oakwood,—and contained a promise of another, to be dated in my own New England. That promise it is now my intention to redeem.

What a transition it was from those fine old oaks in Virginia, to the crowded thorough-fares, through which I had to pass on my way hitherward! It was indeed a change, and one, from the consequences of which I have not yet, even now, recovered.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length, at noontide, would be stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by."

Every thing seemed and still seems new,—and its novelty is harsh. The din of the rail-ways, the bustle of the over-crowded streets, the rush and riot of the city's constant moving mass,—how unlike the scene, where, for weeks before,

"— at peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
I've met the sun upon the upland lawn!"

Deserted and disconsolate Mab! She could not share these reverses with him who had made her the partner of almost all his rural pleasures! She thrust her nose over the palings, and whinnied forth a not unmusical farewell, and as I was whirled away towards the town, she gazed wistfully after me, whose departure cut off so many of her innocent enjoyments. How Mab did enjoy the peach season! She ate the delicious fruitage from the weighed-down boughs by bushels, each rare-ripe, cling-stone, and melicacón separately, however,—as a well-bred lady should do: daintily detaching, with her deli-

cate lip, the juicy pulp from the rough stone, all as if she were discussing her dessert with a silver knife. Poor Mab! to whom is she now companion, among the breezy hills of old Fairfax? Of course, she well remembers yet her summer friend: methinks I see her "soft expressive face," saying, as plainly as a horse can speak,

"One morn, I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another comes,—not yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, is he!"

Excuse this digression, my dear reader: but men and maes have feelings, you must be aware.

I have been quoting freely from Gray's fine *Elegy* in a Country Church Yard. A beautiful copy of this celebrated poem lies before me, as I write,—a book from which it is delightful to copy. Each stanza is appropriately illustrated in the most perfect manner by wood engravings, after designs of Charles Landseer, Thomas, his brother, Westall, Stothard, Cooper, Calcutt, Chalon, Wright, Cattermole, Mulready, Copley, Fielding, and other distinguished artists. It is a London book, and has a deserved celebrity. Each page is a separate gem, distinctly and beautifully set,—the touching tale being told as expressively by the painter, as by the poet: and

"—those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,"

as well as

"Full many a flower, which, born to blush unseen,
Still wastes its sweetness on the desert air,"

being depicted therein with the most truthful and natural fidelity.

How touchingly does this rare poem draw wood-pictures! How breathes this stanza of the pure country air!

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!"

The custom of wood-felling always struck me as a barbarity. Reason has convinced me of the necessity of the case, but still it smacks of cruelty, as I view the matter. The trade of the butcher is innocent and respectable enough, so custom wills it to be esteemed: but only look at it in detail,—knocking down a fine ox, or cutting the throats of tender lambs, in cold blood: and yet I know more than one very gentlemanly butcher,—and I have known otherwise very good kind of people to order their oaks and maples felled, for firewood. You cannot imagine how paradoxical all this strikes me as being. But I have blown my blast against wanton wood-cutters already, in one of the earliest of these desultory papers,—and will give them now a respite—only suggesting to the legislators, whether or not it would be a constitutional enactment, to order that every man who fells a tree shall plant two, either in its or another place.

Old Herrick, (with whom I have already made quite free, in these articles,) has an apposite thought.

"All things decay with time; the forest sees
The growth and downfall of her ancient trees.
That reverend oak, which, threescore lustres, stood,

The proud dictator of the state-like wood,
Has bowed at last!"

Here is a beautiful simile, drawn from a kindred subject, by Habington, an English poet of the sixteenth century. Speaking of an old weather-beaten tar in Greenwich hospital, he says,

"Thus does he, like some gallant pine,
Famed for its travels on the sea,
Broken with storms and age, decline,
And in some quiet creek unnoticed rots away!"

At Oakwood, we had all kinds of oaks, as I have already told you in a former article. Among these, the willow oak was to me the greatest curiosity. Michaux gives a very minute account of this tree, which seems to have no great reputation, however, in the places where it grows. It is not so useful as the other varieties, and, as the "utile" is more of a consideration with our good people than the "dulce," it is ranked in every quarter as far beneath them all. It certainly is a singular freak of nature, however, and interests the naturalist who sees it for the first time. It bears an acorn, and this alone distinguishes it from the marsh willow, excepting when it grows to a larger size than any of this species ever does.

Apocryphos of willows. Johnson describes this tree as one, "whose branches are worn by forlorn lovers:" and Virgil in his *Eclogues* tells us that willow is a badge of mourning for shepherds. Byron has these lines:

"On the willow thy harp is suspended,
Oh Salem! Its sounds should be free!
And the hour when thy glory was ended,
But left me that token of thee!"

But it was not always an emblem of sadness. At the feast of "first fruits," it was borne in triumph. "Ye shall take, on the first day," said Moses, in *Leviticus*, "the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm, and boughs of thick leaves, and willows,—and so shall you rejoice!"

There is but one poet worthy of a coronal of oak-leaf, as The Poet of Trees,—and he is our countryman. His splendid poem, entitled "Forest Hymn," entitles him to this meed. The whole of it might well be copied here, in proof: but it is too well known and too easily accessible to be allowed such space in this closing paper of my series as it would occupy. Read it, reader, if thou hast not; and, if thou hast, read it yet once more,—blend it with thy memory's strongest associations, and, with the poet,

"—meditate
In those calm shades God's glorious majesty,
And, to the beautiful order of His works,
Learn to conform the order of thy life!"—Bryant.

Accept his invitation,—

"Thou, who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our Rocky Mountains. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest-tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams, that, with their bordering thickets, strive
To hide their windings."

Go with him to the glen, where, he tells you

"The fragrant birch above him hung
Her tassels in the sky,

And many a vernal blossom sprung
And nodded careless by."

Follow him, and

"—know where the timid fawn abides,
In the depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad, and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter, well!"

What he tells you is true: that,

"When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth hath no more gorgeous sight
To show to human eyes."

He will show you,

"—— tokens
Of ages long ago,—
Our old oaks stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe:
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
The giant sycamore;
And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries,
Cumber the forest-floor."

He will lead you to the woodland fastnesses of brave
Marion's men, and teach you their wild song;

"Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree,—
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea!
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass!"
"The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up:
And woodland flowers are gathered,
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind,
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber, long and sweetly,
On beds of oaken leaves."

He will tell you when 'tis the better time to woo:

"—— when autumnal dyes
Tinge the woody mountain:
When the drooping foliage lies
In the choked up fountain."

And, as you rove with him,

"Ere, in the northern gale
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around the vale,
Have put their glory on.

Amid the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down,
On the green fields below,"—

With him you will own, that

"'Twere a lot too blest
Forever in those colored shades to stray;
Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest,
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad, the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour."

Henry Longfellow's is a kindred spirit with that of
Bryant, and breathes, at times, most eloquently and
touchingly, with the true inspiration of the forest. He
describes the Spirit of Poetry, as moving

"In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade,
And, amid the silent majesty of the deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift the thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure bright air
Their tops the green trees lift."

He says, elsewhere, that the old and

"—— gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods,—the golden sun,—
The flowers,—the leaves,—the river on its way,—
Blue skies,—and silver clouds,—and gentle winds,
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,"—&c. &c.

This is a beautiful picture, and brings back Oakwood
scenes most vividly. There is a broad belt of woods
stretching far from south to north, upon the crest of a
green slope, behind which the sun sets slowly and redly
at the close of a hot summer day. Farther down the
hill is a hedge-row, beneath which it was delightful to
sit, and watch the gradual decline of the fiery orb, even
after its yellow beams were hidden, from the view: for
the long and regular shadow of the whole woody mass
seemed to come gradually creeping nearer and nearer
to my feet, until there was no brightness left but that
reflected from the sunken sun upon the rich masses of
cloud, that hung, like curtains of purple and gold, over
the green wood-tops. But I was quoting Longfellow:
and here is another of his woodland pencillings. How
touchingly appropriate to the rich scene of sylvan beauty
spread out before me as I write!

"There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and, in the vales,
The gentle wind,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash, deep crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple, yellow leaved,—
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down,
By the wayside, weary."

"Oh what a glory doth this world put on
For him, who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well-performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings;
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up, for all, that he shall go
'To his long resting-place without a tear!"

Perhaps after this I ought to recall what I said of Bryant,
as the *only* American wood-poet:

"Let both divide the crown!"

Peabody of New England has a truthful pen, when
writing of such subjects.

"God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee!
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,—
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm!"

But I must draw this lengthening paper to a close.

A mass of pencilled passages, marked in my books, lying around my desk, by numerous *dog's-ears*, offer themselves for quotation, but I must limit my selections. I have been writing in the midst of all a New England autumn's glory. October in Massachusetts is the most picturesque of all the months. The harvest is in,—the orchards are yielding up their red and golden fruitage,—the brown and polished chesnuts are falling from their husks,—the oaks are shedding their brown cupped acorns,—the maple, the ash, the low sumac are putting on their brilliant coloring, the hectic glow that tells of speedy decline, and early death,—and, as Bryant says,

"The melancholy days are come,—the saddest of the year!"

Yet why are they called "melancholy"?

"What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?
Have they that green and yellow melancholy
That the sweet poet spoke of? Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms,
When the storms
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest-tops,—he had not sighed."

Brainerd.

It is now the time of "The Hunter's Moon," and, to quote this sweet poet once more,

"The moon stays longest for the hunter now,—
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store:
While we enjoy the breeze that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above us, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
'What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?'"

William Howitt, the husband of Mary, that sweet poetess, in his "Book of the Seasons," discourses with all the fondness of a true naturalist, of woods. He says, "Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, have sanctified them to the hearts of all generations. What a world of magnificent creations comes swarming upon the memory as we wander in woods! The gallant knights and beautiful dames, the magical castles and hippogriffs of the Orlando; the enchanted forest, the Armida and Erminia of the Gerusalemme Liberata; 'Fair Una, with her milk-white lamb,' and all the satyrs, Archimagas, the fair Florimels and false Duessas of the Faery Queene; Ariel, and Caliban, Jacques, and the motley fool in Arden, the fairy troop of the Midsummer-Night's Dream, Oberon, Titania, and that pleasantest of all mischief-makers, ineffable Puck,—the noble spirits of the immortal Comus. With such company, woods are to us any thing but solitudes. What wisdom do we learn in the world, that they do not teach us better? What music do we hear like that which bursts from the pipes of universal Pan, or comes from some viewless source with the Æolian melodies of Faery-land? Whatever woods have been to all ages, to all descriptions of superior mind, to all the sages and poets of the past world, they are to us. We have the *varied whole* of their sentiments, feelings and fancies, bequeathed as an immortal legacy, and combined and concentrated for our gratification and advantage,—besides the innumerable pleasures which modern art has thrown to the accumulated wealth of all antiquity."

Again, he asks—"What can be more beautiful than trees? Their lofty trunks, august in their simplicity, asserting to the most inexperienced eye, their infinite superiority over the imitative pillars of man's pride; their graceful play of wide-spreading branches; and all the delicate and glorious machinery of buds, leaves, flowers, and fruit, that, with more than magical effect, burst forth from naked and rigid twigs, with all the rich and brilliant colors under heaven; breathing delectable odors, pure, fresh, and animating; pouring out spices and medicinal essences; and making music, from the softest and most melancholy undertones to the full organ-peal of the tempest. I wonder not that trees have commanded the admiration of men, in all nations and periods of the world. What is the richest country without trees? What barren and monotonous spot can they not convert into a paradise? Xerxes, in the midst of his most ambitious enterprise, stopped his vast army to contemplate the beauty of a tree," &c.: and so he goes on in a strain which impels the wish on my part that Messenger articles might be extended, *ad libitum*, and that your readers could have the whole of this delicious essay spread before them. One passage more, beautiful and timely, I must transcribe.

"It is in this month, [October,] that woods may be pronounced most beautiful. Towards the end of it, what is called the *Fading of the Leaf*, [with us, *The Fall*,] presents a magnificent spectacle. Every species of tree, so beautifully varied in its general character, the silver-stemmed and pensile-branched birch, the tall smooth beech, the wide-spreading oak and chesnut, each develops its own florid hue of orange, red, brown, or yellow, which, mingling with the green of unchanged trees, or the darkness of the pine, presents a *tout ensemble* rich, glowing, and splendid. Yet, fine as our woods are at this season, far are they exceeded by those of America; the greater variety of trees, and the greater effect of climate, conspiring to render them in decay gorgeous and beautiful beyond description."

Before this last of my lucubrations is turned to type, all this will have experienced a yet more striking change. The last leaf of the trees, the foliage of which falls at all, will have been whirled from their branches by the cold wintery winds, and the gigantic arms of the forest will be bared to the howling blasts that will shriek shrilly among them. The evergreens will retain a portion of their verdure, duller, however, than the summer tinting. Holly and mountain ash will alone keep their red berries, and some few faded leaves will cling with desperate tenacity to their brown branches. May the season prove one of undiminished comfort to all who have accompanied me in these my woodland rambles! May the "Christmas chimes" sounding merrily in their ears, welcome them to good cheer and happy fireside enjoyments: and among their chosen topics of reflection, may the beauties and wonders of nature find a prominent place. May they cultivate a taste, which every American should peculiarly cherish, as a sure source of the richest enjoyment, and the highest mental and moral improvement,—the taste for forest-trees. Our own Irving, of whom two worlds are justly proud, says truly that "there is something simple, and noble, and pure, in such a taste." It argues a sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for

the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and freeborn, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade, nor enjoy its shelter: but he exults in the idea, that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefitting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

"Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thoughts above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so, it seems to me, as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery that enters into the soul, and dilates, and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations."

Indulgent reader, farewell!
Newburyport, Oct. 7th, 1839.



J. F. G.

BOTANICAL NOTICES OF INTERESTING PLANTS.

DIONCEA MUSCIPULA, OR VENUS' FLY-TRAP.

This vegetable curiosity, of which we propose to give a short description, is peculiar to the southern states. It grows in great abundance around Wilmington, N. C.; extending as far north as Newbern, and from the mouth of the Cape Fear nearly to Fayetteville. Hitherto the observations of botanists have pointed out but few localities. Elliott says, on the authority of Gen. Pinckney, that it grows in South Carolina on the lower tributaries of the Santee. Audubon also found it in Florida of enormous size. It is therefore probable that it inhabits the savannahs more or less abundantly, from the latter place to Newbern.

The leaf, which is the only curious part, is *radical*, and spreads upon the ground, or at a little elevation above it. It is composed of a *petiole* or stem with broad margins, from two to four inches long, several of which surround the parent stalk. To the extremity of this stem is articulated a thick, circular leaf, fringed around on its edges with somewhat rigid *ciliae*, or long hairs like eye-lashes. From either side or hemisphere of the leaf, which is a little concave within, proceed three or four delicate, hair-like organs, interlacing with each other. These are arranged in such an order that an insect can hardly traverse its surface without interfering with the *sensitive rights* of one of these faithful sentinels, which instantly causes the two portions of the leaf to suddenly collapse, and enclose the little intruder with a force surpassing its efforts to escape. The irritability of the leaf, resides *only in these capillary processes*; as it may be touched in any other part without perceptible effects. The little prisoner is not immediately crushed and destroyed, as is sometimes supposed, but is held in "durance vile" until it ceases to struggle; after which the two portions of the leaf gradually un-

fold to the sun, prepared to ensnare some other roving and unfortunate adventurer.

It is probably beyond the bounds of our philosophic scrutiny to determine the final purpose of this singular organization. Whether it is constructed to answer some important end in the economy of the plant itself; or made in accordance with that *law of diversity* which is a leading principle in all the productions of nature, are questions involving much close and accurate observation for their solution.

The generic name *Dioncea*, is derived from *Dione*, one of the titles of *Venus*, on the account of the elegance and delicacy of its flowers, and its peculiar faculty of ensnaring—a trait of character chargeable upon the ancient goddess, and not unfrequently attended with a similar train of *fatal* and *heartbound* consequences.

ILEX VOMITORIA, OR SOUTH-SEA-TEA.

The popular designation of this species of *Holly* is *Yaupon* or *Yopon*, a name of Indian origin. It is also sometimes called *Cassena*. As not only our colonial, but even our *botanical* history is indebted for much of its *originality* and *peculiar interest*, to the aborigines of our country, we will briefly trace the Indian source of authority for the use of the favorite *Yopon*. "The savages of Carolina," says Lawson, an old author of much credit, "have this tea in veneration above all the plants they are acquainted withal, and tell you the discovery thereof was by an infirm Indian, that labored under the burden of many rugged distempers, and could not be cured by all their doctors; so, one day, he fell asleep, and dreamt that if he took a decoction of the tree that grew at his head, he would certainly be cured; upon which he awoke, and saw the *Yaupon* or *Cassena Tree*, which was not there when he fell asleep! He followed the direction of his dream, and became perfectly well in a short time." This traditional origin, the intelligent reader will recognise as an ingenious specimen of Indian sagacity, to secure venerated sanction for the use of a favorite article. In another amusing relic of the last century, (Brickell's "Natural History of North Carolina,") the author says, "it is the plant whereof the tea is made, so much in request among both the Indians and christians." It is still used by the "christians" or *whites* wherever it grows, and is said to make, if well cured, a very pleasant beverage—preferred by many even to the "beloved tea" of China, and you know—*de gustibus non disputandum*.

A BACKWOODSMAN BOTANIST.

BAPTIST VINCENT LAVALL—an Inquiry.

Mr. White,—In the year 1809, the schooner *Otter*, Capt. Niles, on a voyage for furs from England, to the western coast of America, was lost below the mouth of Columbia river, and all on board perished. Baptist Vincent Lavall and three others, who were on shore hunting, owed the preservation of their lives to this circumstance. Not being taken off, they were obliged to travel to the United States on foot, crossing the Rocky Mountains and descending the Red River. Lavall's MS. account of their journey and adventures is still in existence, and it is thought would prove interesting at this period, when attention is becoming directed to the possessions of the United States on the Pacific. It has however been thought right first to ascertain whether Mr. Lavall is still living, and as your *Messenger* circulates extensively through the south western states, in one of which it is believed that Mr. Lavall afterwards settled, it has been judged the fittest medium for inquiring if he is still alive, and if not, the time and place of his decease; which inquiry it is hoped that editors who may see this note will repeat.

Philadelphia, 1838.

Yours respectfully,

D.

